

BURNS'

COMPLETE WORKS

KILMARNOCK EDITION

Life and Notes by
WM SCOTT DOUGLAS



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COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

PUBLISHED IN AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.



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ROBERT BURNS

THE
KILMARNOCK EDITION
OF THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER
WITH NEW ANNOTATIONS, BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, ETC.

EDITED BY THE LATE
WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.

[TWO VOLS. COMPLETE IN ONE.]

VOL. I.—WORKS PUBLISHED IN AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

SEVENTH EDITION.

TORONTO:
THE ROSE PUBLISHING CO., Limited.

KILMARNOCK:
D. BROWN & CO.,
(Successors to James M'Kie.)
1890.

THIS EDITION OF
THE LIFE AND POETICAL WORKS
OF
THE NATIONAL BARD OF SCOTLAND
ALTHOUGH
EXPRESSLY DESIGNED FOR POPULAR CIRCULATION,
IS, NEVERTHELESS,
BY SPECIAL AUTHORITY OF
The Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THE PUBLISHER TO THEM
AS WORTHY SUCCESSORS OF
THE EARLY PATRONS OF BURNS ;
IN IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE
THAT THEY, LIKE THEIR PREDECESSORS OF 1787,
*“BEAR THE HONORS, AND INHERIT THE VIRTUES OF THEIR
ANCESTORS”*

Publishers Introduction to Popular Edition.



In attempting to produce a popular edition of this work, the publishers have had to face the difficulty of compressing within reasonable limits the contents of two goodly volumes. This might have been easily accomplished by cutting down and altering the present arrangement, but as that would have destroyed the distinctive features of the book, they have preferred to give it entire as originally published at the risk of making a somewhat bulky volume.

The fact of six large editions having already been disposed of in its expensive form, proves the favour in which the KILMARNOCK BURNS is held. The accomplished editor, Mr W. SCOTT DOUGLAS, who died on 23rd June, 1883, deeply regretted by all lovers of Burns, was well known as a most careful and discriminating annotator of the life and writings of the bard. No matter how well an incident may have appeared to be established, everything relating to it had to be examined and sifted. When preparing this edition he, in company with Mr JAS. M'KIE, whose devotion to the memory of Burns is testified by the faithful reprints he has produced of the early editions of his works, visited every spot made famous by the Bard, and by personal research unearthed much valuable information, and cleared up many doubts and difficulties that had formerly perplexed him. The result of his labours will be found embodied here.

As a text book, there is no edition in the market that can compare with it, and the publishers confidently anticipate that their efforts to bring it within the reach of all will be appreciated.

P R E F A C E.

“A true Poet—a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the ‘Eternal Melodies,’ is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation: his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.”—CARLYLE.

IN these days when new editions of Burns are “as plentiful as blackberries in autumn,” a few words by way of preface may naturally be expected here, to account for the appearance of these volumes.

It is now more than twenty years since the present editor felt that he might opportunely say and do something regarding Burns, whose biography and writings had long been the favourite recreation and study of his leisure hours. Contented as he was to read and admire, in common with the rest of the world, the memoirs of the Bard, with relative words of wisdom and enthusiasm from the pens of Currie, Walker, Lockhart, Carlyle, Cunningham, and Wilson, he nevertheless, could not help being dissatisfied with the looseness, and abounding inaccuracies as to dates, facts, and details, uniformly exhibited by the Poet’s editors, in treating of notable events in his brief career. The increasing interest everywhere felt concerning Burns, had created a strong *furor* for hunting up and recording petty anecdotes regarding him,

and accumulating his impromptu versicles and fragmentary effusions. A host of peripatetic annotators fed the press from time to time with their gatherings, but no one seemed to set himself earnestly to the task of investigating important facts in the Poet's history, hitherto misrepresented or embellished with fiction, and of correcting palpable errors of date, as well in the details of his Life, as in the arrangement of his Correspondence.

In the course of preparing—for his own use—a chronological table of the principal events of the Poet's life and the productions of his Muse, it fell to the lot of the editor to make some remarkable discoveries in reference to what had hitherto been a very obscure and mysterious passage in the history of Burns—namely, that of his brief but tender intercourse with the “Highland Mary” of his most impassioned and affecting lyrics. These revelations were announced to the world through the medium (first) of Dr. Daniel Wilson, now of Toronto, and (secondly) of Dr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh. The result of his researches caused considerable commotion at the time in literary circles, and awakened the interest (among other magnates of the press) of Professor Wilson and J. G. Lockhart. Some lasting public benefit has accrued from the humble labours referred to; inasmuch as the new discoveries formed the main inducement for Chambers to edit and publish, in 1851–52, his admirable Chronological Edition of Burns, in four volumes.

So very satisfactory, as a whole, is the edition by Chambers, just referred to, that the present writer would

have felt it unnecessary to come before the public as an editor of Burns, had not the "chapter of accidents" dragged him forward, by making him acquainted with Mr. M'Kie, publisher of the finely executed *fac-simile* of the Poet's rare Kilmarnock Edition, 1786, (here reproduced *verbatim et literatim*, although our *fac-simile* extends only to the title-page.) It was the desire of Mr. M'Kie, that the present editor should assist him in bringing out, for popular circulation, a more complete and accurate Edition of the Poems and Songs of Burns than has hitherto been presented to the public. For the plan of these twin-volumes,—the one shewing, in successive groups, all the Poems and Songs which the Author lived to see in print; and the other, containing his posthumous publications similarly arranged; thus telling of life in the one, death in the other, and immortality in both,—the editor is alone responsible. For the annotations throughout the work and the Chronological Memoir prefixed to this volume, both together comprising more letterpress than is contained in the Author's text, the editor is also responsible.

That refined portion of the Poet's admirers who can relish his inspiration only after it has been distilled and filtered into a "well undefiled," in the form of a "Family Edition," need not expect to find here much sympathy with their peculiar tastes; for no castration, suppression, or vitiation of the Author's text has been resorted to, nor has a single known production of his Muse been excluded, that can really bear the light of print.

The editor's grateful acknowledgments are due to several warm appreciators of his efforts, who kindly aided him with their contributions during the progress of the work; but to no source of assistance is he more indebted, than to the ample stores of *Burns-literature* which were readily supplied to him from the private library of the publisher.

During the interval of four years since the date of our former edition, several original poems by Burns have been brought to light. The *Ode to Washington*, hitherto known to the public only in the form of a "Fragment of Liberty," has made its appearance from America in a complete shape, and the "Glenriddel Manuscripts," which for seventy years had been hid from public inspection, were ushered into daylight in 1874. It thus became necessary that our "Kilmarnock Edition" should be made complete by every new accession. This, together with the consideration that our publisher's shelves are entirely cleared of the former edition of 2,000 copies is the best apology for re-appearing thus early before the world of the Poet's admirers. Advantage of this opportunity has been taken to overhaul and remedy errors in both volumes, and our friendly reviewers will perceive that faults formerly pointed out in course of criticism, have been candidly corrected.

EDINBURGH, *June, 1876.*

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CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

“Far more interesting than any of the written works of Burns, as it appears to us, are his acted ones—the life he willed, and was fated to lead among his fellow-men. These Poems are but little rhymed fragments scattered here and there in the grand un-rhymed Romance of his earthly existence; and it is only when intercalated in this, at their proper places, that they attain their full measure of significance.”—CARLYLE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

While DR. CURRIE, under the sanction, and with the assistance of the Poet's literary executors, was preparing his noble biography and edition of Burns, ROBERT HERON anticipated him by producing, in 1797, not only a “respectable,” but a very admirable little memoir of the Bard, concise certainly, but remarkably accurate in its details, considering the scarcity of the materials placed in his hands. In his estimate of the Poet's genius, he falls little short of the highest praise and veneration that the greatest eulogists of Burns have, since then, vied with each other in giving utterance to; and in his delineation of the Bard's character, the main features are excellently drawn, although unfortunately, a little biased by the credence given to uninvestigated rumours which then floated about to the Poet's prejudice, concerning his convivial excesses and errors of moral conduct. DR. CURRIE, in his observations on the Bard's *failings*, said much to confirm, and little to remove, the impressions which Heron has been unjustly blamed for originating. The *Scots Magazine*, for January, 1797, has an “Account of the Life and Writings of Robert Burns,” which adopts much the same view as Heron has done of the Poet's infirmities. CROMEK, in 1808 and 1810, although overflowing with veneration for the genius of Burns, touches very slightly on his character; and what little he has been induced to say on the subject of the poet's “blasphemy and ribaldry,” our readers will find recorded at page 292, Vol. II., of the present Work. Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*, however, gave rise to undying articles from the pens of Jeffrey and Sir Walter Scott.

In 1811, DR. PEBBLES—the “Peebles frae the Water-fit” of the *Holy Fair* “meek and mimly” published what he called, “BURNOMANIA:” a discourse on “the Celebrity of Robert Burns, addressed to all real Christians,” which a brother of the same cloth (now living) has characterised as “curious for its illiberality and misjudgment.” In the same year JOSIAH WALKER, a University Professor, who had been personally acquainted with the Poet, published an “Account of the Life and Character of Robert Burns,” containing many judicious and valuable remarks on his writings; but recording, at same time observations and statements more damaging to the Poet’s character—flowing as they seemed to do through so much apparent candour and pharisaical sympathy—than the foulest aspersions that hitherto had assailed it. Another University Professor, some thirty years thereafter, by name JOHN WILSON, threw dirt in Josiah Walker’s face for all this.

After this period (1811), by apparent universal consent, a demand for JUSTICE TO BURNS seemed to set in like a return tide, with reaction slow but sure. ALEXANDER PETERKIN, in 1814, published a “Review of the Life and Writings of Robert Burns, and of various Criticisms on his Character and Writings,” in which the current mis-statements and slanders against the Poet were generously repelled. In 1816, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, in a letter to James Gray, the early preceptor of the Poet’s children, kindly took up the theme; and in 1819, the REV. HAMILTON PAUL, in a Life of Burns, prefixed to an edition of his poetical works, threw down the gauntlet to all the Poet’s detractors, ecclesiastical and laic, and vigorously vindicated his character. In 1820, appeared what is termed “*Gilbert Burns’ Edition of Dr. Currie’s Life and Works of Burns,*” containing eloquent letters from JAMES GRAY, and from ALEXANDER FINDLATER (the Poet’s immediate superior officer in the Excise), defending the bard from the effect of Currie’s exaggerations and mis-statements; and also containing retractions and apologies by Gilbert, in respect of his own share in misleading Dr. Currie. HEW AINSLIE, a true poet himself, (and still alive in 1871, producing poetry in America!) published his *Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*, which shall not soon be forgotten by the Poet’s countrymen here.

In 1828, was published—a gem in Biography—“The Life of Robert Burns,” by J. G. LOCKHART, LL.B., the son-in-law, and future Biographer of Sir Walter Scott; and this brought forth the noblest tribute to Burns that ever was penned—namely, a “Critique on Lockhart’s Life of Burns,” in the *Edinburgh Review*, December, 1828, by THOMAS CARLYLE.

In 1830, SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, a blunt and straight-forward Englishman, produced a “Memoir of Burns”—a reactionary performance, intended to throw cold water on the “hero-worship” which was now surrounding the Poet on every side, and consequently somewhat depreciatory in tone. It abounds

in errors of fact, and therefore, fallacies in argument; but, notwithstanding these defects, we respect the honesty and manliness of the writer. We do not approve of any "labouring to exalt our National Poet—of extenuating his faults, and denying his vices," and feel bound to agree with him in saying that "the merits of even the most valuable Lives of Burns are lessened by the panegyric tone that is everywhere conspicuous." After naming these we can afford to be very brief. In 1834 and 1835, Biographies by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM and by JAMES HOGG were produced—the former especially warm and poetical in character, but very deficient in *grip*—the latter, a motley performance, and literally worthless, excepting where inverted commas mark the paragraphs.

Need we, after this, refer to PROFESSOR WILSON'S *Essay on Burns*, 1840?—to the REV. P. HATELY WADDELL'S "Eulogy on the Genius and Morality of Robert Burns," 1859?—or to his "Life of Burns: a Spiritual Biography," 1867? Such seem, to common admirers of Burns like ourselves, unreliable flights of enthusiasm on the one hand, and mystical raptures of over-fed rhetoric on the other. The even-minded ROBERT CHAMBERS, in 1851-52, winds up his sensible memoirs of the Poet, with the following apt motto, taken from *Hare's Life of Sterling*, with which also we bring this note to a close:—

"A bent tree is not to be drawn as a straight one; or the truth of history vanishes, and likewise its use as a discipline of knowledge and of wisdom—hence the representation of my friend's life is unsatisfactory. By the omission of certain portions, it might easily have been made to appear more satisfactory; but then, it would have been a lie: and every lie—O that people would believe it!—is at best but a whited sepulchre!"

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BURNS.

“The following Memoir of the Life of one who was a GREAT MAN, solely of GOD ALMIGHTY’S making such, has been composed on the principle that IT IS THE PROPER BUSINESS OF THE BIOGRAPHER TO TRACE THE GRADUAL DEVELOPEMENT OF THE CHARACTER AND TALENTS OF HIS HERO, WITH ALL THE CHANGES WHICH THESE UNDERGO FROM THE INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES, BETWEEN THE CRADLE AND THE GRAVE; AND AT SAME TIME, TO RECORD ALL THE EMINENT EFFECTS WHICH THE DISPLAY OF THAT CHARACTER AND THE EXERCISE OF THOSE TALENTS HAVE PRODUCED ON HUMAN SOCIETY, IN THE SPHERE WITHIN WHICH THEY WERE EXHIBITED AND EMPLOYED.”—*Robert Heron, 1797.*

PATERNAL ANCESTRY OF BURNS.

*Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my Sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your Fathers led!*—(P. 182, Vol. L)

“MY father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer [who, like his ancestors, had rented lands of the noble Keiths of Marischal, and had the honor of sharing their fate. I do not use the word *honor* with any reference to political principles: *loyal* and *disloyal* I take to be merely relative terms in that ancient and formidable court, known in this country by the name of Club-law, where right is always with the strongest. But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they sincerely believe to be the cause of God, or their King, are—as Mark Anthony says of Brutus and Cassius—‘honorable men.’ I mention this circumstance, because it threw my father on the world at large], where, after many

years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom."
—*Autobiography*.

[That part of the foregoing passage which we have placed within brackets, was omitted by Dr. Currie at the request of Gilbert Burns, who had the timidity to deny that his ancestors had been Jacobites; and with a view to disprove that fact, referred to the terms of a parish certificate found among his father's papers, testifying that "the bearer had no concern in the *late wicked rebellion*." Of course, *William Burness* had not, for he was not alive in 1715, and although twenty-four years old, and capable of bearing arms in 1745, it is known that when only nineteen years of age, he left his native district, and worked as a gardener, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

In language very similar to that quoted in the text, the poet thus wrote to Lady W. M. Constable, in 1789:—"Though my fathers had not illustrious honors and vast properties to hazard in that contest *where even to be unfortunate was glorious*,—though they left their humble cottages only to add so many units more to the unnoted crowd that followed their leaders,—yet what they could they did, and what they had they lost: with unshaken firmness, and unconcealed political attachments, they shook hands with ruin, for what they esteemed the cause of their king and country."

"My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it."—(P. 138, Vol. II.)

See also, *Strathallan's Lament*, page 211, Vol. I.]

THE POET'S PEDIGREE.

"I HAVE not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call a gentleman. When at Edinburgh, last winter, I got acquainted in the Herald's Office, and looking through that granary of honors, I there found almost every name in the kingdom; but as for me—

My ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."—*Autob.*

[In 1837, however, a search made in the same quarter by Dr. James Burness of Montrose, a grandson of the poet's cousin and correspondent, was more successful. Tradition had assigned as the root of the Burness family-tree planted in Kincardineshire, a certain *Walter Campbell*, from Argyleshire, who had, in the early part of the seventeenth century, for political or prudential reasons, abandoned his native district, dropping his proper surname, and assuming that of *Burnhouse* or *Burness*, and settled in the parish of Glenbervie, in the Mearns. The public registers consulted by Dr. Burness, shewed that this WALTER OF BURNHOUSE had descendents, as follow:—

- (1.)—WALTER BURNESS, who possessed the farm of Bogjoran, in the same parish: he had four sons, one of whom we shall follow.
- (2.)—JAMES BURNESS, born in 1656, became tenant of the farm of Brawlinmuir, in Glenbervie. He died in 1743, aged eighty-seven. Of several sons of his, we need follow only one, who ranks as number *three*.

- (3.)—ROBERT BURNES (grandfather of the poet,) who rented the farm of Clockenhill, on the lands of Dunnotar, the estate of the Earl Marischal—attainted in 1716, for his concern in the rebellion. Robert became *somehow* involved in the ruin which overtook the Keiths: he had three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, JAMES, born in 1717, afterwards settled in Montrose, and attained a position of influence there: he became the head of that branch of the Burness family which produced the late Sir Alex. Burnes, the Eastern traveller, who, along with his brother Charles, was killed at Cabool in November, 1841; and also Dr. James Burnes, physician-general of the Bombay army—likewise distinguished as a diplomatist in connection with the Government in India. The third son of Robert Burnes was named *Robert*: family misfortunes at Clockenhill compelled him, while a mere lad, to leave home along with the poet's father, and seek labouring work in the south country. Poor "Uncle Robert" died in the poet's house at Ellisland, in 1789.
- (4.)—WILLIAM BURNES, second son of Robert Burnes, was born in 1721, left the Mearns about the year 1740, and finally settled in Ayrshire, where, on 25th January, 1759, he became the father of
- (5.)—ROBERT BURNS, THE POET OF SCOTLAND.]

THE PARENTS OF BURNS: THEIR CHARACTER AND
PHYSICAL CONTOUR.

[A.D. 1757.]

WILLIAM BURNES, born at Clockenhill, in *The Mearns*, 11th November, 1721, and AGNES BROWN, born in the Carrick district of Ayrshire, 17th March, 1732, were—according to the record in their Family Bible, now in possession of Gilbert Burns, nephew of the poet, presently resident in Dublin—

“MARRIED TOGETHER, 15TH DECEMBER, 1757.”

“I have met with few who understood ‘men, their manners, and their ways,’ equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son.”—*Autobiography*.

“This worthy woman, Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esteem for her husband of any woman I ever knew. At all times, and in all companies, she listened to him with a more marked attention than to any body else, and I can by no means wonder that she highly esteemed him; for I myself have always considered William Burnes as by far the best of the human race that ever I had the pleasure of being acquainted with—and many a worthy character I have known. I can cheerfully join with Robert in the last line of his epitaph—borrowed from Goldsmith—*And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side.*”—*John Murdock's Narrative*.

“According to Mrs. Begg, her mother was about the ordinary height;—a well-made, sony figure, with a beautiful red and white complexion—a skin the most transparent Mrs. Begg ever saw—red hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, with a fine square forehead. With all her good qualities—and they were many—her temper, at times, was irascible. William Burness, the father of the poet, was a thin, sinewy figure, about five feet eight or nine inches in height, somewhat bent with toil; his haffet-locks thin and bare, with a dark, swarthy complexion. From this it will be seen that Burns inherited his *swarthy* complexion from his father—not from his mother, as stated by Cunningham: men who rise to celebrity in the world, are generally supposed to inherit their *genius* from the maternal side. If it shall be said that Burns inherited his love of ballad-lore from his mother, we may presume that he derived his strong manly sense from his father:—as to his *genius*—‘the light that led astray was light from heaven.’ It may be traced in most of his poems, and flashes out in his lyrics, like sheet-lightning in a summer’s eve, when sung to the simple and pathetic melodies of his native land.”—*Captain Chas. Gray, in WOOD’S SONGS OF SCOTLAND, 1848.*

THE CLAY BIGGIN.

*With secret throes I marked that earth,
That COTTAGE witness of my birth.*—(P. 159, Vol I.)

“William Burness had been settled in Ayrshire ten or twelve years before I knew him in 1765, and had been in the service of Mr. Crawford of Doonside. He was afterwards employed, as a gardener and overseer, by Provost Ferguson of Doonholm, in the parish of Alloway, which is now united with that of Ayr. In this parish, on the road-side, a Scots mile and a half from the town of Ayr, and half a mile from the (old) bridge of Doon, William Burness took a piece of land, consisting of about seven acres, part of which he laid out in garden ground, and part of which he kept to graze a cow, &c., still continuing in the employment of Provost Ferguson. Upon this little farm was erected a humble dwelling, of which William Burness was the architect. It was, with the exception of a little straw, literally a tabernacle of clay. In this mean cottage, of which I myself was at times an inhabitant, I really believe there dwelt a larger portion of content than in any palace in Europe. The *Cotter’s Saturday Night* will give some idea of the temper and manners that prevailed there.”—*John Murdoch’s Narrative*

THE POET’S BIRTH.

[1759.]

*That night, a child might understand
The Deil had business on his hand.*—(P. 352, Vol. I.)

“ROBERT BURNS, lawful son of William Burness, in Alloway, and Agnes Brown, his spouse, was born January 25, 1759:

baptised by Mr. William Dalrymple. Witnesses—John Tennant and James Young.”—*Extract from the Session-Books of Ayr Parish.*

“One very stormy morning, when my brother was nine or ten days old, a little before daylight, a part of the gable of the cottage fell out, and the rest appeared so shattered, that my mother, with the young poet, had to be carried through the storm to a neighbour's house, where they remained a week, till their own dwelling was adjusted.”—*Gilbert Burns' Narrative.*

[See Song, *There was a lad was born in Kyle*, page 260, Vol. II. See *Sonnet composed on the Author's Birthday*, page 157, Vol. II. See also, *The Vision*, where Coila says to the bard,

“I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame—*thy natal hour.*”—Page 49, Vol. I.]

EARLY EDUCATION.

[1765.—AGE 6.]

*My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education.*—(P. 257, Vol. II.)

“In the month of May, 1765, I was engaged by Mr. Burness and four of his neighbours, to teach the little school at Alloway. My pupil, ROBERT BURNS, was between six and seven years of age, his preceptor about eighteen. Robert and his brother, Gilbert, had been grounded a little in English before they were put under my care. They both made a rapid progress in reading, and a tolerable progress in writing, and were generally at the head of the class, when ranged with boys far their seniors. Robert's countenance was generally grave, and expressive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful mind. Gilbert's face said, *Mirth, with thee I mean to live*; and certainly, if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind.”—*John Murdoch's Narrative.*

MOUNT OLIPHANT.

[1766.—AGE 7.]

“FOR the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate, in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have been marched off to be one of the little underlings of a farm-house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye till they should discern between good and evil. So, with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate.”—*Autob.*

"In the year 1766, Mr. Burness quitted his mud edifice, and took possession of a farm of his own improving. The farm being a considerable distance from the school, the boys could not attend regularly, and some changes taking place among the other supporters of the school, I left it, having continued to conduct it for nearly two years and a half."—*Murdoch's Narrative*.

"The farm of Mount Oliphant was upwards of seventy acres: the rent was £40 annually, for the first six years [Martinmas 1765 to Martinmas 1771,] and afterwards [1771 to 1777] £45. My father endeavoured to sell his leasehold property* for the purpose of stocking this farm, but at that time was unable, and Mr. Ferguson lent him £100 for that purpose."—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

EARLY TRAINING CONTINUED.

[1768.—AGE 9.]

*An' buirdly chieks and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.*—(P. 3, Vol. I.)

"AT those years, I was by no means a favorite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory—a stubborn, sturdy *something* in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot-piety. I say *idiot-piety*, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar, and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles.

"In my infant and boyish days, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family [Betty Davidson, a relation by the mother's side,] remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry.

"The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read

* When the poet's father, in 1777, removed to Lochlea, he sold the leasehold right to the *clay biggin* and land adjoining, to the Corporation of Shoemakers of Ayr, who are still its proud owners. The Cottage has long been a country ale-house, and one of the apartments is converted into a sale-shop for "relics of Burns." A considerable addition was, some years ago, built to it, in the form of a fine large Hall to the back, in which the Burns Anniversary is regularly celebrated.

since, were *The Life of Hannibal* [lent by Murdoch] and *The History of Sir William Wallace* [lent by the village blacksmith.] Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of WALLACE poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life are shut in eternal rest.”—*Autobiography*.

“It was then that Murdoch, our tutor and friend, left this part of the country; and there being no school near us, and our little services being useful on the farm, my father undertook to teach us arithmetic in the winter evenings by candle-light; and in this way my two eldest sisters got all the education they received.”—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

“BONIE BAIRNTIME.”—THE CLOSED RECORD.

[1771.—AGE 12.]

When skirlin weanies see the light.—(P. 10, Vol. I.)

WILLIAM BURNES and AGNES BROWN were “Married together, 15th December, 1757:—

“Had a son,.....ROBERT,.....25th Jan., 1759
 Had a son,.....Gilbert,.....28th Sep., 1760
 Had a daughter,...Agnes,.....30th Sep., 1762
 Had a daughter,...Anabella,...14th Nov., 1764
 Had a son,.....William,.....30th July, 1767
 Had a son,.....John,.....10th July, 1769
 Had a daughter,...Isabel,.....27th June, 1771.”

—*Family Bible Record*.

[While we are transcribing the foregoing record, the reflection is forced upon us that Mrs. Begg, the last named in that list of seven brothers and sisters, would have been precisely 100 years old, had she survived to this time. Twenty-one years ago, we had some correspondence with her, and she was pleased to favour us with a few notes in reference to this *Chronological Table* now passing through the press, a draught of which had been transmitted to her for examination and correction. Those notes of information will be incorporated at their proper places. Mrs. Begg died in 1858.]

“Nothing could be more retired than our general manner of living at Mount Oliphant, where we rarely saw anybody but the members of our own family.”—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

[In the *Three Dogs*, the picture of the fireside at Mount Oliphant is faithfully painted in these lines, put into the mouth of *Luath*:—

“The dearest comfort o’ their lives,
Their grushie weans an’ faithfu’ wives;
The prattling things are just their pride
That sweetens a’ their fire side.

The cantie auld folks, crackin’ crouse,
The young anes rantin’ through the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barked wi’ them.”]

FARTHER TRAINING AT MOUNT OLIPHANT.

[1773.—AGE 14.]

“In the year 1772, I was appointed to teach the English school at Ayr; and in 1773, Robert Burns came to board and lodge with me for the purpose of revising English grammar, &c., that he might be better qualified to instruct his brothers and sisters at home. At the end of one week I told him I should like to teach him something of French. He took such pleasure in learning and I in teaching, that it was difficult to say which was most zealous in the business; and about the end of our second week of the study of French, he began to read the *Adventures of Telemachus*, in Fenelon’s own words.

“But now the plains of Mount Oliphant began to whiten, and Robert was summoned to signalize himself in the fields of Ceres—and so he did; for although under fifteen, I was told that he performed the work of a man. Thus was I deprived of my very apt pupil, and consequently agreeable companion, at the end of three weeks.”—*Murdoch’s Narrative*.

“Mount Oliphant is almost the very poorest soil I know of in a state of cultivation. My father in consequence of this, soon fell into difficulties, which were increased by the loss of several of his cattle by accident and disease. To the buffetings of misfortune, we could only oppose hard labour and the most rigid economy. We lived very sparingly, and for several years butcher’s meat was a stranger in the house; while all the members of the family exerted themselves to the utmost of their strength—and rather beyond it—in the labours of the farm. My brother, at the age of thirteen, assisted in threshing the crop of corn, and at fifteen, was the principal labourer on the farm—for we had no hired servant, male or female. I doubt not, but that the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life was, in a great measure, the cause of that depression of spirits with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards. At this time, he was almost constantly afflicted in the evenings with a dull headache, which, at a subsequent period of his life, was exchanged for a palpitation of the heart, and a threatening of fainting and suffocation in the night-time.”—*Gilbert’s Narrative*.

FIRST LOVE AND FIRST SONG.

[1773.—AGE 14.]

SONG: *O once I loved a bonie lass*.—(P. 235, Vol. II.; references at p. 135, Vol. II.)

“THIS kind of life—the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, a little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme.”—*See fine passage in Autobiography, in reference to this incident.*

“Many a solitary hour have I stole out, after the laborious vocations of the day, to shed a tear over the glorious, but unfortunate story of WALLACE. In those boyish days I remember, in particular, being struck with that part of his story where these lines occur:—

‘Syne to the Leglen Wood, when it was late,
To make a silent and a safe retreat.’

I chose a fine summer Sunday, the only day my time of life allowed, and walked half-a-dozen of miles to pay my respects to the Leglen Wood, with as much devout enthusiasm as ever pilgrim did to Loretto; and as I explored every den and dell where I could suppose my heroic countryman to have lodged, I recollect—for even then I was a rhymers—that my heart glowed with a wish to be able to make a song on him, in some measure equal to his merits.”—*Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, October, 1786.*

FARTHER STRUGGLES, AND TRAINING IN POESY.

[1775.—AGE 16.]

“My father’s generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of *The Twa Dogs*. There was a freedom from his lease in two years more, and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses and lived very poorly. A novel-writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with satisfaction; but so did not I. My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor’s insolent, threatening letters which used to set us all in tears.

“A collection of English songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labour—song by song—verse by verse; carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian; and I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic-craft, such as it is.”—*Autobiography.*

[Mrs. Begg has noted that her brother possessed Ramsay’s *Tea-Table Miscellany* at an early period, and also a collection of songs called *The Lark*.]

“The mother of Dr. Paterson, now physician in Ayr, and widow of one of the established teachers there, frequently invited my father and mother to her

house on Sundays, when she met them at church. When she came to know my brother's passion for books, she kindly offered us the use of her late husband's library, and from her we got the *Spectator*, Pope's translation of *Homer*, and several other books that were of use to us."—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

EARLY LYRICAL ATTEMPTS.

[1776.—AGE 17.]

"My father struggled on till he reached the freedom in his lease, when he entered on a larger farm, about ten miles farther in the country."—*Autobiography*.

SONG: *I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing.*—(Page 216, Vol. I.)—"These two stanzas I composed at the age of seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces."—*Reliques*.

FRAGMENT: *Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me.*—(Page 251, Vol. II.)

SONG: *O raging Fortune's withering blast.*—(Page 250, Vol. II.)

PRAYER: *O thou great Being!*—(Page 176, Vol. I.)

SONG: *The Ruined Farmer.*—(Page 395, Vol. II.)

WINTER: a Dirge.—(P. 86, Vol. I.)—"Eldest of my printed pieces."—(1787.)

TRAGIC FRAGMENT: *All devil as I am, a damned wretch.*—(Page 252, Vol. II.)

"I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen, when I sketched the outlines of a Tragedy, forsooth! but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my farther progress."—*Reliques*.

BEMOVAL TO LOCHLEA.

[1777.—AGE 18.]

SONG: *O Tibbie, I hae seen the day.*—(Page 235, Vol. I.)

SONG: *The Tarbolton Lasses.*—(Page 396, Vol. II.)

"It is during the time that we lived on this farm, that my little story is most eventful. I was, at the beginning of this period, perhaps the most ungainly, awkward boy in the parish, and no *solitaire* was less acquainted with the ways of the world. To give my manners a brush, I went to a country dancing school.

"I was generally a welcome guest where I visited; and where two or three were gathered together, there was I among them. Polemical divinity about this time was

putting the country half-mad ; and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays, between sermons, at funerals, &c., used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that I raised a hue and cry of heresy against me which has not ceased to this hour.”—*Autobiography*.

“My father took the farm of Lochlea, of 130 acres, in the parish of Tarbolton, of Mr. —, then a merchant in Ayr, and now [1797] a merchant in Liverpool. He removed to this farm at Whitsunday, 1777, and possessed it only seven years. No writing had ever been made out of the conditions of the lease; a misunderstanding took place respecting them; the subjects in dispute were submitted to arbitration, and the decision involved my father in ruin.”—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

SUMMER AT KIRKOSWALD.

[1777.—AGE 18.]

If anything on earth deserves the name of rapture or transport, it is the feelings of green eighteen in company of the mistress of his heart, when she repays him with an equal return of affection.—(Common-place Book, April, 1783.)

“A CIRCUMSTANCE in my life which made some alteration in my mind and manners was, that I spent my nineteenth summer on a smuggling coast, a good distance from home, at a noted school, to learn mensuration, surveying, dialing, &c., in which I made a pretty good progress ; but I made a greater progress in the knowledge of mankind. The contraband trade was at this time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, quite new to me ; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered *Virgo*—a month which is always a carnival in my bosom, when a charming *fillette*, who lived next door to the school, upset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the spheres of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my *sines* and *co-sines* for a few days more ; but stepping into the garden one charming noon, to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel—

‘Like Proserpine gathering flowers—
Herself a fairer flower.’

It was in vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless."—*Autobiography*.

[The young poet was then in the district where his mother's relatives resided, and here he is said to have first picked up the story which furnished the materials for his future *Tam o' Shanter*. Here also, it is supposed, the first idea was formed of his ultimate vocation of Excise-officer, for undertaking the technical duties of which post, he was then unconsciously being trained.

The name of the "charming fillette" who interrupted his studies, was Peggy Thomson, and, according to Mrs. Begg, he renewed acquaintance with her at a later period of life, when his "Song composed in August" received a brushing up into its published shape.]

SONG: *Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns*.—(Page 124, Vol. I.)

"Song second [of Edinburgh edition], was the ebullition of that passion which ended the forementioned school business."—*Autobiography*.

LIFE AT LOCHLEA AND TARBOLTON.

[1778-79.—AGE 19-20.]

"I RETURNED home [from Kirkoswald] very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged with the very important addition of Thomson's and Shenstone's works. I had seen human nature in a new phasis; and I engaged several of my schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with me. This improved me in composition. I had met with a collection of letters, by the wits of Queen Anne's reign, and I pored over them most devoutly. I kept copies of any of my own letters that pleased me, and a comparison between them and the compositions of most of my correspondents, flattered my vanity.

"The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had early felt some stirrings of ambition, but they were the blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave. With a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy or hypochondriacism that made me fly from solitude; and to these incentives to

social life, add my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, a strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense ; and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited."—*Autobiography*.

"The seven years that we lived in Tarbolton parish were not marked by much literary improvement ; but, during this time, the foundation was laid of certain habits in my brother's character, which afterwards became but too prominent, and which malice and envy have taken delight to enlarge upon. He was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver. The symptoms of his passion were often such as nearly to equal those of the celebrated Sappho. I never, indeed, knew that he 'fainted, sunk, and died away ;' but the agitations of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind I ever knew in real life. He had always a particular jealousy of people who were richer than himself, or who had more consequence in life. His love, therefore, rarely ever settled on persons of this description. When he selected any one out of the sovereignty of his good pleasure to whom he should pay his particular attention, she was instantly invested with a sufficient stock of charms out of the plentiful stores of his own imagination ; and there was often a great disparity between his fair captivator and her attributes. One generally reigned paramount in his affections ; but as Yorick's affections flowed out towards Madame de L — at the remise-door, while the eternal vows of Eliza were upon him, so Robert was frequently encountering other attractions, which formed so many underplots in the drama of his love."—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

SONG : *The Ronalds of the Bennals*.—(Page 397, Vol. II.)

LOVE ENTANGLEMENTS.

[1779.—AGE 20.]

"*Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready ;
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,—
The Sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.*—(P. 254, Vol. II.)

"Far beyond all other impulses of my heart was *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*, My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other ; and, as in every other warfare in the world, my fortune was various : sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance ; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way

after my own heart. A country lad seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I daresay I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe. The grave sons of science, ambition or avarice, baptize these things by the name of follies; but to the sons and daughters of labour and poverty, they are matters of the most serious nature: to them the ardent hope, the stolen interview, the tender farewell, are the greatest and most delicious parts of their enjoyments.”—*Autobiography*.

“My ‘Montgomerie’s Peggy’ was my deity for six or eight months. She had been bred in a style of life rather elegant, but (as Vanburgh says in one of his plays) my ‘damned star found me out’ there too; for although I began the affair merely in a *gaieté de cœur*, it will scarcely be believed that a vanity of showing my parts in courtship, particularly my abilities at a *billet-doux* (which I always piqued myself upon), made me lay seige to her. When—as I always do in my foolish gallantries—I had battered myself into a very warm affection for her, she one day told me, in a flag of truce, that her fortress had been for some time before, the rightful property of another. I found out afterwards, that what she told me of a pre-engagement was really true; but it cost me some heart-aches to get rid of the affair.”—*Common-place Book*, 1785.

[In consequence of the circumstances in this attachment agreeing pretty closely with what the poet himself tells us of the result of his passion for “My dear E—,” to whom he addressed four love-letters in 1780; and more particularly from Cromek’s foot-note to the above quotation: “*This passage explains the love-letters to Peggy*”—the editor had concluded that the “jilt” who caused his melancholy at Irvine, and his “Montgomerie’s Peggy,” must have been one and the same person. Mrs. Begg corrected this error by causing her daughter to note thus:—“How Mr. D. runs into the mistake of saying that Mrs. Begg, in her account of Ellison Beggie, represented her as the same with ‘Montgomerie’s Peggy,’ is to me incomprehensible. She has ever said the very reverse; for they were as distinct as two women with two souls can be. ‘Montgomerie’s Peggy’ was housekeeper at Coilsfield, not to Colonel Montgomery, but to his father, A. Montgomery, Esq. The poet and she had met frequently at *Tarboth Mill* (The ‘Willie’s Mill’ of *Dr. Hornbook*): they sat in the same church, and had had a good deal of intercourse; but she was engaged to another before ever they met; so, on her part, it was nothing but amusement, and on Burns’ part, little else, from the way he speaks of it.”]

THE BACHELOR’S CLUB AT TARBOLTON.

[1780.—AGE 21.],

‘*The social, friendly, honest man, whate’er he be,
Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan, and none but he.*’—(P. 112, Vol. I.)

“RULE X.—Every man, proper for a Member of this Society, must have a frank, honest, open heart, above any-

thing dirty or mean, and must be a professed lover of one or more of the female sex. No haughty, self-conceited person, who looks upon himself as superior to the rest of the club; and especially, no mean-spirited, worldly mortal, whose only will is to heap up money, shall, upon any pretence whatever, be admitted."—*Regulations of the Bachelors' Club.*

"We, the following lads in the parish of Tarbolton, namely—HUGH REID, ROBERT BURNES, GILBERT BURNES, ALEXANDER BROWN, WALTER MITCHELL, THOMAS WRIGHT, and WILLIAM M'GAVIN, *Resolved*, for our mutual entertainment, to unite ourselves into a Club, or Society, under such Rules and Regulations that, while we should forget our cares and labours in Mirth and Diversion, we might not transgress the bounds of Innocence and Decorum; and after agreeing on these and other Regulations, we held our first meeting at Tarbolton, in the house of John Richard, upon the evening of the 11th November, 1780, commonly called *Halloween*, and after choosing ROBERT BURNES president for the night, we proceeded to debate on this question:—

"*Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry either of two women, the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, yet who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them, a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation, and behaviour, but without any fortune: Which of them shall he choose?*"

"Finding ourselves very happy in our Society, we resolved to continue to meet once a month, in the same house, in the way and manner proposed.

"Shortly thereafter, we chose ROBERT RITCHIE for another member. In May, 1781, we brought in DAVID SILLAR, and, in June, ADAM JAMIESON as members. About the beginning of the year 1782, we admitted MATTHEW PATTERSON and JOHN ORR, and in June following we chose JAMES PATTERSON, all as proper Brothers for such a Society. The Club being thus increased, we resolved to meet at Tarbolton, on the *Race* night, in July following, each with his partner, and have a dance in honor of our Society.*

[FARTHER SAMPLE OF THE QUESTIONS DEBATED.]

"*Whether is a young man of the lower ranks of life likeliest to be happy, who has got a good education, and his mind well-informed; or he who has just the education and information of those around him?*"

"*Whether do we derive more happiness from Love or Friendship?*"

"*Whether is the savage man, or the peasant of a civilized country, in the most happy situation?*"

* "Mrs. Begg had the pleasure of dancing on that same night with that same Club. She was attending the sewing school at Tarbolton, and when going home, she met with her sister Annie, who took her back with her, because a swain, by name Matthew Patterson, had lost his sweetheart, and was in despair for a partner: so a girl of eleven years old supplied her place for one night"—*Remarks by Mrs. Begg.*

“ Whether, between friends who have no reason to doubt each other's friendship, there should be any reserve? ”—RECORDS OF THE TARBOLTON BACHELORS' CLUB.

“ Ay free, aff han', your story tell, when wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel ye scarcely tell to ony.”—P. 92, Vol. I

A SERIOUS COURTSHIP

[1780-SL—AGE 21-22.]

*Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a',
'Ye are na Peggy Ellison!'*—(P. 88, Vol. II.)

‘ ALL these charming qualities, heightened by an education much beyond anything I have ever met in any woman I ever dared to approach, have made an impression on my heart that I do not think the world can ever efface.’—*Letter to E. B.*, 1780.

“ As my brother's love connections were governed by the strictest rules of virtue and modesty, from which he never deviated till he reached his twenty-third year, he became anxious to be in a situation to marry. This was not likely to be soon the case while he remained a farmer, as the stocking of a farm required a sum of money he had no probability of being master of for a great while. He began, therefore, to think of trying some other line of life. He and I had for several years, taken land of my father, for the purpose of raising flax on our own account, and in the course of selling it, Robert began to think of turning flax-dresser, both as being suitable to his grand view of settling in life, and as subservient to the flax raising.”—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

SONG : *The Lass of Cessnock Banks*.—(Page 254, Vol. II.)

SONG : *Mary Morison*.—(Page 87, Vol. II.)

SONG : *Peggy Alison*.—(Page 232, Vol. I.)

SONG : *My Nanie, O*.—(Page 138, Vol. I.)

[Mrs. Begg, in her notes, inclines to think that this song, “ My Nanie, O, was inspired by *Peggy Thomson*, of Kirkoswald, the heroine of “ Now westlin winds and slaughter'ing guns.” This idea has arisen (1) from the undoubted purity of the passion, and (2) from a misreading of the opening verse of the song, which refers to the wintry sun closing the day behind the Carrick hills, where flows the river Stinsiar, in the direction of Kirkoswald. Chambers has been blamed for assigning its heroineship to a certain *Agnes Fleming*, a servant girl near Lochlea, “ to whom,” according to Gilbert, “ the poet paid some of that roving attention which he was continually devoting to some one, and whose charms,” he adds, “ were indeed mediocre; and what she had were sexual, which was, indeed, the characteristic of the greater part of the poet's mistresses; for he was no Platonic lover, whatever he might pretend or suppose of himself.”—*Unpublished correspondence between Gilbert Burns and George Thomson*, 1820.

The editor is inclined to think that the “ Lass of Cessnock Banks ” was the inspirer of “ My Nanie O,” as well as of “ Mary Morison ” and “ Peggy Alison.” In the notes attached to these lyrics, he has given his reasons for such con-

lectures. Mrs. Begg, who, about the year 1848, communicated to the poet's annotators the history of her brother's courtship of *The lass of Cessnock banks*, has remarked as follows regarding that matter:—"The *belle-fille* who caused his melancholy at Irvine, was the aforesaid Ellison Begbie, one, for whom he evidently had a most sincere respect, but who declined a nearer connection than friendship with him, for reasons known only to themselves; but where the fair one was amiable and prudent, the reasons may easily be imagined.—She married soon after. The idea regarding 'Peggy Ellison' being a euphonious rendering of *Ellison Begbie* is fanciful, but very like truth. 'O Peggy at thy window be'—very sensibly arranged by Mr. D. Mrs. Begg never heard of any girl in the neighbourhood called 'Mary Morison.'"]

Four letters to "E," dated "about 1780," printed in Currie's first edition.

THE POET'S ENTRY AS A FREE-MASON.

[1781.—AGE 22.]

*May Secrecy round be the Mystical Bound,
And Brotherly Love be the Centre!*—(P. 364, Vol. II.)

"ON 25th June, 1781, the *St. James' Tarbolton Lodge*, No. 178, united with the *St. David's Tarbolton Lodge*, No. 174. It was agreed that this united Lodge should bear the name of *St. David's*. Burns was admitted an apprentice thereof, on 4th July, 1781, and passed and raised on 1st October thereafter."—*Excerpt from Lodge Records*, by Chambers.

[At the latter date, Burns was resident in Irvine, whence he must have travelled to Tarbolton to attend the Lodge meeting where he was affiliated. A disruption of this united Lodge took place in June, 1782, and the separating body, with Burns of their number, then re-constituted themselves under the old charter from Mother Kilwinning (dated 1771), as *St. James' Tarbolton Lodge*. Thenceforward, the name of Burns is found only in the books of the distinct *St. James' Lodge*.]

"In Irvine, Robert had contracted some acquaintances of a freer manner of thinking and living than he had been used to, whose society prepared him for overleaping the bounds of rigid virtue which had hitherto restrained him. During this period, also, he became a Free-mason, which was his first introduction to the life of a boon-companion. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, I do not recollect, during the seven years we were at Lochlea, nor till towards the end of his commencing Author—when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company—to have ever seen him intoxicated; nor was he at all given to drinking."—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

BURNS A FLAX DRESSER AT IRVINE.

[1781-82.—AGE 22-23.]

"My twenty-third year was to me an important era. Partly through whim, and partly that I wished to set about

doing something in life, I joined a flax-dresser in a neighbouring town, to learn his trade. This was an unlucky affair. My [*here, in the original passage, suppressed by Currie, the poet charges his partner with having swindled him*], and to finish the whole, as we were giving a welcome carousal to the new year, the shop took fire and burnt to ashes, and I was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.

["O why the deuce should I repine, and be an ill-forboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five-feet-nine,—I'll go and be a sodger!"—P. 115, Vol. II.]

"From this adventure I learned something of a town life; but the principal thing that gave my mind a turn, was a friendship I formed with a young fellow—a noble character. His mind was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue. I loved and admired him to a degree of enthusiasm, and of course strove to imitate him. In some measure I succeeded: I had pride before, but he taught it to flow in proper channels. His knowledge of the world was vastly superior to mine, and I was all attention to learn. He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself where WOMAN was the presiding star; but he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror.

"I was obliged to give up this [flax-dressing] scheme: the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and, what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in a consumption; and to crown my distresses, a *belle-fille* whom I adored [*reference here, according to Mrs. Begg, to Ellison Begbie*], and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me with peculiar circumstances of mortification. The finishing evil that brought up the rear of this infernal file, was my constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree that, for three months, I was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hapless wretches who have got their *mittimus*—"Depart from me, ye cursed."—*Autobiography*.

"Do you recollect a Sunday we spent together in Eglinton Woods? You told me, on my repeating some verses to you, that you wondered I could resist the temptation of sending verses of such merit to a magazine. It was from this remark I derived that idea of my own power which encouraged me to endeavour at the character of a poet."—*Letter to Richard Brown, December 30, 1787.*

Prayer in the Prospect of Death.—(Page 87, Vol. I.)

Stanzas on the same occasion.—(Page 172, Vol. I.)

Paraphrase of First Psalm.—(Page 175, Vol. I.)

Paraphrase of Nintieth Psalm.—(Page 177, Vol. I.)

THE PLOUGH AND THE LYRE RESUMED.

[1782.—AGE 23.]

“ My reading only increased while in this town, [Irvine] by two stray volumes of *Pamela*, and one of *Ferdinand Count Fathom*, which gave me some idea of novels. Rhyme, except some religious pieces that are in print, I had given up; but meeting with *Fergusson’s Scottish Poems*, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour. The addition of two more authors to my library gave me great pleasure; Sterne and Mackenzie—*Tristram Shandy* and the *Man of Feeling*, were my bosom favorites. Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in, according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half-a-dozen or more pieces on hand; taking up one or other as it suited the momentary tone of my mind, and dismissing the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet. None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except *Winter, a Dirge*, the eldest of my printed pieces; *The death of poor Mailie*; *John Barleycorn*, and Songs I. II. and III.” [in Edinburgh edition.]—*Autobiography*.

The death and dying words of poor Mailie.—(Page 30, Vol. I.)

BALLAD: *John Barleycorn.*—(Page 183, Vol. I.)

SONG: *It was upon a Lammas Night.*—(Page 123, Vol. I.)

SONG: *No Churchman am I for to rail and to write.*—(Page 194, Vol. I.)

“ I seem to be sent into the world to see and observe; and I very easily compound with the knave who tricks me out of my money, if there be anything original about him. Even the last, worst shift of the unfortunate and the wretched does not much terrify me. I know that even then, my talent for what country folks call ‘a sensible crack,’ when once it is sanctified by a hoary head, would procure me so much esteem—that even then I would learn to be happy. My favourite authors are of the sentimental kind,—Shenstone, Thomson,

McKenzie, Sterne, Ossian, &c. These are the glorious models after which I endeavour to form my conduct; and 'tis incongruous—'tis absurd to suppose that the man whose mind glows with sentiments lighted at their sacred flame—the man whose heart distends with benevolence to all the human race—he who can soar above this little scene of things,—can *he* descend to mind the paltry concerns about which the terrae-filial race fret, and fume, and vex themselves? O how the glorious triumph swells my heart! I forget that I am a poor, insignificant devil, unnoticed and unknown, stalking up and down fairs and markets, when I happen to be there reading a page or two of mankind, while the men of pleasure jostle me on every side, as an idle encumbrance in their way!”—*Letter to Murdoch, 12th January, 1783.*

THE LAST OF LOCHLEA.

[1783.—AGE 24.]

FIRST COMMON-PLACE BOOK.—“Observations, &c., by Robert Burness, a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honesty, and unbounded good-will to every creature, rational and irrational.”

“APRIL, 1783.—Notwithstanding all that has been said against *Love*, respecting the folly and weakness it leads a young, inexperienced mind into, still I think it in a great measure deserves the highest encomiums that can be passed upon it. If anything on earth deserves the name of rapture or transport, it is the feelings of green eighteen in the company of the mistress of his heart, when she repays him with an equal return of affection.

“AUGUST, 1783.—I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet till once I got heartily in love, and then rhyme and song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart. The first of my performances [*Handsome Nell*, page 235, Vol. II.] was done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity; unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is, indeed, very puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere.”—*Common-place Book.*

“For four years we lived comfortably on this farm; but a difference commencing between him and his land lord as to terms, after three years tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father was just saved from the horrors of a jail, by a consumption, which, after two years' promises, kindly stepped in, and carried him away to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest!'”—*Autobiography.*

“When my father's affairs drew near a crisis, Robert and I took the farm of Mossgiel, consisting of 118 acres, at the rent of £90 per annum, from Mr. Gavin Hamilton, as an asylum for the family in case of the worst. It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family, and was a joint-concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labour he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was £7 per annum, each.”—*Gübert's Narrative*.

DEATH OF WILLIAM BURNES.

[1784.—AGE 25]

*O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, the kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs are laid with thee at rest!
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow, from pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief for those that weary-laden mourn!*—(P. 85, Vol. I.)

“LOCHLEA, 17th February, 1784.—DEAR COUSIN—On the 13th current, I lost the best of fathers. Though, to be sure, we have had long warning of the impending stroke, still the feelings of nature claim their part; and I cannot recollect the tender endearments and parental lessons of the best of friends and ablest of instructors, without feeling what perhaps the calmer dictates of reason would partly condemn.”—*Letter to Mr. James Burness, Montrose*.

Epitaph for the Author's Father.—(Page 130, Vol. I.)

“Whatever comes from you always wakens up the better blood about my heart. 'Tis there that man is blest! 'Tis there, my friend, Man feels a consciousness of something within him above the trodden clod! The grateful reverence he feels for the hoary-headed author of his being—the burning glow when he clasps the woman of his soul to his bosom—the tender yearnings of heart for the little angels to whom he has given existence—these Nature has poured in milky streams about the human heart, and the man who never rouses them to action by the inspiring influences of their proper objects, loses by far the most pleasurable part of his existence.”—*Letter to his cousin, James Burness, Montrose, September 26th, 1786*.

“If there is another world, it must only be for the just, the benevolent, the amiable, and the humane; what a flattering idea, then, is a world to come! Would to God I as firmly believed it as I ardently wish it! There I should meet an aged parent, now at rest from the many buffetings of an evil world, against which he so long and so bravely struggled.”—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, December 13th, 1789*.

MOSSGIEL AND MAUHLIN.

[1784.—AGE 25.]

“I ENTERED on this farm with a full resolution—*Come, go*

to, I will be wise! I read farming books—I calculated crops—I attended markets—and, in short, in spite of ‘the devil, and the world, and the flesh,’ I believe I should have been a wise man; but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, and the second, from a late harvest, we lost half our crops. This upset all my wisdom, and I returned ‘like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire!’ My brother wanted my hair-brained imagination, as well as my social and amorous madness; but in good sense, and every sober qualification, he was far my superior.”—*Autobiography*.

FRAGMENT: *The Mauchline Lady*.—(Page 259, Vol. II.)

SONG: *O leave novels, ye Mauchline Belles*.—(P. 237, Vol. II.—*Note*, p. 116, Vol. II.)

JULY 27, 1784.—Elected Depute-master of St. James' Lodge, Tarbolton.

VERSES TO RANKINE: *I am a keeper of the law*.—(Page 188, Vol. II.)

SONG: *The rantin dog, the daddie o't*.—(Page 260, Vol. I.)

The Poet's welcome to his illegitimate child.—(Page 188, Vol. II.)

Epistle to J. Rankine.—(P. 120, Vol. I.) *Green grow the rashes, O*.—(P. 190, Vol. I.)

“SEPTEMBER, 1784.—Remorse is the most painful sentiment that can embitter the human bosom. Any ordinary pitch of fortitude may bear up tolerably well under calamities which we ourselves have had no hand in procuring; but when our own follies, or crimes, have made us miserable and wretched, to bear up with manly firmness, and at same time have a proper penitential sense of our misconduct, is a glorious effort of self-command.”—*Common-place Book*.

Remorse: a Fragment.—(Page 126, Vol. II.)

“I now began to be known in the neighbourhood as a maker of rhymes. The first of my poetic offspring that saw the light was a burlesque lamentation on a quarrel between two reverend Calvinists, both of them *dramatis personæ* in my *Holy Fair*. With a certain description of the clergy, as well as the laity, it met with a roar of applause.”—*Autobiography*.

The Two Herds, or the Holy Tutzie.—(Page 190, Vol. II.)

The Belles of Mauchline.—(Page 116, Vol. II.)

[The last of those “six proper young belles”—she whom the poet distinguishes from the others as possessing “wit,” namely, Miss Smith, died on 20th January, 1854, aged 86. Her remains lie in the Old Calton Necropolis of Edinburgh, in a rocky bed behind the City Bridewell. The tablet there to her memory and that of her husband, James Candlish, A.M., Lecturer on Medicine (who died in 1806), was erected by her gifted son, the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh.]

ROB MOSSGIEL.

[1785.—AGE 26.]

*For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jauds or masons;
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.—(P. 127, Vol. II.)*

JANUARY 1ST, 1785.—*Epistle to Davie, a brother Poet.*—(Page 73, Vol. I.)

Epistle to John Goudie, Kilmarnock.—(Page 193, Vol. II.)

Holy Willie's Prayer, and Epitaph on Do.—(Page 195 and 198, Vol. II.)

Death and Doctor Hornbook.—(Page 137, Vol. I.)

APRIL 1ST, 1785.—*Epistle to J. Lapraik.*—(Page 104, Vol. I.)

„ 21ST, 1785.—*Second Epistle to J. Lapraik.*—(Page 109, Vol. I.)

MAY, 1785.—SONG: *Rantin', rovin' Robin.*—(Page 260, Vol. II.)

„ 1785.—SONG: *Though cruel Fate.*—(Page 210, Vol. I.)

„ 1785.—*Epitaph on Robert Ruisseaux.*—(Page 261, Vol. II.)

„ 1785.—*Epistle to William Simpson, Ochiltree.*—(Page 113, Vol. I.)

AUGUST, 1785.—*The Holy Fair.*—(Page 19, Vol. I.)

SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1785.—*Third Epistle to J. Lapraik.*—(Page 262, Vol. II.)

„ 17TH, 1785.—*Epistle to Rev. John M. Math.*—(Page 264, Vol. II.)

SONG: *Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass.*—(Page 199, Vol. I.)

Man was made to mourn: a Dirge.—(Page 83, Vol. I.)

NOVEMBER, 1785.—*To a Mouse.*—(Page 71, Vol. I.)

Second Epistle to Davie.—(Page 127, Vol. II.)

SONG: *The Braes o' Ballochmyle.*—(Page 259, Vol. I.)

CANTATA: *The Jolly Beggars.*—(Page 176, Vol. II.)

“ ST. JAMES' LODGE, TARBOLTON.—The poet's attendances as Depute-master, were—in 1785—June 29, July 20, Aug. 2 & 18, Sep. 7 & 15, Oct. 26, Nov. 10, Dec. 1, Dec. 7; in 1786, Jan. 7, March 1:—At this meeting, Gilbert Burns was 'passed and raised.'”—*Notes from Lodge Records.*

THE AYRSHIRE BARD.—THE GRIEF BEHIND THE GLORY.

[1786—JANUARY 1 TO APRIL 3.—AGE 27.]

— now o'er all my wide domains thy fame extends,
And some, the pride of Coila's plains, become thy friends.—(P. 50 Vol. I.)

The auld Farmer's New-Year-morning salutation.—(Page 61, Vol. I.)

A Winter Night —(P. 169, Vol. I.) *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.—(P. 65, Vol. I.)
The Two Dogs.—(Page 1, Vol. I.) *The Ordination*.—(Page 151, Vol. I.)
Address to the Deaf.—(P. 26, Vol. I.) *Address to a Louse*.—(Page 102, Vol. I.)
Scotch Drink.—(Page 8, Vol. I.) *The Author's earnest Cry*.—(Page 12, Vol. I.)
The Vision.—(Page 44, also page 157, Vol. I.)

“The farm of Mossgiel lies very high, and mostly on a cold wet bottom. The first years that we were on the farm were very frosty, and the Spring was very late. Our crops, in consequence, were very unprofitable; and, notwithstanding our utmost diligence and economy, we found ourselves obliged to give up our bargain, with the loss of a considerable part of our stock. It was during these years that Robert formed his connexion with Jean Armour; afterwards, Mrs. Burns. This connexion *could no longer be concealed*, about the time we came to a final determination to quit the farm. Robert durst not engage with a family in his poor, unsettled state; but was anxious to shield his partner by every means in his power, from the consequences of their imprudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of their marriage,—that he should go to Jamaica to *push his fortune*; and that she should remain with her father, till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power.

“Mrs. Burns was a great favorite of her father's. The intimation of a marriage was the first suggestion he received of her real situation. He was in the greatest distress, and fainted away. A husband in Jamaica, appeared to him and his wife little better than none, and an effectual bar to any other prospects of a settlement in life that their daughter might have. They, therefore, expressed a wish to her, that the written papers respecting the marriage *should be cancelled, and the marriage thus rendered void*. Jean, in her melancholy state, felt the deepest remorse at having brought such heavy affliction on parents that loved her so tenderly, and submitted to their entreaties. Humble as Miss Armour's station was, and great though her imprudence had been, she still, in the eyes of her partial parents, might look to a better connection than that with my friendless and unhappy brother.”—*Gilbert's Narrative*.

“This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, *The Lament*. This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother (in truth, it was only nominally mine), and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica. But before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems. I was pretty confident that they would meet with some applause; but, at the worst, the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes would make me forget neglect.”—*Autobiography*.

“MOSSGIEL, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1786.—I have some very important news with respect to myself, not the most agreeable,—news that I am sure you cannot

guess; but I shall give you the particulars another time. I am extremely happy with my friend Smith: he is the only friend I have now in Mauchline."
—Burns to John Richmond.

MOSSGIEL, FEBY. 22.—*The Inventory*, addressed to Mr. Aiken.—(P. 123, Vol. II.)

Halloween: a Poem.—(Page 52, Vol. I.)

Lament, occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a friend's amour.—(Page 73, Vol. I.)

Despondency: an Ode.—(Page 81, Vol. I.) *To Ruin.*—(Page 90, Vol. I.)

SONG: *Again rejoicing Nature sees.*—(Page 191, Vol. I.)

“APRIL 3RD, 1786.—My proposals for publishing I am just going to send to the press. I am ever, dear sir, yours,
ROBERT BURNES.”—*Letter to Mr. Aiken.*

[This appears to be the last known instance of Burns spelling his name with two syllables. Chambers notes that, in the records of the St. James' Tarbolton Lodge, he thus signs the minutes, as Deputy-master, from 27th July, 1784 to 1st March, 1786, after which date, the name appears contracted into the form in which it is known all over the world. However, in writing to his relations in Montrose, he continued the old spelling for some months longer.]

THE PRINTING PRESS—CROSS AFFECTIONS—AMOROUS MADNESS.

[1786—APRIL 3 TO MAY 14.—AGE 27.]

*The followers o' the ragged Nine, poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light.*—(Page 112, Vol. I.)

“APRIL 14TH, 1786.—Proposals for Publishing, by Subscription, Scottish Poems, by ROBERT BURNS. One Vol. 8vo. Price (stitched) Three Shillings.”—*See p. 417, Vol. II.*

[J. B. Greenshields, Esq., Kerse, Lesmahagow, possessor of the only known copy of this Prospectus, is of opinion that the Subscribers whose names are appended to the paper, belonged to the Cumnock and Auchinleck district. The “block-head who refused” to take the book he had subscribed for—by name, *William Lorrimer*, little dreamed that a copy of the precious volume would bring at a public sale, in May, 1871, the sum of Seventeen Pounds sterling!]

“APRIL 15th, 1786.—My proposals came to hand last night. I enclose you half a sheet of them. I must consult you, first opportunity, on the propriety of sending my *quondam* friend, Mr. Aiken, a copy. If he is now reconciled to my character as an honest man, I would do it with all my soul; but I would not be beholden to the noblest being ever God created, if he imagined me to be a rascal. *Apropos*, old Mr. Armour prevailed with him to mutilate that unlucky paper yesterday. Would you believe it?—though I had not a hope, nor even a wish to make her mine after

her conduct, yet, when he told me the names were all out of the paper, my heart died within me, and he cut my veins with the news."—*Letter to Ballantyne of Ayr.*

To a Mountain-Daisy, uprooted by the Plough.—(Page 88, Vol. I.)

"MOSSGAVIL, MAY 3, 1786."—*Rhyming note to Gavin Hamilton.*—(P. 267, Vol. II.)

Answer to a trimming Epistle from a Tailor.—(Page 201, Vol. II.)

The Court of Equity: a Poem.—12TH MAY, 1786:—

"In Truth and Honor's name, amen!
Know all men by these presents then,
The twelfth of May, at Mauchline given,
And year 'tween eighty-five and seven:
We [old practitioners] by profession—
As per extracts frae Books o' Session—
In way and manner here narrated,
All *con amore* congregated,
And by our brethren constituted
A COURT OF EQUITY." &c.

[Such are the opening lines of a long composition of Burns which can never appear in any edition of his works intended for public circulation. A notice of it, however, cannot consistently in this place be withheld, if a full view of every phase of Burns' mind and character is to be presented in the epitomized form here attempted. If the compiler had any doubt regarding the authenticity of this comic production, he would, of course, have passed it by; but the piece has been pretty widely circulated in privately printed and manuscript copies, and Chambers, in his last edition of Burns, makes pointed reference to it in these words:—"In the midst of the cross-fire of various affections, and the dreary prospects of exile, he composed a poem on the reigning scandals of his village,—cases on which the Session record throws ample light, if light were of any use in the matter; but, unfortunately, though the mock-serious was never carried to a greater pitch of excellence than in this poem, its license of phrase renders it utterly unfit for publication."

The date of its composition given by Chambers, is 4th June, 1786 (Sunday, King George Third's Birthday), and although we have seen several copies, with that date inserted in its text, yet we are assured by Mr. Greenshields of Kerse, possessor of one or more copies of it which formed part of what are known as THE PICKERING MSS., that 12th May, 1786, is the date in the body of the Pickering copy, although the other date (4th June) is inscribed on the margin as that of *citation or service*. He also mentions that Pickering's editor (Sir Harris Nicolas), had collated the copy with several others, and marked, in red ink, innumerable variations.]

THE EPISODE OF HIGHLAND MARY.

[1786—MAY 14.—AGE 27.]

Truth is stranger than Fiction—Aye, and stronger too!

"THE SECOND SUNDAY OF MAY."—SONG: *The Highland Lassie, O.*—(P. 208, Vol. I.)

"THIS was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of

the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on *the second Sunday of May*, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life."—*Cromek's Reliques*, page 237.

SONG: *Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?*—(Page 85, Vol. II.)

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

"In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies [!], I took this *farewell* of a dear girl. All my earlier love songs were the breathings of ardent passion; and though it might have been easy for me in aftertimes to have given them a polish, yet that polish to me, whose they were, and who alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race."—*Letter to Thomson, Nov., 1792.*

"Such epochs in the history of our lives, may be termed the trials of the heart. We treasure them deeply in our memory, and as time glides silently away, they help us to number our days. Of this character was the parting of *Burns* with his *Highland Mary*, that interesting female, the *first object of the youthful poet's love* []. This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small, purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!"—*Cromek*, 1808.

Inscriptions on the Bibles presented by Burns to Highland Mary, accurately copied from the originals, on their return from Canada, to be deposited in the Monument at Ayr, December, 1840:—

- Vol. I.—(Inside of board): "And ye shall not swear by My name falsely: I am the Lord."—Levit. xix, 12.
 ,, (Below Inscription): *Obliterated Mason-mark.*
 ,, (On opposite fly-leaf): *Inscription obliterated—apparently "Mary Campbell."*
 ,, (Below Inscription): *The Poet's Mason-mark (very perfect).*
- Vol. II.—(Inside of board): "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath."—Matthew v, 33.
 ,, (On opposite fly-leaf): *Inscription considerably effaced, "ROBERT BURNS, MOSSGIEL."*
 ,, (Below Inscription): *Obliterated markings.*

[The handwriting is unmistakably that of Burns, and the date on the Title Page is 1782. Bookseller's price, marked on Vol. I, "5/6."]

"BRIDGEHOUSE, AYR, 21st JANUARY, 1850.—Mr. Douglas is perfectly right with regard to Burns and his Highland Mary's short love passage. It was in 1786, just as he supposes; at least so my mother has all along thought, from a revulsion of feeling attendant on the heartless desertion of him by Jean Armour. He just then became acquainted with Mary Campbell, who was acting as nursery-maid in the family of Gavin Hamilton. He must have known her previously to that time, though his love-fit had only begun then. My mother has no doubt that he meant to marry her."—*Letter from Miss Agnes Begg to Robert Chambers.*

[The reference here is to a Paper by the present editor, which was read at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, on 16th January, 1850—John Whitefoord Mackenzie, Esq., in the chair; on which occasion, His Grace the Duke of Argyle, Lord Murray, and John Miller of Millfield, Esq., were elected as Fellows. Among the company present were—Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Sir James Ramsay; Professors John Wilson, John Goodsir, and J. Y. Simpson; Mr. Robert Chambers; Rev. A. R. Bonar; Drs. Huie, Robertson, &c.]

PROGRESS OF THE PRESS, AND POSITION OF THE POET.

[1786.—MAY 14 TO JULY 30.]

The sacred love o' weel-placed love, luxuriantly indulge it.—(P. 92, Vol. I.)

MAY 15.—*Epistle to a young friend.*—(Page 91, Vol. I.)

„ 15.—[Servants' Term-day: Mary leaves Ayrshire for the West Highlands.]

„ 25.—“The Poet holds a Mason Lodge in Mauchline.”—*Chambers' Notes.*

JUNE 1.—*Address to Beelzebub.*—(Page 297, Vol. II.)

„ 4.—King's Birthday: *A Dream.*—(Page 40, Vol. I.)

„ 9.—[Jean Armour returns to Mauchline, after three months' sojourn in Paisley.—See notes to *The Gallant Weaver*, page 322, Vol. I.]

JUNE 12.—“Poor, ill-advised, ungrateful Armour came home on Friday last. You have heard all the particulars of that affair, and a black affair it is. What she thinks of her conduct now, I don't know; one thing I do know—she has made me completely miserable. Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her; and, to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all, though I won't tell her so if I were to see her, which I don't want to do.

“May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may His grace be with her and bless her in all her future life! I can have no nearer idea of the place of eternal punishment than what I have felt in my own breast on her account. I have tried often to forget her; I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riots, mason-meetings, drinking-matches, and other mischief, to drive her out of my head,—but all in vain. And now for a grand cure!—The ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica; and then, farewell dear old Scotland! and farewell dear, ungrateful Jean! for never, never shall I see you more.

“You will have heard that I am going to commence poet in print; and to-morrow my works go to the press. I expect it will be a volume of about 200 pages: it is just the last foolish thing I intend to do; and then turn a wise man as fast as possible.”—*Letter to David Brice, at Glasgow.*

Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous.—Page 162, Vol. I.)

Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.—(Page 98, Vol. I.)

On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies.—(Page 95, Vol. I.)

SONG: *From thee, Eliza, I must go.*—(Page 126, Vol. I.)

Farewell to the Brethren of St. James' Lodge, Tarbolton.—(P. 127, Vol. I.)

A Bard's Epitaph.—(Page 131, Vol. I.)

SUNDAY, JULY 9.—“I have waited on Armour since her return home; not from the least view of reconciliation, but merely to ask for her health, and—to you I will confess it—from a foolish hankering fondness, very ill-placed indeed. The mother forbade me the house, nor did Jean show that penitence that might have been expected. However, the priest, I am informed, will give me a certificate as a single man, if I comply with the rules of the Church, which, for that very reason, I intend to do. I am (therefore) going to put on sackcloth and ashes this day. I am indulged so far as to appear in my own seat. *Peccavi, pater; miserere me.* The Lord stand with the righteous, amen!

“My book will be ready in a fortnight.”—*Letter to John Richmond.*

JULY 17.—“I have already appeared publicly in church, and was indulged in the liberty of standing in my own seat. Jean and her friends insisted much that she should stand along with me in the kirk, but the minister would not allow it, which bred a great trouble I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased for all that, not to have had her company.”—*Letter to David Brice.*

SONG: *The Lass o' Ballochmyle.*—(Page 119, Vol. II.)

JULY 22.—Burns executes an assignation of his effects—the profits of his edition then in the press, and the copyright of his poems, in favour of Gilbert Burns, for behoof of his own illegitimate child, Elizabeth Burns,—“wee image of my bonie Betty,” born in November, 1784.*

JULY 29.—The “Kilmarnock Volume” ready for Publication.

[OLD ROME FOREST, near Kilmarnock.—The poet's aunt, named Allan, resided there, and in her house he found shelter from legal diligence; and thither he conveyed the large sea-chest, containing his outfit and providings for the voyage to Jamaica.]

* This child was brought up with the poet's mother and sisters, at Mossiel. In 1804, by the exertions of Mr. Alderman Shaw of London, a fund of £400 was raised by subscription, and sunk for behoof of this girl and another illegitimate child of the poet (born in 1791)—to be equally divided between them at their marriage, or arrival at majority, the survivor to succeed to the predecessor's share. Both lived to receive their marriage-tocher of £200 each. *Bonie Betty's* child survived to Dec., 1816, as the wife of John Bishop, Overseer at Polkemmet.

ANIMOSITY OF THE ARMOURS—THE POET IN PRINT—AYRSHIRE
IN AGITATION.

[1786.—JULY 30 TO SEPTEMBER 3.]

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will

“OLD ROME FOREST, 30TH JULY, 1786.—My dear Richmond, my hour is now come: you and I shall never meet in Britain more. Would you believe it? Armour has got a warrant to throw me in jail till I find security for an enormous sum. I know you will pour an execration on her head; but spare the poor, ill-advised girl for my sake.”
—*Letter to John Richmond, Edinburgh.*

JULY, 31.—The blue-paper boarded thin octavo volume of “Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns,” was issued to eager crowds of subscribers as fast as “Wee Johnnie’s” folders, stitchers, and binders could get through their work. The following list is made up from the careful typographer’s check-note of distribution, in the possession of Robert Cole, Esq., London:—

| | <i>Copies.</i> | | <i>Copies.</i> |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Mr. Aiken, of Ayr,..... | 145 | <i>Amount brought over,.....</i> | 428 |
| Robert Muir, Kilmarnock,..... | 72 | David Sillar, Irvine,..... | 14 |
| Gilbert Burns, Mossgiel,..... | 70 | Wm. Niven, Maybole,..... | 7 |
| James Smith, Mauchline,..... | 41 | Walter Morton, Cumnock,..... | 6 |
| Gavin Hamilton, Mauchline,..... | 40 | John Neilson, Cumnock,..... | 5 |
| John Logan, Esq., Laight,..... | 20 | The Author,..... | 3 |
| John Kennedy, Dumfries House, | 20 | The Printer,..... | 70 |
| Mr. M’Whinnie, Ayr,..... | 20 | Sundry persons,..... | 67 |
| | <hr/> | | |
| | <i>Carry over,...</i> | | <i>Total,...</i> |
| | 428 | | 600 |

[Mrs. Begg has noted the fact that, so very scarce did copies become within a few weeks after publication, the inmates at Mossgiel had to wait till the appearance of the Edinburgh edition before they had an opportunity of reading their brother’s poems in print. The poet, in his autobiography, says that he cleared nearly £20 by the adventure, after paying outlays; but, from the copy account between the poet and the printer—also in Mr. Cole’s possession—Burns’ profits ought to have exceeded Fifty Pounds.]

“These poems eminently possessed all those qualities which never fail to render a literary work quickly and permanently popular. Old and young, high and low, grave and gay, learned or ignorant,—all were alike delighted, agitated, transported. I was at that time resident in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire; and I can well remember how that even plough-boys and maid-servants would have gladly bestowed the wages which they earned the most hardly, and which they wanted for necessary clothing, if they might but procure the works of BURNS. A friend in my neighbourhood put a copy into my

hands on a Saturday evening. I opened the volume while I was undressing to go to bed, and closed it not till a late hour on the rising Sunday morn, after I had read over every syllable it contained."—*Heron's Memoir of Burns*, 1797.

" AUGUST [15].—A vessel sails from Greenock the 1st of September, right for the place of my destination. Where I shall shelter I know not, but I hope to weather the storm. Perish the drop of blood of mine that fears them! I know their worst, and am prepared to meet it :

'T'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, as lang's I dow.'

After all, Heaven bless the sex! I feel there is still happiness for me among them :

'O Woman, lovely Woman! Heaven designed you
To temper Man!—we had been brutes without you.'

Lines on a Bank-note.—(Page 301, Vol. II)

Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains.—Page 300, Vol. II.)

Inscribed on the Author's poems, presented to an old Sweetheart.—(P. 131, Vol. II)

THE "THIRD OF LIBRA," AND ITS RESULTS.

[1786.—SEPTEMBER 3 TO NOVEMBER 27.]

*Then at the balance let's be mute, we never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted.*—(P. 164, V. L.)

" MOSSGIEL, SUNDAY, 3RD SEPT., 1786.—Wish me luck, dear Richmond! Armour has just brought me a fine boy and girl at one throw. God bless them, poor little dears!

'Green grow the rashes, O! green grow the rashes O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, were spent among the lasses, O!'

—*Note to Richmond, in Pickering MSS.*

SEPT. 3.—THE CALF: *To the Rev. J. Steven, on his text in Church.*—(P. 155, Vol. I.)

SEPT. 8.—"I believe all hopes of staying at home will be abortive. You will have heard that Armour has repaid me double. A very fine boy and girl have awakened thoughts and feelings that thrill, some with tender pressure, and some with foreboding anguish through my soul."—*Letter to Robert Muir.*

Nature's Law: a Poem, inscribed to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.—(Page 302, Vol. II)

SONG: *Willie Chalmers.*—(Page 304, Vol. II)

[Dr. Blacklock's Letter to the Rev. George Lawrie, dated, "Sept. 4, 1786."]

Verses left at a Reverend Friend's house, where the Author slept.—(Page 174, Vol. I.)

SONG: *Ye sons of old Killie.*—(Page 364, Vol. II)

Tam Samson's Elegy.—(P. 165, Vol. I.) *The Brigs of Ayr: a Poem.*—P. 143, Vol. I.)

“My father’s cousin, the late Miss Greenshields of Springbank, Kilmarnock who attained the long age of 97, has often told me that she knew Burns intimately—that he used frequently, on market-days, to dine with her uncle, the first Bailie Greenshields of Townend; and, with his long drab greatcoat and gig-whip, which he carried with him everywhere, he was by all regarded as bearing a strong resemblance to a Horse-couper.”—*Letter from J. B. Greenshields, Esq., of Kerse, to the Publisher, 1871.*

SEPTEMBER 26.—“My departure is uncertain, but I do not think it will be till after harvest.”—*Burns to his cousin, Mr. Burness.*

OCTOBER 6.—[Final accounting with Wilson the printer.]

OCTOBER 9.—“I was with Wilson, my printer, the t’other day, and we settled all our bygone matters together. I made him an offer of the second edition, on the hazard of being paid out of the first and readiest, which he declines. I have been feeling all the various rotations and movements within respecting the Excise; and even should you, my friends, my benefactors, be successful in your application for me, perhaps the consequences of my follies may make it impracticable for me to stay at home. I have for some time been pining under secret wretchedness, from causes which you pretty well know—the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, with some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the vagaries of the Muse. Even in the hour of social mirth, my galety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner.”—*Letter to Aiken.*

SONG: *Farewell, the bonie Banks o’ Ayr.*—(Page 193, Vol. I.)

“I had taken the last farewell of my few friends: my chest was on the road to Greenock: I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, when Dr. Blacklock’s opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that I posted away for that city.”—*Autobiography.*

“At the close of the autumn following, she [Mary] crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.”—*Cromek’s Reliques.*

OCTOBER 23.—*Dines with Dugald Stewart and Lord Daer.*—(P. 131, Vol. II.)

OCTOBER 30.—*Epistle to Major Logan.*—(Page 365, Vol. II.)

NOVEMBER 18.—[Letter to Miss Alexander of Ballochmyle.]

NOVEMBER.—[Letter to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, enclosing the “Stair MS.”—See page 159, Vol. I.]

NOVEMBER 20.—[Writes a mock-warrant to William Chalmers, writer, Ayr, to burn a certain wicked ballad enclosed.]

Note of Mason Lodge attendances (*continued*): 1786—
June 7, 15, 23, July 29; Aug. 18; Oct. 5 (Sorn); Nov. 10.

NOVEMBER 27.—Left Mossgiel on horseback, by way
of Biggar, for Edinburgh.

“Yon wild mossy mountains sæ lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde.”—P. 288, Vol. I.

[Referring to the fact, first announced by Mr. Archibald Prentice (sometime editor of the *Manchester Times*) in a letter to Professor Wilson, dated March 8, 1841, that Burns, on his road to Edinburgh from Mossgiel, on this occasion, spent a night in the farmhouse of his father, Mr. Archibald Prentice, Covington Mains, near Biggar (a subscriber for 20 copies of the poet's Edinburgh edition)—Dr. Hately Waddell has the following note in connection with this song, *Yon wild mossy mountains*:—“Death had by this time dissolved the bond between Burns and Mary, and circumstances for the moment had alienated his affections from Jean. Some country beauty in the moors of Tintock must have attracted his attention for the moment when he rested there, and he has immortalized the nameless heroine accordingly. The ‘part of his private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know,’ seems to be made thus sufficiently clear, without further mystery or conjecture.”]

THE BRIDGE OF LIFE—KEYSTONE OF THE ARCH.

[1786.—AGE 27.]

If the compiler has placed the “Episode of Highland Mary” under its proper date in the foregoing table (and the date has been adopted by all who have written on the subject since 1850), the most indifferent reader can scarcely fail to be struck with the amazing discrepancy between the facts thus established and the words we have quoted from the poet's own account of that celebrated passage in his “early life.” If Dr. Hately Waddell be correct in averring, that out of these accepted facts a theory has arisen which “implies a charge of cruelty or injustice towards Mary Campbell on Burns' part,” it is very certain that no suggestion of such a charge is contained in the Essay, by the present writer, which accompanied the first announcement of the result of his “Enquiry concerning the date of Highland Mary's death.”

Like that enthusiastic eulogist of Burns, we see “neither guilt nor the shadow of guilt on his conscience” in connection with his posthumous passion for Mary; yet we cannot admire the manner in which his spiritual biographer tries to escape consideration of the inconsistencies above referred to (seeming, as they do, to compromise the credit of the poet), when, instead of manfully meeting these difficulties, by offering some defence or attempted explanation, he seeks to break the teeth of argument with his Pontifical crozier, thus: “Let no man, for the credit of his own manhood, question more!”

In a merely suggestive outline or biographical frame-work like the present, there is little room for argument or discussion; yet, for the poet's sake, who really does need at times to be protected from his *friends*, and for our own

sake—for we neither wish the poet nor ourselves to be misrepresented—we may be allowed here to quote a passage, bearing on this point, from the *Antiquarian paper* which the Doctor is so disposed to denounce:—

“It seems to me pretty plain that when Burns, in his after life (that is, after 1786), makes use of such general expressions as ‘my youthful days,’ ‘my very early years,’ ‘before I was known in the world,’ he means to sub-divide his life into two distinct periods—namely, that which preceded the first publication of his poems as his *early life*, and the portion subsequent thereto as his *latter life*. We find him, in 1792, applying the expression ‘my early years’ with this meaning, in his letter to Riddel of Glenriddel, in reference to the excerpts from his first common-place Book (closed in October, 1785), thus—‘I lighted on a manuscript of *my early years* ;’ and we have a still more remarkable instance of this distinction in the poet’s mind, where, in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, written not very many weeks after his first appearance in Edinburgh, he says—‘When I composed my *Vision long ago*’—which ‘long ago’ could not possibly reach farther back than eighteen months! These expressions are somewhat parallel to the words which startle us in his allusions to those ‘youthful days,’ those ‘very early years before he was at all known in the world,’ when his heart was soothed by Mary’s ‘generous love.’ It thus seems to have become a habit of his mind to set up the period of his first publication as a middle wall of partition between what he considered his early and his latter years. This distinction appears not unnatural when we contemplate the world of pressing thought and the teeming events that were crushed into that little year of his brief but burning existence. Small room do we find for interpolating that ‘pretty long tract of reciprocal attachment’ followed so sharply by Mary’s mournful death, into the shifting melodrama of that wonderful year! Never was the Promethean fire of Man’s breathing soul exhibited in more volcanic force than it was seen in Burns. ‘Poor sons of a day’ as we all are at the farthest, to no care-laden, toil-worn mortal, whose energies for good or ill are hushed at length in everlasting slumber, could the phrase—‘He died an old man at thirty-seven!’—be more correctly applied than to him! His spirit consumed brightly within him to the last; but long ere he could see Death coming forth to meet him (and exactly ten years after inditing his first *Epistle to Davie*), he thus wrote to Mrs. Dunlop—‘What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy,—but t’other day I was a young man,—and already I begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast over my frame!’ The noble arch of his existence was not wide of span; but the weight which pressed upon it, and, indeed, contributed to the formation of its Roman strength, was enormous! The *key-stone* of that arch was certainly the year 1786, from which momentous centre-point, laden with interest to himself and to the world, did the wondrous masonry of his life round itself off to the right side and to the left,—at the base of one of its piers, a tiny cradle by a cottage hearth—at the base of the other, a not unwelcome grave in the Poet’s Corner.”

CHRONOLOGICAL SUMMARY, &c.—PART SECOND.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE POET IN EDINBURGH.

[1786.—AGE 27.]

At the very threshold of this new portion of our undertaking, we are met by a difficulty somewhat akin to, although devoid of the importance of, that which is discussed at the conclusion of our former stage. The members of the Caledonian Hunt were lately pleased, through their Secretary, to intimate to the publisher their acceptance of his proposal to inscribe the present work to them; and, at same time, the Secretary favored him with an excerpt from the original minute of that meeting which passed the resolution to subscribe, as a Club, for one hundred copies of the poet's Edinburgh edition, then in the printer's hands. This minute happens to be dated 10th January, 1787, whereas, in the poet's printed correspondence, we have him, so early as 7th December, 1786, writing thus to Gavin Hamilton—"Through my Lord Glencairn's influence, it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt that they universally, one and all, subscribe for the second edition." A letter to Ballantyne, dated six days thereafter, contains the same information, with the addition that he says the entry orders *one guinea* to be paid for each copy! Thus we see how little reliance can be placed on the *on dits* and table talk circulating in letters or passing conversations between one friend and another. We are, therefore, driven to content ourselves with the conjecture that the sanguine poet, in the first week of December, 1786, mistook Lord Glencairn's promise to *move* in the matter referred to, for an assurance that such motion (which was not really made till five weeks thereafter) had already *passed*. The exaggeration from *five shillings* (one shilling under the publishing price) to *one guinea*, needs no comment. Here follows a copy of the minute referred to:—

"*Excerpt from Minute of Meeting of the Royal Caledonian Hunt, held at Edinburgh on 10th January, 1787:—*

Present—Lord ELIBANK, Preses.

The Duke of Gordon.
Lord Maitland.
Lord Elphinston.
Sir Wm. Maxwell.
Sir John Scott
John Rutherford, Esq.
Wm. M'Dowall, Esq.
Colonel Wemyss.
Andw. M'Dowall, Esq.
John M'Donald, Esq.
Duncan Campbell, Esq.
William Hamilton, Esq.

The Earl of Glencairn.
Lord Haddo.
Sir Archibald Hope.
Sir John Whitefoord.
Sir Wm. Cunninghame.
Alexr. Cunningham, Esq.
Andw. Houston, Jordanhill.
Alexander Duncan, Esq.
Captain Ross.
Captain Douglass.
Andrew Houston, Calderhall.

“A motion being made by the Earl of Glencairn, and seconded by Sir John Whitefoord, in favour of Mr. Burns, of Ayrshire, who had dedicated the new edition of his Poems to the Caledonian Hunt—

The meeting were of opinion that, in consideration of his superior merit, as well as of the compliment paid to them, Mr. Hagart should be directed to subscribe for One Hundred copies, in their name, for which he should pay to Mr. Burns, Twenty-five Pounds, upon the publication of his Book.”

THE EVENTFUL YEAR CLOSED IN THE SCOTTISH METROPOLIS.

[1786.—AGE 27.]

*Thy Sons, Edinal social, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail.*—(P. 181, Vol. I.)

TUESDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER.—Supposed date of the poet's arrival.—See *Note*, page 196, Vol. I.

[Obtained a share of bed and board with his Mauchline friend and correspondent, John Richmond, formerly apprentice with Gavin Hamilton, writer, and now (1786) clerk to Wm. Wilson, W.S.]

[James Dalrymple, Esq. of Orangefield, seems to have been the first person of consequence, resident in the city, whom the poet waited on. By him, he was speedily introduced to the Earl of Glencairn.]

[SATURDAY, 2ND DEC.]—“You want to know how I come on. The noble Earl of Glencairn took me by the hand to-day, and interested himself in my concerns, with a goodness like that benevolent Being whose image he so nobly bears.”—*Letter to Dalrymple*.

WEDNESDAY, 6TH DEC.—[The Ayrshire estates of the late unfortunate Earl of Loudoun were judicially sold. The poet, by request of his friend, Gavin Hamilton, attended, and next day dispatched to him a note of the result.]

THURSDAY, 7TH DEC.—“My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty [Mr. H. Erskine] have taken me under their wing; and, by all probability, I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man in the world. Through my lord's influence, it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt, that they universally, one and all, subscribe for the second edition. My subscription bills come out to-morrow. I have met in Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, what Solomon calls ‘a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.’”—*Letter to Gavin Hamilton*.

SATURDAY, 9TH DEC.—[The last number of *The Lounger* was published, containing Henry Mackenzie's Review of Burns' Kilmarnock poems. A few days thereafter, Dr. Blacklock wrote to the Rev. Dr. Lawrie, recommending that the new edition should be prefaced by the article from *The Lounger*, and complain that Burns had not, as yet, called on him.]

“WEDNESDAY, 13TH DEC.—I arrived here on Tuesday was se'night, and have suffered, ever since I came to town, with a miserable headache and stomach complaint, but am now a good deal better. By Lord Glencairn's interest, it is passed in the Caledonian Hunt, and entered in their books, that they are to take each a copy of the second edition, for which they are to pay One Guinea. I have been introduced to a good many of the *noblesse*: my avowed patrons are

the Duchess of Gordon, the Countess of Glencairn, &c. An unknown hand left Ten Guineas for the *Ayrshire Bard*, with Mr. Sibbald, which I got. I have since discovered my generous, unknown friend to be Patrick Miller, Esq., brother to the Justice-Clerk. I am nearly agreed with Creech to print my book, and I suppose I will begin on Monday."—*Letter to Ballantyne.*

POEM: *Address to Edinburgh.*—(Page 181, Vol. I.)

Address to a Haggis.—(Page 179, Vol. I.)

WEDNESDAY, 27TH DEC.—“I enclose you two poems I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck.* One blank in the *Address to Edinburgh*, ‘Fair B——, is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once.”—*Letter to Wm. Chalmers, writer, Ayr.*

SUNDAY, 31ST DEC.—[Birthday of Prince Charles Edward Stuart.]

Birthday Ode.—(Page 133, Vol. II.)

“The town is at present agog with the Ploughman Poet, who receives adulation with native dignity, and is the very figure of his profession—strong, but coarse; yet has he a most enthusiastic heart of love. He has seen Duchess Gordon, and all the gay world. His favourite, for looks and manners, is Bess Burnet—no bad judge indeed!”—*Letter of Mrs. Alison Cockburn.*

PATRONAGE OF THE SCOTTISH GENTRY.

[EDINBURGH 1787.—AGE 28.]

*O would they stay aback frae courts, an' please themsel's wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better, the Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies, fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer, or speakin' lightly o' their Limmer,
Or shootin' of a hare or moorcock, the ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.*—(P. 6, V. I.)

MONDAY, 1ST JAN.—*Verses to Miss Logan, with Beattie's Poems.*—(P. 178, Vol. I.)

SUNDAY, 7TH JAN.—“To tell the truth, I feel a miserable blank in my heart with the want of her, and I don't think I shall ever meet with so delicious an armful again. She has her faults, and so have you and I, and so has everybody. . . . I have met with a very pretty girl, a Lothian farmer's daughter, whom I have almost persuaded to accompany me to the West Country, should I ever return to settle there.”—*Letter to Gavin Hamilton about Jean Armour.*

WEDNESDAY, 10TH JAN.—[Caledonian Hunt Meeting, and Minute resolving to subscribe for 100 copies of his forthcoming edition.—See page 54 *ante*.]

THURSDAY, 11TH JAN.—“This is the great day—the assembly and ball of the Caledonian Hunt. A gentleman (Mr. Wauchope) waited on me yesterday, and gave me, by Lord Eglinton's order, ten guineas, by way of subscription for a brace of copies of my second edition.”—*Letter to Mr. Mackenzie, surgeon, Mauchline.*

FRIDAY, 12TH JAN.—[Grand Masonic demonstration. Burns present at a meeting of St. Andrew's Lodge. Grand Master Charteris, with the Grand Lodge and several other Lodges, attended.]

“The Grand Master, who presided with great solemnity and honor to himself as a gentleman and as a mason, gave, among several other toasts, ‘Caledonia!

* Glenbuck is the source of the River Ayr.—See *The Two Brigs.*

and Caledonia's Bard—Robert Burns!' which rang through the whole assembly with multiplied honors and repeated acclamations. As I had no idea such a thing would happen, I was downright thunder-struck, and, trembling in every nerve, made the best return in my power. . . . I have corrected to my 152 page."—*Letter to Ballantyne.*

SUNDAY, 14TH JAN.—"My generous friend, Mr. Patrick Miller, has been talking with me about a lease of some farm or other in an estate called Dalswinton, which he has recently bought, near Dumfries. I dare say he means to favor me; yet, as he is no judge of land, he may give me an advantageous bargain that may ruin me."—*Letter to Ballantyne.*

SONG: *The Banks o' Doon.*—First version.—(Page 310, Vol. I.)

THURSDAY, 1ST FEB.—[Burns attended a meeting of the Canongate-Kilwinning Lodge—Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, R. W. Master, in the Chair.]

"The R. W. Master having observed that Brother Burns was at present in the Lodge—who is well known as a great poetic writer, and for a late publication of his works, which have been universally commended—submitted that he should be assumed a member of the Lodge, which was unanimously agreed to, and he was assumed accordingly."—*Lodge Minutes.*

POEM: *Reply to the Gudewife of Wauchope-House.*—(Page 134, Vol. II.)

Crochallan Fencibles.—See pp. 137 and 342, Vol. II.—[Burns introduced to the Club by Wm. Smellie, printer.]

[Alexander Nasmyth, artist, Writers' Court, paints the well-known portrait of the poet.—See pp. 306 and 307, Vol. II.]

FEB. 6.—*Robert Fergusson, the Poet.*—[Burns petitions the managers of the Kirk and Kirkyard Funds of Canongate for leave to erect a headstone over his grave, which was granted.]

Inscription on the Tomb of Fergusson.—(See pp. 136, 270, and 322, Vol. II.)

FEB. 24.—*Beugo's Engraving from Nasmyth's Painting.*—"I am getting my *phiz* done by an eminent engraver (John Beugo, Princes Street), and if it can be ready in time, I shall appear in my book, looking, like other fools, to my title-page."—*Letter to Ballantyne.*

Verses written below the Earl of Glencairn's Picture.—(Page 367, Vol. II.)

Professor Dugald Stewart's Morning Walks with Burns.—"In the course of the Spring, he called on me once or twice, at my request, early in the morning, and walked with me to Braid Hills, in the neighbourhood of the town, when he charmed me still more by his private conversation than he had ever done in company. When I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, he told me that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained."

APRIL 4.—[Date of the Poet's *Dedication to the Caledonian Hunt.*—P. 135, Vol. I.]

„ 9.—[Commences his Edinburgh Common-place Book.]

„ 16.—*Prologue spoken by Mr. Woods, on his Benefit-night.*—(P. 204, Vol. II.)

„ 21.—[New Edition of his Poems published. Price to Subscribers, 5s.; to Non-subscribers, 6s.]

MAY 5.—[Leaves Edinburgh, on a Border Tour of five weeks.]

BACK TO AYRSHIRE—MOODY RETROSPECT—INFIRM RESOLVES.

[1787.—AGE 28.]

MAY 13TH, 1787.—*Epistle to William Creech.*—(Page 271, Vol. II.)

MAY 5TH TO JUNE 9TH.—[The poet enjoyed an interesting zig-zag tour in the south border counties of Scotland during this period. The last week of the journey was spent in Dumfries and neighbourhood, embracing a visit to Dalswinton, with some inspection of Mr. Miller's farms.]

JUNE 9TH.—[Arrived at Mauchline and Mossgiel. Slept not at home, but at John Dow's Inn, where the "old, old story" between the poet and Jean Armour was resumed.]

JUNE 11TH.—"If anything had been wanting to disgust me completely at Armour's family, their mean, servile compliance would have done it. I cannot settle my mind. I cannot dare to risk on farms as they are. If I do not fix, I will go to Jamaica. Should I stay in an unsettled state here, I would only dissipate my little fortune, and ruin what I intend shall compensate my little ones for the stigma I have brought on their names."—*Letter to James Smith.*

JUNE 13TH.—"I never, my friend, thought mankind very capable of anything generous; but the stateliness of the patricians of Edinburgh, and the civility of my plebeian brethren (who, perhaps, formerly eyed me askance) since I returned home, have nearly put me out of conceit altogether with my species. The many ties of acquaintance and friendship which I have, or think I have, in life,—I have felt along the lines, and (damn them!) they are almost all of them of such frail texture, that I am sure they would not stand the breath of the least adverse breeze of fortune."—*Letter to William Nicol.*

West Highland Tour.—"Having remained with his friends in Mauchline a few days, he set out on a journey to the Highlands; but no particulars of the tour have been found among his manuscripts."—*Currie.*

Epigram at Inverary.—(Page 205, Vol. II.)

[Chambers suggests that the poet may have, on this occasion, secretly visited the relatives of Highland Mary, and perhaps dropped a tear over her grave at Greenock; and remarks that a sort of mystery hangs over this journey, much like that with which the poet has contrived to invest the whole story of Mary. With the exception of the ill-natured epigram at Inverary, and a like tempered note to Ainslie, written from Arrochar, by Lochlong, on 28th June, the only information we have concerning the tour is derived from letters addressed to James Smith and John Richmond, by the poet after his return home. The "gossip" which has been so religiously gathered by Dr. Waddell in relation to this and other incidents in the life of Burns, is very properly so denominated; for little, if any of it, seems to have much foundation beyond the natural vanity so frequently displayed by unscrupulous triflers, who are fond to bring themselves or their ancestors, in ever so contemptible a degree, into *juxta* position with greatness.—"When you, Mr. Garrick, played *Hamlet* at Drury Lane, I played *the Cock!*"]

Verses addressed to Isabella M'Leod, of Raasay, on her Brother's Death.—(Page 365, Vol. I.)

[In the Buccleuch Street Chapel burying-ground at Edinburgh, close by the resting-place of old David Herd and of Mrs. Alison Cockburn, is the tomb of "Flora, eldest daughter of M'Leod of Raasay, wife of Col. James Mure Campbell, of Rowallan, who died 3d September, 1780, a few hours after giving birth to her only child, Flora, who became Countess of Loudoun."]

Masonic Mania.—"In Summer, 1787, I passed some weeks in Ayrshire, and saw Burns occasionally. I think that he made a pretty long excursion that season to the Highlands, and had visited what Beattie calls the Arcadian ground of Scotland, upon the Banks of Teviot and Tweed. I was led by curiosity to attend, for an hour or two, a Mason Lodge in Mauchline, where Burns presided. He had occasion to make some short, unpremeditated compliments to different individuals from whom he had no reason to expect a visit, and everything he said was happily conceived, and forcibly, as well as fluently expressed. His manner of speaking in public had evidently the marks of practice in extempore elocution."—*Professor Dugald Stewart's Narrative.*

"MAUCHLINE, JUNE 30, 1787.—I have yet fixed on nothing with respect to the serious business of life. I am, as usual, a rhyming, mason-making raking, aimless, idle fellow. However, I shall have a farm soon: I was going to say a wife too; but that must never be my blessed lot. I am but a younger son of the house of Parnassus, and like other younger sons of great families, I may intrigue, if I choose to run all risks, but must not marry."—*Letter to James Smith.*

"MAUCHLINE, 25TH JULY, 1787.—This night the Deputation of the Lodge met at Mauchline, and entered Brother Alexander Allison of Barmuir, an apprentice. Likewise admitted Brs. Professor Stuart of Cathrine, and Claude Alexander, Esq., of Ballochmyle, Claude Neilson, Esq., Paisley, John Farquhar Gray, Esq., of Gilmiscroft, and Dr. George Grierson, Glasgow, Honorary Members of the Lodge. (Sig.) ROBT. BURNS, D.M."

Lodge Record, extracted by Editor.

MORE EDINBURGH LIFE, AND SUNNY-DAY RECREATIONS.

[1787.—AGE 28.]

*Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails, an' curse your folly sairly.*—(P. 42, Vol. I.)

AUG.—*Elegy on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair.*—(Page 139, Vol. II.)

Love Attachment.—[The Poet apprehended on a *Fugae* warrant, obtained at instance of a servant-girl, in Edinburgh, then "under a cloud," on his account.]

AUG. 15.—[He finds security to her satisfaction, and is released.]

"The lady must have told you of a girl, a Jenny Clow, who had the misfortune to make me a father (with contrition I own it) contrary to the laws of our most excellent constitution, in our holy Presbyterian hierarchy. I would have taken my boy from her long ago, but she would never consent."*—*Burns to Mrs. M'Lehose, 23rd November, 1791.*

AUG. 25.—*Northern Tour.*—[Sets out from Edinburgh, in a chaise, along with Wm. Nicol, for Stirling and the North.]

Verses at Carron.—(Page 206, Vol. II.)

Inscriptions at Falkirk and Stirling.—(Page 309, Vol. II.)

* Both mother and child are understood to have been dead when Mr. Alderman Shaw's Committee, in 1804, made provision for the other illegitimate offspring of the poet.

AUG. 27.—[The poet leaves Nicol for one day in Stirling, and proceeds to visit Gavin Hamilton's relatives at Harvieston, on the Devon.]

SONG: *Banks of the Devon*.—(Page 220, Vol. I.)

Peggy's Charms.—(Page 234, Vol. I.) *My Peggy's face*.—(Page 122, Vol. II.)

AUG. 28.—[Journey resumed, by way of Crieff, Taymouth, Aberfeldy, Dunkeld, Blair Athole, Killiecrankie, Fort George, Inverness; and back by Nairn, Forres, Elgin, Fochabers, Castle-Gordon, Cullen, Aberdeen, The Mearns, Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, Carse of Gowrie, Perth, Strathearn, Invermay, Kinross, Queensferry to Edinburgh, where the travellers arrived on 16th September, after three weeks absence.]

Lines at Kenmore.—(Page 371, Vol. I.) *Birks of Aberfeldy*.—(Page 206, Vol. I.)

Theniel Menzie's Mary.—(P. 218, Vol. I.) *Bruar Water*.—(Page 367, Vol. I.)

Killiecrankie.—(Page 269, Vol. I.) *Bonie Castle Gordon*.—(P. 121, Vol. II.)

Young Highland Rover.—(P. 214, Vol. I.) *Fall of Fyers*.—(Page 373, Vol. I.)

M'Pherson's Farewell.—(P. 207, Vol. I.) *Lads o' Thorniebank*.—(P. 219, Vol. I.)

Final Excursion in October.—[Revisits Stirling and Harvieston in company with Dr. Adair; Cauldron Linn, Rumbling Brig. Visits Mr. Ramsay, of Ochtertyre on Teith, and Sir William Murray, of Ochtertyre in Strathearn; also, Mrs. Bruce, of Clackmannan Tower.]

POEM: *On Scaring Water-Fowl in Loch Turit*.—(Page 370, Vol. I.)

SONG: *Blythe was She*.—(Page 226, Vol. I.)

OCT. 20.—[Returns to Edinburgh, and makes his residence with Mr. William Cruickshanks, teacher, High School.]

SONG: *The Rosebud*.—(Page 230, Vol. I.)

POEM: *Beauteous Rosebud*.—(Page 363, Vol. I.)

DEC.—*Second Winter in the City*.—[The poet had resolved to leave Edinburgh for Ayrshire, about the beginning of this month, when Fate so willed that he met and admired Mrs. Agnes or Nancy M'Lehose, the comely young wife of a gentleman who had deserted her, with two children, and now (1787) resided in Jamaica. On 8th December, after having seen the lady only once, a fall from a coach bruised his knee, and caused him to be confined in-doors for nearly six weeks.]

DEC. 13.—[Death of Lord President Dundas.]

Elegy on the Death of Lord President Dundas.—(Page 311, Vol. II.)

DEC. 19.—“There are just two creatures I would envy—a horse in his wild state, traversing the forests of Asia, or an oyster on some of the desert shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment, the other has neither wish nor fear.”—*Letter to Miss Chalmers*.

[Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, commended the eloquent hypochondriacism of this passage.]

DEC. 30.—“I am just the same Will-o'-wisp being I used to be. About the first and fourth quarters of the moon, I generally set in for the trade-wind of Wisdom; but about the full and change, I am the luckless victim of mad tornadoes which blow me into chaos. Almighty Love still reigns and revels in my bosom; and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow.”—*Letter to Richard Brown*.

[From 6th December, 1787, to 18th February, 1788, a very close epistolary correspondence was maintained between the poet and Mrs. M'Lehose, who, after the first half-dozen letters had been interchanged, adopted the pastoral

name of *Clarinda*, and Burns took that of *Sylvander*, because he said he liked "the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind." On 4th January, 1788, the improvement on the poet's limb enabled him to visit her in a sedan chair, and the intercourse, epistolary and personal, continued, with little interruption, till near the end of March, 1788, when it was brought to a sudden termination by events which the next chapter will disclose.—See pp. 228 and 236, Vol. I.; also, pp. 71, 231, 232, and 313, Vol. II.]

EDINBURGH BEAUTIES AND MAUCLINE BELLES.

[1788.—AGE 29.]

The question is not at what door of Fortune's palace shall we enter in, but, what doors does she open for us.—(Burns to Peggy Chalmers, Feb. 17, 1788.)

MATRIMONIAL ASPIRATIONS.—"It does not appear from Burns' letters that he ever formally proposed marriage to Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay; yet the late Thomas Campbell, the poet, told me that the lady herself informed him that Burns made a serious proposal to her."—*Note of Dr. Carruthers to the Editor.*—(See page 365, Vol. I.)

[There are about a dozen of these letters—some of which are mere fragments—that seem to have been printed from the poet's first draughts, the last being dated "September, 1788," shortly after the poet's marriage, and only three months preceding her own. In addressing her, he generally makes reference to her, cousin, Charlotte Hamilton, at same time; but we have none of his letters to the latter, and it is evident that one or both of them must, at some after period, have conceived umbrage at the poet; for we are told by Cromeke, that Miss Hamilton burned all the poet's letters addressed to them. The public have not been permitted to see any of the letters addressed by Miss Chalmers to Burns, although we know, from the *Clarinda Correspondence*, that these were admirable, and that the poet indulged *Clarinda* with a reading of them. In one of his raving letters to that lady, penned at the witching time of night, after a two hours' bout of drinking, he blabbed something about *Peggy Chalmers* being "indelibly registered in his heart's core," which all *Clarinda's* after-queries could not induce him to explain.]

The Clarinda Interlude.—"I think you had almost best resolve against WEDLOCK; for, unless a woman were qualified for the companion, the friend, and the mistress, she would not do for you. The last may gain you; but the others alone can keep you."—*Clarinda to Sylvander.*

"I could suffer the lash of misery eleven months of the year, were the twelfth to be composed of hours like yesternight! *Clarinda!* first of your sex! if ever I am the veriest wretch on earth to forget you—if ever your lovely image is effaced from my soul—

'May I be lost—no eye to weep my end,
And find no earth that's base enough to bury me!'"

—*Sylvander to Clarinda.*

CUMNOCK, MARCH 2, 1788.—"I long to see you; your image is omnipresent to me! To-night, at the sacred hour of *eight*, I expect to meet you at the Throne of Grace. If I settle on the farm I propose, I am just a day and a-half's ride from Edinburgh. We will meet—don't you say, 'perhaps too often.'"—*Sylvander to Clarinda.*

The Poet's Views Regarding Jean Armour.—MAUCHLINE, MARCH 3, 1788.—“I have been through sore tribulation, and much buffeting of the Wicked One, since I came to this country. Jean I found banished like a martyr—forn, destitute, and friendless, all for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her fate; I have reconciled her to her mother; I have taken her a room; I have taken her to my arms; I have given her a mahogany bed; I have given her a guinea. But (as I always am on every occasion) I have been prudent and cautious to an astonishing degree: I swore her privately and solemnly never to attempt any claim on me as a husband—even though anybody should persuade her she had such a claim, which she had not—neither during my life nor after my death. She did all this like a good girl, and” . . . —*Letter to Robert Ainslie.*

[Within ten days after the date of this letter, poor Jean was again delivered of twins, at the house of William Muir, Tarbolton Mill, the place of refuge above referred to as “taken for her” by the poet. These children died shortly after birth. Burns was then absent in Edinburgh, whither he had gone for a fortnight, on 10th March, to complete his bargain about the Ellisland farm, get a settlement with Creech, and hold some farther dalliance with Clarinda. That lady, on 5th March, had written to him, enquiring kindly after Jean in these words, “I pity her sincerely, and wish a certain affair happily over.”]

FEB. 14, 1788.—[Second volume of *Johnson's Museum* published. 35 songs by Burns.—Page 203, Vol. I.]

THE POET'S MARRIAGE, AND THE POET'S APOLOGY.

[1788.—AGE 29.]

*But if it's ordained I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?*

Sacrifices.—“MAUCHLINE, APRIL 7, 1788.—I have lately made some sacrifices, for which, were I *viva voce* with you to paint the situation and recount the circumstances, you would applaud me.”—*Letter to Miss Chalmers.*

“I have already told you, and I again aver it, that, at the period of time alluded to, I was not under the smallest moral tie to Mrs. Burns; nor did I, nor could I then know all the powerful circumstances that omnipotent Necessity was busy laying in wait for me. Had I seen the least glimmering of hope that (Clarinda's) charms could ever have been mine; or even had not iron Necessity—but these are unavailing words! As I am convinced of my own innocence, you will pardon me, Madam, if I do not carry my complaisance to your opinion so far as humbly to acquiesce in the name of “Villain,” merely out of compliment to your opinion.”—*Burns to Mrs. M'Lehose, March 9, 1789.*

“MAUCHLINE, APRIL 23.—There is a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussey of your acquaintance, to whom I have lately and privately given a matrimonial title to my corpus.”—*Letter to James Smith.*

The Merits of Necessity.—“I found a once much-loved, and still much-loved female, literally and truly cast out to the mercy of the naked elements; but I

enabled her to purchase a shelter: *there is no sporting with a fellow-creature's happiness or misery*. . . . On my *eclatant* return to Mauchline, I was made very welcome to visit my girl: the usual circumstances began to betray her, and, as I was at that time laid up a cripple in Edinburgh, she was turned literally out of doors, and I wrote to a friend to shelter her till my return, when our marriage was declared. *Her happiness or misery was in my hands, and who could trifle with such a deposit!*"—Burns to Mrs. Dunlop.

[LODGE MINUTES OF MARCH 29 AND MAY 23 1788, SIGD. ROBT. BURNS, D.M.]

"MAUCHLINE, Aug. 5TH. 1788.—Sess Con:—Compeared Robert Burns with Jean Armour, his alleged spouse. They both acknowledged their irregular marriage, and their sorrow for that irregularity, desiring that the Session will take such steps as may seem to them proper in order to the solemn confirmation of the said marriage. The Session taking this affair under their consideration, agree that they both be rebuked for this acknowledged irregularity, and that they be taken solemnly engaged to adhere faithfully to one another as husband and wife all the days of their life. And in regard the Session had a title in law to some fine for behoof of the poor, they agree to refer to Mr. Burns his own generosity. The above sentence was accordingly executed, and the Session absolved the said parties from any scandal on this acct.

| | | | | |
|--------|---------------------|---|--------|---------------|
| (Sig.) | "WILLIM AULD, Modr. | { | (Sig.) | ROBT BURNS. |
| | | | (Sig.) | JEAN ARMOUR." |

"Mr. Burns gave a guinea note for behoof of the poor."
 [The signature of Jean Armour is in the poet's handwriting.]

The Poet's estimate of Cultivated Womanhood.—"Robust health is the peculiar privilege and blessing of our hale, sprightly damsels that are bred among the *hay and heather*. We cannot hope for that highly-polished mind, that charming delicacy of soul which is found among the female world in the more elevated stations of life, and which is certainly by far the most bewitching charm in the famous *cestus of Venus*. It is, indeed, such an inestimable treasure, that if it can be had in its native heavenly purity, unstained by some one or other of the many shades of affectation, and unalloyed by some one or other of the many species of caprice, I declare to Heaven, I should think it cheaply purchased at the expense of every other earthly good! But, this angelic creature is, I am afraid, extremely rare in any station and rank of life, and totally denied to such a humble one as mine.—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop.*

Christopher North on Burns' Marriage.—"Only think of Burns taking an Edinburgh Belle to wife! 'On his *eclatant* return to Mauchline,' he flew, somewhat too fervently, to 'Love's willing-fetters, the *arms* of his Jean.' Her father had again to curse her for her infatuated love of her husband—for such Burns certainly was by the law of heaven—and, like a good Christian, had again turned his daughter out of doors. Had Burns deserted her, he had merely been a *heartless villain*. In making her his lawful wedded wife, he did no more than any other man, deserving the name of man, in the same circumstances would have done; and had he not, he would have walked in shame before men, and in fear and trembling before God."—*Professor Wilson's Essay, 1840.*

THE FARM AND THE EXCISE.

[ELLISLAND, 1788.—AGE 29.]

*Not vernal showers to budding flowers, not Autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me, my bonie Jeanie Armour.*

Early Misgivings about his Farm.—"I have been with Mr. Miller at Dalswinton. From my view of the lands, and his reception of my bardship, my hopes in that business, though rather mended, are still but slender."—*Letter to Nicol, June 18, 1787.*

"I have been at Dumfries, and at one visit more shall be decided about a farm in that county. I am rather hopeless in it. I am determined, if my Dumfries business fail me, to remove into partnership with my brother, and, at our leisure take another farm in his neighbourhood."—*Letter to Miss Chalmers, October, 1787.*

"I have altered all my plans of future life. A farm that I could live in, I could not find; and, indeed, after the necessary support my brother and the rest of the family required, I could not venture on farming in that style suitable to my feelings. You will condemn me for the next step I have taken: I have entered into the Excise. I stay in the West about three weeks, and then return to Edinburgh for six weeks' instructions."—*Letter to Miss Chalmers, Feb. 17, 1788.*

"I am just returned from visiting Mr. Miller's farm. The friend whom I told you I would take with me, was highly pleased with it, and his advice has staggered me a good deal. If farming do not appear eligible, I shall have recourse to my other shift (the Excise); but this to a friend."—*Letter to Cruickshank, March 3, 1788.*

"I have written an offer to Mr. Miller, through which, if he accepts, I shall sit down a plain farmer—the happiest of lives, *when a man can live by it.*"—*Letter to Robert Muir, March 7, 1788.*

"Yesterday I completed a bargain with Mr. Miller for the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles above Dumfries. I begin at Whitsunday to build a house, drive lime, &c., and Heaven be my help."—*Letter to Miss Chalmers, March 14, 1788.*

Complacency regarding his Marriage.—"I have been horridly busy, buying and preparing for my farming business, over and above the plague of my Excise instructions, which this week will finish. I have the pleasure to tell you that I have been extremely fortunate in all my buyings, and bargainings hitherto—Mrs. Burns not excepted; *which title I now avow to the world.* I am truly pleased with this last affair: it has, indeed, added to my anxieties for futurity; but it has given a stability to my mind and resolutions unknown before, and the poor girl has the most sacred enthusiasm of attachment to me, and has not a wish but to gratify my every idea of her deportment."—*Letter to Ainslie, May 26, 1788.*

"ELLISLAND, JUNE 15.—My farm gives me a good many uncouth cares and anxieties; but I hate the language of complaint. I am decidedly of opinion that the step I have taken is vastly for my happiness. As it is, I look to the Excise scheme as a certainty of maintenance. A maintenance!—Luxury to what either Mrs. Burns or I was born to."—*Letter to Ainslie.*

ELLISLAND, SEPT. 16.—“Nor have I any cause to repent my marriage. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation: I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county.

“I do not find my farm that pennyworth I was taught to expect. To save me from that horrid situation of at any time going down, in a losing bargain of a farm, to misery, I have taken my Excise instructions, and have my commission in my pocket for any emergency of fortune.”—*Letter to Miss Chalmers.*

SONG: *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*—(Page 248, Vol. I.)

SONG: *O were I on Parnassus Hill.*—(Page 250, Vol. I.)

JUNE.—*Verses written in Friars-Carse Hermitage.*—First Version.—(P. 314, V. II.)

JULY.—*Epistle to Hugh Parker.*—(Page 368, Vol. II.)

AUG.—*First Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry.*—(Page 141, Vol. II.)

SEP.—SONG: *The day returns, my bosom burns.*—(Page 244, Vol. I.)

SEP.—*A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son.*—(Page 258, Vol. I.)

NOV.—*The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.*—(Page 246, Vol. I.)

DEC.—*Verses written in Friars-Carse Hermitage.*—Second Version.—(P. 331, V. I.)

DEC.—SONG: *Auld Langsyne.*—(Page 8, Vol. II.)

DEC.—SONG: *My bonie Mary.*—(Page 246, Vol. I.)

DEC.—SONG: *I hae a wife o' my ain.*—(Page 298, Vol. I.)

DEC.—[Mrs. Burns joins her husband, and the household reside at an old-fashioned farm-steading, called *The Isle*, about a mile down the Nith from Ellisland,—the new farm-house there being still in course of erection.]

THE FARMER'S LIFE, AND THE POET'S PROGRESS.

[ELLISLAND, 1789.—AGE 30.]

*He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.*

New-Year's Day Reflections.—“I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve set times and seasons of more than ordinary devotion. This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skied morn, sometime about the beginning, and a hoary morning, and calm sunny day about the end of autumn,—these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday; not like the sacramental, executioner face of a Kilmarnock communion; but to laugh or cry, be cheerful or pensive, moral or devout, according to the mood or tense of Nature and myself. I am a sincere believer in the Bible; but I am drawn by the conviction of a man—not by the halter of an ass. *Apropos* to an ass,—how do you like the following apostrophe to Dulness, which I intend to interweave in *The Poet's Progress.*”—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, January 1, 1789.*

[Twenty lines of the *Epistle to Graham of Fintry* (p. 344, Vol. I.), are appended to the letter, the original MS. of which is in the possession of Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and contains a great deal which has been omitted by Currie.]

SKETCH: *A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight.*—(P. 276, Vol. II.)

Profits of Edinburgh Edition, and Disposal thereof.—"I believe I shall, in whole (£100 copyright included), clear about £400, some little odds; and even part of this depends upon what the gentleman (Creech) has yet to settle with me. In a month, I shall go to town to wind up the business if possible. I have a younger brother, who supports my aged mother; another still younger brother and three sisters, in the farm of Mossgiel. On my last return from Edinburgh, it cost me about £180 to save them from ruin. Not that I have lost so much; I only interposed between my brother and his impending fate by the loan of so much. I give myself no airs on this," &c.—*Letter to Moore, January 4, 1789.*

"There can be no doubt that Burns' profits from his Edinburgh Edition exceeded £500. In his calculation he seems to have mentally included, as relative outlay, the money he spent in Edinburgh, and on his Tours."—*Chambers.*]

[Hurried visit to Edinburgh at end of February, when accounts between the poet and Creech were closed.]

"I would have called on you when I was in town, indeed I could not have resisted it, but that Ainslie told me you were determined to avoid your windows while I was in town, lest even a glance of me should occur in the street."—*Letter to Clarinda, March 9, 1789.*

"But for the consolation of a few solid guineas, I could almost lament the time that a momentary acquaintance with wealth and splendour put me so much out of conceit with the sworn companions of my road through life—insignificance and poverty! . . . Often, as I have glided with humble stealth through the pomp of Princes street, it has suggested itself to me, as an improvement on the present human figure, that a man, in proportion to his own conceit of his consequence in the world, should have power to push out the longitude of his common size, as a snail pushes out his horns, or as we draw out a prospect glass."—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, March 4, 1789.*

Happy Domestic Position.—"I am here in my old way, holding my plough, marking the growth of my corn or the health of my dairy, and at times sauntering by the delightful windings of the Nith—on the margin of which I have built my humble domicile—praying for seasonable weather, or holding an intrigue with the Muses,—the only gipsies with whom I have now any intercourse. As I am entered into the holy state of matrimony, I trust my face is turned completely Zion-ward; and as it is a rule with all honest fellows to repeat no grievances, I hope that the little poetic licences of former days will, of course, fall under the oblivious influence of some good-natured statute of celestial prescription. In my family devotion—which, like a good Presbyterian I occasionally give to my household folks—I am extremely fond of the psalm, *Let not the errors of my youth, &c.*, and that other, *Lo, children are God's heritage*, in which last, Mrs. Burns—who, by the by, has a glorious 'wood-note wild' at either old song or psalmody—joins me with the pathos of Handel's *Messiah*."—*Letter to Mr. M'Auley, June 4, 1789.*

JANY.—*Ode to the memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive.*—(Page 333, Vol. I.)

APRIL.—*Fragment inscribed to Charles James Fox.*—(Page 144, Vol. II.)

APRIL.—*New Psalmody on the King's restoration from illness.*—(Page 410, Vol. II.)

MAY.—*Address to a Wounded Hare.*—(Page 357, Vol. I.)

MAY.—*Address to the Toothache*.—(Page 145, Vol. II.)

AUG.—*The Kirk's Alarm*.—(Page 209, Vol. II.)

AUG. 10.—*Second Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry*.—(Page 155, Vol. II.)

Excise Expectancies.—"There is still one thing would make my circumstances quite easy: I have an excise-officer's commission, and I live in the midst of a country Division. My request to Mr. Graham was, if in his power, to procure me that Division. If I were very sanguine, I might hope that some of my great patrons might procure me a Treasury-warrant for supervisor, surveyor-general, &c. Thus, secure of a livelihood—"To thee, sweet Poesy! delightful maid,' I would consecrate my future days."—*Letter to Moore, Jan. 4, 1789*.

"I do not know how the word 'exciseman,' or still more opprobrious 'gauger,' will sound on your ears. I have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on the subject; but a wife and children are things which have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations; and £50 a-year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow, is no bad settlement for a *Poet*."—*Letter to Ainslie, Nov. 1, 1789*.

"There is a certain stigma affixed to the character of an excise-officer; but I do not pretend to borrow honour from my profession."—*Letter to Bishop Geddes, February 3, 1789*.

"I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me, than that I borrowed credit from my profession."—*Letter to Lady Glencairn, December, 1789*.

[Enters on work as an Exciseman. *Epigram*.—Page 277, Vol. II.]

AUG. 18.—Birth of a son—FRANCIS WALLACE. (Died in 1803.)

SEP.—SONG: *O Willie brewed a peck o' maut*.—(Page 268, Vol. I.)

OCT.—*Ballad of the Whistle*.—(Page 280, Vol. I.)

OCT.—*Epistle to Dr. Blacklock*.—(Page 147, Vol. II.)

OCT.—*On Captain Grose's Peregrinations*.—(Page 360, Vol. I.)

THE FALL OF THE YEAR—"HORRID HYPOCHONDRIA."

[ELLISLAND, 1789.—AGE 30.]

There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care; consequently, the dreary objects seem larger than the life.

DISGUST WITH FARMING.—"If miry ridges and dirty dunghills are to engross the best part of the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once, and then I should not have been plagued with any ideas superior to breaking of clods and picking of grubs; not to mention barn-door cocks or mallards,—creatures with which I could almost exchange lives at any time."—*Burns to Mrs. Dunlop*.

"I mentioned to my lord, my fears concerning my farm: those fears were indeed too true; it is a bargain would have ruined me, but for the lucky circumstance of my having an excise-commission."—*Letter to Lady Glencairn, December, 1789.*

The Agony in the Barn-yard.—"The anniversary of Mary Campbell's death, awakening in the sensitive mind of Burns, the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered solitary on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm-yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly the whole of the night. His agitation was so great that he threw himself on the side of a corn-stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address to MARY IN HEAVEN."—*Cromek, 1808.*

[Such is the simple and truth-like account of this picturesque incident given by the poet's first and best annotator after the time of Dr. Currie; (and that biographer purposely avoids all details on this delicate theme, for he distinctly says: "Its history it would be improper to reveal, were it even in our power, and its traces will soon be discoverable only in those strains of nature and sensibility to which it gave birth.") The authority which Cromek gives for his statements, is that of "several persons, some of them most nearly connected by the ties of relationship with the poet."

But how very different is the above narrative from the sensational picture of the same incident, as furnished by Lockhart, from the same alleged authority, twenty years later! It belongs to that class of tales which loses nothing by carriage. We are disposed to regard both versions as *mythological*: the story has evidently—and with little exercise of the inventive faculty—been derived from the lyric itself,—precisely like "William Hunter's affidavit" concerning the REAL PRESENCE at the Whistle-contest! The world has a large sensational-swallow, and will not readily submit to be balked of its cherished mouthful, or to render it back after making the gulp, and being satisfied. It will ever be thus in the history of any human soul who appears among the children of men, and looms out largely above his fellows: the crust of mythology and exaggeration must infallibly attach to, and distort his natural proportions, and a dim religious mystery be thrown over the more hidden facts of his life. For our part, we have more satisfaction in conceiving that the poet, while in the act of composing this most artistic of his lyrics, was unobserved even by the wife of his bosom, who, most probably, knew less about the history of that secret love-attachment than we now do. We believe that, instead of "drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn, or crazed with care," and lying out on a mass of straw in the cold night-air, gazing at the silent stars (particularly the one that "shone like another moon"), he was less uncomfortably laid beside his unconscious Jean on their "nightly couch." The "lingering star"—if star there was in view—glimmered through the window-pane of their little chamber,—not bright, but waning "with lessening ray" in the advancing flicker of the "early morn." This was no new experience of Burns; for, on a parallel occasion in which Jean had some concern, did he not thus sing—

"And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harrass'd out with care and grief;
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief?"

How naturally does "Mary in Heaven," of 1789, recall its memorable counterpart, *The Lament*, of 1786:—

"See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

Why those groans in the imaginary presence of that "departed shade?" Did he feel himself to be then "lowly laid," while thus stretched by the side of *her* whom, in the ear of the living Mary—the generous-hearted one—he had so solemnly renounced, and so bitterly denounced? But, conjectures in that direction are unavailing. We only know that so wakeful was the poet's memory concerning this mysterious theme, and so fondly did he "brood" over it (and "with miser care," too), that *all unobserved* by his Jean, and ushered in by no sensational appliances, he composed, in his little study in the Wee Vennel, at

Dumfries (precisely three years after this period), another thrilling lyric on Mary, of equal power with its predecessor! We cannot omit this opportunity of referring to the intense interest which the late Dr. Chambers took in the new light which, during his latter career, had been shed upon this remarkable part of Burns' history. Immediately on adopting the new theory, he rested not till he proceeded to the West Kirkyard of Greenock, and searched till he found the precise date when Mary's relatives first acquired a right of sepulture in that spot where her remains were afterwards laid; nay, more (to use Dr. Waddells' words), "with an amount of care and anxiety, by astronomical and barometrical calculations, which endears the learned gentleman to our hearts, he determined that 'Mary in Heaven' was composed and written on Tuesday, the 20th of October, and that this was consequently the anniversary-date of the death of the heroine."!]

THE EXCISEMAN-POET, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

[ELLISLAND, 1790.—AGE 31.]

*Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty Damies, wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies
Loup, sing, and lave your pretty limbies—ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is 'mang sons o' men.*

FARMER AND EXCISEMAN.—“His farm was after this, in a great measure, abandoned to servants, while he betook himself to the duties of his new appointment. It was not at Ellisland that he was now generally to be found. Mounted on horseback, this high-minded poet was pursuing the defaulters of the revenue among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and ‘muttering his wayward fancies’ as he moved along.”—*Currie*.

“My nerves are in a d— state. I feel that horrid hypochondria pervading every atom of both body and soul. This farm has undone my enjoyment of myself. It is a ruinous affair on all hands. But let it go to —! I'll fight it out, and be off with it. We have a decent set of players in Dumfries: the manager of the company, Mr. Sutherland, is a man of apparent worth. On New-Year's-Day evening I gave him the following Prologue:—

‘No song nor dance I bring from yon great city,’ &c.—[P. 151, Vol. II.]

If once I was clear of this d— farm, I should respire more at ease.”—*Letter to Gilbert Burns, January 11, 1790.*

SKETCH: *New-Year's-Day: To Mrs. Dunlop.*—(Page 150, Vol. II.)

Scots Prologue for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit-night.—(Page 222, Vol. II.)

FEB. 2.—[Third volume of *Johnson's Museum* published.—Forty songs by Burns—See page 237, Vol. I.]

“Besides my farm business, I ride on my excise matters at least 200 miles every week: I have not by any means given up the Muses. You will see in the third volume of *Johnson's Scots Songs*, that I have contributed my mite there.”—*Letter to Dunbar, January 4, 1790.*

ELECTION BALLADS: *The Laddies by the Banks o' Nith.*—(P. 316, Vol. II.)

” ” *The Five Carlins.*—(P. 219, Vol. II.)

” ” *Fintry, my stay in worldly strife.*—(P. 317, Vol. II.)

Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson.—(P. 335, Vol. I.)

[Obituary:—“1788, November 20, at Edinburgh, Matthew Henderson, Esq.”]

SONG: *Yestreen I had a pint o' wine.*—(P. 224, Vol. II.)

“In the summer of 1790, as well as in that of the subsequent year, Mrs. Burns had left her husband for several weeks, while she visited her father and mother at Mauchline. It was natural for the young wife to desire to spend a little time with her own relations, and to shew them her thriving young brood; but it was an injudicious step for the wife of such a husband: it tended to break the good domestic habits which for some time our poet had been forming. His sister, Agnes, who had been at Ellisland from the beginning, superintending the dairy, used to say that she never knew him fail to keep good hours at night, till the first unlucky absence of her sister-in-law in Ayrshire.”—*Chambers*, 1851.

Tourist-Visitors.—“The great Glasgow road ran through the poet's ground, and the coach often set down West-country passengers, who, trusting to the *airt* they came from, and the accessibility of the bard, made their, sometimes unwelcome, appearance at the doors of Ellisland. Such visitations—from which no man of genius is free—consumed his time, and wasted his substance; for hungry friends could not be entertained on air.”—*A. Cunningham*.

Visit of Sir Egerton Brydges, and his Observations.—[In our former edition we recorded here, in the best of faith, an interesting extract from the narrative of this visit to Burns at Ellisland, published in the *Metropolitan Magazine*; but we have since been informed by Dr. Carruthers of Inverness that the said visit and conversation with the poet were purely ideal, having been written after the manner of *Laudor's Imaginary Conversations* with ancient Greeks and Romans. Dr. Chambers certainly did not regard this visit as an “imaginary” one, for his words introductory to a large extract from the *Narrative*, are these:—“An equally competent observer—the late Sir Egerton Brydges—paid a visit to Burns about the same time (1790); and many years after, he thus reported his recollections of what passed.” However, when Chambers compiled the *General Index* at end of vol. 4, he seems to have been better informed, as there we read:—“Brydges, Sir Egerton, *ideal* visit of, &c.”]

Visit of Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre.—“I was much pleased with his wife, and the poet's modest mansion—so unlike the habitation of ordinary peasants. He fell into conversation directly, and soon got into the great sea of poetry. Such was the force and versatility of the bard's genius, that he made the tears run down the cheeks of my companion (Rev. Mr. Stewart of Luss), albeit unused to the poetic strain. From that time, we met no more, and I was grieved at the reports of him afterwards. Poor Burns! we shall hardly ever see his like again. He was, in truth, a sort of comet in literature, irregular in its motions, which did not do good in proportion to the blaze of light it displayed.”—*Letter of Mr. Ramsay to Dr. Currie*.

Visit from his Friend, Ainslie.—“Our friend is as ingenious as ever, and seems happy in his situation—a great mixture of the Poet and the Exciseman. One

day he sits down and writes a beautiful poem, and the next, seizes a cargo of tobacco from some unfortunate smuggler, or rousps out some poor wretch, for selling liquors without a licence."—*Letter from Ainslie to a Friend, Oct. 17, 1790.*

[*Tam o' Shanter* composed in October or November.—See page 350, Vol. I.]

THE FARM ABANDONED.—THE FUTURE UNFIXED.

[ELLISLAND, 1791.—AGE 32.]

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.—(P. 333, V. I.)

A POET'S CONSOLATION.—"I was born a poor dog; and however I may occasionally pick up a better bone than I used to do, I know I must live and die poor; but I will indulge the flattering faith that my poetry will considerably outlive my poverty."—*Letter to Mrs. Graham of Fintry.*

"I am going on, a mighty tax-gatherer before the Lord, and have lately had the interest to get myself ranked on the list of excise, as a supervisor. I am not yet employed as such; but in a few years I shall fall into the file of supervisorship by seniority. As to my boys, poor little fellows! if I cannot place them on as high an elevation in life as I would wish, I shall, if I am favoured so much by the Disposer of events as to see that period, fix them on as broad and independent a basis as possible. Among the many wise adages which have been treasured up by our Scottish ancestors, this is one of the best:—'Better be the head o' the commonalty than the tail o' the gentry.'"—*Letter to Dr. Moore.*

JAN.—*Elegy on the late Miss Burnett of Monboddoo.*—(Page 154, Vol. II.)

FEB.—*Lament of Mary Queen of Scots.*—(Page 340, Vol. I.)

FEB.—*Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.*—(Page 345, Vol. I.)

MARCH 31, 1791.—[Birth of the poet's illegitimate daughter, at the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.—See page 224, Vol. II.]

APRIL 9, 1791.—[Birth of WILLIAM NICOL BURNS.—Still alive, 1871.]

Soil of Ellisland.—"Burns declared, after a shower had fallen on a field of new-sown and new-rolled barley, that it looked like a new-paved street! 'Soil!' said he one day to my father, 'there never was such another soil; but I see how it has been—God has riddled the hale creation, and flung the riddlings on Ellisland!'"—*Allan Cunningham.*

The Poet's Landlord.—"I may perhaps see you about Martinmas. I have sold to my landlord the lease of my farm, and as I rousps off everything then, I have a mind to take a week's excursion to see old acquaintances. I am now got ranked on the list as a supervisor, the appointment being worth from one to two hundred a year, according to the place of the country where one is settled. I have not been so lucky in my farming. Mr. Miller's kindness has been just such another as Creech's was: *His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, still making work his selfish craft must mend.*"—*Letter to Hill.*

Fourth Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry.—(Page 342, Vol. I.)

[At Friars-Carse, becomes acquainted with Miss Deborah Davies.—See pp. 292, 296, Vol. I., and 215, Vol. II.]

Jean Lorimer.—[First acquaintance with her about this time.—See page 274, Vol. I.]

[Closeburn and Brownhill Inn.—See page 340, Vol. II.]

[Thornhill and *Kirsty Flint.*—Page 273, Vol. I.]

The Poet's Last Visit to Edinburgh.—[At the close of November, 1791, Burns performed the promise contained in his letter to Peter Hill. Clarinda had resolved to accept an invitation from her husband in Jamaica to join him there; and in the belief that she was about to leave this country for ever, she consented to receive a parting visit from Burns. This final interview took place on 6th December, 1791, and is supposed to be celebrated in the lyrical sketch, *O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet as the mirk night o' December.*—See p. 28, Vol. II.]

SONG: *Ae fond kiss, and then we sever.*—(Page 294, Vol. I.)

SONG: *Behold the hour, the boat arrive.*—(Page 95, Vol. II.)

DEC. 17, 1791.—[Last composition at Ellisland: *Song of Death.*—P. 318, Vol. I.]

Bids farewell to Ellisland, after three and a half years' location there, "leaving behind him a memory of his musings which can never die, and three hundred pounds of his money—sunk beyond redemption, in a speculation from which all (except, perhaps, himself) augured happiness."—*A. Cunningham.*

RESIDENCE IN DUMFRIES.

[1792.—AGE 33.]

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith, a dame wi' pride eneugh.—(P. 220, Vol. I.)

[DUMFRIES is described as "a compact and rather elegant small town, situated on the Nith, at the point where that river becomes navigable. The environs are generally beautiful; one spot particularly so, where the ruins of Lincluden Abbey Church adorn the peninsula formed by the junction of the *Cluden* with the principal river," and this was Burns' favourite musing-haunt. His eldest son, Robert, was frequently the companion of his walks in that direction.—See page 5, Vol. II.]

The Poet's first house in the Wee Vennel (now Bank Street).—[This dwelling possessed by Burns, from December, 1791, to Whitsunday, 1793, was one stair up, and consisted of three apartments. "The small central room, about the size of a bed-closet, is the only place he has in which to seclude himself for study. On the ground floor immediately underneath, his friend, John Syme, has his office for the distribution of stamps. Overhead, is an honest blacksmith, called George Haugh, whom Burns treats on a familiar footing as a neighbour. On the opposite side of the street, is the poet's landlord, Captain Hamilton, a gentleman of fortune and worth, who admires Burns, and occasionally invites him to a family Sunday dinner.—*Chambers*, 1851.]

Increase of Salary.—"I am on the list, as we call it, for a Supervisor, and will be called out, by and by, to act as one; but at present I am a simple *gauger*, though t'other day I got an appointment to an excise-division, of £25 per annum better than the rest. My present income—down money—is £70 per annum."—*Letter to Ainslie, Dec., 1791.*

Mrs. Maria Riddel of Woodley Park.—The poet's intimacy with her commences with the Dumfries period of his life. He introduces her to Wm. Smellie, printer, Edinburgh:—"She is just going to pay her first visit to our Caledonian capital. I told her that, lest you might think of her as a lively West Indian girl of eighteen, as girls of eighteen too often deserve to be thought of, I should take care to remove that prejudice. She has one unlucky failing—a failing which you will easily discover, as she seems rather pleased with indulging it; and a failing that you will easily pardon, as it is a sin which very much besets yourself—where she dislikes or despises, she is apt to make no more a secret of it, than where she esteems and respects."—*Letter to Smellie, Jan. 22, 1792.*

FEB.—*The Deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.*—(Page 327, Vol. I.)

AUG.—SONG: *O saw ye bonie Lesley.*—(Page 44, Vol. II.)

AUG.—SONG: *Blythe hae I been on yon hill.*—(Page 55, Vol. II.)

AUG.—[Fourth volume of *Johnson's Museum* published. 50 songs by Burns.—See page 273, Vol. I.]

APRIL 10TH.—[Date of Burns' Diploma as a member of the Caledonian Hunt the original now in the Burns Monument at Edinburgh.]

SEP.—[Correspondence with George Thomson commences.—See page 375, Vol. I., also page 43, Vol. II.]

NOV. 14.—[Song, *Highland Mary*, communicated to Thomson.—P. 54, Vol. II.]

[It has ever been our impression that this solemn lyric, composed six years after Mary's death, if less highly polished in execution, has even more of truthful freshness in its pathos than is found in its companion-dirge, produced in 1789. Although in both he introduces the gurgling Ayr, the fragrant birch, the blossomed thorn, the springing flowers, and the vernal wildwoods, the poet by no means *repeats* himself in the latter composition. If the conception, here, be less lofty—for he does not follow the spirit of his Mary into heaven—its feeling seems more impassioned and real: he goes under the sod, and beneath the very clay that wraps her cherished image, unfolds the death-shroud to gaze upon her in the *House of Silence*, and eulogizes the *living* Mary in his address to her *dead loveliness*.

When he composed it, he sat in the small central room before described as his retiring-place or study: no sensational accessories, in the shape of lingering stars or midnight groans, ushered in the mournful anniversary on this occasion; and, therefore, Mrs. Burns could never charge her memory with any particulars in relation to its production. The poet himself, however, in one of his letters of that period, thus describes the state of his own feelings:—

"Here I sit, altogether *Novemberish*,—a d—d melange of fretfulness and melancholy; not enough of the one to rouse me to passion, nor of the other to repose me to torpor,—my soul flouncing and fluttering round her tenement, like a wild-finch caught amid the horrors of winter, and newly thrust into a cage."—*Letter to Mrs. Riddel.*

Mariolatry of Burns.—[As this will likely be our last occasion to refer to that morbid Mariolatry in Burns which has been so much commented on in these pages, we may be excused for here making a few closing observations before bidding farewell to the topic. It is proper to correct the mistaken notion which has been so long prevalent, that the poet's Highland Mary was a dairymaid at Coilsfield House. We have no personal aversion to milkmaids: there is something delightfully fresh in the catch-line of the old song—

"And it's rolling on the dew makes the milkmaids fair;"

neither do we conceive there is any vast disparity between the status of a dairymaid and that of a nurserymaid, which, with some degree of certainty, has also been assigned to Mary Campbell. At the same time, it does seem worth a little trouble, for truth's sake, to enquire when was it, and who first asserted

that the "Highland Mary" of Burns was a byreswoman? Robert Chambers, in his edition of 1851, says not one word of the dairy or the byre in connection with Mary's avocations. On the contrary, he thus writes:—"We may presume that the young woman was somewhat superior in cast of mind, manners, and intelligence in her situation (of nurserymaid in Gavin Hamilton's household), as it is ascertained that she had spent some of her youthful years in the family of the Rev. David Campbell, of Loch Banza, in Arran, a relation of her mother." We are farther informed, that the child of Hamilton's family whom she more particularly attended, was named *Alexander*, and he was born in July, 1785. Thus Mary must have resided in the very heart of Mauchline at the period when "Rob Mossgiel" was regarded as a heretic and a rake; and, therefore, she must have been conversant with any scandals of the village, in which he was at that time concerned. She must have been made aware of the progress and issue of the poet's intercourse with Jean Armour; although it is by no means so clear that the latter knew anything whatever of the almost simultaneous, yet really *subsequent*, progress and issue of Burns' passion for Mary,—or even that she was ever aware of the existence of Mary. Secrecy was the ruling element in the strange contract between the poet and Highland Mary, as is fully proved by the masonic emblems, and recorded vows to God, contained not only in the Bibles he presented, but inwrought with the lyrics he then sung to her:

"She has my heart, she has my hand, by *secret troth*, and *honor's band!*"

"And sae may the Heavens forget me, when I forget my vow!"

It was the very closeness of this secrecy which encouraged the poet, after Mary's death, to *risk* those mystifications and misleading statements regarding the period of his life when Mary blessed him with her "generous love,"—had there been a single soul in his confidence, he would never have ventured upon these: he must, in short, have concluded that his secret was buried with her. It was the accident of the surpassing beauty and power of his lyrics regarding the dead Mary, which tempted him to say one word about the living one! Public inquisitiveness was roused, and some account of Mary he must give; how much of that account was true, and how much of it was otherwise, has been already sufficiently discussed. One thing appears certain, however: had the muse not produced *Mary in Heaven* and *Highland Mary*, he never would have made a single reference to her *in prose*. Delicacy for the feelings of his wife, had nothing whatever to do with his mystifications about Mary. There was no room for such motives when, in August, 1787, he omitted all reference to her in his autobiography, eloquent as he was about *Handsome Nell*, *Kirkoswald Peggy*, and *Jean Armour*; neither could there exist any such considerations in the winter following, when he ignored Mary in his confidential unbosomings to *Clarinda*.

It is a curious instance of tidal ebb and flow in the affairs of men and women, that Robert Chambers, who, as we have seen, latterly repudiated the idea of Mary having been a dairymaid, was the first to announce *that* to the public as a fact! In 1829, he thus wrote:—"It affords a strange illustration of the power of a poetical mind, in elevating and adorning whatever it is pleased to regard with respect, that this girl, at the time Burns was acquainted with her, was merely a dairymaid at Coilsfield House; a fact which I have long hesitated to divulge, in the fear that it may dispel from the mind of the reader much of the sentiment he entertained regarding these glorious lyrics." He afterwards gave his authority for such an announcement: a poor creature, Hugh Andrew by name, then an old man, resident near Coilsfield, who pretended that Mary had been his fellow-servant at Coilsfield House—he as *whipper-in*, and she as byres-woman! He described her as "of middle-size, somewhat stout, neat-footed, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed, and slightly marked with the small-pox!" "This description," added the complacent journalist, "is the more likely to be true, as the *whipper-in* assured me 'he had ance a kind o' notion o' the lass himself.'" After this, who would credit and record the garrulous gossip of vain hatchers of self-magnifying twaddle? Just as in the address to *Mary in Heaven*, the grand opening invocations to the "lingering star" and the "dear departed shade" suggested the fiction of the barn-yard agony,—so here, the descriptive reference to the Coilsfield woods, in the dirge of *Highland Mary*, has naturally associated her with that locality; although, both in the poet's prose narrative and in the song, we learn that the lovers merely "met there by appointment," on that memorable "Sunday in May," to live "*one day of parting love;*" and

the minstrel's benison is bestowed on the "banks, and braes, and streams around the Castle o' Montgomery," not because Mary once resided there, but because *there* he had taken his "last farewell" of her.]

NOV. 21.—Birth of a daughter—ELIZABETH RIDDEL. (Died in Sept., 1795.)

NOV. 26.—Theatrical address, spoken by Miss Fontenelle: *The Rights of Woman*.—(Page 156, Vol. II.)

DEC. 6.—SONG: *Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December*.—(P. 42, Vol. II.)

DEC.—SONG: *Duncan Gray*.—(P. 45, Vol. II.) *The Lea-Rig*—(P. 84, Vol. II.)

Jacobinism.—[The poet suspected of being a "Friend of the People," and his conduct investigated by the Board of Excise.]

SONG. *Here's a health to them that's awa'*.—(Page 230, Vol. II.)

POLITICAL PERPLEXITIES.—THE WASSAIL-CUP, AND THE
LIVING LYRE.

[DUMFRIES, 1793.—AGE 34.]

*See Social-life and Glee sit down, all joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown Debauchery and Drinking.*

The Jacobinism of Burns.—"As to France, I was her enthusiastic votary in the beginning of the business. When she came to shew her old avidity for conquest, in annexing Savoy, &c., to her dominions, and invading the rights of Holland, I altered my sentiments. I look upon the British Constitution, as settled at the Revolution, to be the most glorious Constitution on earth, or that perhaps the wit of men can frame; at same time, I think that we have a good deal deviated from the original principles of that Constitution,—particularly, that an alarming system of corruption has pervaded the connection between the executive power and the House of Commons. This is the truth, and the whole truth of my reform opinions, which, before I was aware of the complexion of these innovating times, I too unguardedly (now I see it) sported with; but, henceforth, I seal my lips."—*Letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, Jan. 5, 1793.*

"The political blast that threatened my welfare is overblown. I have corresponded with Commissioner Graham (for the Board had made me the subject of their animadversions), and now I have the pleasure of informing you that all is right in that quarter."—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Jan. 5, 1793.*

"One of our supervisors-general (Mr. Corbet) was instructed to enquire on the spot, and to document me—that my business was to act, *not to think*; and that, whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be *silent and obedient*. Mr. Corbet was, however, my steady friend; so, between Mr. Graham and him, I have been partly forgiven: only, I understand that all hopes of my getting officially forward are blasted.

"Does any man tell me that my individual efforts can be of no service, and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concerns of a nation? I can tell him, that it is on such individuals as I that a nation has to rest, both for the hand of support, and the eye of intelligence. The uninformed MOB may swell a nation's bulk, and the titled, tinsel, courtly throng may be its

feathered ornament, but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and reflect, yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of a court,—these are a nation's strength."—*Letter to Erskine of Mar, April 13, 1793.*

Enticements to Intemperance.—"The highest gentry of the country, whenever they had especial merriment in view, called in the wit of Burns to enliven their carousals; and in his perpetual perambulations, he had every temptation to encounter, which bodily fatigue, the blandishments of hosts and hostesses, and the habitual manners of those who acted along with him in the duties of the Excise, could present. From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same *trim* that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes, until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret, and ere ten minutes had elapsed, the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle, and the largest punch-bowl was produced."—*Lockhart (on the information of M'Culloch of Arduwell.)*

"*Remember Burns!*" has been the watchword addressed to me by friends. I do remember Burns; but I am not Burns!—neither have I his fire to fan or to quench, nor his passion to control! To a lady—I have it from herself—who remonstrated with him on his danger from drink, and the pursuits of some of his associates, he replied: 'Madam, they would not thank me for my company if I did not drink with them. I must give them each a slice of my constitution!'" —*Letter of Bloomfield the Poet to the Earl of Buchan, 1802.*

[Cromek, in 1808, (from whom the above note is taken,) adds with great feeling and *naïveté*:—"How much it is to be regretted that he did not give them thinner slices!"]

"Occasional hard drinking is the devil to me: against this I have again and again set my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have totally abandoned: it is the private parties in the family way, among the hard-drinking gentlemen of this country, that do me the mischief; but even this, I have more than half given over."—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Jan. 2, 1793.*

[*Jean Lorimer* (afterwards the poet's "Chloris") contracts a strong intimacy with him, and exerts a powerful influence over his musings.]

JAN.—SONG: *O poortith cauld and restless love.*—(Page 49, Vol. II.)

JAN.—SONG: *Braw lads o' Galla Water.*—(Page 379, Vol. I.)

JAN. 25—*Sonnet on the Author's Birth-day.*—(Page 157 Vol. II.)

FEB. 1.—[War declared against the Revolutionists of France, by this Country.]

MARCH.—SONG: *Wilt thou be my dearie.*—(Page 31, Vol. II.)

MARCH.—SONG: *Wandering Willie.*—(Page 378, Vol. I.)

APRIL.—SONG: *Meg o' the Mill.*—(Page 88, Vol. II.)

APRIL.—SONG: *The Soldier's Return.*—(Page 383, Vol. I.)

APRIL.—[New Edition of his Poems, published in two volumes, with 20 additional pieces.—See page 329, Vol. I.]

[Some, on account of the many typographical and other errors in this (1793) edition, have doubted if the author took any trouble in revising the sheets; but the

following passage in his letter to Alex. Cunningham, of 10th Sep., 1792, sets that question at rest:—"Amid all the hurry of business, grinding the faces of the publican and the sinner on the merciless wheels of the excise; making ballads, and then drinking, and singing them; and over and above all, the *correcting the press-work* of two different publications," &c. These publications were, undoubtedly, *Johnson's Museum*, and the two-volume edition of his poems: this is corroborated by the following passage in an undated letter of this period addressed to *Johnson*:—"I am just now busy correcting a new edition of my poems, and this, with my ordinary business, finds me in full employment."]

Removal to Burns' Street.—*Whitsunday*, 1793.—[This new dwelling, situated in the *Mill Vennel* (afterwards called Burns' Street), was a small detached house of two stories, with kitchen, parlour, two large bedrooms, and several smaller apartments. Ascending three steps at the front door, we reach the lower floor, containing a *butt* and a *ben*,—the one a kitchen, and the other a fine commodious parlour, well furnished. Above, are two rooms of irregular size, the smaller of these being the bedroom in which the poet died: a closet, nine feet square, between these rooms, was the writing chamber of the exciseman-bard, from which issued his matchless lyrics and powerful letters, during the closing three years of his life. The late Wm. Ewart, M.P. for the Dumfries Burghs, placed a memorial-bust of the poet within a niche in the wall of the next house, which is used as a Ragged School, and this inscription is affixed:—"IN THE ADJOINING HOUSE—TO THE NORTH—LIVED AND DIED THE POET OF HIS COUNTRY AND OF MANKIND—ROBERT BURNS."]

JUNE.—SONG: *Logan Braes*.—(Page 89, Vol. II.)

„ SONG: *Bonie Jean*.—(Page 91, Vol. II.)

„ SONG: *Adown winding Nith I did wander*.—(Page 93, Vol. II.)

JULY.—[Excursion through Galloway and Wigton, with Mr. Syme of Ryedale.]

AUGUST.—SONG: *Had I a cave*.—(Page 57, Vol. II.)

„ SONG: *Whistle, and I'll come to you*.—(Page 58, Vol. II.)

SEPT.—ODE: *Bruce's Address at Bannockburn*.—(Page 63, Vol. II.)

SEPT. 30.—[The poet presents four volumes to the Subscription Library of Dumfries, one of these being *De Lolme, on the British Constitution*, on which he had inscribed these words:—"Mr. Burns presents this Book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British Liberty—until they find a better.—R. B."]

NOV. 4.—*Impromptu Sonnet on Mrs. Riddel's Birth-Day*.—(Page 153, Vol. II.)

DEC. 4.—*Theatrical address spoken by Miss Fontenelle*.—(Page 159, Vol. II.)

DEC. 15.—"These four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest daughter, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence. There had much need to be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for God knows they have many peculiar cares. I cannot describe to you the anxious, sleepless hours, these ties frequently give one!"—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop*.

CURSED TIMES—EPAULETTED PUPPIES—FICKLE FRIENDS.

[DUMFRIES, 1794.—AGE 35.]

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast.

"He was prone to look, with an indignation, half contemptuous, on those who, with moral habits not more excellent than his own, with powers of intellect far inferior,

yet basked in the sunshine of fortune, loaded with the wealth and honours of the world, while *his* follies could not obtain pardon, nor his wants an honourable supply. His wit, from this time, became more gloomy and sarcastic, and his conversation and writings began to assume a misanthropical tone, by which they had not been before, in any eminent degree, distinguished. But, with all his failings, *his* was still that exalted mind which had raised itself above the depression of its original condition *with all the energy of the lion, pawing to free his hinder limbs from the yet encumbering earth.* He still appeared 'not less than Archangel ruined!'—*Robert Heron, 1797.*

"I know I was drunk last night; but I am sober this morning. From the expressions Capt. ——— made use of to me, had I had nobody's welfare to care for but my own, we should certainly have come, according to the manners of the world, to the necessity of murdering one another about the business. Further, you know the report of certain political opinions being mine has already, once before, brought me to the brink of destruction. I dread last night's business may be misrepresented in the same way: you, I beg, will take care to prevent it. Yet, what, after all, was the obnoxious toast?—*May our success in the present war be equal to the justice of our cause!*—a toast that the most outrageous frenzy of loyalty cannot object to."—*Letter to Samuel Clarke, 1794.*

Quarrel with Mrs. Riddel.—"Tis true, madam, I saw you once since I was at Woodley Park, and that once, froze the very life-blood of my heart. Your reception of me was such, that a wretch meeting the eye of his judge about to pronounce sentence of death upon him, could only have envied my feelings and situation."—*Letter to Mrs. Riddel, 1794.*

Monody on a Lady famed for her caprice.—(Page 162, Vol. II.)

Epistle from Esopus to Maria.—(Page 373, Vol. II.)

Epigram pinned to a Lady's Coach.—(Page 330, Vol. II.)

"The subject of the foregoing, is a woman of fashion in this county, with whom, at one period, I was well acquainted. By some scandalous conduct to me and two or three other gentlemen here, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of some ill-natured things."—*Letter to Mrs. M'Lehose, 1794.*

"FEB 24, 1794.—For these two months, I have not been able to lift a pen. My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep, incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence. I have exhausted, in reflection, every topic of comfort: a *heart at ease* might have been charmed with my reasonings; but as to myself, I was like Judas Iscariot preaching the Gospel: he might melt and mould the hearts of those around him, but his own kept its native incorrigibility."—*Letter to Alexander Cunningham.*

APRIL.—*Sonnet on the Death of Robert Riddel of Glenriddel.*—(Page 163, Vol. II.)

JUNE 4.—*Birth-day Assembly.*—"The *Loyal Natives' Club* wore ribbons, embroidered by *loyal ladies.*"—*Newspaper Notice.*

EPIGRAM: *Ye true loyal natives.*—(Page 283, Vol. II.)

Burns in Shadow.—"Mr. David M'Culloch, of Ardwell, has often told me that he was seldom more grieved, than when riding into Dumfries, one fine summer evening, about this time, to attend a county-ball, he saw Burns walking alone, on the shady side of the principal street, while the opposite side was gay with successive groups of gentlemen and ladies, all drawn together for the festivities of the night, not one of whom appeared willing to recognise him."—*Lockhart*, 1828.

"There is reason to believe that, in his latter years, the Dumfries Aristocracy had partly withdrawn themselves from Burns, as from a tainted person, no longer worthy of their acquaintance. That painful class, stationed, in all provincial cities, behind the outmost breast-work of gentility, there to stand siege, and do battle against the intrusions of grocerdom and grazierdom, had actually seen dishonour in the society of Burns, and branded him with their veto,—had, as we vulgarly say, *cut him!* Alas! when we think that Burns now sleeps 'where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart,' and that those fair dames and frizzled gentlemen already lie at his side,—where the breast-work of gentility is quite thrown down,—who would not sigh over the thin delusions and foolish toys that divide heart from heart, and make man unmerciful to his brother!"—*Thomas Carlyle*, 1823.

JUNE 25.—"I have been in poor health. I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth. My medical friends threaten me with a flying gout; but, I trust they are mistaken.

"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is LIBERTY: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular Ode for General Washington's Birth-Day. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland, thus:—

'Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,' &c.—Page 282, Vol. II.

—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop.*

AUG. 12.—Birth of a Son—JAMES GLENCAIRN BURNS. (Died in 1865.)

AUG.—*On the seas and far away.*—(Page 98, Vol. II.)

SEP.—*She says she lo'es me best of a'.*—(Page 19, Vol. II.)

SEP.—*Ca' the Yowes to the knowes.*—(Page 99, Vol. II.)

OCT.—*The Lover's Morning Salutation to his Mistress.*—(P. 101, Vol. II.)

OCT.—["CLARINDA" styled "a *ci-devant* goddess of mine" in a letter to Thomson, and her name directed to be effaced from the song, "Thine am I, my faithful Fair," in order that its heroineship may be transferred to *Chloris*!]

NOV.—[Visit of Professor Walker to Burns.—See Nov., 1795.]

NOV.—*My Chloris, mark how green the groves.*—(Page 103, Vol. II.)

NOV.—*Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks.*—(Page 104, Vol. II.)

NOV.—*Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair.*—(Page 68, Vol. II.)

DEC.—*My Nannie's awa'.*—(Page 71, Vol. II.)

DEC.—[Burns announces to Mrs. Dunlop his appointment to a temporary Supervisorship.]

THE BRIGHT SUNSET, AND THEN THE GLOAMIN.

[DUMFRIES, 1795.—AGE 36.]

*When ance Life's day draws near the gloamin
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin',
An' fareweel chearf'w' tankards foamin', an' social noise!
An' farewell dear, deluding Woman, the joy of joys!*

"NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, 1795.—This is the season of wishes, and mine are most fervently offered up for you! What a transient business is life! Very lately I was a boy,—but t'other day I was a young man,—and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame!"—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop.*

JAN.—*Is there, for honest Poverty.*—(Page 107, Vol. II.)

JAN.—*Craigieburn.*—New Version.—(Page 52, Vol. II.)

FEB.—*O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet?*—(Page 108, Vol. II.)

FEB.—*O wat ye wha's in yon town.*—(Page 25, Vol. II.)

FEB.—[Great Snow-storm of 1795.]

The Heron Election Ballads.—(Page 382, Vol. II.)

"You have already, as your auxiliary, the sober detestation of mankind on the heads of your opponents; and I swear by the lyre of Thalia, to muster on your side all the votaries of honest laughter, and fair, candid ridicule.

"At present, my situation in life must be in a great measure stationary, at least for two or three years. I am on the Supervisors' list, and as we come on by precedency, in two or three years I shall be at the head of that list, and be appointed *of course*. Then, a FRIEND might be of service to me in getting me into a place of the kingdom which I would like. A Supervisor's income varies from about £120 to £200 a-year; but the business is incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit. A Collectorship varies much, from better than £200 a-year to near £1000. They, also, come forward by precedency on the list, and have, besides a handsome income, a life of complete leisure."—*Letter to Mr. Heron of Heron, 1795.*

[A Regiment of *Dumfries Volunteers* formed. Burns joins one of the Companies.]

The Dumfries Volunteers.—(Page 123, Vol. II.)

Inscription for an Altar of Independence.—(Page 165, Vol. II.)

MAY.—*O stay sweet warbling woodlark, stay.*—(Page 53, Vol. II.)

" *On Chloris being ill: 'Long, long the night.'*—(Page 111, Vol. II.)

" *Their Groves o' sweet myrtle.*—(Page 76, Vol. II.)

" *'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin.*—(Page 112, Vol. II.)

" *Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion.*—(Page 102, Vol. II.)

JULY.—*Last May a brow wooer cam' down the lang glen.*—(Page 74, Vol. II.)

" *O this is no my ain lassie.*—(Page 77, Vol. II.)

AUG.—*Now Spring has clad the grove in green.*—(Page 78, Vol. II.)

" *O bonie was yon rosy brier.*—(Page 113, Vol. II.)

["Like the hurricane eclipse of the sun,"—so suddenly is the lyre of Burns hushed at this stage, and his correspondence makes a dead halt till the close of December, when we have the poor bard addressing Collector Mitchell, thus:—

"Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
And by fell Death was nearly nicket;
Grim loon! he got me by the fecket, and sair me sheuk;
But, by gude luck, I lap a wicket, and turned a neuk."

We have no account of the progress of the poet during September of this year, but, from Dr. Currie's Narrative, we learn that, "from October 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house." In September, 1795, his only daughter, and favourite child, Elizabeth, died at Mauchline, and this event is pathetically referred to by the poet in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 31st January, 1796, in which he reproaches that lady for not having written in reply to his two last communications, namely: of 25th June, 1794, and of New-Year's time, 1795. It is an indisputable fact that Mrs. Dunlop, on whose steady friendship the bard had so fondly relied, did in the end prove herself to be like many others of his fair-weather satellites; and that Dr. Currie, who was her relative, with the manifest design of hiding that scandal, *dis-arranged and mis-dated* the poet's letters addressed to her during his latter years! And it is grievous further to point out, that through the grossest editorial blindness, in every reprint of his correspondence, from that of Currie to Waddell, one of his most pathetic letters, the real date of which is *December, 1793*, is set down under date "December, 1795," although we there read of Riddel, of Glenriddel (who died in April, 1794) being still alive (!), and of the poet's only daughter, Elizabeth, (who died in September, 1795,) being under anxious nursing on account of illness! *Query.*—Was it a feeling of reverence for the poet's memory, or expiatory remorse for a mother's error, that prompted the daughter of Mrs. Dunlop to consign her own dead body to the same grave which had been occupied by the dust of Burns during nineteen years?

Another glaring mis-date of this same period, is that of the poet's biographer, Professor Walker, who gives "November, 1795," instead of *November, 1794*, as the period of that visit of his to Burns in Dumfries, in regard to which he is so mercilessly *squashed* by John Wilson. The description which the visitor gives of the *hale* condition of Burns on that occasion, cannot possibly apply to the period of November, 1795, when, as is perfectly certain, he was on a sick-bed, and unable for a long ramble up Nithside, much less to drink the Professor and his friend both blind, in their own inn, up to three in the morning. The reference to the *Fragment on Liberty*—composed in June, 1794—seems to point to that year; and the *Election Ballads*, recited by the poet to Walker, must have been the matchless *Five Carlines*, and its magnificent companion-ballad against Queensberry, addressed to Graham of Fintry,—not the squibs, barely intelligible to a non-elect and stranger—the *Heron Ballads* of 1795-96.]

LAST ILLNESS, AND DEATH.

[DUMFRIES, 1796.—AGE 37.]

*Farewell thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
Now gay with the broad-setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
My race of existence is run!*

"Upwards of a year before his death, there was an evident decline in our poet's personal appearance; and, though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himself sensible that his constitution was sinking. From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatism," &c.—*Dr. Currie, 1800.*

JAN. 20.—“The health you wished me in your morning’s card is, I think, flown from me for ever. I have not been able to leave my bed to-day till an hour ago.”—*Note to Mrs. Riddel.*

JAN. 28.—[Burns attends the Mason Lodge, to recommend James Georgeson, merchant, as an apprentice.]

Note of his attendance at the Lodge Meetings during his residence in Dumfries.—[1791, Dec. 27; 1792, Feb. 6, May 14, May 31, June 5, Nov. 22, Nov. 30; 1793, Nov. 30; 1794, Nov. 29; 1796, Jan. 23, April 14.]

JAN. 31.—“These many months you have been two packets in my debt. What sin of ignorance I have committed against so highly valued a friend, I am utterly at a loss to guess. The Autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance, too, and so rapidly, as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until, after many weeks of a sick-bed, it seems to have turned up life.”—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop.*

Rhyming Epistle to Colonel de Peyster.—(Page 169, Vol. II.)

FEB.—[Letter to George Thomson, with song, “Hey for a lass wi’ a tocher.”—See page 79, Vol. II.]

APRIL.—“Alas! my dear Thomson, I fear it will be long ere I tune my lyre again. ‘By Babel streams I have sat and wept’ almost ever since I wrote you last. I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and counted time by the repercussion of pain! Rheumatism, cold, and fever, have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day, and say with poor Fergusson—

‘Say, wherefore has an ever-bounteous Heaven
Light to the comfortless and wretched given?’”

—*Letter to Thomson.*

ELECTION BALLAD: *Who will buy my Troggin?*—(Page 389, Vol. II.)

SONG: *Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast.*—(Page 125, Vol. II.)

THE TOAST: *Fill me with the rosy wine.*—(Page 338, Vol. II.)

EPIGRAM: *Talk not to me of savages.*—(Page 337, Vol. II.)

SONG: *Say, sages, what’s the charm on earth.*—(Page 338, Vol. II.)

MAY 17.—[Letter to Thomson, enclosing the last *finished* offspring of his Muse, “Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear.”—See page 80, Vol. II.]

JUNE 4.—*King’s Birth-day.*—“I am in such miserable health as to be utterly incapable of showing my loyalty in any way. Racked with rheumatism, I meet every face with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam: *Come curse me, Jacob! and come defy me, Irsael!* So say I: Come, curse me, that east wind! and come, defy me, the north. Would you have me in such circumstances copy you out a love-song? I may perhaps see you on Saturday, but I will not be at the Ball. Why should I?—‘Man delights not me, nor woman neither.’ Can you supply me with the song, ‘Let us all be unhappy together!’ Do if you can, and oblige *le pauvre miserable.*—R. B.”—*Note to Mrs. Riddel.*

DUMFRIES, JUNE 26.—“Alas, dear Clarke, I begin to fear the worst. As to my individual self, I am tranquil, and would despise myself if I were not; but

Burns' poor widow, and half-a-dozen of his dear little ones—helpless orphans!—there, 'I am weaker than a woman's tear.' Enough of this!—'tis half of my disease. If I must go, I shall leave a few friends behind me whom I shall regret while consciousness remains. I know I shall live in *their* remembrance."—*Letter to James Clarke.*

BROW, JULY 7.—"Alas, my friend, I fear the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more. For these eight or ten months, I have been ailing, sometimes bedfast, and sometimes not; but these three months, I have been tortured by an excruciating rheumatism, which has reduced me to nearly the last stage. You actually would not know me if you saw me. Pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair, my spirits fled!—but I can no more on this subject. The deuce of the matter is this: when an exciseman is off duty, his salary is reduced to £35, instead of £50. What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself, and keep a horse in country quarters, with a wife and five children at home, on £50?"—*Letter to Alexander Cunningham.*

BROW, JULY 12.—"Madam, I have written you so often without receiving any answer, that I would not trouble you again, but for the circumstances in which I am. An illness which has hung about me, will, in all probability, speedily send me beyond that *bourne, whence no traveller returns!* Your friendship, with which for so many years you honored me, was a friendship dearest to my soul. Your conversation, and especially your correspondence, were at once highly entertaining and instructive. With what pleasure did I use to break the seal! The remembrance yet adds one pulse more to my poor palpitating heart. Farewell!!—R. B."—*Letter to Mrs. Dunlop.*

BROW, JULY 12.—[Letter to James Burness, Montrose, requesting a loan of £10, to meet the claim of a haberdasher, who had employed a law-agent to recover from the poet the price of his Volunteer suit.]

BROW, JULY 12.—[Letter to George Thomson to the same effect, soliciting a loan of £5:]—"I do not ask this gratuitously; for, upon returning health I hereby promise and engage to furnish you with *Five Pound's worth of the neatest song-genius you have seen.* I tried my hand on *Rothemurche* this morning. The measure is so difficult, that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines; they are on the other side. Forgive, forgive me!"

Fairest maid on Devon Banks.—(Page 114, Vol. II.)

[Thus, only nine days before he expired, his mind reverts to the cause of estrangement betwixt Margaret Chalmers and him:

"Could'st thou to *malice* lend an ear? oh, did not Love exclaim, 'Forbear!'" In the head-note to this song, we followed other authorities by giving *Charlotte Hamilton* the credit of possessing his last minstrel-thoughts; but "*Peggy Chalmers*" was clearly the dying bard's "*Fairest maid on Devon Banks.*"

BROW, JULY 14.—"My dearest Love,—I delayed writing until I could tell you what effect sea-bathing was likely to produce. It would be injustice to deny that it has eased my pains. . . . I will see you on Sunday."—*Letter to Mrs. Burns.*

DUMFRIES, JULY 18.—"Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I think and feel that my

strength is so gone, that the disorder will prove fatal to me. Your son-in-law.—R. B.”—*Letter to James Armour Mauchline.*

THURSDAY, JULY 21.—“Early in the morning, he sank into delirium; the children were brought to see their parent for the last time in life. They stood round the bed, while calmly and gradually he sank into his last repose. His last expression was a muttered reference to the threatening letter he had received from the clothier’s law-agent.”—*Information of Robert Burns, Junior.*

“And thus he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hail-storms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load.”—*Carlyle.*

THE GRAVE AND THE MAUSOLEUM.

*Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines—shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines—the Meccas of the Mind.*—(F. Halleck.)

The spot of ground in St. Michael’s Churchyard, Dumfries, where all that was mortal of the bard was deposited, on Monday the 25th of July, 1796, had been selected by himself in the north-east corner of the cemetery. In one of his published letters, we find him using this proud language:—“When I am laid in my grave, I wish to be stretched at my full length, that I may occupy every inch of ground that I have a right to!” The Bard’s countrymen, in their generation, are not unlike the rest of the human family that are said to “build up the tombs of those prophets whom their fathers had persecuted to death;” and in process of time they conceived that Burns was entitled to occupy a much larger space of ground than he had humbly claimed as his own. Accordingly, in 1815, they erected the present Mausoleum, upon a site in the south-east portion of the same burial-ground,—the change of position being requisite because the *poet’s own corner* was too contracted to hold so bulky a structure. At the solemn hour when night and morning meet, the remains of the bard and his two boys (Maxwell Burns, a posthumous child, who lived two years and nine months, and Francis Wallace Burns, who died in 1803, aged fourteen), were carefully disinterred, and placed in the magnificent habitation thus prepared for their reception. A Ponderous Latin inscription was composed with the view of telling visitors that “Hoc Mausoleum” was built “in æternum honorem Roberti Burns, Poetarum Caledoniæ;” but by the rarest good fortune, it was never put up, although some of the poet’s biographers have quoted the whole inscription, as “noted down from the original,” and Cunningham laments that “the merits of him who wrote *Tam o’ Shanter*, and *The Cotters Saturday Night*, are concealed in Latin!”

No need of “sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay!” “In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler Mausoleum than that one of marble. Love and pity are prone to magnify; yet it is not chiefly as a poet but as a man that he interests and affects us. He was often

advised to write a tragedy : time and means were not lent him for this, but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene—whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock ‘amid the melancholy main,’ presented to the reflecting mind such a spectacle of pity and fear as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet.”—*Carlyle*.

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS AND PRIVATE JOURNALS OF DISTINGUISHED ADMIRERS OF THE GENIUS OF BURNS.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT—First Earl of Minto,—writing from London in 1787, to a relative at Minto, remarked as follows:—“I have read about half of Burns’ Poems, and am in the highest degree of admiration. I admire and wonder at his general knowledge of the human character—of the manners, merits, and defects, of all ranks, and of many countries; the great justness, and also the great liberality of his judgement; and—what is most to be stared at—the uncommon refinement of his mind in all his views and opinions, and the uncommon refinement of his taste in composition. This, I say, seems more wonderful than genius, because one is apt to suppose genius is *born*, refinement is acquired. Now, granting his access to good books, yet consider the company he has lived in, and in how much worse than total solitude his mind has had to work and purify itself; consider how severe labour blunts the edge of every mind, and how the discomforts of poverty in a Scotch climate shall cripple genius, and what a sedative it must be to the imagination—nay, how much nearer even the *pleasures* of his rank must lead to *sottishness* than to elegance and wit,—and then we see what a victory mind has over matter, and how, in this prodigy, *Will* has dung *Fate!* What a pity that Hawick had not been so celebrated instead of Ayr!”—*Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, edited by his grand-niece*. 1874.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, in a letter dated Edinburgh, 6th July, 1800, to his friend Robert Morhead, wrote as follows:—Burns’ complete works are also come out; the *Life* I have not yet read. It is, I believe, by Currie and Roscoe. Some of the songs are enchantingly beautiful, and affect me more than any other species of poetry whatsoever. The facility and rapidity with which he appears to have composed them amaze me. Indeed, his whole correspondence (although infected now and then with a silly affectation of sentiment, and some common-places of adulation), gives me a higher opinion, both of his refinement and real modesty of character than anything he had formerly published.”—*Life of Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn*. 1852.

LORD JEFFREY, (thirty years after he penned the foregoing) thus wrote from Craigercock, on 11th Nov., 1837, to his friend, Mr Empson :—“In the last week I have read all Burns’ Life and Works, not without many tears, for the *life* especially. What touches me most is the pitiable poverty in which that gifted being (together with his noble-minded father) passed his early days—the painful frugality to which their innocence was doomed, and the thought that how small a share of the useless luxuries in which *we* (such comparatively poor creatures) indulge, would have sufficed to shed joy and cheerfulness in their dwelling, and perhaps saved that glorious spirit from the trials and temptations under which he fell so prematurely. Oh, my dear Empson, there must be something *terribly* wrong in the present arrangements of the universe when those things can happen, and be thought natural. I could lie down in the dirt and cry and grovel there, I think, for a century, to save such a soul as Burns’ from the suffering and the contamination and the degradation which these same arrangements imposed upon him; and fancy that, if I could but have known him, (in my present state of wealth and influence), I might have saved and reclaimed and preserved him even to the present day. He would not have been so old as my brother judge, Lord Glenlee, or Lord Lynedoch, or a dozen others that one meets daily in society. And what a creature: not only in genius, but in nobleness of character; potentially at least, if right models had been put *gently* before him. But we must not dwell on it—you southern Saxons cannot value him rightly, and you miss half the pathos, and more than half the sweetness. There is no such mistake as that your chief miss is in the *humour*, or the shrewd sense. It is far higher and more delicate elements than these—God bless you! We shall be up to the whole, I trust, in another world. When I think on *his* position, I have no feeling for the *ideal* poverty of your Wordsworth’s or Coleridge’s; comfortable, flattered, very spoiled, capricious, idle beings, fantastically discontented because they cannot make an easy tour to Italy and buy casts and cameos,—and what poor, peddling, whining drivellers in comparison with him! But I will have no uncharity. They too should have been richer.”—*Life of Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn.* 1852.

HUGH MILLER, shortly before his death, writing to Dr. Guthrie, declining a kind invitation to meet the Duke of Argyle, thus expressed himself:—“There is a feeling—which, strong when I was young, is now when I am old, greatly stronger still—that I cannot overcome, and which has ever prevented me from coming in contact with men even far below his Grace’s station. Our nobles have their place (and long may they adorn it), and I have *mine*, with its own humble responsibilities and duties. Farther than that, I know that men in my position, but vastly my superiors—poor BURNS for instance—have usually lost greatly more than they have gained by their approaches to the Great. You will think this very foolish, but it is fixed, and I really can’t help it.”—*Dr. Guthrie’s Memoirs by his Son.* 1875.

The late NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., in reference to his occasional visits to Balmoral, by invitation of the Queen, noted in his diary how some of those

autumnal evenings were spent. Not the least interesting glimpse of Balmoral life is that which shows Her Majesty sitting at her spinning wheel, *tete a tete* with the genial Scotch parson, and listening intently while he read to her from Burns' poems, such pieces as "Tam o' Shanter," and "A man's a man for a that." Dr. Macleod records that this latter was declared by the Queen to be her "favourite" among Burns' productions."—*Memoirs of Dr. Macleod.* 1876.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the exiled Magyar patriot, spent a night in Ayr during his lecturing tour through the United Kingdom. The classic town had a peculiar interest to him; but the great centre of attraction was the "auld clay biggin" through whose creaking rafters, more than a century ago "a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin."

On being requested to insert his name in the Visitor's Book, he pondered a little, and seizing the pen, recorded this beautifully appropriate inscription:—

"LOUIS KOSSUTH IN EXILE,

TO ROBERT BURNS IN IMMORTALITY.

-*The man of independent mind is King o' men for a' that.*"

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1876.

In prophetic reference to this Grand Centenary Jubilee, BURNS on 8th November, 1788, during his residence at Ellisland, penned and forwarded to the Editor of *The Star*, a magnificent letter, from which the following is extracted:—

"I went last Wednesday to my Parish Church, most cordially to join in grateful acknowledgement to the AUTHOR OF ALL GOOD for the consequent blessings of the glorious Revolution of 1688.

Who would believe, sir, in this our Augustan age of liberality and refinement, that a certain people under our national protection should complain, not against our monarch and a few favourite advisers, but against our WHOLE LEGISLATIVE BODY, for similar oppression, and almost in the very same terms, as our forefathers did of the House of Stuart! I will not, I cannot enter into the merits of the cause; but I DARE SAY the American Congress of 1776 will be allowed to have been as able and enlightened as the English Convention was in 1688; and that their posterity will CELEBRATE THE CENTENARY of their deliverance from us, as duly and sincerely as we do our own from the oppressive measures of the wrong-headed House of Stuart."

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT,

B Y

ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

K I L M A R N O C K :
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

THE POET'S PREFACE (1786.)

[Burns, in the course of his authorship, committed himself to only one prose *Preface*, and one prose *Dedication*. The latter will be found at page 135, Vol. I. It has been described by a voluminous critic and professed eulogist of the poet, as "a more ambitious performance than the original Kilmarnock Preface; conceived in an entirely different style, and expressed with studied emphasis and formality." He farther says, that "one can hardly help surmising that the author had some slight misgivings as to the genuineness, or at least the *dignity* of that dedication to his patrons in the metropolis." Now, we must own that, in common with the vulgar herd of Burns' admirers, we had always reckoned this *Dedication to the Caledonian Hunt* as next to perfection itself, both in style of composition and in dignity of sentiment. We must learn, therefore, to be less rash in being pleased for the future.

Burns, we are bound to confess, pleases us still better in his *versified* dedications: he has two of them,—that to Gavin Hamilton, at page 98 (O, how rich it is!) and that other, contained in the opening twenty-four lines of *The Brigs of Ayr*.—page 143,—which certainly beats his prose hollow. His *Preface* (here subjoined) is no mean production, although he did withdraw it in favour of the prose *dedication*; and it has barely got justice from the poet's editors, from Currie down to (but excluding) Waddell, who alone has printed it correctly—always, of course, excepting ourselves; for our *fac-simile* reprint was produced in 1867. A copy of the Kilmarnock edition was so rare, even at the time of the poet's death, that Dr. Currie could not procure one to print the *preface* from, so he applied to Gilbert Burns for a copy of the preface, which, in transcribing, Gilbert ventured to amend, but did it no good, except correcting the spelling of the Greek poet's name, *Theocritus*. In the second sentence, he unnecessarily introduced before the words, "in their original languages," the expression "at least," and dropped the plural *s* in "languages," to the detriment of the poet's grammar. In the closing paragraph, the author uses the expression, "he is indebted to Benevolence," and this was apparently deemed *wanting in dignity*, for it was altered thus—"he *owes* to Benevolence!" In the third paragraph of the preface, we are reminded of Sir Walter Scott's observation that, "having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models."]

THE following trifles are not the production of the Poet, who, with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegancies and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocrites or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, 'A fountain shut up, and a 'book sealed.' Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners, he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymer from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately, that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his vanity so far as to make him think any thing of his was worth showing; and none of the following works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncouth to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be it's own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast, at the thought of being branded as

‘An impertinent blockhead, obtruding his nonsense on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel, Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth.’

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet,* whose divine Elegies do honor to our language, our nation, and our species, that ‘Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.’ If any Critic catches at the word *genius*, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as possess of some poetic abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that, even in his highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers, the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honor him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life: but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

* Shenstone.

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

[The first notice we have of this admired poem is in one of the Bard's letters, dated 17th February, 1786, addressed to his Mauchline friend John Richmond, then in Edinburgh. After mentioning "The Ordination," "Scotch Drink," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "An Address to the Deil," as having been newly composed, he adds:—"I have likewise *completed* my poem on *The Dogs*, but have not shown it to the world." This was but a few weeks before sending out his printed proposals for publishing; and we are told that this poem was placed the *first* in his volume by request of Wilson the printer, who suggested the propriety of placing one of his more important pieces at the beginning. This accords with Gilbert Burns' information, that the tale of the *Twa Dogs* was composed after the resolution of publishing was almost formed. Robert's favourite dog, *Luath*, had been killed by the wanton cruelty of some person, the night before his father's death, and the Poet resolved to introduce into his book some composition which would testify his regard for the memory of his quadruped friend.]

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king COIL,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

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

His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar
Shew'd him the *gentleman* an' *scholar*;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipseys' *messan*:
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie,
Nae tawted *tyke*, tho' e'er sae duddie,

But he wad stan't as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a *ploughman's collie*,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in * *Highland sang*,
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' *tyke*,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd 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*.

CÆSAR.

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

Our *Laird* gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.—(R. B. 1786.)

† Altered, in 1794, to—

“Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down.”

He ca's his coach ; he ca's his horse ;
 He draws a bonie, silken purse
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
 The yellow letter'd *Geordie* keeks.

Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
 An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,
 Yet ev'n the *ha' folk* fill their peghan
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.
 Our *Whipper-in*, wee, blastet wonner,
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
 Better than ony *Tenant-man*
 His Honor has in a' the lan':
 An' what poor *Cot-folk* pit their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough ;
 A *Cotter* howkan in a sheugh,
 Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,
 Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
 An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
 Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger :
 But how it comes, I never kent yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
 An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleket,
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespekert !
 L—d man, our gentry care as little
 For *delvers*, *ditchers*, an' sic cattle ;

They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock.

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

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

LUATH.

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

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

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ;
The *prattling things* are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire side.

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

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantan *Kirns*,
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's *care* upo' the earth.

That *merry day* the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
 An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
 The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
 Are handed round wi' right guid will;
 The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse,
 The young anes rantan thro' the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

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

CÆSAR.

Haith lad ye little ken about it;
 For *Britain's guid!* guid faith! I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
 At Operas an' Plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
 To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,
 To make a *tour* an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at VIENNA or VERSAILLES,
 He rives his father's auld entails;
 Or by MADRID he takes the rout,
 To thrum *guittars* an' fecht wi' nowt;
 Or down *Italian Vista* startles,
 Wh—re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
 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.*
 For *Britain's guid!* for her destruction!
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten and harass'd
 For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
 The *Laird*, the *Tenant*, an' the *Cotter!*
 For thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,
 Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows;
 Except for breakin o' their timmer,
 Or speakin lightly o' their *Limmer*,
 Or shootin of a hare or moorcock,
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
 Sure *great folk's* life's a life o' pleasure?
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am,
 The *gentles* ye wad ne'er envy them!

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
 Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
 They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes,
 An' fill *auld-age* wi' grips an' granes;
 But *human-bodies* are sic fools,
 For a' their colledges an' schools,
 That when nae *real* ills perplex them,
 They *mak* enow themsels to vex them;
 An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
 In like proportion, less will hurt them.

* Altered, in 1787, to—

“And clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival Signioras.”

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

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
 Their galloping thro' public places,
 There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The *Men* cast out in *party-matches*,
 Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
 Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,
 Nienst day their life is past enduring.

The *Ladies* arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their *absent thoughts* o' ither
 They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
 They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's *pictur'd beuks* ;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 An' cheat like ony *unhang'd blackguard*.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman ;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 An' darker gloamin brought the night :
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
 The kye stood rowtan i' the loan ;
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
 An' each took off his several way,
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

*Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care:
There let him bouse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

[It has been pointed out by former editors that this poem must have been composed on the model of Robert Fergusson's "Caller Water," but the resemblance consists only in the *measure* being the same, and in the one celebrating *aqua-vitæ*, while the other cries up *aqua-fontis*. That our poet had read the Poems of Fergusson before "Scotch Drink" was composed at the close of the year 1785, we know from his autobiography, in which he says, referring to his unlucky winter of 1781-82 in the town of Irvine, "Rhyme I had given up; but meeting with Fergusson's Scottish Poems, I strung anew my wildly-sounding lyre with emulating vigour:" yet it is curious to observe in part of the same letter referred to in our head-note to the *Twa Dogs*, that in February, 1786, Burns did not possess a copy of Fergusson's Poems, which he requests his friend in Edinburgh to procure for him, and despatch by the Mauchline Carrier.]

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

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

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

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!

Or tumbling in the boiling flood
 Wi' kail an' beef ;
 But when thou pours thy strong *heart's blood*,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin ;
 Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
 When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ;
 But oil'd by thee,
 The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
 Wi' rattlin glee.

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

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
 Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ;
 Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
 The *poor man's* wine ;
 His wee drap pirratch,* or his bread,
 Thou kitchens fine.

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

That *merry night* we get the corn in,
 O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in !
 Or reekan on a *New-year-mornin*
 In cog or bicker,
 An' just a wee drap *sp'ritual burn* in,
 An' gusty sucker !

* Corrected to "parritch" in 1787.

When Vulcan gies his bellys * breath,
 An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
 O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
 I' the lugget caup!
 Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death
 At ev'ry chap. †

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

When skirlin weanies see the light,
 Thou maks the gossips clatter bright,
 How fumbling coofs their dearies slight,
 Wae worth them for't!
 While healths gae round to him wha, *tight*,
 Gies famous sport. ‡

When neebors anger at a plea,
 An' just as wud as wud can be,
 How easy can the *barley-brie*
 Cement the quarrel!
 It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my *Muse* has reason,
 To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
 But monie daily weet their weason
 Wi' liquors nice,
 An' hardly, in a winter season,
 E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *Brandy*, burnan trash!
 Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!

* Corrected to "bellows" in 1787. † Altered to "chaup" in 1787.

‡ Altered, in 1787, to—

 "Wae worth the name!
 Nae Howdie gets a social night,
 Or plack frae them."

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
 O' half his days ;
 An' sends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
 To her warst faes.

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

May *Gravels* round his blather wrench,
 An' *Gouts* torment him, inch by inch,
 Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
 O' sour disdain,
 Out owre a glass o' *Whisky-punch*
 Wi' honest men !

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

Thee *Ferintosh!* O sadly lost !
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes' *Charter'd boast*
 Is ta'en awa !

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize !
 Haud up thy han' *Deil!* ance, twice, *thrice!*
 There, sieze the blinkers !
 An' bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor d—n'd *Drinkers*.

* Altered, in 1794, to "humble."

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
 Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
 An' rowth o' *rhyme* to rave at will,
 Tak a' the rest,
 An' deal't about as thy blind skill
 Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER,*

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

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

PARODY ON MILTON.

[The subject of *Scotch Drink* is here resumed in the same favourite *measure* and with even more poetic fire than its precursor. The opening words of this poem have given rise to some discussion, no former editor having ventured or deemed it necessary to point out why the poet addresses *Irish Lords* as among the "Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons." We will now attempt an explanation of this. On referring to the Almanacks of that period we find the names of several Irish Peers on the list of Scotland's "chosen Five and Forty." Election patronage in North Britain was then in the hands of a very few dominant Dukes and Earls, whose daughters were frequently allied in marriage to poor Peers of Erin, who then, as now, were fain to improve their fortunes by any likely shift of position, and found no difficulty in being elected Scotch Members of Parliament. The Poet winced under this implied disgrace, and his reference to the *Irish Lords* in this "Earnest Cry" is, therefore, strongly *satirical*. An Edinburgh edition of the Poet's works—1805—ridiculously alters the reading of the first line to "Ye *Scottish Lords*," &c.]

YE *Irish lords*, ye *knights* an' *squires*,
 Wha represent our *Brughs* an' *Shires*,
 An' dously manage our affairs
 In *Parliament*,
 To you a simple Bardie's † pray'rs
 Are humbly sent.

* Foot-note added in 1787:—"This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks."

† Changed, in 1794, to "Poet's."

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,
 May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;
 But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
 E'en cove the cadie!
 An' send him to his dicing box,
 An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,*
 I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,
 An' drink his health in auld † *Nanse Tinnock's*
 Nine times a week,
 If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
 Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,
 I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
 He need na fear their foul reproach
 Nor erudition,
 Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
 The *Coalition*.

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

And now, ye chosen FIVE AND FORTY,
 May still your Mither's heart support ye;
 Then, tho' a *Minister* grow dorty,
 An' kick your place,
 Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
 Before his face.

God bless your Honors, a' your days,
 Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,

* The reference here is to the Prime Minister of State, William Pitt, whose grandfather was Robert Pitt of Boconnock, in Cornwall.

† A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid, auld *Scotch Drink*.—(R. B. 1786.)

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. *Jamie's!*
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays
While *Rab* his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe an' frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
Tak aff their Whisky.

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

Their *gun's* a burden on their shouter ;
They downa bide the stink o' *powther* ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,
To save their skin.

But bring a SCOTCHMAN frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a *Highland gill*,
Say, such is royal GEORGE'S will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

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

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.

[In this poem, as well as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Halloween" (all portions of the marvellous work of that prolific Spring of 1786,) we have proof that John Richmond did not neglect the Bard's order to forward to him the poems of Fergusson. The "Hallow Fair" of that poet suggested the title and the *measure* of the present work of genius, and his "Leith Races" supplied its *plan*, for an imaginary being called MIRTH—

"A sweet braw buskit bonnie lass
That lap like *Hebe* o'er the grass,"

convoeyed the Edinburgh poet to the races, in the same way as FUN conducted the bard of Ayrshire to the Holy Fair; yet every reader of both poets is bound to confess that Burns spoke the truth in his first Preface when he said that he "often had Ramsay and Fergusson in his eye in the following pieces, but rather with a view to kindle at their flame than for servile imitation."]

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air.
The rising sun, our † GALSTON Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan;
The hares were hirplan down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantan
Fu' sweet that day.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three *hizzies*, early at the road,
Cam skelpan 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.

* Foot-note, added in 1787:—"Holy Fair" is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.

† Corrected to "owre" in 178

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'-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As soon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

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' laughan as she spak,
 An' taks me by the han's,
 " Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
 " Of a' the *ten comman's*
 " A screed some day."

" 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."

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' monie a wearie body,
 In droves that day.

* (Mauchline.)

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
 Gaed hoddan by their cotters ;
 There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
 Are springan owre the gutters.
 The lasses, skelpan 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.

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 gath'ran ;
 Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'ran
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry ;
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twathree wh—res,
 Are blinkan at the entry.
 Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads,
 Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck ;
 An' there a batch o' *Wabster lads*,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck*
 For *fun* this day.

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

* (Kilmarnock.)

† Altered, in 1787, to "a chosen."

O happy is that man, an' blest !
 Nae wonder that it pride him !
 Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkan 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.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation ;
 For ***** speels the holy door,*
 Wi' tidings o' s—lv—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.

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

But hark ! the *tent* has chang'd it's 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.

* (Moodie.)

† Altered, in 1787, to "d—mn—t—n," at the suggestion of Dr. Hugh Blair.

‡ (Moodie.)

§ (Smith.)

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of *moral pow'rs* an' *reason*?
 His English style, and 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.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poosion'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 taen the road,
 An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate* ‡
 Fast, fast that day.

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, cannilie he hums them;
 Altho' his *carnal Wit* an' *Sense*
 Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

* (The very orthodox Wm. Peebles, minister of Newton-upon-Ayr, locally styled "The Water-fit.")

† Many well-informed persons in Mauchline had the idea that the phrase "Common Sense," in this passage—instead of being used allegorically to signify that the sensible portion of the hearers ran away at sight of Mr. Peebles—referred, in fact, to Mr. Mackenzie, the village surgeon, who had recently published in a local journal, his opinion on some topic of controversy, with the signature *Common Sense* attached; but as we find the poet again adopting the same allegorical phrase in "The Ordination," where it can mean only *New Light Doctrine*, we must discard such an idea.

‡ Foot-note, added in 1787:—"A street so called, which faces the tent in ———." [Mauchline.]

§ (Mr. Miller, a short, paunchy minister, suspected of a *New Light* tendency.)

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' *yill-caup* Commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes an' 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.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either School or Colledge :
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 Be't *whisky-gill* or *penny-weep*,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our *notion*,
 By night or day.

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 makin observations ;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' forming *assignments*
 To meet some day.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairan,
 An' echoes back return the shouts ;
 Black ***** is na spairan : *
 His piercin 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 !

* (Russell.)

† Shakespeare's Hamlet.—(R. B. 1786.)

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless *Pit*,
Fill'd fou o' *lowan brunstane*,
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !
The *half asleep* start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaran,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor *snoran*
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismissit :
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches ;
An' *cheese an' bread*, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches
An' dawds that day.

In comes a gawsie, 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' gies them't, like a *tether*,
Fu' lang that day.

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 !

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlan 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.

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.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

*O Prince, O chief of many throned pow'rs,
 That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—*

MILTON.

[Gilbert Burns gives the winter of 1784-85 as the date of this universally admired production. Referring to the last verse, Carlyle remarks,—“Burns even pities the very deil, without knowing, I am sure, that my uncle Toby had been beforehand there with him! ‘He is the father of curses and lies,’ said Dr. Slop, ‘and is cursed and damned already.’ ‘I am sorry for it,’ said my uncle Toby. A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility.”]

O Thou, whatever title suit thee !
 Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
 Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
 Clos'd under hatches,
 Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
 To scaud poor wretches !

Hear me, *auld Hangie*, for a wee,
 An' let poor, *damned bodies* bee ;
 I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
 Ev'n to a *deil*,
 To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
 An' hear us squeel !

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame ;
 Far kend an' noted is thy name ;
 An' tho' yon *lowan heugh's* thy hame,
 Thou travels far ;
 An' faith ! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion,
 For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
 Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
 Tirlan the *kirks* ;
 Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
 Unseen thou lurks.

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

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
 To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman !
 Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman,
 Wi' eerie drone ;
 Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentan light,
 Wi' you, *mysel*, I gat a fright,
 Ayont the lough ;
 Ye, like a *rash-buss*, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving sugh.

There, groaning, dying, she did ly,
When * *Hughoc* he cam doytan by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

“ O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my *Master* dear.

Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a *sheep*,
O, bid him never tye them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So, may his flock increase an' grow
To *scores* o' lambs, an' *packs* of woo'!

Tell him, he was a *Master* kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my *dying* charge I gae him,
My helpless *lambs*, I trust them wi' him.

O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid *cow-milk* their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' *hay* an' rippis o' *corn*.

An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *Pets*!
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great *forbears*,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So *wives* will gie them bits o' bread,
An' *bairns* greet for them when they're dead.†

* A neibor herd-callan.—(R. B. 1786.)

† Hogg says:—" I know of no two lines that ever affected me more than these."

Or make our *Bardie*, dowie, wear
 The mourning weed :
 He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
 In *Mailie* dead.

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

I wat she was a *sheep* o' sense,
 An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
 I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
 Thro' thievish greed.
 Our *Bardie*, lanely, keeps the spence
 Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

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

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
 Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ;
 For her forbears were brought in ships,
 Frae 'yont the TWEED :
 A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
 Than *Mailie's* dead.*

Wae worth that † man wha first did shape,
 That vile, wanchancie thing—a *raep* !

* In the original MS. this verse reads as follows :—

“ She was nae get o' runted rams,
 Wi' woo' like goat's, an' legs like trams ;
 She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
 A famous breed :
 Now Robin, greetin' chows the hams
 O' *Mailie* dead.”

† Altered, in 1787, to “ the.”

That auld, capricious carlin, *Nature*,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She's wrote, *the Man*.

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

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

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a *random-shot*
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent*;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!
" I red you, honest man, tak tent!
" Ye'll shaw your folly.

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

Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs,
 To garland my poetic brows !
 Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
 Are whistling thrang,
 An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
 My rustic sang.

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

But why, o' Death, begin a tale ?
 Just now we're living sound an' hale ;
 Then top and maintop croud the sail,
 Heave *Care* o'er-side !
 And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

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

The *magic-wand* then let us wield ;
 For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
 See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
 Wi' wrinkl'd face,
 Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
 Wi' creeping pace.

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

O *Life!* how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the *rose* upon the brier,
Unmindful that the *thorn* is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

' A *Title*, DEMPSTER merits it ;
 ' A *Garter* gie to WILLIE PIT ;
 ' Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
 ' In cent per cent ;
 ' But give me real, sterling Wit,
 ' And I'm content.

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

An anxious e'e I never throws
 Behint my lug, or by my nose ;
 I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
 As weel's I may ;
 Sworn foe to *sorrow*, *care*, and *prose*,
 I rhyme away.

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

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

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
 Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
 The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
 The rambling † squad:
 I see ye upward cast your eyes—
 —Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
 Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
 Then *Jamie*, I shall sae nae mair,
 But quat my sang,
 Content *with YOU* to mak a *pair*,
 Whare'er I gang.

* It will be found that this line is afterwards quoted by the poet himself in
 "The Vision."

† Altered, in 1787, to "rattling."

A DREAM.

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

[The date of this clever political pasquinade is told in its prose introduction—in itself, an excellent satire on the “Birth-Day Odes” of *poets-laureate*—sleepy productions all of them! Some of the author’s newly acquired patrons, in the following year, tried in vain to dissuade him from reproducing this poem in the Edinburgh edition, lest it should damage his prospects of government appointment. On 30th April, 1787, he wrote thus to Mrs. Dunlop, “My *Dream* has unfortunately incurred your loyal displeasure; but I set as little by princes, lords, clergy and critics, as all these respective gentry do by my bardship.”]

ON READING, IN THE PUBLIC PAPERS, THE LAUREATE’S ODE, WITH THE OTHER PARADE OF JUNE 4th, 1786, THE AUTHOR WAS NO SOONER DROPT ASLEEP, THAN HE IMAGINED HIMSELF TRANSPORTED TO THE BIRTH-DAY LEVEE; AND, IN HIS DREAMING FANCY, MADE THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS.

GUID-MORNIN to your MAJESTY!
 May heaven augment your blisses,
 On ev’ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
 A humble Bardie * wishes!
 My Bardship here, at your Levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang thae *Birth-day* dresses
 Sae fine this day.

I see ye’re complimented thrang,
 By many a *lord an’ lady*;
 “God save the King” ’s a cuckoo sang
 That’s unco easy said ay:
 The *Poets* too, a venal gang,
 Wi’ rhymes weel-turn’d an’ ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne’er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

* Altered, in 1794, to “Poet.”

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

'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted ;
 But *Facts* are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed :
 Your *royal nest*, beneath *Your* wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part o' the string,
 An' less, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.*

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

And now Ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister ;
 Your sair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester :
 For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

* Alluding to the loss of our American Colonies, &c.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pit*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A Name not Envy spairges)
 That he intends to pay your *debt*,
 An' lessen a' your *charges*;
 But, G—d-sake! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonie *Barges*
 An' *Boats* this day.

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

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent!*
 While Nobles strive to please Ye,
 Will Ye accept a Compliment,
 A simple Bardie * gies Ye?
 Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze Ye
 In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release Ye
 Frae Care that day.

For you, young Potentate o' W—,
 I tell your *Highness* fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly sairly,
 That e'er ye brak *Diana's pales*,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*
 By night or day.†

* Altered, in 1794, to "Poet."

† The Prince of Wales was then of the Whig, or Fox Party.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known,
 To mak a noble *Aiver* ;
 So, ye may dousely fill a Throne,
 For a' their Clish-ma-claver :
 There, Him * at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver ;
 And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir † John*,
 He was an unco shaver
 For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend O———, ‡
 Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,
 Altho' a ribban at your lug
 Wad been a dress compleater :
 As ye disown yon paughty dog,
 That bears the Keys of Peter,
 Then swith! an' get a *wife* to hug,
 Or trouth! ye'll stain the *Mitre*
 Some luckless day.

Young, royal TARRY-BREEKS, I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her ;
 A glorious § *Galley*, stem and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for *Venus barter* ;
 But first hang out that she'll discern,
 Your *hymeneal Charter*,
 Then heave aboard your *grapple airn*,
 An', large upon her *quarter*,
 Come full that day.

Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',
 Ye *royal Lasses* dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you *lads* a plenty :
 But sneer na *British-boys* awa ;
 For King's are unco scant ay,
 An' German-Gentles are but *sma'*,

* Foot-note, 1787, "King Henry."

† Sir John Falstaff, Vide Shakespeare.—(R. B. 1786.)

‡ Frederick, the second son of George III., at first Bishop of Osnaburg, afterwards Duke of York.

§ Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain royal Sailor's Amour.—(R. B. 1786.) [His alliance with Mrs. Jordan, the actress.]

They're better just than *want ay*
On onie day.

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

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.*

[This delightful poem, consisting of 38 stanzas, was, in its original MS. form, dragged out to no less than 60 verses, of which, 24 were devoted to the adornment of Coilla's mantle, by depicting thereon a description of the chief localities and the heroes of Kyle. This cumbersome robe was much lightened by the good taste of the poet when he came to trim it down for publication in that first volume, of which we here furnish a *verbatim et literatim* copy, where the whole emblazonment is comprised in 3 or 4 stanzas at the close of *Duan First*. Anxious, however, to please some of his Ayrshire patrons, he restored, in his Edinburgh edition, 7 of those rejected stanzas, and these have ever since been retained as a portion of the poem; they will be given at another part of this work in their proper place, and, in form of a note thereto, will also be given those other stanzas which were entirely suppressed by the author.]

THE sun had clos'd the *winter-day*,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
And hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The Thresher's weary *flingin-tree*,
The lee-lang day had tir'd me ;
And when the Day had clos'd his e'e,
Far i' the West,
Ben I' the *Spence*, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his *Cath-Loda*, Vol. 2. of M'Pherson's Translation. (R. B. 1786.)

‘ ’Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
 ‘ They ardent, kindling spirits pour ;
 ‘ Or, mid the venal Senate’s roar,
 ‘ They, sightless, stand,
 ‘ To mend the honest *Patriot-love*,
 ‘ And grace the hand.*

‘ Hence FULLARTON, the brave and young ;
 ‘ Hence, DEMPSTER’S truth-prevailing† tongue ;
 ‘ Hence, sweet harmonious BEATTIE sung
 ‘ His “ Minstrel lays ; ”
 ‘ Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
 ‘ The *Sceptic’s* bays.

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

‘ When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 ‘ The threat’ning *Storm*, some, strongly, rein ;
 ‘ Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 ‘ With *tillage-skill* ;
 ‘ And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
 ‘ Blythe o’er the hill.

‘ Some hint the Lover’s harmless wile ;
 ‘ Some grace the Maiden’s artless smile ;
 ‘ Some soothe the Lab’rer’s weary toil,
 ‘ For humble gains,
 ‘ And make his *cottage scenes* beguile
 ‘ His cares and pains.

* A verse introduced here, in 1787 :—

“ 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.”

† Altered, in 1787, to “ zeal-inspired.”

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

‘ *Of these am I—COILA* my name ;
 ‘ And this district as mine I claim,
 ‘ Where once the *Campbell’s* * chiefs of fame,
 ‘ Held ruling pow’r :
 ‘ I mark’d thy embryo-tuneful flame,
 ‘ Thy natal hour.

‘ With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 ‘ Fond, on thy little, early ways,
 ‘ Thy rudely-caroll’d, chiming phrase,
 ‘ In uncouth rhymes,
 ‘ Fir’d at the simple, artless lays
 ‘ Of other times.

‘ I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 ‘ Delighted with the dashing roar ;
 ‘ Or when the *North* his fleecy store
 ‘ Drove thro’ the sky,
 ‘ I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar,
 ‘ Struck thy young eye.

‘ Or when the deep-green-mantl’d Earth,
 ‘ Warm-cherish’d ev’ry floweret’s birth,
 ‘ And joy and music pouring forth,
 ‘ In ev’ry grove,
 ‘ I saw thee eye the gen’ral mirth
 ‘ With boundless love.

‘ When ripen’d fields, and azure skies,
 ‘ Call’d forth the *Reaper’s* rustling noise,
 ‘ I saw thee leave their ev’ning joys,
 ‘ And lonely stalk,
 ‘ To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise,
 ‘ In pensive walk.

* *Mossgiel* and its neighbourhood belonged to the Earl of Loudoun: family surname, *Campbell*.

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

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

‘ I taught thy manners-painting strains,
 ‘ The *loves*, the *ways* of simple swains,
 ‘ Till now, o’er all my wide domains,
 ‘ Thy fame extends ;
 ‘ And some, the pride of *Coila’s* plains,
 ‘ Become thy friends.

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

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

‘ Then never murmur nor repine ;
 ‘ Strive in thy *humble sphere* to shine ;
 ‘ And trust me, not *Potosi’s* mine,
 ‘ Nor *Kings* regard,
 ‘ Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 ‘ A *rustic Bard*.

THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human-nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honor the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.—(R. B. 1786.)

HALLOWEEN.*

*Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.*

GOLDSMITH.

[This has ever been a special favourite with the peasantry of Scotland, abounding as it does in lively and characteristic description of manners and scenery so familiar to them. Few passages of Burns have been more frequently quoted in illustration of his graphic dexterity in hitting off a living landscape in a few touches, than the 25th stanza, commencing—"Whyles owre a linn," &c.]

UPON that *night*, when Fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans* † dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for *Colean*, the rout is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the *Cove*, ‡ to stray an' rove,
Among the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

Among the bonie, winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where BRUCE § ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his *Carrick* spear,

* Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly, those, aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to hold a grand Anniversary.—(R. B. 1786.)

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.—(R. B. 1786.)

‡ A noted cavern near Colean-house, called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Cassilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.—(R. B. 1786.)

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of ROBERT the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—(R. B. 1786.)

Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their *Halloween*
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they're fine;
 Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
 The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
 Gar lasses hearts gang startin
 Whyles fast at night.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their *stocks* * maun a' be sought ance;
 They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
 For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
 Poor hav'rel *Will* fell aff the drift,
 An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
 An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
 A *runt* was like a sow-tail
 Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
 They roar an' cry a' throw'ther;
 The vera *wee-things*, toddlan, rin,
 Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:
 An' gif the *custock's* sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
 Syne coziely, aboon the door,
 Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
 To lye that night.

* The first ceremony of Halloween, is, pulling each a *Stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their Spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.—(R. B. 1786.)

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
 To pou their *stalks o' corn*;*
 But *Rab* slips out, an' jinks about,
 Behint the muckle thorn:
 He grippet *Nelly* hard an' fast;
 Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
 But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
 When kiutlan in the *Fause-house* †
 Wi' him that night.

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

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
 Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
 But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
 She says in to hersel:
 He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part,
 Till fuff! he started up the lum,
 An' *Jean* had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that night.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will want the Maidenhead.—(R. B. 1786.) [The three closing words of this note altered in 1787, to "come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid."]

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the Stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *Fause-house*.—(R. B. 1786.)

‡ Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and according as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the Courtship will be.—(R. B. 1786.)

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

Nell had the *Fause-house* in her *min'*,
 She pits hersel an' *Rob* in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're *sobbin* :
Nell's heart was *dancin* at the view ;
 She *whisper'd Rob* to leuk for't :
Rob, *stownlins*, *prie'd* her *bonie mou*,
 Fu' *cozie* in the *neuk* for't,
 Unseen that night.

But *Merran* sat behint their backs,
 Her thoughts on *Andrew Bell* ;
 She lea'es them *gashan* at their cracks,
 An' slips out by hersel :
 She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
 An' for the *kiln* she goes then,
 An' *darklins* *grapet* for the *bauks*,
 And in the *blue-clue* * throws then,
 Right fear't that night.

An' ay she *win't*, an' ay she *swat*,
 I wat she made nae *jaukin* ;
 Till something *held* within the *pat*,
 Guid L—d! but she was *quaukin* !

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions. Steal out, all alone, to the *kiln*, and, *darkling*, throw into the *pot*, a clew of blue yarn: wind it in a new clew off the old one; and towards the latter end, something will hold the thread: demand, *wha hauds?* i. e. who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future Spouse.—(R. B. 1786.)

But whether 'twas the *Deil* himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a *bauk-en*,
 Or whether it was *Andrew Bell*,
 She did na wait on talkin
 To spier that night.

Wee *Jenny* to her *Graunie* says,
 ' Will ye go wi' me *Graunie*?
 ' I'll eat the *apple** at the *glass*,
 ' I gat frae *Uncle Johnie*?
 She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
 She notic't na, an aizle brunt
 Her braw, new, worset apron
 Out thro' that night.

' Ye little *Skelpie-limmer's-face*!
 ' I daur you try sic sportin,
 ' As seek the *foul Thief* onie place,
 ' For him to spae your fortune:
 ' Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight*!
 ' Great cause ye hae to fear it;
 ' For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
 ' An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
 ' On sic a night.

' Ae *Hairst* afore the *Sherra-moor*,
 ' I mind't as weel's yestreen,
 ' I was a *gilpey* then, I'm sure,
 ' I was na past fyfteen:
 ' The *Simmer* had been cauld an' wat,
 ' An' *Stuff* was unco green;
 ' An' ay a rantan *Kirn* we gat,
 ' An' just on *Halloween*
 ' It fell that night.

* Take a candle, and go, alone, to a looking glass: eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time: the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.—(R. B. 1786.)

‘ Our *Stibble-rig* was *Rab M^cGraen*,
 ‘ A clever, sturdy fallow ;
 ‘ His Sin gat *Eppie Sim* wi’ wean,
 ‘ That liv’d in *Achmacalla* :
 ‘ He gat *hemp-seed*,* I mind it weel,
 ‘ An’ he made unco light o’t ;
 ‘ But monie a day was *by himsel*,
 ‘ He was sae sairly frightened
 ‘ That vera night.’

Then up gat fechtan *Jamie Fleck*,
 An’ he swear by his conscience,
 That he could *saw hemp-seed* a peck ;
 For it was a’ but nonsense :
 The auld guidman raught down the pock,
 An’ out a handfu’ gied him ;
 Syne bad him slip frae ’mang the folk,
 Sometime when nae ane see’d him,
 An’ try’t that night.

He marches thro’ amang the stacks,
 Tho’ he was something sturtan ;
 The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
 An’ hauls at his curpan :
 And ev’ry now an’ then, he says,
 ‘ Hemp-seed I saw thee,
 ‘ An’ her that is to be my lass,
 ‘ Come after me an’ draw thee
 ‘ As fast this night.’

He whistl’d up *lord Lenox’ march*,
 To keep his courage cheary ;
 Altho’ his hair began to arch,
 He was sae fley’d an’ eerie :

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp seed ; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, ‘ Hemp seed I saw thee, Hemp seed I saw thee ; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.’ Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, ‘ come after me and shaw thee,’ that is, show thyself ; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, ‘ come after me and harrow thee.’—(R. B. 1786.)

Till presently he hears a squeak,
 An' then a grane an' gruntle;
 He by his showther gae a keek,
 An' tumbld wi' a wintle
 Out owre that night

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation!
 An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
 An' hear the sad narration:
 He swoor 'twas hilchan *Jean M' Crow*,
 Or crouchie *Merran Humphie*,
 Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
 An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
 Asteer that night?

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
 To *winn three wechts o' naething*;^{*}
 But for to meet the Deil her lane,
 She pat but little faith in:
 She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
 An' twa red cheeket apples,
 To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,
 In hopes to see *Tam Kipples*
 That vera night.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
 An' owre the threshold ventures;
 But first on *Sawnie* gies a ca',
 Syne bauldly in she enters:
 A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',
 An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
 An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
 An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived and alone. You go to the *barn*, and open both doors; taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the Being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country-dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go thro' all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass thro' the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.—(R. B. 1786.)

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice
 They hecht him some fine braw ane;
 It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice*,*
 Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
 He taks a swirlie, auld *moss-oak*,
 For some black, grousome *Carlin*;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes cam haulin
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow *Leezie* was,
 As cantie as a kittlen;
 But Och! that night, amang the shaws,
 She gat a fearfu' settlin!
 She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed srieivin,
 Whare *three Lairds' lan's met at a burn*,†
 To dip her *left sark-sleeve* in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
 Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle;
 Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazle
 Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brac,
 Between her an' the moon,
 The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
 Gat up an' gae a croon:

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a *Bear-stack*, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms, the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.—(R. B. 1786.)

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Ly awake; and sometime near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.—(R. B. 1786.)

Poor *Leezie's* heart maist lap the hool;
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
 But mist a fit, an' in the *pool*,
 Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

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

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap an' cheary:
 Till *butter'd So'ns*,† wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a steerin;
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff careerin
 Fu' blythe that night.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony, a Maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—(R. B. 1786.)

† Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the *Halloween Supper*.—(R. B. 1786.)

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

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN
TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

[What a delightful piece of auto-biography the good old man recites to his auld mare, as he gives her the usual New-Year-Morning hansel! The whole poem is in the Author's best manner, and ranks with *Poor Maillie* in its happy combination of humour and tenderness. A celebrated panegyrist of the poet declares that to his certain knowledge, the reading of it has "humanized the heart of a Gilmerton carter!"]

A *Guid New-year* I wish you Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to *raize* thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae floun out owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

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

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny*,
 Ye then was trottan wi' your *Minnie* :
 Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
 Ye ne'er was donsie ;
 But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,
 An' unco sonsie.

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

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
 An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
 That *day*, ye was a jinker noble,
 For heels an' win' !
 An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
 Far, far behin' !

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
 An' *Stable-meals* at Fairs were driegh,
 How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
 An' tak the road !
Towns-bodies ran an' stood abiegh,
 An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
 We took the road ay like a Swallow :
 At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
 For pith an' speed ;
 But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
 But *sax Scotch mile*,* thou try't their mettle,
 An' gart them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazle.

* Altered, in 1787, to "miles."

An' think na, my auld, trusty *Servan'*,
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy *auld days* may end in starvin',
For my last fow,
A heapet *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither ;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither ;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq.*

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

GRAY.

[The spirit of Poetry is akin to that of Religion, and the union of the two is, in no human composition, more powerful than in the present production. The two concluding stanzas of this noble poem, the first being a patriotic apostrophe to Scotland, and the last a grand address to the Deity in her behalf, were fervently recited by the bard, with head uncovered, and kneeling on English soil with his face towards Scotland, immediately after crossing the Tweed for the first time into the sister kingdom, on the morning of Monday, 8th May, 1787, while on his Border tour with Ainslie. The grand reference to Sir William Wallace in the last stanza, and another noble verse or two on the same hero, in the Epistle to W—— S——, Ochiltree, will recall to the reader the poet's observation in his autobiography, when speaking of the books perused by him during his early boyhood:—"The story of Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

The fine religious tone of this whole poem, together with the noble tributes to Wallace, above referred to, procured for the bard the friendship of Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, a lineal descendent of that patriot's brother. She, however, could not be reconciled to the epithet "great, unhappy Wallace" adopted by the poet, and she urged him to alter the phrase in his first Edinburgh Edition. In his letter to her of 15th January, 1787, he says, "The word you object to, borrowed from Thomson, does not strike me as being an improper epithet. I distrusted my own judgement on your finding fault with it, and applied for the opinion of some *literati* here, who honour me with their critical strictures, and they all allow it to be proper." Accordingly it was left in that edition precisely as in the text; but Mrs. Dunlop would not yield her point, and the poet was, in 1793, prevailed on to alter the line as indicated in our relative foot-note. Many readers will think the change is for the better.

Burns is indebted to the "Farmer's Ingle" of Fergusson for suggesting the title and structure of the poem before us, and all the world knows that William Burns the poet's father, supplied the model of "the Saint, the Father, and the Husband," therein depicted in colours that shall never fade.]

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

* Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, one of the poet's early friends and patrons.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his *spades*, his *mattocks* and his *hoes*,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 The expectant *wee-things*, toddlan, stacher through
 To meet their *Dad*, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,
 The *lispin infant*, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary *kiaugh* and care* beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,
 At *Service* out, amang the Farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
 To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *sisters* meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
 The Parents partial eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

* "Kiaugh and care" altered, in 1793, to "carking cares."

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
 The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey ;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 ' And O ! be sure to fear the LORD alway !
 ' And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night !
 ' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his *counsel* and assisting *might* :
 ' They never sought in vain that sought the LORD aright.

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

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A *strappan youth* ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the *visit's* no ill taen ;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
 The *youngster's* artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the *youth* sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
 Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like the lave.

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

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

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA'S food:
 The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
 The *Dame* brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal *Wife*, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
 The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 ' *And let us worship GOD!*' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their *hearts*, by far the noblest aim:
 Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of SCOTIA'S holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, *Italian trills* are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they, with our CREATOR'S praise.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the Friend of GOD on high;
 Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
 With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
 Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt *Isaiak's* wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *sacred lyre*.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How *guiltless blood* for *guilty man* was shed;
 How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
 How His first *followers* and *servants* sped;
 The *Precepts sage* they wrote to many a land:
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
 command.

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

Compar'd with *this*, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
 The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the *Soul*;
 And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

* Pope's Windsor Forest. (R. B. 1786.)

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

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

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

O THOU ! who pour'd the *patriotic tide*,
 That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE' heart ; †
 Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or *nobly die*, the second glorious part :
 (The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,
 His *friend, inspirer, guardian* and *reward* !)
 O never, never SCOTIA'S realm desert,
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her *Ornament* and *Guard* !

* "Noble" misquoted here for "noblest:" corrected in the second edition of 1787.

† Altered, in 1793, to—

"That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart."

EPISTLE TO DAVIE, A BROTHER POET.

January——

[The references to "my darling Jean," in this most delightful poem, shew that January, 1785, is its proper date. Some editors have set down the year 1784, and the writer of the memoir of Sillar, in the "Contemporaries of Burns," unreasonably contends for 1782 being the real date; but "Rab Mossgiel" had no acquaintanceship with "Mauchline Belles" before the spring and summer of 1784. David Sillar was one year younger than Burns, and like him, was the son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton, and although he had taught in the parish school for a month or two, during a vacancy previous to the appointment of John Wilson (Hornbook o' the clachan), he had no claim to the character of "scholar," bestowed on him by Allan Cunningham. His "Poems," published in 1789, prove him to have been no poet. He resided in Irvine from the close of the year 1783, first as a grocer, and thereafter as a schoolmaster: for several years, latterly, he was a councillor, and eventually a ballie of that town, where he died much respected in 1830. The intensity of Burns' love for his Jean is strongly indicated in the present poem, and some of the expressions used in reference to that affection—"Her dear idea brings relief," and those lines—

"The life blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear *Immortal part*,
Is not more fondly dear!"

have their counterparts in the little fragment in his Scrap-Book, under date May, 1785, which evidently is the first sketch of the world-famous song, "Of a' the airts," &c., composed in honour of her,—

"Her dear idea round my heart should tenderly entwine:
Tho' mountains rise and deserts howl, and oceans roar between;
Yet dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love my Jean."]

WHILE winds frae off BEN-LOMOND blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, *westlin* jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the *Great-folk's* gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How *best o' chieles* are whyles in want,
While *Coofs* on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:

But DAVIE lad, ne'er fash your head,
 Tho' we hae little gear,
 We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier :
 ' Mair spier na, nor fear na,' *
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
 Is, doubtless, great distress !
 Yet then *content* could make us blest ;
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Has ay some cause to smile :
 And mind still, you'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma' ;
 Nae mair then, we'll care then,
 Nae *farther* we can *fa*.'

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

It's no in titles nor in rank ;
 It's no in wealth like *Lon'on Bank*,
 To purchase peace and rest ;
 It's no in makin muckle, *mair* :
 It's no in books ; it's no in Lear,
 To make us truly blest :
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And center in the breast,
 We may be *wise*, or *rich*, or *great*,
 But never can be *blest* :
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures
 Could make us happy lang ;
 The *heart* ay's the part ay,
 That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as *you* and *I*,
 Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil ;
 Think ye, are we lest blest than they,
 Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while ?
 Alas ! how aft, in haughty mood,
 GOD'S creatures they oppress !
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess !
 Baith careless, and fearless,
 Of either Heaven or Hell :
 Esteeming, and deeming,
 It a' an idle tale !

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce ;
 Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
 By pining at our state :
 And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
 I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
 An's thankfu' for them yet.
 They gie the wit of *Age* to *Youth* ;
 They let us ken oursel ;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The *real* guid and ill.

Tho' losses, and crosses,
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's *wit* there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, DAVIE, *Ace o' Hearts!*
 (To say aught less wad wrang the *cartes*,
 And flatt'ry I detest)
 This life has joys for you and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
 The *Lover* and the *Frien'*;
 Ye hae your MEG, your dearest part,
 And I my darling JEAN!
 It warms me, it charms me,
 To mention but her *name*:
 It heats me, it beets me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

O, all ye *Pow'rs* who rule above!
 O THOU, whose very self art *love!*
 THOU know'st my words sincere!
 The *life blood* streaming thro' my heart,*
 Or my more dear *Immortal part*,
 Is not more fondly dear!
 When heart-corroding care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief,
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou BEING, Allseeing,
 O hear my fervent pray'r!
 Still take her, and make her,
 THY most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
 The smile of love, the friendly tear,
 The sympathetic glow!

* This line is like one in the *Cotter's Saturday Night* :—

“That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart.”

Long since, this world's thorny ways
 Had number'd out my weary days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In ev'ry care and ill ;
 And oft a more *endearing* band,
 A *tye* more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens,
 The tenebrific scene,
 To meet with, and greet with,
 My DAVIE or my JEAN !

O, how that *name* inspires my style !
 The words come skelpan, rank and file,
 Amaist before I ken !
 The ready measure rins as fine,
 As *Phæbus* and the famous *Nine*
 Were glowran owre my pen.
 My spavet *Pegasus* will limp,
 Till ance he's fairly het ;
 And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
 And rin an unco fit :
 But least then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll light now, and dight now,
 His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT.

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF
A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

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

HOME.

[The poet in his autobiography, says "The unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem, 'The Lament' (Jean Armour's desertion of him in spring, 1786, by command of her father), was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and had very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart and mistaken the reckoning of rationality. I gave up my part of the farm to my brother, and made what little preparation was in my power for Jamaica; but before leaving my native country for ever, I resolved to publish my poems."

The very exercise of producing such pieces as "The Lament" and "Despondency, an Ode," caused the distraction of his feelings to subside, and the healthful excitement consequent on the work of superintending the printing of his poems, completed the cure. The wonderful volume came out, and attracted the attention it could not fail to command. "The poetic Genius of his country whispered him to come to the ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and he obeyed her dictates." The Muse of History inscribed his name on her Records, and tracked his footsteps for ever after.]

O THOU pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a *wretch*, who inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nighty vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How *life* and *love* are all a dream!

I joyless view thy rays adorn,
The faintly-marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
For ever bar returning Peace!

No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim:
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame.

The *plighted faith* ; the *mutual flame* ;
 The *oft-attested Powers* above ;
 The *promis'd Father's tender name* ;
 These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasp'ing arms,
 How have the raptur'd moments flown !
 How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and her's alone !
 And, must I think it ! is she gone,
 My secret-heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she bear so base a heart,
 So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
 As from the *fondest lover* part,
 The *plighted husband* of her youth ?
 Alas ! Life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie thro' rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share and make them less ?

Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
 Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast,
 My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Ev'n ev'ry *ray* of *Hope* destroy'd,
 And not a *Wish* to gild the gloom !

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

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchings with the nightly thief :
 Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
 Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore afright :
 Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
 From such a horror-breathing night.

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

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

[It may be worth while to notice here (an instance, by the way, of the early popularity of Burns' Poems *out of Scotland*), the following passage from a letter dated "London, 8th February, 1791," addressed to the poet by the Rev. George Baird, afterwards Principal of Edinburgh University:—"Have you ever seen an engraving published here some time ago, from one of your poems,—*O thou pale orb?* If you have not, I shall have the pleasure of sending it to you."]

DESPONDENCY,

AN ODE.

[This, and the "Ode to Ruin" are on the same subject, and were composed on the same occasion as the foregoing. It is sad to think of the author, who was even then in the bloom of young manhood—only 27 years old—writing thus, and reverting to his "enviable early days." And how tender and beautiful is the closing apostrophe to the younger portion of his Ayrshire compeers:—

"Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court, when Manhood is your wish!"

In one of his letters of this eventful year, he says, "The consequence of my follies may perhaps make it impracticable for me to stay at home; and besides, I have for some time been pining under severe wretchedness, from causes which you pretty well know—the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, with some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the vagaries of the Muse.]"

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh:
O Life! Thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning Scenes appear!
What Sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here, shall close ne'er,
But with the *closing tomb!*

Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end's* deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
And joyless morn the same.

You, bustling and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well !
 Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The *ways of men* are distant brought,
 A faint-collected dream :
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no *lonely Hermit* plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The *lucky moment* to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With *self-respecting* art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The *Solitary* can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate ;
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh, enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
 To Care, to Guilt unknown !
 How ill exchange'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !

Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When Manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses,
 That *active man* engage;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining *Age!*

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

A DIRGE.

[Lockhart remarks, "The indignation with which Burns through life contemplated the inequality of human condition, and particularly (and who shall say with absolute injustice?) the contrast between his own felt intellectual strength and his worldly circumstances, were never more bitterly nor more loftily expressed than in some of these stanzas:—*See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight, &c.*" The hint for this production was derived from an old Scots dirge called "The Life and Age of Man," which his mother had committed to memory while yet a little girl. The poet tells Mrs. Dunlop in one of his letters, that an old grand-uncle of his, with whom his mother was brought up, and who was long blind before he died, experienced great enjoyment in sitting beside her and crying while she sung over to him the metrical history of Man, which is so pathetically told in the poem. Cromek recovered the old words from the recitation of the poet's mother.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remorse and Shame !

And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

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

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

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

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

WINTER,

A DIRGE.

[The poet, in 1787, notes this as being the eldest of his printed pieces. In April, 1784, he had inserted it in his common-place Book, prefaced with some eloquent observations, of which the following passage is an excerpt:—"I take a peculiar pleasure in the season of Winter, more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast; but there is something even in the mighty tempest which raises the mind to a serious sublimity favourable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object which gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure, but something which exalts and enraptures me, than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter day, and hear the storm howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my very best season for devotion: my mind is wrapt in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the lofty language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of those seasons, just after a train of misfortunes, I composed the following:"]—

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

'The sweeping blast, the sky o'erblast,'*
 The joyless *winter-day*,
 Let others fear, to me more dear,
 Than all the pride of May:
 The Tempest's howl, it *soothes* my soul,
 My *griefs* it seems to join;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their *fate* resembles mine!

Thou POW'R SUPREME, whose mighty Scheme,
 These *woes* of mine fulfil;
 Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
 Because they are *Thy* Will!
 Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant
 This one request of mine!)
 Since to *enjoy* Thou dost deny,
 Assist me to *resign*!

* Dr. Young.—(R. B. 1786.)

A PRAYER, IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

[The poet entered these verses in his early Scrap-Book under this title:—"A Prayer when fainting fits and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm." We can have no difficulty in assigning the date of this piece, as well as those other beautiful "Stanzas on the same occasion," which he printed in his Edinburgh volume, to the period of his six months' sojourn at Irvine, in 1781; for, in reference thereto, he says in his autobiography, "Rhyme, except some religious pieces *which are in print*, I had given up." His melancholy letter to his father in December of that year, exactly accords with the sentiment of the verses:—"Sometimes indeed," so he writes, "when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I glimmer a little into futurity; but my only pleasureable employment is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way: I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and disquietudes of this weary life."]

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause,
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me,
With Passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.*

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do Thou, ALL-GOOD, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

* Uncandid or unthinking detractors of the poet (some of these style themselves *Reverend*)—confounding the distinction between a *confession* and an *exculpatory plea*—have referred to this verse as shewing that Burns pleaded the strength of his passions as an excuse for sin. Tried by this standard, King David would also be condemned for reminding his Maker that he was "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity." The Hebrew Bard, like him of Scotland, "be-moaned himself" for "listening to the witching voice" of his own passions.

TO A MOUNTAIN-DAISY,
ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN
APRIL ——— 1786.

[On the 20th of April, 1786, the poet transcribed these verses, under the title of "The Gowan," to his friend John Kennedy, with these words:—"I have here enclosed a small piece, the *very latest* of my productions: I am a good deal pleased with some of the sentiments myself, as they are just the native querulous feelings of a heart which 'melancholy has marked for her own.'" Under what circumstances then, was this "bonie gem" produced?—On 3rd April, he wrote thus to a friend:—"My proposals for publishing, I am just going to send to press." Next week, he wrote to Ballantyne, as follows:—"My proposals came to hand last night. Old Mr. Armour prevailed with Mr. Aitken to mutilate that unlucky paper *yesterday*, (the mutual acknowledgment of marriage betwixt him and Miss Armour.) Would you believe it? although I had not a hope, nor even a wish to make her mine after her conduct, yet when he told me the names were all out of the paper, my heart died within me, and he cut my veins with the news. Perdition seize her falsehood!" This was the "perfidy ingrate" which he refers to in his *Ode of Despondency*, and the "dart" of his next poem—the *Ode to Ruin*, where he says, "One has cut my *dearest tye*, and quivers in my heart." Thus, then, we see that the "Mountain-Daisy" was a sort of prelude to his pathetic *Lament*, and mournful *Odes* of this dreary period.]

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi's spreckl'd breast,*
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting *North*
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*
 Thy tender form.

* Altered, in 1787, to "Wi' spreckl'd breast."

The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,
 High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !
 By Love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
 Unskillful he to note the card
 Of *prudent Lore*,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er !

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but HEAV'N,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
 That fate is *thine*——no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

TO RUIN.

[The head-note to the foregoing poem, and those to the *Lament* and *Despondency*, will serve to illustrate this also, where the same theme is pursued. Here the outraged feelings of the suffering bard subside into resignation. In the first stanza, he gives sullen welcome to the ministers of woe, and in the closing verse he woos the cold embrace of the "grim Power, by Life abhorred." Some of its words he afterwards wove into a touching couplet of one of his lyrics:—

"This bruised heart o' mine that now beats in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest."

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

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

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

May — 1786.

[The poet has printed "May, 1786," as the date of this very sensible *memento*, which has a good deal more of the *sermon* than the *song* in it. The only copy of this epistle known to exist in the author's MS. gives the date more minutely, thus—"Mossgiel, 15th May, 1786." That day was a Monday—the Term-day on which any maid-servant who has resolved on leaving her *place*, must "row up her wee kist wi' her a' in't," and go elsewhere. It has been established by a minute searcher into such matters, that on that day a humble serving-maid at Mauchline, whose name has since become imperishable in the lustre thrown over it by the lyric genius of Burns, bade farewell to Ayrshire, and went home to reside with her parents in the West Highlands. It is extremely difficult to realize in our minds the fact—yet a fact it is, that the day preceding the one on which this shrewd and prudential epistle was penned, was that memorable "day of lasting love," regarding which the poet has left us this record in prose:—"My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blest a man with generous love. After a *pretty long tract* of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the *second Sunday of May*, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters for our projected change of life." One naturally asks—Where is the *room*, and when could the poet find *time*, during this season of disquietude—of restless activity and flowing inspiration, for "a pretty long tract" of courtship with one who was never seen in his company?—with one, too, whose name he was never known to whisper in mortal ear till she had been three years in her grave—one whom he did not allude to in his minute autobiography—never spoke of, even in his confidential unbosomings to Clarinda, and never once referred to until he had provoked enquiry by the production of his sublime Address to "Mary in Heaven"? One answer, and only one, to all this is, that Burns, notwithstanding his apparent ingenuousness and candour, may not have been quite so open-hearted as his own COILA, "whose eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space, beam'd keen with honor." Indeed, the very poem which has given rise to this note, inculcates *secretiveness* and *cunning*, of a very questionable kind:—

"Ay free, aff han', your story tell, when wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man, wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection."

We quite concur with Robert Chambers in holding that Burns is neither philosophically nor morally right in giving such advice to his young friend. It remains to be noted that Andrew Aiken, to whom the epistle is addressed, was the son of Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, the early patron of the poet. He became a successful merchant, and died at Riga in 1831, while holding the office of English Consul there.]

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon my lad,
 And ANDREW dear believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye:
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but *human law*,
 Are to a few restricked:
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer:
 A man may hae an *honest heart*,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The *sacred love* o' weel plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th'*illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it:

I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' *within*,
 And petrifies the feeling ! *

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
 That's justify'd by Honor :
 Not for to *hide* it in a *hedge*,
 Nor for a *train-attendant* ;
 But for the glorious priviledge
 Of being *independant*.

The *fear o' Hell's* a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 It's slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side-pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great CREATOR to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An *athiest-laugh's* a poor exchange
 For *Deity offended* !

* Here, in the MS. occurs this additional stanza :—

" If ye hae made a step aside, some hap mistake o'ertane you,
 Yet still keep up a decent pride, and ne'er o'er far demean you :
 Time comes wi' kind oblivious shade, and dally darker sets it,
 And if nae mair mistakes are made, the world soon forgets it."

Mr. Chambers well remarks, that although this verse throws a valuable light on the state of the poet's mind at this crisis, we should not desire to see it replaced in the poem from which the author excluded it in his book, as *felt to be below* the other stanzas in terseness and point.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random-sting*,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A Conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your *heart* can ne'er be wanting !
 May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In *ploughman phrase* ' GOD send you speed,'
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reckon the *rede*,
 Than ever did th' *Adviser* !

ON A SCOTCH BARD GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

[Whatever were the poet's feelings at this period, in reference to the hostility of the Armour family, he certainly made no secret of his intentions to go abroad. On July 17th, 1786, within a fortnight of the publication of his Book, he wrote thus to a friend:—"I am now fixed to go to the West Indies in October, I have already appeared publicly in church, and was indulged in the liberty of standing in my own seat: I do this to get a certificate as a bachelor, which Mr. Auld has promised me. Jean and her friends insisted much that she should stand along with me in the Kirk; but the minister would not allow it. I am very much pleased, for all that, not to have had her company."

The present humorous poem, therefore, must have been dashed off, about this time, to help the filling up of his volume. The heart of the poet had grown lighter under the excitement of preparing and superintending the printing of his poems, and the present *Lament* forms a striking contrast to that mournful poem *so named* which he had composed not three months before. He now makes a laugh at those calamities which then wrung his very soul, and perhaps, after all, his later frame of spirit is the more philosophic and wholesome of the two. The mock tenderness of the following verse is irresistible:—

"He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*,
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea."]

A' YE wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mourn wi' me
Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,*
 An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantan core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
 In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
 An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
 That's owre the Sea!

* In the MS.—"Our *billie* Rob has taen a jink."

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
 Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
 Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
 'Twad been nae plea ;
 But he was gleg as onie wumble,
 That's owre the Sea !

Auld, cantie KYLE * may weepers wear,
 An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear :
 'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders flee :
 He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
 That's owre the Sea.

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
 Lang-mustering † up a bitter blast ;
 A Jillet brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be !
 So, took a birth afore the mast,
 An' owre the Sea !

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

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin.
 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
 Wi' him it ne'er was *under hidin* ;
 He dealt it free :
 The *Muse* was a' that he took pride in,
 That's owre the Sea.

* "KYLE."—The district of *Kyle* in Ayrshire. Some editors, in deplorable ignorance, have noted this to mean *Kilmarnock* !

† "Lang-mustering."—The hyphen here is evidently a printer's error, which was corrected in subsequent editions.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera *Deil*,
That's owre the Sea.

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

* In the MS.—“*I neu fare-ye-weel, my rhymin billie*”

A DEDICATION TO G**** H***** Esq.

[The poet's connection with Mr. Gavin Hamilton, writer, Mauchline, commenced in the spring of 1784, immediately after the death of his father William Burness, when the family of the deceased removed from Lochlea to the farm of Mossgiel, of which they had obtained a sub-lease from Hamilton, who was principal tenant, under the Earl of Loudoun, the proprietor. The intimacy which sprang up betwixt the poet and his young laird had a marked effect in forming his future career. A strong similarity of taste and sentiment pervaded the minds of both, more particularly in matters of religious faith and practice; and when the latter was placed under the censure of the Kirk-Session of Mauchline for "neglect of public ordinances, and disobedience to the recommendations of the presbytery," the pen of the poet, in his friend's behalf, was wielded with unsparing energy from his own Olympus on the heights of Mossgiel. Satire after satire against Hamilton's alleged enemies, followed each other in close succession, and on these productions chiefly rested the extensive local fame of Burns, prior to the publication of his poems in July, 1786. The present production is generally regarded as one of his best, displaying—as noted by Dr. Currie—those qualities which his poetical epistles possess,—“deep insight into human nature, a gay and happy train of reflection great independence of sentiment. and generosity of heart.”

One of the couplets which compliments Hamilton as being

“The poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,”

had been made use of by the poet before, in referring to the same friend, in a poetical epistle addressed in September, 1785, to a young minister of kindred sentiments in Church matters; and in it Burns excuses himself for cracking his jest at holy men and holy things on the ground that Hamilton, “who has mair honour in his breast than scores of his persecutors,” was *sair misca'd* by them: and then he adds—

“See him, the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,—
And shall his fame and honour bleed
By worthless skellums,
And not a muse erect her head
To cove the blellums? ”

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechan, fleth'ran *Dedication*,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
Because ye're sirmam'd like *His Grace*,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, LORD be thanket, *I can plough*;

And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, LORD be thanket, *I can beg* ;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just *sic Poet an' sic Patron*.

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

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

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

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
It's naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :
Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black *Gentoos*, and Pagan *Turks*,
Or Hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The GENTLEMAN in word and deed,
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 !*

* This line was omitted in the Edinburgh Edition (1787), and has been kept out ever since.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a Brother to his back;
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door*;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstane;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter—stick to *sound* believing.

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

O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll *some day* squeel in quaking terror!
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the *sheath*;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
 While o'er the *Harp* pale Misery moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

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

So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To *dedicate* them, Sir, to YOU:

Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like *yoursel*.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
And your Petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that's a word I need na say :
For prayin I hae little skill o't ;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't ;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the CLERK !
' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
' May K*****'s * far-honor'd name
' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
' Till H*****'s, at least a diz'n,
' Are frae their nuptial labors risen :
' Five bonie Lasses round their table,
' And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able,
' To serve their King an' Country weel,
' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
With complimentary effusion :
But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if, which Pow'rs above prevent,
That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By *sad mistakes*, and *black mischances*,

* Kennedy was the surname of Hamilton's wife's family.

While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *humble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor ?
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !
 While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, through the tender-gushing tear,
 Should recognise my *Master dear*,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, Sir, your hand—my FRIEND and BROTHER.

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

[In preceding pages we have seen how much Burns could make of very humble subjects, such as the *Dogs*, the *Pet-Yowe*, the *Mouse*, and the *Auld Mare*: here we have him descending for a theme, still lower in the scale of animal life. Lowly, even repulsive as the subject is, however, he has done it ample justice, and makes it point a moral if it does not adorn his page. Only himself and Peter Pindar ever had the hardihood to introduce genteel readers to such a *crawlin*

—————"blastet wonner,
 Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,"—

adopting it as a vehicle for humorous sarcasm. Motherwell justly remarks, in reference to the closing verse, that "if poetical merit were to be determined by frequency of quotation, it would stand very high in the scale."

It is pointed out in the "*Burnsiana*" (1866), that, in an edition of Burns, illustrated by Gilbert, of which the Rev. Robert Aris Willmott is editor, the title of this poem is squeamishly veiled with a printer's dash, thus,—"*To a ——.*"]

HA ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie !
 Your impudence protects you sairly :
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre *gawze* and *lace* ;
 Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
 On sic a place.

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

EPISTLE TO J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

[This "old Scotch bard," as Burns fondly styled him, was born in 1727; so he must have been 58 years old when the poet thus addressed him. Encouraged by the success of Burns' appeal to the public in print, and still more emboldened by the flattering compliments in the present poem, bestowed on his "ae sang" therein referred to, Lapraik published from the same press, a volume of verses in 1788, as likewise did Davie Sillar, a year thereafter. Burns had hailed the latter as "brother-poet" and "Ace o' Hearts," and now he pronounces the former to be not only "a bard" but "King o' Hearts." Both of them we believe to have been good fellows in their way, else Burns could not have taken them to his bosom as he did, and we know that if our bard was tolerant of any failings his friends might possess, he was still more tolerant of the quality of their verses.]

An able reviewer of the poems of Sillar (*Contemporaries of Burns*, p. 44), admits that the Pegasus ridden by honest Davie, is sorely "bedevil'd wi' the spavie," and of Lapraik's book he says, that "with the exception of the song so much commended by Burns, few of the pieces display any approach to poetic merit." This Song, beginning—"When I upon thy bosom lean," was sent by Burns to *Johnson's Museum* in 1789, and on comparing the copy there with that in Lapraik's volume, the reader will be at no loss to discover how much that song (as now found in collections) is indebted to Burns, who has redeemed the tameness of Lapraik's copy by several exquisite touches. But our readers will scarcely be prepared now to learn that the song which "thirl'd the heart-strings through the breast" of Burns, when he heard it sung at a *rockin* in his own house on Fasten's e'en, 1785, was not by Lapraik after all! An admirable contributor to *Hogg's Instructor*, in an article on Burns (November 9th, 1850, p. 189), states that "the song of Lapraik, praised by Burns, beginning—'When I upon thy bosom lean,' is actually taken, and certainly not improved, from an elegant copy of verses which *we have seen* in an old Magazine, of a date prior to the composition of the song ascribed to Lapraik." If this be so, then "the Bard of Muirkirk" must have been an old cardsharper to play off his *odd-trick* on Burns in this manner. "The *bauld* Lapraik" indeed!—the very *Knave of Spades*, instead the "King o' Hearts"!]

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
 An' Patricks scraichan loud at e'en,
 And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
 Inspire my Muse,
 This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
 I pray excuse.

On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
 To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
 And there was muckle fun and jokin,
 Ye need na doubt;
 At length we had a hearty yokin,
 At sang about.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest,
 To some sweet wife :
It thir'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel ;
Thought I, ' Can this be *Pope*, or *Steele*,
 Or *Beattie's* wark ;'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
 About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't,
An' sae about him there I spier't ;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
 He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
 It was sae fine.

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

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

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

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

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

What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools ;
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your Grammars ?
Ye'd better taen up *spades* and *shools*,
Or *knappin-hammers*.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in *Colledge-classes* !
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
Plain truth to speak ;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek !

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

O for a spunk o' ALLAN'S glee,
Or FERGUSON'S, the bauld an' slee,
Or bright L*****K'S, my friend to be,
If I can hit it !
That would be *lear* enough for me,
If I could get it .

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

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

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
 For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair :
 Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
 They weel can spare.

But MAUCHLINE Race or MAUCHLINE Fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to *care*,
 If we forgather,
 An' hae a swap o' *rhyming-ware*,
 Wi' ane anither.

The *four-gill chap*, we'se gar him clatter,
 An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water ;
 Synne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
 To chear our heart ;
 An' faith, we'se be *acquainted* better
 Before we part.*

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
 Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
 Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
 To *catch-the-plack* !
 I dinna like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack.

* See next page, for two stanzas introduced here in the MS.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
 Whose hearts the *tide of kindness* warms,
 Who hold your *being* on the terms,
 ‘Each aid the others,’
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers!

But to conclude my lang epistle,
 As my auld pen’s worn to the grissle;
 Twa lines frae you wad gar me fistle,
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing, or whistle,
 Your friend and servant.

The two following verses, first printed in the *Reliques* (1808), from a memorandum book which had belonged to the poet, appear to have been intended to form part of the preceding Epistle; indeed, Cunningham asserts that he had seen a copy of the latter in the MS. of Burns, with these two stanzas inserted in it, between the third and fourth verse from the end, where we have placed the asterisk:—

“There’s naething like the honest nappy!
 Whaur’ll ye e’er see men sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft and sappy,
 ’Tween morn an’ morn,
 As them wha like to taste the drappy
 In glass or horn?
 I’ve seen me daez’t upon a time;
 I scarce could wink or see a styme;
 Just ae half mutchkin does me prime,
 Ought less is little,
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme
 As gleg’s a whittle!”

† The poet recorded this admired poem (with very trifling variations) in his *Common-place Book*, under date June, 1785, and these two stanzas in praise of “honest nappy,” do not appear there. But the recent recovery (1874) of the Book of unpublished poems transcribed by the poet for his friend Mr. Riddel, has revealed the fact that they originally formed part of his *Epistle to John Goldie*, dated August, 1785.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But by the L—d, tho' I should beg
 Wi' lyart pow,
 I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!

Now comes the *sax an' twentieth* simmer,
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
 Still persecuted by the limmer
 Frae year to year;
 But yet despite the kittle kimmer,
 I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the *city-gent*,
 Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
 An' muckle wame,
 In some bit *Brugh* to represent
 A *Baillie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal *Thane*,
 Wi' ruff'd sark an' glancin cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae *sheep-shank bane*,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
 As by he walks?

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

Were this the *charter* of our state,
 ' On pain o' *hell* be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to *Heav'n*, that's no the gate
 We learn our *creed*.

TO W. S*****N,

OCHILTREE.

May — 1785.

[William Simpson, to whom this beautiful Epistle is addressed, was, at the date thereof, Schoolmaster of Ochiltree. He seems, from talent as well as education, to have better merited the designation, "my rhyme-composing brither," than either Sillar or Lapraik, although he was never, like them, induced to give his effusions to the public. He removed in 1788 to Cumnock, where he discharged the duties of parish teacher with great efficiency, and died in 1815, much respected. Cunningham, Hogg, and other editors, in making reference to "W— S—, Ochiltree," have confounded him with his brother Patrick, who succeeded him as teacher there in 1788, and was still alive in 1814. It has been often remarked that Burns was partial to schoolmasters: this is plainly evinced in his loving intercourse with Murdoch, Nicol, Masterton, Cruickshanks, Clarke, and James Gray. "Indeed," remarks Cunningham, "he was social and friendly with all who had any claim to education and intelligence, with the exception of the unfortunate Dr. Hornbook."

The following passage from his early Scrap-Book, entered under August, 1784—some nine months prior to the date of this Epistle, seems to have been the poet's prose outline of the subject matter of the poem:—"However I am pleased with the works of our Scotch poets, particularly the excellent Ramsay, and the still more excellent Fergusson, yet I am hurt to see other places of Scotland, their towns, woods, rivers, haughs, &c., immortalised in such celebrated performances, while my dear native country, the ancient baileries of Carrick, Kyle, and Cuninghame, famous both in ancient and modern times for a gallant and warlike race of inhabitants—a country where civil, and particularly religious liberty, have ever found their first support, and their last asylum—a country, the birthplace of many famous philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen, and the scene of many important events recorded in Scottish history, particularly actions of the glorious WALLACE, the saviour of his country; yet we have never had one Scotch poet of any eminence to make the fertile banks of Irvine, the romantic woodlands and sequestered scenes of Ayr, and the heathy mountainous source and winding sweep of Doon, emulate Tay, Forth, Ettrick, Tweed, &c. This is a complaint I would gladly remedy; but, alas! I am far unequal to the task, both in native genius and education. Obscure I am, and obscure I must be; though no young poet's, nor young soldier's heart, ever beat more fondly for fame than mine."]

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
 Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
 Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 An' unco vain,
 Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
 Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,
 On my poor Musie;
 Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame ;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson!* thy glorious *parts*,
Ill-suited *law's* dry, musty arts !
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye waste at *cartes*
Wad stow'd his pantry !)

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

Auld COILA, now, may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten *Bardies* o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

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

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Aire* an' *Doon*,
Naebody sings.

The *Muse*, nae *Poet* ever fand her,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trottin burn's meander,
 An' no think lang ;
 O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
 Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,
 Let me fair NATURE'S face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumblin' hive,
 Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composing ' * brither !
 We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal :
 May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
 Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
 While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;
 While Terra firma, on her axis,
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

* It is very curious to observe that, in like manner as he marks in the *Vision* a line quoted from his own epistle "To J— S—," so here he has placed the words 'my rhyme composing' between inverted commas. This phrase occurs, *without* quotational marks, in the last stanza of his lament "On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies"—*my rhyme-composing billie*. That being the later composition of the two, we would rather have expected to see the inverted commas there, if the expression is quoted from himself. But the quotation is probably from Simpson's own Epistle, to which the present is a reply.

POSTSCRIPT.

[This matchless *Postscript*, of which Hogg says, "I look on this as superior to the Epistle," lets us know something of the circumstance which gave rise to the correspondence between the poet and Simpson. The satire, called *The Two Herds, or the Holy Tulzie*, which met with such a roar of applause from laymen and a certain description of the clergy, had just lately been produced and multiplied in MS. copies. One of these having found its way to the school-master of Ochiltree, he was constrained to address a versified letter to Burns, which, although not preserved, is referred to by the poet in the opening lines of his Epistle. The subject of the *Postscript*, it will be observed, has a manifest reference to that of the *Two Herds*.]

My memory's no worth a preen ;
 I had amaist forgotten clean,
 Ye bad me write you what they mean
 By this *new-light*,*
 'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans,
 At *Grammar, Logic*, an' sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
 Like you or me.

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

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

* A cant-term for those religious opinions, which Dr. TAYLOR of Norwich has defended so strenuously.—(R. B. 1786.)

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

[John Rankine was, at the date of this noted Epistle, a farmer at Adamhill, in the parish of Craigie, and not far from Lochlea, the former dwelling-place of the poet. He is described as having been a great wag—a prince of boon companions—in good terms with country gentlemen, but not in the best of terms with the stricter order of the clergy. Such a one must, of course, have been a man after Burns' own heart. Gilbert, in his narrative of the early life of his brother, says that "soon after his father's death (Feb., 1784) he was furnished with the subject of his *Epistle to John Rankine*." If Gilbert is right here, then it follows, that the "bonie hen" referred to, was Elizabeth Paton, who had been a servant in his father's house at Lochlea—the "bonnie Betty" of the *Poet's Welcome*. There is, therefore, little necessity for the following note in the "Aldine Edition" of Burns:—"Allan Cunningham considers Burns' account of the partridge, and of his being fined for poaching, a figurative allusion to the connection which produced the illegitimate child of his celebrated *Address*; but it is by no means certain that the conjecture is well founded."

It will now be expected that we say a little regarding the poet's allusions to Rankine's tricks and dreams. We are told that he made a *devil* of at least one *saunt*, by entertaining the godly man over a jug of toddy, which grew always the more potent the more it was diluted with hot water from the kettle on his host's fire; this *water*, of course, being *boiled whisky*. The version which Cunningham gives of "Rankine's Dream," as being a rebuke administered to Lord Kames, to correct his absurd custom of calling his friends "d—d brutes," is well known. But another version, or rather a counterpart of that "dream" (and the current one of the district), is, that on a certain occasion, Rankine being an invited guest at a dinner-party in the *manse*, some of the *black-coats* present were hitting him pretty hard upon some of his foibles, when, after fencing with them for a little, he affected to sink into an interval of taciturnity, which they chuckled over as a triumph. One of the company, after a pause, endeavoured to start the hare again, by enquiring in a sympathising tone, why he looked so serious to-day?—had any calamity befallen him?—and so on. Rankine replied that on the preceding night he had been troubled with a rather serious *dream*, which kept running in his mind, and damped his spirits. He was urged to tell the dream. "Oh," quoth he, "I dreamed that I was dead." "And went to heaven, of course!" interjected the minister. "Indeed, sir," continued Rankine, "you never guessed better in your life." "And what saw you there, Rankine?" shouted more than one of the company. "Oh," he replied, "I saw the angel Gabriel, and he speired whare I cam frae, and I tell him frae Ayrshire in Scotland. He then asked what news I brocht frae that part of the world, and I said there was naething worthy o' special notice, except that there had been an unco mortality of late among the clergy there. The archangel shook his head at that, and, says he, 'I'm sorry indeed, to hear such painful intelligence, for not one of them has made his appearance here.'" The effect of such a retort as this may be better conceived than narrated. Rankine, like Bunyan, could command dreams at any time it suited his purpose to go on a pilgrimage to the other world.]

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

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the world.
 —(R. B. 1786.)

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

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That *holy robe*, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

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

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

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

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *Patrick* to the *grun'*,
 A bonie *hen*,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

* A *Song* he had promised the Author.—R. B. 1786.

SONG.

TUNE—*Corn rigs are bonie.*

[The poet dates this song as belonging to the early period of his life at Lochlea, before he went to Irvine in his twenty-third year. It certainly evinces great lyrical dexterity, and from the warmth of its colouring and its reference to those social joys of which he must then have had little experience, we would be disposed to set it down as the work of a later period, had his own explicit statement regarding its date been wanting. The last verse of the song is a masterpiece of minstrel-art, the first six lines rising gradually in effect, until the climax is reached in the closing couplet. In the "Ayrshire Wreath" for 1844, an original anecdote—"Verdict of Burns on his own Poetry"—is given, the gist of which is as follows:—"The best stanza that ever I wrote, at least the one that pleases me best, and comes nearest my *beau ideal* of poetical perfection, is this—

"I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw, tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a', among the rigs o' barley."

The *Annie* of this early passion, or perhaps juvenile intrigue, is not known. *Anne Rankin*, daughter of the wag to whom he addressed the preceding Epistle, and several other *Annies* of the district, are said to have contended, in after times, for the dubious honour of having been the heroine of the song.]

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

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!

But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that night so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

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

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—*I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

[This song is identified with even an earlier period of the poet's history than the preceding one, to which it bears a marked contrast as regards all the qualities essential to a love-song, adapted for *vocal* music. Indeed, with the exception of the closing stanza, this is suited only for being *read*; and a fine composition it is of the descriptive sort. At the age of eighteen, he was sent to a school at Kirkoswald during the summer months, to learn mensuration and surveying: a certain *Peggy Thomson* lived next door to the school-house, with whom he fell in love, and the present production, he tells us, "was the ebullition of that passion." His sister, Mrs. Begg, informed Captain Charles Gray that the poet did not forget *Peggy* for several years thereafter, and so late as the period of his removal from Lochlea to Mossiel, he entertained notions of a matrimonial alliance with her. But in the course of the summer of 1784, he fell into grief about the affair which gave rise to "The Poet's Welcome," and in November of that year he wrote to his friend Thomas Orr, telling him that he was "glad to have got *Peggy* off his hands." Allan Cunningham, and his follower in the "Aldine Burns," blunder sadly in confounding *Peggy Thomson* with "Montgomerie's *Peggy*," as also with *Peggy Kennedy*, the unfortunate lady who was the subject of his pathetic song, *The Banks o' Doon*.]

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
And the moorcock springs, on whirling wings,
Amang the blooming heather:

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon shines bright when I rove at night,
To muse upon my Charmer.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells :
The Plover loves the mountains ;
The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
The soaring Hern the fountains :
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
The spreading thorn the Linnet.

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

But PEGGY dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not Autumn to the Farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely Charmer !

SONG.

TUNE—*Gilderoy*.

[Internal evidence points out this elegant lyric to be the work of the summer of 1786, and doubtless written for publication in his volume, then in course of printing. It seems too artificial in style to have been inspired by genuine passion, although annotators have pointed to more than one *Eliza*, as claiming to have been its heroine. Miss *Betty Miller*, one of the "six belles of Mauchline," and also *Eliza Barbour*, a relative of Galt the novelist, have been named, and there can be no doubt that the poet must have had some temporary *penchant* for one or other of these, as, in a letter written to his friend Smith in June 1787, on reaching Mauchline after his six months' ovation in Edinburgh, he tells him what old friends he had been visiting, and among these he mentions his "*quondam Eliza*." Cunningham's suggestion that the *Eliza* of this song, whoever she was, may have been the same "Bess" whose leg, "sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean," the bard compared with that of *Coila* in *The Vision*, is a pretty shrewd one; the only objection being that when he speaks of "my bonie Betty" in other poems, he is referring to *Elizabeth Paton*, the mother of his own "dear-bought Bess," and he notices with great respect, "her person, grace and merit." The poet was evidently much pleased with this song, for in a letter to George Thomson, he commends it to him as very suitable for the air, *Gilderoy*.]

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

Farewell, farewell, ELIZA dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !
 But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
 While Death stands victor by,
 That throb, ELIZA, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh !

THE FAREWELL.

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

TUNE—*Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

[This was also composed while his poems were at the press, in 1786. Burns became a Freemason so early as 4th July, 1781, and soon engaged with all the ardour of his nature, in the mysteries and socialities of the "sons of light." William Wallace, Sheriff of Ayrshire, Grand-Master when this "Adieu" was produced, is referred to in the closing verse. His death occurred on the 28th November, 1786. Burns, as Depute-Master, being "oft honoured with supreme command," it devolved on him to sign the minutes of the transactions of the Lodge, and it is worthy of observation that down to March 1st, 1786, his name is signed *Burness*, while after that date, it appears in the contracted form which he adopted on forming the resolution to publish his poems.]

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*
 Ye favored, *enlighten'd* Few,
 Companions of my social joy!
 Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa.

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

May Freedom, Harmony and Love
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious ARCHITECT Divine!
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *Order* bright, completely shine,
 Shall be my Pray'r when far awa.

And *YOU*, farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly that *highest badge* to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
 To MASONRY and SCOTIA dear!
 A last request, permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, *the Bard, that's far awa.*

EPITAPH ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY
 SQUIRE.

[The Epitaph and two Epigrams "On a hen-pecked Country Squire," the poet has recorded in an MS. note, were directed against Mr. Campbell of Netherplace and his wife. These were omitted by the author from the Edinburgh and all his subsequent editions, and have only been recently restored to their wonted place among the poet's productions. Burns had a strong aptitude for producing these smart and often very biting things, and is said to have been prouder of some of them than he was of better directed efforts. His predecessors in Scottish poetry—Ramsay, Penicuik, and Fergusson—had shewn a partiality for versicles of that kind, and no doubt he seems to have felt it necessary to show some samples of his skill in the same way; but he never published more than those given in his first volume, although, as we shall by and bye see, he is the reputed author of scores of others.]

As father Adam first was fool'd,
 A case that's still too common,
 Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
 The devil rul'd the woman.

EPIGRAM ON SAID OCCASION.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
 Whom we, this day, lament!
 We freely wad exchang'd the *wife*,
 An' a' been weel content.

Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff,
 The *swap* we yet will do't;
 Tak thou the Carlin's carcass aff,
 Thou'se get the *saul o' boot*.

ANOTHER.

ONE Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
 When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well,
 In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
 She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.

But Queen N*****, of a diff'rent complexion,
 When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
 Would have *eat* her dead lord on a slender pretence,
 Not to show her respect, but—to *save the expence*,

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

[The poet has entered this in his "common-place book," under date "April, 1784," and calls it—"Epitaph for William Hood, senr., in Tarbolton." He was a shoemaker of penurious habits, and he talked eloquently about 'saving grace.']

HERE Sowter **** in Death does sleep;
 To H—ll, if he's gane thither,
 Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
 He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

[This person was James Humphrey, a jobbing mason, and a fluent controversialist on matters which were far beyond the reach of his intelligence or understanding. He is said to have boasted that he had defeated the poet in a discussion regarding "the final perseverance of the saints," and here Burns has recorded his "opinion" of the *champion*. Humphrey died so recently as 1844, in the Fail Poors' House, at the advanced age of 86; and to his last he held himself out for notice as Burns' "bleth'ran bitch." At same time, when he could obtain a patient hearing, he would whisper to his auditory, that *revenge* dictated the poet's abusive lines; because one day he met Burns on the high-road, who hailed him with the common question—"What news the day, Humphrey?" "News," quoth the mason, "have ye no' heard that the Deil's dead?—And what's mair, the supreme council o' Hell has elected a successor; and wha d'ye think he is?" "I cannot imagine," said the poet. "Od man," said Humphrey, "by a sweeping majority, they've chosen RAB MOSSGIEL!"]

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes;
 O Death, it's my opinion,
 Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b—tch,
 Into thy dark dominion!

ON WEE JOHNIE.

Hic jacet wee Johnie.

[This sarcastic epitaph was well known to have been a hit at John Wilson, the printer of his first volume. The poet appears to have considered him a soulless body; yet, although "Johnie" unconsciously printed his own *hic jacet*, he long survived the composer of it, maintaining a very respectable position in his own line. The works which he printed were numerous, and, in their typographical appearance would not have disgraced the press of the present day. John Wilson, about 1791, removed his printing establishment to Ayr, entering into partnership with his brother Peter, by whom it was managed, while John still for a time kept on the book shop in Kilmarnock. They published a number of volumes; and, in 1803, founded the first Ayrshire newspaper—the present *Ayr Advertiser*. John realized a competency; and, at his death in 1821, left a small mortification (of an odd nature), for Educational purposes, to the town of Kilmarnock, where for some time he held the office of Magistrate.]

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnie;
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

[These beautiful lines are inscribed on the head-stone over the grave of good William Burness, in the old Kirk-yard of Alloway, a locality made famous by the genius of his son Robert. Few who have read Currie's memoir of the bard, will have overlooked that eloquent passage in the contribution made thereto by old Murdoch, who after depicting the character of the poet's father, thus concludes:—"O for a world of men of such dispositions! I have often wished, for the good of mankind, that it were as customary to honour and perpetuate the memory of those who excel in moral rectitude, as it is to extol what are called heroic actions; then would the mausoleum of the friend of my youth overtop and surpass most of those we see in Westminster Abbey!"]

O YF whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;
' For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'*

FOR R. A. Esq.

[An elegant compliment to his friend and early patron, Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, to whom the *Cotter's Saturday Night* is inscribed.]

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

[A most characteristic tribute to the worth of the poet's early friend and associate, Gavin Hamilton, writer in Mauchline, regarding whom, see the *Dedication*, page 98, *ante*.]

THE poor man weeps—here G——N sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd :
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *d——'d*!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

[This touching poem formed the appropriate FINIS to the wonderful volume which was ushered from the Kilmarnock Press in July, 1786. How critical detraction is here disarmed by the modesty and wisdom of the author, who in such choice language writes down so true an estimate of his own character, and preaches to us such a solemn and salutary lesson from the text of his own failings!]

Is there a whim-inspir'd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near ;
And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

POEMS AND SONGS

ADDED TO THE FOREGOING BY THE AUTHOR,

IN HIS NEW EDITION PUBLISHED AT

EDINBURGH IN APRIL, 1787.

DEDICATION.

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious Names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors?—The Poetic Genius of my Country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the *plough*; and threw her inspiring *mantle* over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

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

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

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, April 4, 1787.

P O E M S ,
CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

[On the authority of the poet's own note, and also a memorandum by Gilbert Burns, we learn that this admirable satire and well-told tale was composed in the spring of 1785. The author, then resident at Mossgiel, had been attending a meeting of St. James' Lodge of Freemasons at Tarbolton, of which John Wilson, the parish-school teacher, was a Brother. The dominie then eked out his small income by keeping a grocery shop, where he sold drugs as well as edibles, and announced by a card in his window, that he gave "medical advice gratis." He took every opportunity of expatiating on his self-acquired skill as a practitioner, and so disgusted Burns on the night referred to, with his Esculapian twaddle, that on his way home he conceived the present composition, and next day, while working with his brother in the fields, he recited the poem, very much like that which he afterwards published.

Not long after the poem was given to the public, Wilson removed to Glasgow in consequence of some dispute with the heritors of Tarbolton regarding his salary; and his career in Glasgow, first as a teacher and afterwards as session-clerk of the Gorbals parish, was very successful. He is said to have himself attributed this success in a great measure to the interest which attached to him as being the subject of the present poem. He died in easy circumstances in 1839.

Wordsworth has observed that at the period when Burns wrote this story, "he had very rarely been intoxicated, or perhaps much exhilarated by liquor; yet how happily does he lead his reader into that track of sensations! and with what lively humour does he describe the disorder of his senses and the confusion of his understanding, put to the test by his deliberate attempt to count the horns of the moon!

'But whether she had three or four, I cou'd na tell;'

when behold, a sudden apparition disperses this disorder, and in a moment chills him into self-possession! Coming on no more important mission than the grisly phantom was charged with, what mode of introduction could have been more efficient or appropriate?"]

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,
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend,*
And nail't wi' Scripture.

* Altered, in 1794, to "A rousing whid, at times, to vend."

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* does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
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.’

‘ 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,
 ‘ And mony a scheme in vain’s been laid,
 ‘ To stap or scar me;

* This rencounter happened in seed-time 1785.—(R. B. 1787.)

† An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.—(R. B. 1787.)

‘ Till ane Hornbook’s * taen up the trade,
 ‘ And 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*,†
 ‘ And ither chaps,
 ‘ The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
 ‘ And pouk my hips.

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

‘ 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.

* 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.—(R. B. 1787.)

† *Buchan's Domestic Medicine*.—(R. B. 1787.)

' Ev'n them he canna get attended,
 ' Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
 ' Just sh— 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 an' bonie,
 ' Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the pleugh;
 ' They'll ruin *Johnie!*'

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

* The grave-digger.—(R. B. 1787.)

- ‘ Whare I kill’d ane, a fair strae-death,
‘ By loss o’ blood, or want o’ breath
‘ This night I’m free to tak my aith,
 ‘ That *Hornbook’s* skill
‘ Has clad a score i’ their last claith,
 ‘ By drap and 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,
 ‘ And 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 pay’d 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 *twal*,
 Which rais'd us baith :
 I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
 And sae did *Death*.

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B***** Esq., AYR.

[Mr. John Ballantyne, banker in Ayr, to whom this interesting and amusing poem is inscribed, was Dean of Guild, and afterwards Provost of the Burgh. It seems to be allowed that to his exertions the community of Ayr were chiefly indebted for the building of the New Bridge, commenced in May, 1786, and completed in November, 1788. Mr. Robert Aiken, writer, had introduced the poet to Mr. Ballantyne, and in one of the bard's letters to the former, written early in October, 1786, we find the first mention of the present poem: he says—"There is scarcely any thing hurts me so much in being disappointed of my second edition, as not having it in my power to show my gratitude to Mr. Ballantyne by publishing my poem of 'The Brigs of Ayr.'" It appears that efforts had been made to induce Wilson to bring out a more extensive edition of the poems—for every copy of the Kilmarnock issue had been bought up; but cautious "Johnie," who could poorly appreciate the value of the musings that he had been a means of giving to the world, declined to risk the price of paper for 1000 copies—the number proposed for the second edition. This sum (£27) the poet found it impossible to raise, and Gilbert informs us that Mr. Ballantyne at length offered to advance any necessary sum; but, at the same time, recommended him to make Edinburgh the place of publication, which, as all the world knows, he did shortly thereafter.]

Robert Fergusson's poetical Dialogue between *The Plainstones and Causeway*, and his other poem called *The Two Ghaists*, have evidently suggested the plan of this production of Burns.]

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
 Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
 The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
 Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,
 The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
 Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
 Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
 To hardy Independence bravely bred,
 By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?

Or labour hard the panegyric close,
 With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
 No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
 Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
 Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
 Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
 When B***** befriends his humble name,
 And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
 And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
 Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
 Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils,
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
 The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
 Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season; when a simple Bard,
 Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of *Ayr*,
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,

He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
 And down by *Simpson's* * wheel'd the left about :
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
 He wander'd out he knew not where nor why.)
 The drowsy *Dungeon-clock* † had number'd two,
 And *Wallace Tow'r* † had sworn the fact was true :
 The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e ;
 The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree :
 The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,
 Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.——

When, lo ! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
 The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard ;
 Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
 Swift as the *Gos* ‡ drives on the wheeling hare ;
 Ane on th' *Auld Brig* his airy shape uprears,
 The ither flutters o'er the *rising piers* :
 Our warlock Rhymer instantly descri'd
 The Sprites that owre the *Brigs of Ayr* preside.
 (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
 And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;
 Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
 And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
 The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face :
 He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
 Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
 That he, at *Lon'on*, frae ane *Adams* got ;
 In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
 Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head.
 The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;

* A noted tavern at the *Auld Brig* end.—(R. B. 1787.)

† The two steeples.—(R. B. 1787.) ‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.—(R. B. 1787.)

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guideen——

AULD BRIG.

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

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense ;
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
 Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonie *Brigs* o' modern time ?
 There's men of taste wou'd tak the *Ducat-stream*,†
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk ! puff'd up wi' windy pride !
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;
 And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
 I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shapeless cairn !
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;
 When from the hills where springs the brawling *Coil*,
 Or stately *Lugar's* mossy fountains boil,

* Altered, in 1794, to—

“ Tho' faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see,
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle.”

† A noted ford, just above the *Auld Brig*.—(R. B. 1787.)

Or where the *Greenock* winds his moorland course,
 Or haunted *Garpal** draws his feeble source,
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from *Glenbuck*,† down to the *Ratton-key*, ‡
 Auld *Ayr* is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea ;
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gunlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG.

Fine *architecture*, trowth, I needs must say't o't !
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves :
 Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the *second dread command* be free,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
 Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
 That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion :
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
 And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection !

* The banks of *Garpal Water* is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy scaring beings, known by the name of *Ghaists* still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—(R. B. 1787.)

† The source of the river of *Ayr*.—(R. B. 1787.)

‡ A small landing-place above the large key.—(R. B. 1787.)

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy *Proveses*, an' mony a *Bailie*,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;
 Ye dainty *Deacons*, an' ye douce *Conveeners*,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;
 Ye godly *Councils* wha hae blest this town ;
 Ye godly *Brethren* o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your *hurdies* to the *smiters* ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye *godly Writers* :
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degen'rate race !
 Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
 In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story :
 Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;
 But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
 The herryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d *new Brigs* and
Harbours !

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle :
 But, under favor o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
 In *Ayr*, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
 To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal :
 Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;

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

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
 No man can tell; but, all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd:
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
 While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had *M^cLauchlan*,* thairm-inspiring Sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with Highland
 rage;
 Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.—(R. B. 1787.)

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye :
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the *Feal* wild-woody coverts hide :
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of *Stair* :
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple *Catrine*, their long-lov'd abode :
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
To Rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of Death,
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

THE ORDINATION.

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

[On Feb. 27, 1786, the poet penned a letter to his companion, John Richmond, then in Edinburgh, in which *inter alia*, he says—"I have been very busy with the Muses since I saw you, and have composed among several others, *The Ordination*, a poem on Mr. Mackinlay's being called to Kilmarnock." This bold satire, like the *Twa Herds*, the *Holy Fair*, the *Kirk's Alarm*, and some others, was composed in ridicule of the rigid Calvinism of the *orthodox*, or *Auld Light* party in the Kirk of Scotland, and in commendation of the Arminianism, if not Socinianism of the *Moderate* or *New Light* party, to which the poet had become attached. The people of Kilmarnock had long rejoiced, and do still rejoice in the reputation of being staunch to the true blue colour of the *Covenant flag*, abhorring patronage as the pestilence, and prizing as pure gold, the privilege

"That gives the brutes the power themselves to choose their herds."

But so far back as the year 1764, when Burns was but five years old, the feelings of the faithful in "Auld Killie" had been outraged by what was considered a wanton exercise of patronage on the part of the then Earl of Glencairn, who presented the Rev. Wm. Lindsay, a confirmed *Moderate*, to the Laigh Kirk. The induction of this minister was the occasion of a riot and a rising in the town of Kilmarnock, which resulted in some criminal trials and punishment of offenders. But above all, the affair was marked by the composition of a satirical ballad against Lindsay and his party, which is referred to by Burns in the second stanza of the present poem and relative foot-note. This "scoffing ballad," which is still preserved, was the production of a waggish shoemaker, named Hunter.

Mr. Lindsay of the Laigh Kirk died in 1774, and was succeeded by the Rev. John Mutrie, another *New Light* preacher, who died in the course of the year 1785, and his death closed the career of "cauld moderation" in the Laigh Kirk of Kilmarnock. Lord Glencairn, on the occasion of this vacancy, filled it up to the satisfaction of the *Old Light* party, by putting in "one of the right sort," namely, the Rev. James Mackinlay, whose appointment occasioned the present poem. To the foot-note of the poet, regarding "Maggie Lauder," Mr. Robert Chambers, in his Edition of Burns (1838), made the following *addendum*:—"Mr. Lindsay, ordained to the Laigh Kirk in 1764, was the first *Moderate* clergyman known in the place. He was supposed to have obtained the appointment through the influence of his wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Lauder, who had been housekeeper to the Earl of Glencairn, patron of the kirk: hence the scoffing ballad to which the poet refers."

The following is the reference to this matter in Hunter's ballad of 1764:—

"But some folk had it in their head
His Lordship wad mak nae sic speed
If Maggie Lauder had been dead.—Good people, hear my ditty.
This as it may, I canna tell,
Glencairn he kens it best himsel',
His reason thus the kirk to fill.—Good people, hear my ditty."]

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge ar' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;

Swith to the *Laigh Kirk*, ane an' a',
 An' there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to *Begbie's* in a raw,
 An' pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ; *
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 An' Russell sair misca'd her :
 This day M'Kinlay taks the flail,
 An' he's the boy will blaud her !
 He'll clap a *shangan* on her tail,
 An' set the bairns to daud her
 Wi' dirt this day.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre,
 An' lilt wi' holy clangor ;
 O' double verse come gie us four,
 An' skirl up the Bangor :
 This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
 Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
 For Heresy is in her pow'r,
 And gloriously she'll whang her
 Wi' pith this day.

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

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr L—— to the *Laigh Kirk*.—(R. B. 1787.)

† Genesis, ch. ix. vers. 22.—(R. B. 1787.)

‡ Numbers, ch. xxv. vers. 8.—(R. B. 1787.)

§ Exodus, ch. iv. vers. 25.—(R. B. 1787.)

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

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

Nae mair by *Babel's streams* we'll weep,
 To think upon our *Zion* ;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin :
 Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
 And o'er the thairms be tryin ;
 Oh, rare ! to see our elbucks wheep,
 And a' like lamb-tails flyin
 Fu' fast this day !

Lang, *Patronage*, wi' rod o' airn,
 Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
 As lately *Fenwick*, sair forfairn,
 Has proven to its ruin :
 Our Patron, honest man ! *Glencairn*,
 He saw mischief was brewin ;
 And like a godly, elect bairn,
 He's wal'd us out a true ane,
 And sound this day.

Now Robinson harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab for ever ;
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever ;
 Or, nae reflection on your lear,
 Ye may commence a Shaver ;
 Or to the *Netherton* repair,
 And turn a Carpet-weaver
 Aff-hand this day.

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

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

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

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
 Come bouse about the porter!
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair find quarter:
 M'Kinlay, Russell, are the boys
 That Heresy can torture;
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise,
 And cowe her measure shorter
 By th' head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,
 To ev'ry *New-light** mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion:
 If mair they deave us wi' their din,
 Or Patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion
 Like oil, some day.

THE CALF.

To the Rev. Mr ———, on his text, MALACHI, ch. iv. vers. 2.—'And they shall go forth, and grow up, like CALVES of the stall.'

[The preacher was the Rev. James Steven, afterwards of the Scotch Church in London, and ultimately minister of Kilwinning in Ayrshire. On the morning of the same day on which poor Jean Armour was delivered of the poet's twin-children, namely, Sunday, 3rd September, 1788, he had called for Gavin Hamilton on his way to the church at Mauchline, and that gentleman being indisposed to go, requested the poet to bring him back a note of the sermon. He called on returning, and produced the poem almost *extempore*. The verses are very clever, but recklessly severe; for the author could have no personal dislike to this victim of his satirical propensity. The appellation of *The Calf* seems to have stuck to the decent preacher throughout his life.]

RIGHT, Sir! your text I'll prove it true,
 Tho' Heretics may laugh;
 For instance, there's yoursel just now,
 God knows, an unco *Calf*!

* See note page 117.

And should some Patron be so kind,
As bless you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
Ye're still as great a *Stirk*.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
You e'er should be a *Stot!*

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

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

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

THE VISION.

STANZAS INTRODUCED AT CLOSE OF DUAN FIRST, IN THE AUTHOR'S SECOND EDITION, AND RETAINED THEREAFTER AS A PORTION OF THE TEXT.—See *ante*, page 44.

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

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

HIS COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR,† mark him well!
 Bold *Richardton's* ‡ heroic swell;
 The Chief on *Sark* § who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And *He* whom ruthless Fates expel
 His native land. ||

* The Wallaces.—(R. B. 1787.)

† William Wallace.—(R. B. 1787.)

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.—(R. B. 1787.)

§ Wallace Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought *anno*, 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.—(R. B. 1787.)

|| Here, in the Stair MS., four suppressed stanzas are introduced. (See p. 159.)

SUPPRESSED STANZAS OF "THE VISION."

[The poet in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop of 15th January, 1787, refers to the foregoing seven stanzas, a copy of which he encloses to her with these words:—"I have not composed anything on the great Wallace, except what you have seen in print and the enclosed, which I will print in this edition. When I composed my *Vision* long ago, I had attempted a description of Kyle, of which these stanzas are a part as it originally stood." The entire poem, in the poet's handwriting, is inserted in a MS. of ten leaves, which he transcribed and presented to Mrs. Stewart of Stair about the month of August, 1786. Besides *The Vision*, it contains *The Lass of Ballochmyle*, and six other pieces not printed in the Kilmarnock edition, then just published. This interesting manuscript, which the grandson of Mrs. Stewart sold to the late John Dick, bookseller in Ayr, is not to be confounded with another MS. collection which the poet presented to the same lady in 1791, containing the song, *Craigieburn Wood*, and other pieces. We will afterwards refer to this collection, which is still in the possession of William Allason Cuninghame, Esq., of Logan House.

Chambers properly observes regarding the suppressed stanzas of *The Vision*:—"It is a curious and valuable document, but for an unexpected reason, namely, its proving what might otherwise have been doubted, that Burns was not incapable of writing weakly. The whole of the unedited stanzas are strikingly of this character; but perhaps there is, after all, a second and a greater importance in the document, as showing how, with the capability to write ineffectively, his taste was so unerring as to prevent him from publishing a single line that was not fitted to command respect, for every one of the poor stanzas has been thrown out on his sending the poem to the press."]

With secret throes I marked that earth,
That cottage, witness of my birth; *
And near I saw, bold issuing forth
 In youthful pride,
A Lindsay, race of noble worth,
 Famed far and wide.

Where, hid behind a spreading wood,
An ancient Pict-built mansion stood,
I spied, among an angel brood,
 A female pair;
Sweet shone their high maternal blood,
 And father's air. †

An ancient tower ‡ to memory brought
How Dettingen's bold hero fought;
Still far from sinking into nought,
 It owns a lord
Who [far in western] § climates fought,
 With trusty sword.

* Here the poet shows a remarkable forecast of the after interest taken by the public in the "cottage of his birth."

† Sundrum.—(R. B.) Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum being married to a sister of Colonel Montgomery of Coilsfield, Burns felt a great interest in the family. Misses Lillias and Margaret Hamilton were the female pair referred to.

‡ Stair.—(R. B.)

§ These words are written over the original in another hand.

Among the rest I well could spy
 One gallant, graceful, martial boy,
 The sodger sparkled in his eye,
 A diamond water;
 I blest that noble badge with joy
 That owned me *frater*.*

Near by arose a mansion fine,†
 The seat of many a muse divine;
 Not rustic muses such as mine,
 With holly crowned.
 But th' ancient, tuneful, laurelled Nine,
 From classic ground.

I mourned the card that Fortune dealt,
 To see where bonie Whitefoords dwelt; ‡
 But other prospects made me melt,
 That village near; §
 There Nature, Friendship, Love I felt,
 Fond-mingling dear.

Hail! Nature's pang, more strong than death!
 Warm friendship's glow, like kindling wrath!
 Love, dearer than the parting breath
 Of dying friend!
 [Not even] || with life's wild devious path,
 Your force shall end!

The power that gave the soft alarms,
 In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms,
 Still threatens the tiny-feathered arms,
 The barbèd dart,
 While lovely Wilhelmina warms
 The coldest heart. ¶

Where Lugar leaves his moorland plaid,**
 Where lately Want was idly laid,
 I markèd busy, bustling Trade,
 In fervid flame,
 Beneath a patroness's aid,
 Of noble name;

While countless hills I could survey,
 And countless flocks as well as they;
 But other scenes did charms display,
 That better please,
 Where polished manners dwelt with Gray
 In rural ease. ††

* Captain James Montgomery, Master of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton, to which the author has the honour to belong.—(R. B.)

† Auchinleck.—(R. B.) The poet here pays a compliment to the Boswell family, and particularly to the biographer of Johnson.

‡ Ballochmyle. The Whitefoords were at this time parting with the property. § Mauchline.

|| Originally written "only."

¶ A compliment to Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, the "Bonie Lass of Ballochmyle."

** Cumnock.—(R. B.)

†† Mr. Farquhar Gray.—(R. B.)

Where Cessnock pours with gurgling sound,*
And Irwine, marking out the bound,
Enamoured of the scenes around,
 Slow runs his race.
A name I doubly honoured found,†
 With knightly grace.

Brydone's brave ward, I saw him stand,‡
Fame humbly offering her hand;
And near his kinsman's rustic band,§
 With one accord,
Lamenting their late blessed land
 Must change its lord. ¶

The owner of a pleasant spot,
Near sandy wilds I did him note: ¶
A heart too warm, a pulse too hot,
 At times o'erran;
But large in every feature wrote,
 Appeared the man.**

* Auchinskieth. † Caprington.—(R. B.) Cunningham of Caprington, Bart.

‡ Colonel Fullarton.—(R. B.)

§ Dr. Fullarton.—(R. B.)

¶ This stanza is partly preserved in the text.

¶ Orangefield.—(R. B.) Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Ayr, was an active patron of Burns.

** The same compliment is paid to James Smith, in the Epistle to J—— S——, page 35.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

*My Son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some ryies o' caff in;
So near a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.*

SOLOMON.—Eccles. ch. vii. vers. 16.

[It is not easy to determine the precise period when this master-performance was conceived and executed: had it been written before midsummer of 1786, it surely would not have been excluded from his Kilmarnock volume. There is much of stern, humiliating truth in the train of thought pursued in the poem, which was a favourite one with the author: indeed, we find in his early Common-place Book, under date March, 1784, the following passage, which is really the first rough-draught of the poem:—"I have often observed, in the course of my experience of human life, that every man—even the worst—has something good about him; though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason, no man can say in what degree any other person besides himself can be, with strict justice, called wicked. Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us, examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening—how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of such temptation; and, what often, if not always, weighs more than all the rest, how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all:—I say, any man who can thus think, *will scan the failings—nay, the faults and crimes of mankind around him, with a brother's eye.*"

The above remarks were penned shortly after his father's death, when the consequences of his own irregularity of conduct were about to bring him under the censure of those who considered it to be their duty

"To mark and tell their neebours' fauts and folly: "

and in July, 1786, when he had again to go through the ordeal of a public rebuke in his parish kirk for some more of his "donsie tricks and black mistakes," it is very probable that he set about weaving the foregoing philosophic musings into his best homespun verse.]

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass dounce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals ;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But cast a moment's fair regard
What maks the mighty differ ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

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

See Social-life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking :
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences ;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D-mnation of expences !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor *Frailty* names,
Suppose a change o' cases ;

A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman ;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human :
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *Why* they do it ;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis *He* alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias :
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.

TAM SAMSON'S * ELEGY.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—

POPE.

[Burns became acquainted with the hero of this admired production, while superintending the printing of his poems in Kilmarnock during the spring or summer of 1786. The first mention we have of it is in a letter to Robert Muir, dated 18th Nov., 1786:—"Enclosed you have *Tam Samson*," as I intend to print him. I am thinking for my Edinburgh expedition on Monday or Tuesday come se'ennight, for *pos*." Thomas Samson, nurseryman, Rosebank, Braehead, Kilmarnock, belonged to a circle of the poet's early patrons in that town: he subscribed and aided in procuring subscriptions for the Ayrshire edition, and his name is on the subscription-list for two copies of the Edinburgh edition. A daughter of Mr. Samson was married to one Sandy Patrick, landlord of "The Bowling-green House," a noted tavern or public-house at the foot of Back Street, famed for its superior drink, especially its home-brewed *cap ale*, which the old sportsman used to drink with Burns and other cronies after a day's shooting.

Mr. Archibald M'Kay, in his excellent *History of Kilmarnock*, has, from a sure authority, given the real origin of the present poem. The poet, in company of Charles Samson (the sportsman's nephew) and others, was enjoying a caup of ale one evening in *Sandy's* house, when Charles remarked that his uncle was out later at the sport than usual, and made reference to the sportsman's wish "to die in the muirs" which the poet has recorded in a foot-note. Burns soon became thoughtful, and thereafter was seen pencilling something down on a piece of paper. By-and-bye Mr. Samson arrived hale and hearty, and in the course of the evening the poet produced and read a few verses of the famous *Elegy*. All present were surprised and delighted with what they heard; but the sportsman himself, while he felt the force of the bard's compliments and the exquisite truth of his description, could not help remarking, that if the poem were published his friends would never believe that he was still *leevin*. Burns took the hint, and in a few minutes gratified the company by reading aloud the *Per Contra*, which set them all in a roar, and put new life and mettle into the good old soul who was the subject of the verses.

The names of two preachers who are contrasted together are introduced in the opening verse—Mackinlay and Robertson, who figure also in *The Ordination*. Mr. M'Kay, above quoted, points out the curious coincidence that the "weel-worn clay" of Tam Samson, which was interred in the Low Church burying-ground in December, 1795 (aged 72,) reposes in close proximity to the remains of these two ministers. Robertson died in 1798, and Mackinlay survived till 1841, but they all occupy one spot in the churchyard, as they do one stanza in the poem—the dust of the opposing preachers being separated from that of the sportsman by only a few inches of ground. The words of the *Epitaph* in the text are inscribed on Mr. Samson's headstone.]

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the Deil?
Or great M'Kinlay † thrawn his heel?
Or Robinson ‡ again grown weel,
To preach an' read?

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muir-fowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his *Elegy* and *Epitaph*.—(R. B. 1787.)

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million.—(R. B. 1787.) *Vide The Ordination*, page 152.

‡ Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing.—(R. B. 1787.) For him see also *The Ordination*, stanza 9.

' Na, waur than a' ! ' cries ilka chiel,
' *Tam Samson's* dead !'

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh an' sob,* an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed ;
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane,
Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren o' the mystic *level*
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead ;
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock ;
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome spied,
Wha will they station at the *cock*,
Tam Samson's dead ?

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

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

Rejoice, ye birring Patricks a' ;
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouselly craw ;
Ye Maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
Withoutten dread ;

* Changed to "sab" in 1794.

Your mortal Fae is now awa',
 Tam Samson's dead!

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

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

Owre monie a weary hag he limpit,
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide;
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
 Tam Samson's dead!

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

* Here, in 1793, the author introduced the following characteristic verse:—

“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!”

When August winds the heather wave,
 And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three vollies let his mem'ry crave
 O' pouter an' lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,
 Tam Samson's dead!

Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be!
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
 Yet what remead?
 Ae social, honest man want we:
 Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.

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

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
 Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' *Killie*,†
 Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin,
 For yet, unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,
 Tam Samson's livin'!

* The Ettrick Shepherd, in 1834, has the following note on this poem:—"This has always been a great country favourite. From 20 to 30 years ago, you could not have met a lad or boy in Scotland who could not have rhymed over to you *Tam Samson's Elegy*. I cannot resist pointing out some of those peculiarly happy expressions here, which tend to give the poems of Burns their zest:—

'Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel.'—

It is impossible for any expression to excel this; the picture of the curling, too, is inimitable.

'And eels weel kend for souple tail.'—

I never heard anybody read or repeat this without laughing.

'Ye maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw.'—

We actually see the hare flinging up her short tail disdainfully.

'In vain the burns cam down like waters,
 An acre braid!'—

What a picture of a flooded burn! Any other poet would have given us a long description; but Burns dashes it down in a style so graphic, no one can mistake it."

† *Killie* is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.—(R. B. 1787.)

A WINTER NIGHT.

*Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these—*

SHAKESPEARE.

[This is another of those pieces which the author must have had "on the stocks" and unfinished at the time of his *Kilmarnock* publication. Amid many exquisite touches of tenderness, there is in it much of the gloomy grandeur of "Man was made to Mourn." In the following withering passage, we at once recognise the hand that wrote the two stanzas of that Dirge commencing with—"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight":—

"—————pamper'd Luxury
Surveys her Property extended wide,
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind
Whose toil upholds the glittering show—
A creature of another kind—
Some coarser substance unrefin'd,
Placed for her lordly use thus far—thus vile, below!"

The bard has headed this production with a motto from *King Lear's* sublime exclamations during the storm on the heath, at the door of the hovel, and the poem throughout shows that he had been studying Shakespeare: indeed, the passage commencing—"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!" is little else than a fine paraphrase of the famous song on "Man's Ingratitude" in *AS YOU LIKE IT*:—

"Blow, blow, thou bitter wind! thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude!
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky! thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so sharp
As friends remember'd not!"

Carlyle's remarks on this poem are worth quoting:—"How touching is it, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him, that even amid the storm he thinks of 'the ourie cattle, the silly sheep, and the wee helpless birdies!' yes, the tenant of the mean, lowly hut has the heart of pity for all these. This is worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy; for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy: his soul rushes forth into all the realms of being: nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him.]"

WHEN biting *Boreas*, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When *Phæbus* gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreaths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong huri.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

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

Now *Phœbe*, in her midnight reign,
Dark-muff'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow-solemn, stole—

- ' Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
- ' And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
- ' Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows!
- ' Not all your rage, as now, united shows
 - ' More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
 - ' Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
- ' Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!

‘ See stern Oppression’s iron grip,
 ‘ Or mad Ambition’s gory hand,
 ‘ Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
 ‘ Woe, Want, and Murder o’er a land!
 ‘ Ev’n in the peaceful rural vale,
 ‘ Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 ‘ How pamper’d Luxury, Flatt’ry by her side,
 ‘ The parasite empoisoning her ear,
 ‘ With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 ‘ Looks o’er proud Property, extended wide;
 ‘ And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
 ‘ Whose toil upholds the glitt’ring show,
 ‘ A creature of another kind,
 ‘ Some coarser substance, unrefin’d,
 ‘ Plac’d for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below !

‘ Where, where is Love’s fond, tender throe.
 ‘ With lordly Honor’s lofty brow,
 ‘ The pow’rs you proudly own ?
 ‘ Is there, beneath Love’s noble name,
 ‘ Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
 ‘ To bless himself alone !
 ‘ Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
 ‘ To love-pretending snares,
 ‘ This boasted Honor turns away,
 ‘ Shunning soft Pity’s rising sway,
 ‘ Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray’rs !
 ‘ Perhaps, this hour, in Mis’ry’s squalid nest,
 ‘ She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 ‘ And with a Mother’s fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

‘ Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
 ‘ Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 ‘ Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
 ‘ Whom friends and fortune quite disown !
 ‘ Ill-satisfy’d, keen Nature’s clam’rous call,
 ‘ Stretch’d on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 ‘ While thro’ the ragged roof and chinky wall,
 ‘ Chill, o’er his slumbers, piles the drift heap !
 ‘ Think on the Dungeon’s grim confine,
 ‘ Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !

- ‘ Guilt, erring Man, relenting view !
 ‘ But shall thy legal rage pursue
 ‘ The Wretch, already crushed low
 ‘ By cruel Fortune’s undeserved blow ?
 ‘ Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress ;
 ‘ A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !’

I heard nae mair, for *Chanticleer*
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail’d the morning with a cheer,
 A cottagerousing crew.

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

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION

AS THE POEM ENTITLED

“ A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.”

[These stanzas are given in the Stair MS. under the title of “ Misgivings of Despondency on the approach of the Gloomy Monarch of the Grave.” Our head-note to its companion Prayer, at page 87, will apply to this also ; but we cannot resist the impulse to refer here to the interesting sketch by John Brown, M.D. (author of “ Rab and his Friends,”) entitled, “ Pet Marjorie : a Story of Child Life Fifty Years ago,” (1863.) This clever little girl, related to the Keiths of Ravelston, was a great favourite of Sir Walter Scott, and was rather suddenly cut off by *measles* when about nine years old, on 19th December, 1811. She had a wonderful gift for reciting poetry, even of the highest order, and on the evening before her death,—we give the narrative in Dr. Brown’s words,—“ her father being present in the room, she said, ‘ Father, I will repeat something to you : what would you like ?’ He said, ‘ Just choose for yourself, Maidie.’ She hesitated for a moment between the paraphrase, ‘ Few are thy days, and full of woe’ and a poem by Burns, called ‘ A Prayer in the prospect of Death,’ beginning,

‘ Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?’—

a remarkable choice for a child. She sat up in bed, worn and thin, her eye gleaming as with the light of a coming world, and with a tremulous voice repeated these three impressive stanzas—heavy with the shadow of death, and lit with the phantasy of the judgment-seat.”]

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene ?
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms ?
 Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between ;
 Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms :

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way;
Again in Folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controuling 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!*

* Altered, in 1794, to "powers to be."

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE
 AUTHOR LEFT THE FOLLOWING
 VERSES
 IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

[This "Reverend Friend" was George Lawrie, D.D., minister of Loudoun, who, at this time, was 57 years old. A note, dated Mossgiel, 13th November, 1786, addressed by the poet to Mr. Archibald (afterwards Rev. Dr.) Lawrie—referred to in the verses as the

"Darling youth, in manhood's dawning blush,"

gives us some idea of the date of the verses, as the following words in the note evidently refer to them:—"A poet's warmest wishes for the happiness of the young ladies, particularly the fair musician, whom I think much better qualified than ever David was, or could be, to charm an evil spirit out of a Saul. Indeed, it needs not the feelings of a poet to be interested in the welfare of one of the sweetest scenes of domestic peace and kindred love that ever I saw, as I think the peaceful unity of St. Margaret's Hill can only be excelled by the harmonious concord of the Apocalyptic Zion."

Gilbert Burns, in his notes, says, "The first time ever Robert heard the spinnet played was at the house of Dr. Lawrie, minister of Loudoun. Dr. Lawrie had several accomplished daughters; one of them played the spinnet; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept."

Dr. Lawrie had sent a copy of the Kilmarnock volume to Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh, and the blind bard replied, in a letter dated September 4th, 1786, in terms of enthusiastic admiration of the poems in that volume, and recommending a second edition. It appears that Dr. Lawrie some time thereafter communicated the contents of this letter to Burns, who thus refers to it in his autobiography:—

"My chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Dr. belonged to a set of critics, for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion, that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction."]

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

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long be pleas'd to spare;
 To bless his little filial flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 O bless her with a Mother's joys,
 But spare a Mother's tears!

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

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
 Guide Thou their steps always.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
 A Family in Heaven!

THE FIRST PSALM.

[This, and the two following pieces, are evidently juvenile productions, apparently composed while resident at Irvine, in 1781. He refers to such early efforts in a letter to Richard Brown, his sailor friend, with whom he became intimate in Irvine. Writing in December, 1787, he says,—“Do you recollect a Sunday we spent together in Eglinton woods? You told me, on my repeating some verses to you, that you wondered I could resist the temptation of sending verses of such merit to a magazine. It was from this remark I derived that idea of my own pieces, which encouraged me to endeavour at the character of a poet.”]

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

Nor from the seat of scornful Pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
 Which by the streamlets grow;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

[In the poet's Scrap-Book, of March, 1784, this piece is entered under the following head-note:—"There was a period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed the following:"]—

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

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

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

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE
NINETIETH PSALM.

[This is a little more successful than the attempt to paraphrase the First Psalm, although neither of them, in poetical merit, comes up to the versions of these Psalms in the common Scottish Psalter.]

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

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at Thy command:

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before Thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!'

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

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

TO MISS L——,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

JAN. 1, 1787.

[The poet appears to have sent a copy of Beattie's Poems from Edinburgh to the sister of Major Logan, resident in Ayr, to whom he had addressed a poetical epistle on 30th October previous, in which he refers to Miss Logan as his "sentimental sister Susie."]

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our Sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps too true;
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you.

TO A HAGGIS.

[This noted production was composed within a fortnight after the poet's arrival in Edinburgh, and was printed in the pages of the *Caledonian Mercury*, December 20th, 1786. Hogg assures us that it was produced almost extempore, at dinner, within the house of Mr. Andrew Bruce, merchant, Castlehill, there.

It is usual to have this Scotch dish at the anniversary celebrations of the poet's birth, and a very savoury viand it is, although unsafe to eat much of. Allan Cunningham treats of its component parts in the following way:—"Pray, sir," said a man from the south, 'why do you boil it in a sheep's bag; and, above all, what is it made of?'—"Sir," answered a man of the north, 'we boil it in a sheep's bag because such was the primitive way before linen was invented; and as for what it is made of, I dare not trust myself to tell—I can never name all the savoury items without tears; and surely you would not have me expose such weakness in a public company.'"

Galt records in his autobiography, that he sat next the Duke of York at one of the poet's anniversary dinners, when his royal Highness was attracted by the savoury steam issuing from a Scotch haggis. It was evidently ill-made—the bag dingy—altogether an ugly, flabby trencher full of fat things. "Pray, what dish is that?" inquired the Duke. "A boiled pair of bagpipes!" gravely replied Galt, who dearly relished a joke in his own quiet way. The dish was soon ordered off the board.]

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

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

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

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

[This universally admired piece could not fail to assist in giving the poet's name a *lift* in the Scottish capital. He has omitted to notice none of the specialities of which Edinburgh is so justly proud, not even its charitable institutions being passed over without a compliment. He enclosed this poem along with another piece unnamed, to Mr. William Chalmers, writer, Ayr, so early as 27th Dec., 1786, thus showing the rapidity with which he had composed it; for he had then been only three weeks in the city. He says, "I enclose you two poems, which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. One blank in the *Address to Edinburgh*, 'Fair B——,' is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." This beautiful creature died in 1789. We will afterwards refer to her in connection with an Elegy which Burns composed on the occasion.]

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

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

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
 With open arms the Stranger hail;
 Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale:
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim;
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!

Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine !

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

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

Wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply *my Sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led !

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

SONGS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.*

A BALLAD.

[It is curious that the poet never corrected the defective grammar in the first line of this ballad: his posthumous editors, however, have almost universally done this for him. There can be no doubt that Burns liked the antique euphony of *was* in this line, otherwise he must have changed it in the course of his various revisals. Sometimes bad grammar is a positive beauty: Shakespeare indulged in it; and the Ettrick Shepherd declared that his favourite song, "Meet a bonie lassie when the kye *comes* hame," was murdered on one occasion by an attempt to correct the grammar in singing it.

The ancient ballad on which this is founded is printed in Robert Jamieson's *Ballads* (1806,) taken from a black-letter copy in the Pepys' Library.]

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.
—(R. B. 1787.)

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

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

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

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

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

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

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

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

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

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
 Each man a glass in hand ;
 And may his great posterity
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland.

A F R A G M E N T .

TUNE—*Gillicrankie*.

[This is a rustic ballad, on the American War of Independence, which the poet might well have omitted from his printed works, for the only notice it elicited was from Dr. Hugh Blair, who remarked that, "the ploughman bard's politics smell of the smithy."]

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

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
 I wat he was na slaw, man ;
 Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
 And *Carleton* did ca', man :
 But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
 Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
 Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor *Tammy Gage* within a cage
 Was kept at *Boston-ha'*, man;
 Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
 For *Philadelphia*, man:
 Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
 Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
 But at *New-York*, wi' knife an fork,
 Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
 Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man;
 Then lost his way, ae misty day,
 In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
 An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
 But *Clinton's* glaive frae rust to save
 He hung it to the wa', man.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guilford* too,
 Began to fear a fa', man;
 And *Sackville* doure, wha stood the stoure,
 The German Chief to thraw, man:
 For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
 Nae mercy had at a', man;
 An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
 An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game;
 Till Death did on him ca', man;
 When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to Gospel law, man:
 Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
 They did his measures thraw, man,
 For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,
 An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man:

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man ;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

Behind the throne then *Grenville's* gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While slee *Dundas* arousd' the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' *Chatham's* wraith, in heav'nly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !
' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

But, word an' blow, *North, Fox, and Co.*
Gowf'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
Till *Suthron* raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man :
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood,
To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

SONG.

TUNE—*My Nanie, O.*

[This is noticed by the author as having been composed before he went to Irvine, in his twenty-third year. Be this as it may, it is the very perfection of a rustic love-song, and no after effort of his ever surpassed it in delicacy of sentiment, truthful simplicity, and beauty of versification. He well knew its merits, for in his early Scrap-Book, under date 1784, in referring to his own critical skill in distinguishing foppery and conceit from real passion and nature in love-verses, he adds, "Whether *My Nanie O* will stand the test, I will not pretend to say, because it is my own; only, I can say it was at the time genuine from the heart."

Annotators have in vain puzzled themselves to find a heroine for it. No doubt he had a living model, but it does not necessarily follow that her name must have been *Nannie*. The air is one of the divinest of Scotland's melodies, and the name "*Nanie, O*" being identified with it, no versifier of taste would ever dream of composing words for it which closed otherwise than with the familiar refrain. Allan Cunningham and others, from a misreading of the construction of the opening stanza, have set it down as evident that the *Nannie* of Burns must have dwelt in Carrick, where the *Girvan* and the *Stinchar* flow through moors and mosses: even Mrs. Begg suggested Peggy Thomson of Kirkoswald, as the charming inspirer; but when the poet, in the 7th and 8th lines, says—

"I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie O,"

he is not referring to the "hills" of the opening line of the song. It is the "wintry sun" and not the *lover* who closes the day "behind yon hills where *Stinchar* flows." In short, the young ploughman lover, at the close of the brief winter's day, sees from Lochlea, the sun set behind the Carrick hills, and this is his signal to don his plaid and steal out to his tryste with *Nannie*.]

BEHIND yon hills where *Stinchar* flows,*
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to *Nanie, O.*

The westlin wind blaw's loud an' shill;
'The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to *Nanie, O.*

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

* In 1792, the post gave George Thomson liberty to adopt this song in his collection, and to alter the name of the river to *Lugar* for the sake of euphony; observing, at same time, that *Girvan* would better suit the idea intended.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

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

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

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

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

[This is one of the most characteristic of all Burns' songs, although one of his earliest. In August, 1784, he sets it down in his Commonplace-Book, with some rambling remarks on "the various species of young men," whom he divides into two classes—"the grave and the merry." The former he reckons to be those who are either "goaded on by the love of money," or else "whose darling wish it is to make a figure in the world," and the latter he notes as "the jovial lads, who have too much fire and spirit to have any settled rule of action, but without much deliberation follow the strong impulses of nature."

"I do not see," he adds, "that the turn of mind and pursuits of such a one as the following verses describe,—who steals through the vale of life, amusing himself with every little flower that fortune throws in his way, is, in the least, more inimical to the sacred interests of piety and virtue: I do not see but he may gain heaven as well as he who, straining straight forward, and perhaps bespattering all about him, gains some of life's little eminences, where, after all, he can only see and be seen a little more conspicuously than he whom, in the pride of his heart, he is apt to term the poor, indolent devil he has left behind him.]"

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,*
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

THERE'S nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

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

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

* Altered, in 1793, to "spent," which necessarily involves another change in next line: "Are" must then be "Were."

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :
 The wisest Man the warl' saw,*
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Green Grow, &c.

[Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O,
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
Green Grow, &c.]

[N.B.—This verse is not contained in the copy inserted in the poet's first commonplace book; therefore, the presumption is that he added that crowning stanza while in Edinburgh.]

SONG.

TUNE—*Jockey's Gray Breeks.*

[This (leaving out the absurd chorus) is a very exquisite production, and seems to point to the period when *The Lament*, *Despondency*, and *Ode to Ruin* were composed. The similarity between the sixth verse and a well-known passage in the *Mountain-Daisy* is very noticeable; and a like similarity between the two closing lines of the preceding verse and a passage in *Gray's Elegy* is also apparent:—

“One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill.”

“Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps, the dew away.”]

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS. †

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

* In 1794, the author changed this to “warl' e'er saw.”

† This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.—(R. B. 1787.)

‡ *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.—(R. B.) 1787.)

§ This, beyond all the songs of Burns, is spoiled by the chorus; and the best of it is, he tells us that the chorus is not his own, but put in to gratify a friend.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring ;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

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

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And ev'ry thing is blest but I.

The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

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

The editor is much inclined to suspect that the *chorus* objected to for its disturbing effect, was really a portion of another song by Burns himself, referring to Jean Armour, and that the first line of the chorus was originally "And maun I still on Jeanie doat?" In all descriptions given of Mrs. Burns' personal appearance, her black eyes seem to have been the distinguishing features. Her lips were thin, and the mouth not finely formed ; yet the partial over sung of her " Tempting lips and roguish een."

SONG.

TUNE—*Roslin Castle.*

[Professor Walker, who was introduced to Burns in Edinburgh shortly after his arrival there, at the close of the year 1786, says, "I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished poems, and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it had been composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr. Lawrie's family, after a visit which he expected to be the last, and on his way home had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. His mind was strongly affected by parting for ever with a scene where he had tasted so much elegant and social pleasure; and, depressed by the contrasted gloom of his prospects, the aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn: the wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and long spear-grass, which bent before it: the clouds were driving across the sky; and cold, pelting showers at intervals, added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame of mind, Burns composed his poem."]

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The Hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatt'red coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, pressed with care,
 Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly:
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
 Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The Wretched have no more to fear:
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
 My peace with these, my love with those—
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

SONG.

TUNE—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly, &c.*

[This is not a happy production, although, doubtless, it would pass very well among his youthful companions at Tarbolton, when the table was in a roar, after a Lodge Meeting. It looks more like an attempted imitation of an English song, than a spontaneous burst of the author's genius. He tells us that a Collection of English Songs was his *vade mecum* wherever he went, and in a standard Collection, dating from the year 1751, called "Yair's Charmer," we find (at page 293, Vol. I.) a song which very likely was in Burns' eye as a model. We also see a trace of the same model in one of the last songs he ever composed—the one beginning, "Awa' wi' your witchcraft." Take the following sample:—

"My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
 But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown;
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
 Yet lilies and roses are conquered by time ;
 But in wine, from its age such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better, the older it grows.

She, too, might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife ;
 But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring—
 And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing."]]

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

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

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his horse;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

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

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

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge:

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed † with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.—(R. B. 1787.) † Altered, in 1793, to "harassed."

CONCLUDING NOTE ON EDINBURGH EDITION.

(BURNS' FIRST WINTER IN THE CITY.)

We have some reason to think that Tuesday, 5th December, 1786, was the date of the poet's arrival in Edinburgh, notwithstanding Dr. Chambers makes it a week earlier. He was still in Mauchline on 20th November. On 18th November, he says in a note to Robert Muir, "I am thinking for my Edinburgh expedition on Monday or Tuesday se'night, for *pos.*"—(27th and 28th Nov.) We know that he left Ayrshire by way of Muirkirk, and spent some time with his friends on the road; and his letter to Ballantyne from Edinburgh, dated Wednesday, 13th December, 1786, distinctly says, "I arrived here on Tuesday was se'night,"—which should mean the 5th. On the 6th, he may have written his (undated) published letter to Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, wherein he says, "The noble Earl of Glencairn took me by the hand *to-day,*" &c. On the 7th, he wrote to Gavin Hamilton, in which letter he says, "My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. Erskine, have taken me under their wing. My subscription bills come out to-morrow." These letters disprove the statement quoted by Chambers from the little masonic *brochure*, called *A Winter with Robert Burns*, that the poet, on the evening of the 7th, attended at a meeting of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, and was there introduced by Mr. Dalrymple to the *Past-Master*, the Honourable Harry Erskine, and also to Lord Glencairn. Indeed, there is not a shadow of evidence in the minutes of that Lodge to show that Burns was ever within its walls till 1st Feb., 1787, on which occasion he was "unanimously assumed a member of that Lodge." Another meeting (the last of the season) was held on 1st March, at which Burns is said to have been present, and to have been formally inaugurated as *Poet-Laureate* of that Lodge; but there is no record of all this in the minutes of the Lodge, and, consequently, Mr. Stewart Watson's well-known picture of that spectacle may be no more than a piece of innocent mythology.

At same time, in endeavouring to fix the precise date of the poet's arrival in Edinburgh, let us admit that he may, in announcing to Ballantyne on 13th Dec. the fact of his having arrived "on Tuesday was se'night," have meant *Tuesday, a fortnight past*; and it is not inconsistent with probability that Burns may have left Mossgiel early on the morning of Monday, 27th November, on horseback—slept the first night at Covington Mains, near Biggar, and reached Edinburgh on the evening of the 28th. By adopting this view, we allow the poet more time to see Mr. Dalrymple—carry his letter of introduction to Lord Glencairn, and obtain that nobleman's influence with the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, referred to in his letter, of 7th December, to Hamilton.

SONGS PRODUCED BY BURNS,

IN THE FIRST FOUR VOLUMES OF "JOHNSON'S SCOTS MUSICAL MUSEUM,"

FROM 22ND MAY, 1787, TO 13TH AUGUST, 1792.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Our poet, during the spring of 1787, while engaged with his own Second Edition, appears to have been introduced to Mr. James Johnson, music-engraver in Edinburgh, by Mr. Wm. Dunbar, W.S., styled, "Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles." Among the last letters that Burns ever penned, was one to Mr. Johnson, in which he says, "Your work is a great one, and though, now that it is nearly finished, I see, if we were to begin again, two or three things that might be mended, yet I will venture to prophesy, that to future ages, your publication will be the text-book and standard of Scottish song and music." So early as 4th May, 1787, the poet addressed a letter to Johnson, before leaving Edinburgh, in which are these words, "Farewell, my dear Sir! Had my acquaintance with you been a little older, I would have asked the favour of your correspondence, as I have met with few people whose company and conversation gave me so much pleasure; because I have met with few whose sentiments are so congenial to my own."

Mr. David Laing, in his preface to the edition of Johnson's Work, produced under his superintendence in 1839, remarks as follows:—"The *Musical Museum* was a work so congenial to the poet's mind, that it evidently had a decided effect in directing his efforts more exclusively to song-writing. Burns, from the period of his acquaintance with Johnson, ought to be considered not merely as a contributor, but as the proper and efficient editor of the work. He not only contributed a large number of original songs, expressly written for it, but he applied to every person likely to render assistance, and while visiting different parts of the country, diligently gleaned fragments of old songs, hitherto unpublished, which he completed with additional lines or stanzas as might be required."

In a letter from the poet to Wm. Dunbar (7th April, 1788), occurs the following passage referring to Johnson's work:—"When I meet with an old Scots air that has any facetious idea in its name, I have a peculiar pleasure in following out that idea for a verse or two." This observation of the bard throws light on many "snatches of song" found intermixed with the lyrics furnished by him for that work, and now laid before the reader in the same order in which they were originally given to the world.

It may be as well here to indicate upon what authority several songs and lyrical fragments, which appear in the *Museum* without any distinguishing mark, are attributed to Burns, and included among his acknowledged productions.

The poet, in one of his letters, says—"The songs marked Z in the *Museum*, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but, in fact, little more than the chorus, of a good many of them, is ancient, though there is no reason for telling everybody this piece of intelligence." A much more definite guidance than this however, is supplied to us in the many interesting notes on Scottish Song which the poet inserted in an interleaved copy of the first four volumes of the *Museum*, which belonged to his friend Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, and in the course of these remarks he generally noted what anonymous songs and additions to lyrics, there printed, had been composed by himself. Where that source of information stops short, we farther have the authority of Mr. Wm. Stenhouse for attaching Burns' name to several pieces and snatches of song scattered throughout the *Museum*, that had been otherwise unacknowledged. Mr. Stenhouse, who was an accountant in Edinburgh, and compiler of a set of Tables of Interest and Exchange, still highly valued, was an enthusiast in Scottish music, and a personal friend of Johnson the publisher of the *Museum*, and of Clarke the organist, who harmonized the airs in that work. Johnson died in 1811, and a few years thereafter, the whole of the music-plates of the *Museum*, and the manuscripts and copy connected therewith, were purchased from his widow by Mr. Wm. Blackwood, bookseller who engaged Mr. Stenhouse to supply elaborate notes and illustrations for a new edition of Johnson's work. These interesting notes were in type in 1821, but from some unexplained cause, the publication of the work was delayed for several years, (Mr Stenhouse having meanwhile died in 1827.) In 1839, however, the new edition of Johnson was published by William Blackwood & Sons, and besides containing all Mr. Stenhouse's illustrations, it was further enriched by notes, preface, and introduction by Mr. David Laing, assisted by Mr. C. K. Sharpe, a distinguished connoisseur in such matters.

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—*Loch Eroch-side.*

[This stands No. 78 in the work, with Burns' name attached, immediately preceded by another song of his—*Green Grow the Rashes*—already given at page 190. This is a very beautiful lyric, and has a remarkable history attached to it. Miss Peggy Kennedy, was the daughter of a landed proprietor in Carrick, to whom the poet was introduced while she was on a visit to a friend in Mauchline, during the autumn of 1785. She was then a blooming girl of 17, and appeared to be the betrothed bride of Captain Maxwell, the youthful representative of the oldest and richest family in Galloway. Burns, in the warmth of his admiration, addressed a respectful letter to her enclosing the present song, "as a small though grateful tribute for the honour of her acquaintance." But, alas! the poet's prayer that the "Pow'rs of Honor, Love, and Truth" might defend her from every ill, was not to be realized. Cunningham tells us that "this beautiful and accomplished creature fell a victim to her passion for M'Douall of Logan." It was about the time of the poet's leaving Ayrshire for Edinburgh, at the close of autumn, 1786, that the sad story of this hapless daughter of beauty began to be talked of; and ere he reached the metropolis, he seems to have composed, in reference to her fate, his never-dying lyric, *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.*]

YOUNG Peggy blooms our boniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning:
 Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer die has grac'd them;
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
 When feather'd pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming spring unbends the brow
Of surly, savage winter.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain
Her winning pow'rs to lessen;
And fretful Envy grins in vain,
The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honor, Love and Truth,
From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly-favor'd Youth
The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—*Maggy Lauder.*

[This is song 98 in Johnson. No author's name is attached to it, and no one, from internal evidence, could ever judge it to be the work of Burns; but it would seem that the verses were furnished by our poet, and that the MS. is still in existence. Mr. Stenhouse explicitly tells us that it is the work of Burns.

There is a verse on the same subject, and similarly treated, in "Yair's Charmer" (1751, Vol. I.) with Charles Coffee's name attached:—

"Ye gods, you gave to me a wife,
Out of your grace and favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her:
But if your providence divine,
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your will, at any time,
I'm ready to resign her!"]

I MARRIED with a scolding wife
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We liv'd full one-and-twenty years,
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowèd well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder,
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

BONIE DUNDEE.

[These euphonious words suggest more than any actual view of that hive of industry itself could do, seen from any point of the compass. Thoughts of old ballad-poetry and primitive melody are wakened up thereby; indeed, in the whole catalogue of Scottish airs, there is not one more deliciously flowing than that of *Bonie Dundee*—not the tune to which Sir Walter Scott's *Bonnets of Bonie Dundee* is sung—an excellent air too, yet modern, but the fine old melody which was selected by Hector M'Neil for his ballad, *Mary of Castlecary*, so frequently produced in popular concerts even yet. Burns was much attached to this tune, and while at the convivial board of an early Edinburgh associate, Mr. Robert Cleghorn, farmer, Saughton Mills, in the spring of 1787, he heard the old song warbled in such a style that he regretted the want of more suitable words, so he took an early opportunity to construct the following sweet verses, in which the opening four lines of the original ballad are preserved. He enclosed the song to Cleghorn, with the following note:—"Dear Cleghorn,—You will see by the above that I have added a stanza to *Bonie Dundee*. If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

'Upon a ten-string'd instrument, and on the Psaltery.'"]

O WHAR did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?*

O silly blind body, O dinna ye see;

I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,

Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!

Aft has he doudl'd me up on his knee;

May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,

And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet, wee lippie!

My blessin's upon thy bonie e'e brie!

Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie,

Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,

Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;

And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,

And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

* In the Burns Monument at Edinburgh is preserved a letter addressed to Burns by the Earl of Buchan on 1st February, 1787. On the fly leaf the poet has scrawled in pencil (from Cleghorn's singing, we presume), the first eight lines of the song. The first verse varies thus:—

"O whar gat ye that happer-meal bannock?"

SONGS PRODUCED IN VOL. II. OF "MUSICAL MUSEUM," FEB. 14, 1788.

It may be noted here, that the spirited Preface to Vol. II. of the *Museum* dated March 1, 1788, bears evident marks of Burns' hand. Notwithstanding that date, however, the poet on 14th Feb., 1788, forwarded a copy to the Rev. John Skinner, and in his accompanying letter he says—"The 2nd volume of the songs I mentioned to you in my last is published to-day. I send you a copy," &c.

TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

[This is No. 103 of Johnson, without indication of authorship; but the poet says in his MS. notes—"The chorus of this song is old, the rest is mine.—Here, once for all, let me apologise for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words, and, in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together anything nearly tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent."]

My heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonie, westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go,
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town
To warp a plaiden wab ;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
To the weavers, &c.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom ;
He took my heart as wi' a net
In every knot and thrum.
To the weavers, &c.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.
To the weavers, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonie, westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me thro' the glen.
To the weavers, &c.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel'!
To the weavers, &c.

WHISTLE, AN' I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

[This is the first sketch of one of Burns' most popular songs. Here he contents himself with stringing away at one line in the second half of the stanza, to fill up the measure of the tune; but in August, 1793, he resumed the theme and worked out the song, for George Thomson's collection, in a most satisfactory manner.]

O WHISTLE, an' I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad:
Though father and mither should baith gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs, and let naebody see;
And come as ye were na coming to me,
And come as ye were na coming to me.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

[The author's note is as follows:—"The chorus of this song is old; the rest of it, such as it is, is mine." The air is very sprightly and characteristic, and the song, having been dressed up a little since Burns' time, to suit polite ears, became very popular by the singing of opera favourites some thirty years ago, and still keeps its place.]

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir,
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.

CHORUS.

I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir,
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

TUNE—*Birks of Abergeldie.*

[The author notes here—"I composed these stanzas standing under the Falls of Moness, at or near Aberfeldy." This, as we learn from the diary he kept of his northern tour, was on Thursday, 30th August, 1787. It is regarded as one of his best lyrics, and sings enchantingly to its proper air, sung as a duet in slowish time, when the counter-tenor is taken by a male voice well managed.]

CHORUS.

*Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldie?*

Now Simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant-spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonie lassie, &c.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

[James M'Pherson, a Highland freebooter, who was executed at Banff in November, 1700, is said to have been an excellent violinist, and composer of the striking air to which these words are set. There still exists, in old collections, a ballad which was produced at the period, and shews some spirit, but can never compare with the wild stanzas that Burns puts into the mouth of the daring desperado. September, 1787, is, doubtless, the date of this composition.]

FAREWELL, ye dungeon's dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie !
 M'Pherson's time will not be long,
 On yonder gallows-tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntonly gae'd he :
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath ?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

[Published anonymously in Johnson, but the poet, in his MS. note, says—“This was a composition of mine *in very early life*, before I was at all known in the world.” The reader on turning to our head-note of the *Epistle to a Young Friend*, at page 91, will find some details of the circumstances which gave rise to the present lyric and others on the same subject, namely, his “Highland Mary,” around whose living history he contrived to throw such a shroud of mystery. The present song has all the character of a *farewell* effusion, and in sentiment corresponds precisely to that other lyric which, in 1792, he offered to George Thomson, beginning—“Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,” and which was rejected as being in quality beneath the standard of his publication. The present song, however, is even more humble as regards poetical pretensions: Indeed, the contrast between the quality of those strains which the poet produced under the influence of his Mary “in the days of her flesh” (who was almost unknown in Ayrshire), and those impassioned lyrics that were inspired by “Mary, dear departed shade,” whose image stands, and will ever stand pictured in the mental vision of Burns’ every reader—and when shall these have an end?—is very striking.

The “Prayer for Mary,” given at page 23, vol. 2nd, although not composed was *adopted* by Burns with reference to her. All the three lyrics shew that it was the poet’s intention, at the close of Autumn, 1786, to leave Mary in Scotland behind him, while he proceeded to the West Indies, in the expectation of returning for her after making his fortune abroad:—

“For her I’ll dare the billow’s roar;
For her I’ll trace a distant shore;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.”

The poet concludes his affecting note on this production, with these words:—“At the close of autumn she crossed the sea (from the West Highlands) to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.”]

NAE gentle dames, tho’ ne’er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse’s care;
Their titles a’ are empty show;
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi’ right gude will,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

O were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland Lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea ;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I love my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar ;
For her I'll trace a distant shore ;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret truth and honor's band !
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.

Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O !
Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O !
To other lands I now must go
To sing my Highland Lassie, O !

THO' CRUEL FATE SHOULD BID US PART.

TUNE—*The Northern Lass.*

[It is very remarkable that this exquisite little fragment appears in Johnson's pages in *juxta-position* with the preceding: it has the author's name attached, while the other is unacknowledged. The subject of this is Jean Armour, and, as before observed at page 73, is evidently the progenitor of the poet's honeymoon song of 1788,—“Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.” Gilbert Burns informs us that “one fair enslaver generally reigned paramount in his brother's affections; but as Yorick's love flowed out towards Madame de Q—— at the remise door, while the eternal vows of Eliza were upon him, so Robert was frequently encountering other attractions, which formed so many under-plots in the drama of his love.” Gilbert also very *naively* remarks that “there was often a great disparity between his fair captivator and her attributes.”

Here then, in the pages of Johnson, we have *Jean* and *Mary*, who really seem to have reigned in his bosom at one time, set over against each other as counterfoils. Who will take upon him to say which of these “fair enslavers” was the subject of the “under-plot in the drama of his love”? In the present piece, as in the preceding song, he contemplates a lasting separation, with howling deserts and oceans roaring between himself and the object of his affections;—but “many waters cannot quench love;”—her “dear idea round my heart shall tenderly entwine” for ever!—

“She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret Truth and Honor's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.”]

THO' cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

STAY, MY CHARMER, CAN YOU LEAVE ME.

TUNE—*An Gille dubh ciar dhubh.*

[These words were written as a vehicle for preserving a plaintive Gaelic air, which attracted him in the course of his northern tour, in the autumn of 1787. It is called *An Gilleaah dubh*; or, *The Black-haired Lad*. Burns' name is given as the author.]

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
Well you know how much you grieve me:
Cruel charmer, can you go!
Cruel charmer, can you go!

By my love so ill requited ;
 By the faith you fondly plighted ;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
 Do not, do not leave me so !
 Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

[The poet's MS. note says of the present lyric—"This air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But, to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*." The words are descriptive of the feelings of James Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, who, after his father's death at Culloden, wandered among the mountains of the north, till he escaped with several other followers of "bonie Prince Charlie" to France, and died in exile.]

THICKEST night, surround my dwelling !
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave.
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of Right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honor's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens deny'd success :
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE.

[Although Burns does not acknowledge the authorship of these lines, there can be no doubt they are his; and Stenhouse assures us they are so. They were written for the purpose of preserving its characteristic air, which was picked up by Stephen Clarke, from the crooning of an old woman, at Moss-poul, in Liddisdale. All she could tell about it, was that she had been taught it when a child, and it was called, "What will I do gin my Hoggie die?"]

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie die,
 My joy, my pride, my Hoggie,
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And vow but I was vogie!
 The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;
 We heard nought but the roaring linn,
 Amang the braes sae scroggie.
 But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
 The blitter frae the boggie,
 The tod reply'd upon the hill,
 I trembled for my Hoggie.
 When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
 The morning it was foggie;
 An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

 JUMPIN JOHN.

[This has been given as Burns' in several editions of his songs; but Stenhouse says that it is merely a fragment of the old humorous ballad, with some verbal corrections by our poet.]

HER Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad,
 Forbidden she wadna be:
 She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

CHORUS.

The lang lad they ca' jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie,
 The lang lad they ca' jumpin John
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty gude shillin's and three;
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.
 The lang lad, &c.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

[The poet says—"The chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine." The air is one of Scotland's oldest and best: it was a great favourite with Mary Stuart, wife of William III., who, after listening to Purcell's music on one occasion till it made her yawn with fatigue, asked Mrs. Hunt the vocalist, then present, to sing her the fine old Scots ballad, *Up in the morning early*. Purcell felt so chagrined at this preference, that in the next Royal birth-day song (that for the year 1692) he composed an air to the words—

"May her bright example chase
 Vice in troops out of the land;"

and the bass part of the harmony is, note for note, this very Scots tune.]

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CHORUS.

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning's, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—*Morag*.

[This is part of the fruits of the poet's northern tour with Nicol in September, 1787. Somewhere in the course of that journey—most probably at Kilravock Castle—he was smitten with the beauty of the Gaelic air *Morag* (or Marion), sung by the lips of a refined minstrel. In February, 1788, he presented Mrs. Rose of Kilravock with the first two vols. of Johnson; and in his accompanying letter he says:—"Every air worth preserving is to be included: among others I have given *Morag*—and some few Highland airs which pleased me most—a dress which will be more generally known." The day after his visit to Kilravock, Burns crossed the Spey to Fochabers, and on the strength of his having been introduced to the Duchess of Gordon in the preceding winter, he paid a visit to Gordon Castle, leaving his companion Nicol at the Inn of Fochabers. He there met with a warm reception and invitation to remain, but on Nicol's account, he could not avail himself of the Duke's kindness. On 20th October thereafter, he enclosed the present song on "Bonie Castle Gordon" to Mr. James Hoy, the Duke's librarian, who, in his reply, said:—"Your song I showed without naming the author, and it was judged by the Duchess to be the production of Dr. Beattie. I sent a copy of it, by her Grace's desire, to a Mrs. M'Pherson in Badenoch, who sings *Morag*, and all other Gaelic songs, in great perfection. When the Duchess was informed that you were the author, she wished that you had written the verses in Scotch."

The reader will observe that the verses really have a sprinkling of Scotch thrown among them; but we must point out that along with the present song the bard forwarded another composition in pure English on the subject of *Castle Gordon*, commencing—"Streams that glide in orient plains," which reads like a paraphrase from the Gaelic; but the measure and accentuation are totally different from the stanzas which suit the air of *Morag*. The "Highland Rover" alluded to was the young chevalier, Prince Charles Edward Stuart. So passionately fond was Burns of this air, that he afterwards wrote one of his tenderest love-songs to suit it, commencing—"O wha is she that loes me."]

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover,
 Far wanders nations over.

CHORUS.

Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden :
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonie Castle Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blythely singing,
 And every flower be springing.

Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty Warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonie Castle Gordon.

DUSTY MILLER.

[This is not acknowledged by Burns in his notes, but his touches are so discernible, that the old ditty which was its foundation has almost entirely disappeared. Stenhouse points it out as "a fragment of the old ballad, with a few verbal alterations by Burns."]

HEY, the Dusty Miller,
And his dusty coat,
He will win a shilling,
Or he spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
Dusty was the colour,
Dusty was the kiss
That I got frae the Miller.

Hey, the dusty Miller,
And his dusty sack ;
Leeze me on the calling
Fills the dusty peck :

Fills the dusty peck,
Brings the dusty siller ;
I wad gie my coatie
For the dusty Miller.

I DREAM'D I LAY, &c.

[The poet has noted that he composed these verses when he was 17 years old. This takes us back to the period when his father was struggling to get rid of the unprofitable farm of Mount Oliphant, where the future poet was reared from the age of seven to that of eighteen. He describes this period thus in his autobiography:—"My father, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour: his spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more; and to weather these two years, we retrenched our expenses and lived very poorly. A novel-writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with satisfaction, but so did not I: my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears." Gilbert adds:—"I doubt not but the hard labour and sorrow of this period of his life was, in a great measure, the cause of that depression of spirit with which Robert was so often afflicted through his whole life afterwards."

These were the circumstances under which the crushed spirit of the youthful Burns was prompted to express itself in the language of the following effort. But let not the reader imagine that the lyric art can be acquired by intuition, without patient culture and close study of earlier models. The poet mentions his obligations to a collection of songs, chiefly English, which had early fallen into his hands, and was his *vade mecum* wherever he went: this may have been either that called *The Blackbird*, 1764,—*The Lark*, 1765,—or *The Charmer*, 1765; for in each of these will be found a copy of the first set of Mrs. Cockburn's beautiful song,—*The Flowers of the Forest*, which undoubtedly was the model that Burns had in his eye when he penned the present verses. The following note, comparing parallel passages in each of the pieces, was supplied by the writer hereof to Mr. R. Chambers in 1850, who used it to illustrate the present production of Burns in his edition of the poet's Life and Works, then in the press:—

"Glittering in the sunny beams."—Mrs. C.

Gaily in the sunny beam.—BURNS.

"Grow drumly and dark."—Mrs. C.

Swelling, drumlie wave.—BURNS.

"Loud tempests storming before the mid-day."—Mrs. C.

Lang or noon loud tempests storming.—BURNS.

"O fickle Fortune, why this cruel sporting."—Mrs. C.

Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me.—BURNS.

"Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me."—Mrs. C.

I bear a heart will support me still.—BURNS.]

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam;
 List'ning to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling, crystal stream:
 Straight the sky grew black and daring;
 Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd ;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming—
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Tho' fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill ;
 Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me—
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

DUNCAN DAVISON.

[This piece bears the mark "Z"—indicating "old song with corrections or additions;" but Stenhouse assures us that it is the composition of Burns, although he did not openly choose to avow it.]

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was driegh, and Meg was skieglu,
 Her favour Duncan could na win ;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between :
 But Duncan swoor a haly aith
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin'-graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen ;
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink and no be drunk,
 A man may fight and no be slain ;
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,
 And ay be welcome back again.

THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY.

TUNE—*Ruffian's Rant.*

[This air, otherwise called *Roy's Wife*, was a special favourite with Burns; and in the course of his northern tour, he composed the present song, as well as that which immediately follows, to suit that tune. Theniel, or Nathaniel Menzies, we have no account of; but we find the poet passed by Castle Menzies on Thursday, 30th August, and next day he visited Neil Gow at Inver, when, no doubt, the present subject would be suggested.]

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
 As day was dawin in the sky,
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.

CHORUS.

Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary;
 Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
 Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
 Her haffet locks as brown's a berry;
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies', &c.

We lap and danc'd the lee-lang day,
 Till Piper lads were wae and weary:
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay
 For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.
 Theniel Menzies', &c.

A' THE LADS O' THORNIE-BANK.

TUNE—*Ruffian's Rant*.*

[In about a week after his interview with Neil Gow, the poet passed along "the shore o' Bucky" on his return-route. No doubt the echo of the *Ruffian's Rant* from Neil's fiddle-strings would accompany him when he "step'd in to take a pint wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky," and the following sketch would be the product. Stenhouse assures us that both of these songs are by Burns, although the poet has not noted them as such.]

A' THE lads o' Thornie-bank
 When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
 They'll step in and tak a pint
 Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

CHORUS.

Lady Onlie, honest lucky,
 Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
 I wat she is a dainty Chuckie!
 And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede
 O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.
 Lady Onlie, &c.

* The air of *Roy's Wife* is one of the most popular of all the Scotch melodies. Mrs. Grant's words have been so much admired, that they have had the effect of changing the name of the air, which, instead of being now considered "a rant," is usually performed in slow time—producing a most pathetic effect. Most of our readers will have been entranced with the pathos of the duet in "Rob Roy," sung to this air:—

"Though you leave me now in sorrow ;"

words, by the way, borrowed from Burns.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

TUNE—*Bhannerach dhon na chri.*

[This highly polished, but somewhat artificial song is the only poetical effusion of Burns that was prompted by the charms of Charlotte Hamilton, in so far as we are aware. It is further singular as a compliment to female beauty, in which he did not assume the character of a lover. It has been imagined that the poet was seriously in love with her; but if so, the sequel showed that she did not return his passion. No letters addressed to her appear in his correspondence, for the very good reason stated by *Allan Cunningham*, that in an evil hour she threw into the fire some twelve or fourteen of his most carefully written and gently expressed letters addressed to her in the progress of his passion. Reckoning himself released from his vows to Jean Armour by the certificate of bachelorship granted to him by the Kirk-Session of Mauchline, in July, 1786, and death having, before the close of that year, severed the mortal bonds of affection between him and his "Highland Mary," it is not unlikely that the poet now cherished the idea of forming a conjugal alliance with some fair one moving in a sphere of life rather higher than that which hitherto he had considered to be his proper element.

Burns had been introduced in Edinburgh to Mrs. Chalmers and her daughters, "Peggy Chalmers" and Lady Mackenzie, the aunt and cousins of his Mauchline friend and patron, Gavin Hamilton; and that gentleman's own mother and younger brothers and sisters, although originally from Ayrshire, now resided at Harvieston on the Devon, in Clackmannan, keeping house for Mr. Tait of Harvieston, a widower, left by the decease of his wife—another sister of Hamilton's mother, with a son and daughter still too young to act for themselves. Accordingly, about the commencement of his northern tour with Nicol, we find the poet starts from Stirling by himself, leaving Nicol for a day, and makes his way up the Devon,—arriving at Harvieston in time for breakfast, on Monday, 27th August, 1787, and there he sees Charlotte for the first time. Next day he wrote from Stirling to her brother at Mauchline, informing him that he and "the Ayrshire folks" there formed a happy party, and visited the *Cauldron Linn* and *Rumbling Brig*, about five miles from the house. He finishes his description of Gavin's relatives thus:—"Of Charlotte I cannot speak in common terms of admiration: she is not only beautiful, but lovely. After the exercise of our riding to the Falls, Charlotte was exactly Dr. Donne's mistress:—

—————' Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one would almost say her body thought.'

In October following, the poet paid a second visit to Harvieston, of some ten days duration. On this occasion he was accompanied by an Edinburgh acquaintance, Dr. Adair, whom he introduced to the Hamilton and Chalmers families and ultimately, at no very distant date, Charlotte Hamilton, "Fairest maid on Devon banks," became the Doctor's wife.

From the following passage in a letter of the poet to Miss Chalmers, dated September 26, 1787, it appears that the present song was at least *in progress* at that date:—"I am determined to pay Charlotte a poetic compliment in the second part of the *Museum*, if I could hit on some glorious Scotch air. You will see a small attempt on a shred of paper enclosed; but although Dr. Blacklock commended it very highly, I am not just satisfied with it myself.]"

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!
But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing Flower,
 In the gay, rosy morn as it bathes in the dew ;
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew !

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded Lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud Rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

DUNCAN GRAY.

[Had this song not found its way into some editions of the poet's works, we would have been disposed to omit it, as there is no mark to indicate his authorship, and Stenhouse describes it as "taken from the old song, with considerable alterations by Burns." In 1792, he took up the theme in real earnest, and produced, for George Thomson's work, a comic effusion of undying celebrity, which has extinguished the old song.]

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
 When a' the lave gae to their play,
 Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
 And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae,
 And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonie was the Lammas moon—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
 Glowrin a' the hills aboon—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't !
 The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
 I tint my curch and baith my shoon ;
 And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun ;
 Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 The beast again can bear us baith,
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
 And clout the bad girdin o't.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

[The present version is by no means an improvement on the fine old song of same title in Herd's second volume, p. 144. Stenhouse remarks thus:—"The last verse should be deleted in future editions, as it conveys a double meaning, and destroys the effect of a song which, in every other respect, is very fine and unexceptionable. This is one of those few things which Burns hinted to Johnson might be amended if the work were to begin again."]

THE Ploughman he's a bonie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo;
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,
 And hey, my merry Ploughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the Ploughman.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston;
 The boniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the Ploughman laddie dancin'.
 Up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin';
 A gude blue bannet on his head,
 And O but he was handsome!
 Up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the Barn-yard,
And the Corn-mou, man ;
I never gat my Coggie fou
Till I met wi' the Ploughman.
Up wi't a', &c.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

TUNE—*Hey Tutti, Taiti.*

[The poet remarks—"I have met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling—the neighbourhood of the scene—that this air was Robert the Bruce's March at the Battle of Bannockburn." Stenhouse tells us that these two verses were composed by Burns. The reader will understand that it was to this noble trumpet-air that the poet, in September, 1793, composed his immortal "Bruce's Address."]

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin ;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.

CHORUS.

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now ?

Cog, an ye were ay fou,
Cog, an ye were ay fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were ay fou.*
Hey tutti, &c.

* This verse is the counterpart of another stanza which Burns is understood to have added to the old song—"Carle, now the King's come:"

"Coggie, an the King come.
Coggie, an the King come.
Ise be fou, an' thou's be toom
Coggie, an the King come!"

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE—*M'Gregor of Roro's Lament.*

[Burns' note on this song is as follows:—"I composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death (in 1786) of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudoun, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered owing to the deranged state of his finances." The poet had a high opinion of the present lyric, as the following characteristic passage in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 16th August, 1788, sufficiently proves:—"I was, yesterday, at Dalswinton House to dinner, for the first time. My reception was quite to my mind: from the lady of the house quite flattering. She sometimes hits on a couplet or two, *impromptu*, and she repeated some of these to the admiration of all present. My suffrage as a professional man was expected: I for once went agonizing over the belly of my conscience. Pardon me, ye, my adored household gods, independence of spirit, and integrity of soul! In the course of conversation 'Johnson's Musical Museum,' a collection of Scottish songs with music, was talked of. We got a song on the harpsichord, beginning—

'Raving winds around her blowing.'

The air was much admired: the lady of the house asked me whose were the words. 'Mine, Madam—they are indeed my very best verses: she took not the smallest notice of them! The Scottish proverb says well, *King's caff is better than ither folk's corn*. I was going to make a New-Testament quotation about 'casting pearls,' but that would be too virulent, for the lady is actually a woman of sense and taste." See p. 365.]

RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring.
 Farewell, hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow—
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

O'er the Past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless Future pondering,
 Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to Misery most distressing,
 Gladly how would I resign thee,
 And to dark Oblivion join thee!

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

A Gaelic Air.

[This song was written by Burns in 1787, to suit one of those Gaelic melodies which he picked up during his Highland tour. In October, 1794, he altered the song for George Thomson, adding a chorus, to fit the air of *Cauld Kail*; but he thereby effected no improvement, for the Gaelic air agrees much better with the plaintive subject of the song. In the third line of the closing verse, owing to the omission of a comma, or perhaps a *dash* after the word "sae"—both in Johnson and in Currie (followed in every subsequent edition), the sense of the verse has been lost. The Scots verb, *to glint*, is to pass swiftly by like a gleam of light; but by omitting the pause after "sae," the word "glint" would seem to mean the very opposite. We therefore gladly adopt the necessary punctuation.]

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie!
 I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er so weary.
 I sleepless lye frae e'en, &c.

When I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie!
 And now what lands, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary!
 It was na sae, ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 It was nae sae, &c.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—*Druimion dubh.*

[This is another of the songs which Burns produced in order to preserve a Gaelic air picked up by him in the North Highlands. He notes thus regarding it:—"I composed these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. Maclachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies."]

MUSING on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me!
 Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
 F'or his weal where'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to Nature's law,
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me ;
 Downy Sleep, the curtain draw ;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa !

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—*Andro and his Cutty Gun.*

[This beautiful song was composed in October, 1787. When sojourning at Harvieston, he made an excursion to Ochtertyre in Strathearn, in order to pay a visit to Sir William Murray, cousin-german of Mr. Graham of Fintry, through whose influence it is understood he obtained his appointment to the Excise, some time afterwards. Among the inmates of Ochtertyre House at this time was a young cousin of his host, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, aged 18, and Burns made her the subject of the following pastoral song. Miss Murray eventually became the wife of one of the judges of the Court of Session—Lord Methven.]

CHORUS.

*Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
 Blythe was she butt and ben ;
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;
 But Phemie was a bonier lass,
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
 She tripped by the banks of Earn,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

TO DAUNTON ME.

[This excellent song, although in no way acknowledged by Burns, is indubitably his, and exists in his own MS.]

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer-lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

CHORUS.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue !
That is the thing you ne'er shall see,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes,
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
 Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e;—
 That auld man shall never daunton me.
 To daunton me, &c.

TALK NOT OF LOVE, IT GIVES ME PAIN.

TUNE—*Banks of Spey.*

[The basis of this song is by Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda), with whom the poet became acquainted early in Dec., 1787, just about the time when he had intended leaving Edinburgh *for good and all*; but, between the effect of her charms, and the lameness caused by being overset by a drunken coachman, he was detained in the city till the close of the following February. We give here Clarinda's verses entire, in order that the reader may at once see what share Burns had in the lyric as printed in the *Museum* :—

“Talk not of Love—it gives me pain, for Love has been my foe:
 He bound me in an iron chain, and plunged me deep in woe!
 But Friendship's pure and lasting joys my heart was formed to prove—
 The worthy object be of those, but never talk of Love!
 The Hand of Friendship I accept—may Honour be our guard!
 Virtue our intercourse direct, her smiles our dear reward.”—CLARINDA.]

TALK not of love, it gives me pain,
 For love has been my foe;
 He bound me with an iron chain,
 And plung'd me deep in woe.

But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
 My heart was form'd to prove;
 There, welcome win and wear the prize,
 But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
 Oh, why that bliss destroy!
 Why urge the only, one request
 You know I will deny!

Your thought, if love must harbour there,
 Conceal it in that thought;
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

[The second and third verses of this song seem to be much indebted to Burns, although he has claimed none of it. Stenhouse, in reference to this matter, says:—"The verses in the *Museum* were revised and improved by Burns."]

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

CHORUS.

We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Tho' some there be abhor him:
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him!
We'll o'er, &c.

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early!
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.
We'll o'er, &c.*

* Verse added by Hogg:—

"I ance had sons, but now hae nane,—
I bred them, toiling sairly;
And I would bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie!
We'll o'er, &c."

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

[This song is not claimed for Burns by any mark in Johnson except the letter B: he, however, has noted in MS. as follows:—"This song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruickshank, only child to my worthy friend, Mr. Wm. Cruickshank of the High School, Edinburgh. The air is by David Sillar, quondam merchant, and now schoolmaster at Irvine." He afterwards composed some beautiful lines on the same young lady, beginning—"Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay." On returning from his northern tour, the poet took up his residence with Mr. Cruickshank, at his house in St. James's Square. The "Rose-bud," although then only "entered in her teens," was a considerable proficient in music. Professor Walker has told us that he called upon Burns about the end of October, 1787, and "found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sung and accompanied, and adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed, that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment."

Mr. Cruickshank died in 1795, and the "Rose-bud" became the wife of Mr. Henderson, a legal practitioner in Jedburgh. The word "bawk," in verse first of the song, means a thorn-fringed footpath through a cultivated field.]

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
A down a corn-inclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast,
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awauk the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair!
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

TO A BLACKBIRD.

TUNE—*Scots Queen.*

[This, like the lyric at page 228—*Talk not of Love*, is the joint composition of "Clarinda" and Burns. We will adopt the same course with this piece as we did with the other, giving the lady's verses in the note, and the same, as amended by Burns, in the text. Clarinda composed the lines one day on hearing a black-bird sing, while walking with her children at the head of Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh. They have a manifest reference to her own desolate condition,—deserted as she was by a faithless husband:—

"Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair;
Thy tuneful warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly through my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate, and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove;
Those sweet emotions all enjoy,
Let Love and Song thy hours employ;
Whilst I, a lovelorn exile, live,
And rapture nor receive nor give.
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair."]

Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair;
Thy plaintive warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly thro' my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate, and fondly love,
And all the charming transport prove;
While I a lovelorn exile live,
Nor transport or receive or give.

For thee is laughing nature gay;
For thee she pours the vernal day:
For me in vain is nature drest,
While joy's a stranger to my breast!
These sweet emotions all enjoy;
Let Love and Song thy hours employ!
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair.

AN' I'LL KISS THEE YET.

TUNE—*Braes o' Balquhidder.*

[In a MS. copy of this song, the following verse—omitted in Johnson—is inserted immediately after the first stanza and chorus:—

“Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O:
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are nae sae blest as I am, O.”

The poet afterwards remodelled this song for George Thomson's collection, to answer the tune of *Cauld Kail*, for which Thomson seems to have had a great *penchant*. He enclosed it in a letter, under date August, 1793, in which he says, “The last stanza of the song I now send you contains the very words that Coila taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots reel in *Johnson's Museum*.”

It has been ascertained, through information of the poet's sister (Mrs. Begg) to R. Chambers, and to the late Capt. C. Gray, R.M., that when Burns was 22 years old, he fell in love with a young woman named *Ellison Begbie*, who was servant with a family on the banks of the Cessnock, about two miles from Lochlea. He addressed several letters to her, which are printed among his correspondence, her name appearing only under the initial “E;” and he also composed a beautiful song in her praise, beginning—*On Cessnock Banks there lives a lass*. Although this fair one ultimately rejected the poet, and became the wife of another man, it is certain that his passion for her was serious, and that the issue cost him many a heart-ache. It was suggested by a minute inquirer into the early history of Burns, that the present song, and also a juvenile lyric, displaying deep passion, called—*Mary Morison*, might have been inspired by that young woman's charms; and Mrs. Begg, on hearing his reasons for so thinking, admitted the strong probability that those suggestions were well founded.

Stenhouse tells us that Stephen Clarke wrote below the *score* of this song the following words:—“I am charmed with this song almost as much as the lover is with bonie Peggy Alison.”]

CHORUS.

*An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
An' I'll kiss thee o'er again;
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonie Peggy Alison.*

WHEN in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O!
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
When in my arms, &c.

And by thy een sae bonie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!
And by thy een, &c.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

[Burns notes this production thus:—"The last stanza of this song is mine: it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." We are thus to conclude that the two preceding verses are old, although helped a little by the poet. In March, 1789, Burns makes the following honourable mention of the "Colonel" in a letter to Peter Hill, to whom he then presented a ewe-milk cheese, giving him a list of friends who were to get a slice of it:—"My facetious friend Dunbar I would wish also to be a partaker; not to digest his spleen, for that he laughs off, but to digest his last night's wine at the last field-day of the Crochallan corps."]

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O he held to the fair;
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some other ware;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his e'e;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine.
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warld would think I was mad,
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben:
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord-en'—
 Sitting at yon boord-en',
 And amang gude companie;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

TUNE—*Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny.*

[Burns acknowledged the authorship of this rather philosophical song. He says in a letter to its inspirer, Miss Margaret Chalmers, inclosing the present song, and also another beginning—*My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form*:—"The poetic compliments I pay cannot be misunderstood: I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you? I will: so look to it. Personal attractions, madam, you have above par—wit, understanding, and worth, you possess in the first class." Miss Chalmers, two years after these songs were composed, became Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes & Co.'s bank, Edinburgh.—(See note to song, *The banks of the Devon*, page 220, for some information concerning this lady.) Shortly before leaving Edinburgh, in February 1788, he wrote to her as follows:—"You must not desert me. Your friendship, I think I can count on, though I should date my letters from a marching regiment. Early in life, and all my life, I reckoned on a recruiting drum as my forlorn hope." When the poet lay in Mr. Cruickshank's house, with his bruised limb, a month or two before this, he wrote to her in these words:—"I would give my best song to my worst enemy—I mean the merit of making it, to have you and Charlotte by me. You are angelic creatures, and would pour oil and wine into my wounded spirit." After his marriage, he wrote to her thus, from Ellisland, in September, 1788:—"I have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost anybody I meet with in eight years; and when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again, I could sit down and cry like a child."]

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise ;
 Far in their shade, my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes,—
 As one, who, by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam,
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r !
 The tyrant death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath ;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—*Invercauld's Reel.*

[The authorship of this clever song is acknowledged in Johnson. The poet, in his notes, tells us that he composed it before leaving Mount Oliphant, when only about seventeen years old. Mrs. Begg, in reply to some questions raised by the writer of these notes, in 1850, remarked as follows regarding this song:—"This must have been composed in Lochlea; for *Tibbie Steen*, the heroine, was unknown to Burns at Mount Oliphant. She lived at 'Little Hill,' a farm *marching* with that of Lochlea: the thing was well known in the neighbourhood, no one doubting it."]

CHORUS.

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.*

YESTREEN I met ye on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I!
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart;
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier ;
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.
 Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice :
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad speir your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.
 Tibbie, I hae, &c.*

CLARINDA.

[This beautiful lyric, thrown in near the close of Johnson's second volume, was Burns' parting song to Mrs. M'Lehose, on his leaving Edinburgh in February, 1788.]

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run !
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole,
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie ;
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The Sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,
 That fill thy lovely eyes !
 No other light shall guide my steps,
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair Sun of all her sex,
 Has blest my glorious day :
 And shall a glimmering Planet fix
 My worship to its ray ?

* Stanza, in MS., omitted by Johnson:—

“ There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I wadna gie her in her sark,
 For thee, wi' a' thy thousand merk ;
 Ye need na look sae high.”

SONGS CONTRIBUTED BY BURNS TO VOL. III. OF JOHNSON, FEB. 2, 1790.

The poet wrote to Johnson on 15th November, 1788, in these terms:—"I am preparing a flaming preface for your third volume. I see every day new musical publications advertised; but what are they? Gaudy, painted butterflies of a day, and then they vanish for ever: but your work will outlive the momentary neglects of fashion, and defy the teeth of time. Perhaps you may not find your account lucratively in this business; but you are a patriot for the music of your country, and I am certain posterity will look on themselves as highly indebted to your public spirit. Be not in a hurry: let us go on correctly, and your name shall be immortal."

The following is the Preface referred to:—

Now that the Editor gives this third Volume of *The Scots Musical Museum* to the Public, he hopes it will not be found unworthy of the Volumes already published.

As this is not one of those many publications which are hourly ushered into the World, merely to catch the eye of Fashion in her frenzy of a day, the Editor has little to hope or fear from the herd of readers. Consciousness of the well-known merit of our Scottish Music, and the national fondness of a Scotchman for the productions of his own country, are at once the Editor's motive and apology for this undertaking; and where any of the pieces in the collection may perhaps be found wanting at the critical bar of the *first*, he appeals to the honest prejudices of the *last*.

Edinr., February 2d, 1790.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

[This is an old song, inadmissible in its original state, through its indelicacy; and therefore altered by Burns, in order to preserve the air, and give a better character to the words. The last verse records a very interesting old custom between lovers, when compelled by force of circumstances to part against their will—a practice affectionately recorded also in the beautiful song—*Logie o' Buchan*:—

“He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gae me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.”]

My Sandy gied to me a ring,
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine;
But I gied him a far better thing,
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

CHORUS.

My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
My bonie, bonie Sandy O;
Tho' the love that I owe, to thee I dare na show,
Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,
 While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd;
 He took a hauf an' gied it to me,
 And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
 My Sandy O, &c.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—*Johnny M'Gill.*

[This favourite air, which derives its name from its composer, Mr. John M'Gill, musician in Girvan, Ayrshire, wanted words as a vehicle for preservation, and Burns supplied it with the following lines. The air has since acquired greater popularity, under the title of *Come under my plaidie*, from a ballad which was written for it by Hector M'Neil.]

O WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
 I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
 But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

TUNE—*Highlander's Lament.*

[This song is unclaimed for Burns in Johnson, but in his MS. notes he says:—"The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine." The tune seems to have some connection with the gallant 42nd Regiment, or "Black Watch," for Burns has recorded that its oldest name is, *The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.*]

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far awa',
 I'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

O for him back again!
 O for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
 O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight—
 My Highland Harry back again.
 O for him, &c.

THE TAYLOR FELL THRO' THE BED.

[Stenhouse tells us that the second and fourth verses are by Burns, and that the rest of the song is very old. No doubt the poet's motive for dressing up this old song was to preserve its ancient and beautiful air, which is that known as *The Taylor's March*, and made use of at all election meetings of the old corporation, and other festive occasions. It may also be mentioned that the tune is the progenitor of the highly popular air—*Logie o' Buchan*.]

THE Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a',
 The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a';
 The blankets were thin and the sheets they were sma',
 The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'.

The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld and the lassie lay still,
 She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man,
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan.

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit Taylor come skippin' again.

AY WAUKIN O.

[Stenhouse says that this is a very old fragment, altered somewhat by Burns, and to which he prefixed a verse—"Simmer's a pleasant time," &c.]

SIMMER's a pleasant time,
Flowers of ev'ry colour ;
The water rins owre the heugh,
And I long for my true lover!

CHORUS.

Ay waukin O,
Waukin still and weary :
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie ;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinking on my dearie.
Ay waukin, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin' :
I think on my bonie lad,
And I bleer my een wi' greetin'.
Ay waukin, &c.

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

[These verses, Burns tells us in a note, he composed in 1788, in compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of his friend Allan Masterton, writing master and amateur composer of music. The fifth and sixth lines of verse first are the counterpart of a beautiful verse in the very last song which Burns sent to the *Museum*—

"Her yellow hair beyond compare
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck ;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Wad keep a sinking ship frae wreck."]'

YE gallants bright I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonie Ann ;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your hearts she will trepan.

Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan ;
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace and love attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van ;
 In a' their charms and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But Love enslaves the man :
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

[It is difficult to say what share Burns had in the composition of the following familiar ditty; but Johnson, imagining that the words would come with more decorum from the lips of the husband, altered the *person* of the singer, and changed the old title of the song into "Lassie, lie near me." Several years after the appearance of this song, we find the poet writing thus to Thomson regarding the tune:—"Laddie lie near me" must lie by me for some time, I do not know the air, and until I am complete master of a tune, in my own singing, such as it is, I can never compose for it." The presumption accordingly is rather against Burns having composed these words. In May, 1795, he supplied Thomson with a song to this air—"Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin." (See page 112., vol. 2.)

The ancient words of "Laddie, lie near me"—and very free words they are—will be found in Ritson's "North Country Chorister," Durham, 1802.]

LANG hae we parted been,
 Laddie, my dearie ;
 Now we are met again,
 Laddie lie near me.

CHORUS.

*Near me, near me,
 Laddie, lie near me ;
 Lang hae I lain my lane,
 Laddie lie near me.*

A' that I hae endured,
 Laddie, my dearie,
 Here in thy arms is cured,—
 Laddie, lie near me.
Near me, &c.

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

[This pretty song, unclaimed by Burns in the *Museum*, was afterwards altered by him for George Thomson's collection, to suit the air of *Dainty Davie*. The old tune to which the present song is set, is called *The Gardener's March*, and usually played in the grand floral processions of that most primitive of all trades: the Tailors, of course, follow *suite*. The continual recurrence of the line—"The Gardener wi' his paidle," gives a ludicrous effect to this otherwise beautiful composition; and, no doubt, *that* consideration served as an inducement to the poet to alter the verses: his *own* idea would start up—"He's just a bit *paidlin* *bc is*"]

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay green-spreading bowers;
 Then busy, busy are his hours—
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa';
 The merry birds are lovers a';
 The scented breezes round him blaw—
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare,
 To steal upon her early fare;
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair—
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of Nature's rest;
 He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
 The Gardener wi' his paidle.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

[This has Burns' name attached to it in the *Museum*; but in reality, it is only an older song remodelled and improved. The original, by Mr. Theobald, will be found in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, Vol. III. (1727.) The air is much admired, but has not a great deal of the old Scots character in it.]

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest :
 When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood—
 Who for her favour oft had sued,—
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips, with fragrance as she breath'd,
 Still richer dyed the rose :
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light-waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace ;
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace :
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspirèd wings ;
 So, Nelly starting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted springs :
 But Willie follow'd,—as he should :
 He overtook her in the wood ;
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

TUNE—*Seventh of November.*

[In a letter to Miss Chalmers, dated from Ellisland, September 16, 1788, the poet, along with other pieces, enclosed the present lyric, of which he remarks as follows:—"Johnson's collection of Scots songs is going on in the third volume; and, of consequence, finds me a consumpt for a great deal of idle metre. One of the most tolerable things I have done in that way is two stanzas I made to an air that a musical gentleman of my acquaintance (Captain Riddel of Glenriddel) composed for the anniversary of his wedding-day, which happens on the 7th of November. Take it as follows:"]—

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet;
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give;
 While joys above, my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone I live!
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to make us part;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

[Stenhouse observes of this production:—"The title and the last half-stanza of this song are old: the rest was composed by Burns."]

CHORUS.

*My love she's but a lassie yet,
 My love she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,—
 She'll no' be half sae saucy yet.*

I RUE the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O ;
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O.
My love, &c.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet :
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
My love, &c.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't :
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
He could na preach for thinkin' o't.
My love, &c.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

[There is no mark to indicate that these lines are by Burns; but Stenhouse says that they were written by him for the *Museum* in 1789, and that older verses to the same air are no where to be found, so far as he is aware.]

CHORUS.

*Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me ;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me !*

IF thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee ?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me !
Jamie, come try me, &c.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee ?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me !
Jamie, come try me, &c.

MY BONIE MARY.

[This is one of those songs regarding which the author indulged in a good deal of mystification. On 17th December, 1788, he transcribed it in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop—the same letter in which he sent his immortal song, *Auld lang syne*. He says:—"Now I am on my hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other old stanzas, which please me mightily—"Go fetch to me, &c." The poet, however, in his notes to the *Museum*, acknowledges that the whole song, with the exception of the first four lines, is his. The reader, however, must be cautious in believing that Peter Buchan's verses, given by Motherwell as the original ballad of "The Siller Tassie," are anything more than an invention.]

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 And fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonie lassie.
 The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith,
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready,
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes deep and bloody:
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shouts o' war thus heard afar,—
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary!

 THE LAZY MIST.

[It is strange that this piece was represented by George Thomson in his collection as a production of Dr. Blacklock; for in the *Museum*, Burns' name is attached to it, and in his notes he says, "This song is mine." The sentiments are of a very desponding kind, and only lighted up by the hope expressed in the final couplet:—

"Life is not worth having with all it can give,—
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live."

In one of his letters, however, speaking of the eternal joys promised to the righteous in the next world, he says, "I fear this is too good news to be true!"]

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain ;
 How little of life's scanty span may remain ;
 What aspects, old Time, in his progress, has worn ;
 What ties, cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn ;
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And *downward*, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
 Life is not worth having with all it can give,—
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

[Stenhouse says:—"The verses in the *Museum*, beginning—*O mount and go*, were communicated by Burns ; and, although he does not acknowledge them, I have good reason to believe they were his own. The old ditty begins thus:—

'I will away, and I will not tarry,—
 I will away and be a captain's lady ;
 A captain's lady is a dame of honour,
 She has maids aye to wait upon her ;
 To wait upon her, and get all things ready,—
 I will away and be a captain's lady.'"]

CHORUS.

*O mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.*

WHEN the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle ;
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.
O mount, &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet ;
 To the shades we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.
O mount, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE—*Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*

[In his notes the poet says:—"This song, beginning—*Of a' the airts the wind can blaw*, I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N.B.—It was during the honeymoon." The first allusion to his marriage which appears in his correspondence we find in a letter to his old associate James Smith, dated from Mauchline, April 28, 1788, in which he says:—"To let you a little into the secrets of my pericranium, there is, you must know, a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussy of your acquaintance, to whom I have lately and privately given a matrimonial title to my corpus.—Now for business. I intend to present Mrs. Burns with a printed shawl—an article of which I daresay you have variety: 'tis my first present to her since I have irrevocably called her mine; and I have a kind of whimsical wish to get the first said present from an old and much valued friend of hers and mine—a trusty Trojan, whose friendship I count myself possessed of as a liferent lease." About a month afterwards (May 26, 1788) he writes thus to Ainslie:—"I have the pleasure to tell you that I have been extremely fortunate in all my buyings and bargainings hitherto—Mrs. Burns not excepted; which title *I now avow to the world*. I am truly pleased with this last affair; it has indeed added to my anxieties for futurity, but it has given a stability to my mind and resolutions unknown before; and the poor girl has the most sacred enthusiasm of attachment to me, and has not a wish but to gratify my every idea of her department."

The reader on turning back to page 73—note to *Epistle to Davie*, and also to page 210—note to song, *Tho' cruel fate*, will find some observations tending to throw light on the following "honeymoon song." It is proper to remark that the poet spent his honeymoon period chiefly at Ellisland, looking after his new farm arrangements, while his wife resided at Mossiel; for he says to Mrs. Dunlop, in a letter dated 14th June, 1788,—“During my absence in Nithsdale she is regularly and constantly apprentice to my mother and sisters in their dairy and other rural business.” Hence the expression, “I dearly lo’e the west,” for in summer, looking from Ellisland, the sun sets in the direction of Mossiel. The two excellent stanzas following, which are usually added to this song, were composed by John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, who died in 1814. They have been mistaken, by good judges, for a portion of Burns’ song:—

“O blaw, ye westlin’ winds, blaw saft, among the leafy trees;
Wi’ balmy gale, frae muir and dale, bring hame the laden bees;
And bring the lassie back to me that’s aye sae neat and clean;
Ae blink o’ her wad banish care, sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes, hae passed atween us twa!
How fond to meet, how wae to part, the day she gaed awa’!
The powers aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me as my sweet, lovely Jean.”

See p. 347, vol. 2.]

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like* the west;
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo’e best:
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But, day and night, my fancy’s flight
Is ever wi’ my Jean.

* The word “like” afterwards changed to “lo’e.”

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air : *
 There's not a bonie flower, that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

CARL, AN THE KING COME

[Stenhouse remarks that "this song is partly old and partly modern,—the second stanza being written by Burns." But his hand is discernible in the other verses also, which cannot be shown in print prior to 1788, when the poet communicated the song.]

CHORUS.

*Carl, an the king come,
 Carl, an the king come ;
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing,
 Carl, an the king come.*

AN somebodie were come again,
 Then somebodie maun cross the main ;
 And every man shall hae his ain,
 Carl, an the king come.
Carl, an the king come, &c.

I trow we swappèd for the warse,
 We gae the boot and better horse ;
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carl, an the king come.
Carl, an the king come, &c.

Coggie, an the king come,
 Coggie, an the king come,
 Ise be fou and thou's be toom,
 Coggie, an the king come.
Coggie, an the king come, &c.

* This line was afterwards changed to—"Wi' music charm the air."

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

[This is one of Burns' cleverest songs,—hit off to supply the place of some indelicate verses to which the air had been hitherto sung. In the *Jolly Beggars*, there is also a good song by Burns to the same tune.]

FIRST when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, spier nae mair;
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;*
Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we gree;
I carena by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;
I could write, but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O, WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

TUNE—*My love is lost to me.*

[This is another of Burns' matrimonial effusions, and his genius and love together were never more brilliantly displayed than here. Jean joined him at Ellisland, in December, 1788, and this song must have been composed shortly before then. All the poet's biographers concur in saying that his first year of married life at Ellisland was the happiest period of his brief career. What a life-picture is suggested in these four lines:—

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By Heaven and Earth I love thee!"

O WERE I on Parnassus hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill,
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee!

* Afterwards altered thus:—"Bonie Meg was Nature's child."

But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My muse maun be thy bonie sel' :
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee !

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear, I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green—
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een,—
 By Heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee !
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun ;
 Till my last, weary sand was run,—
 Till then—and then I love thee !

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

A Gaelic Air.

[Stenhouse says:—"This is another unclaimed production of Burns. The words are adapted to a Gaelic air—*Robie donna gorrach*; or, *Daft Robin*."]

DEAR Myra, the captive ribband's mine,
 'Twas all my faithful love could gain ;
 And would you ask me to resign,
 The sole reward that crowns my pain ?

Go bid the hero who has run
 Thro' fields of death to gather fame,—
 Go bid him lay his laurels down,
 And all his well earn'd praise disclaim !

The ribband shall its freedom lose—
 Lose all the bliss it had with you,
 And share the fate I would impose
 On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,
 Or clasp me in a close embrace;
 And at its fortune if you grieve,—
 Retrieve its doom and take its place.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

A Gaelic Air.

[The poet has the following note to this clever song:—"This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it the *Lament for his Brother*. The first stanza of the song is old—the rest is mine." Burns records in the diary of his north tour that, on 31st August, 1787, he breakfasted at Inver with Dr. Stewart—Neil Gow being also a guest. He adds:—"Neil Gow plays—a short, stout-built, honest Highland figure, with his greyish hair shed on his honest, social brow—an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity—visit his house—Margaret Gow." Gow died at Inver, near Dunkeld, in 1807, aged 80.]

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he from our lasses should wander awa';
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue,
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw,
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
 But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,—
 The Penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him,
 And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy;
 But th' laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

TUNE—*Failte na miosg.*

[The poet's note on this song is as follows:—"The first half stanza is old—the rest is mine." Mr. Sharpe, in his additional notes to the *Museum*, gives what he calls the old words, from a stall copy, headed "The Strong Walls of Derry," which he tells us was a great favourite with Sir Walter Scott; but, like many other broadside productions, it appears to be a thing of shreds and patches from various sources, the first verse of the present song being thrown in without any visible connection. We find in it a verse parodied from the *Boys of Kilkenny*, thus:—

"O bonie Portmore, thou shines where thou stands,
And the more I look on thee, the more my heart warms;
But when I look from thee, my heart is full sore,
For I think on the lily I lost at Portmore."

We can imagine, however, how the prudent Sir Walter Scott would warble forth the following at the festive board when he found that "elders' hours" were approaching:—

"There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,
And he that speaks fairest, lives longest at rest;
I speak by experience—my mind serves me so;
But my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Chorus.—Let us drink and gae hame, boys—drink and gae hame,
If we stay ony langer we'll get a bad name;
We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill oursel's fou,
And the strong walls of Derry are ill to win through."]

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer—
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe:
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North—
The birth place of Valour, the country of Worth:
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer—
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe:
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

[This exquisite little lyric—so comprehensive and complete, has often tempted versifiers to try their skill to eke a few stanzas to it; but the gold of Burns retains its brightness and colour, asserting its innate value beside all the imitations of inferior artificers that are brought alongside of it.* The old words which have been supplanted by the present song are *licentious*, although redolent of wit. We find them in a collection dating from the period of Burns' infancy; consequently they owe nothing of their qualities to him, although he has been charged with the authorship even of them.

Bishop Percy has recorded—but we know not on what authority—that a favourite exercise of the Scottish Reformers was the adaptation of impure songs to the tunes of hymns in the Latin service; and as an example, he gives the following doggerel, as written for the unrivalled air to which "John Anderson my jo" is sung:—

"John Anderson my jo, John, come in as ye gae by,
And ye sall get a sheep's-head weel baken in a pie,—
Weel baken in a pie, John, and a haggis in the pat;
John Anderson my jo, John, come in and ye's get that."]

JOHN Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

* The following are among the most deserving of all the "additional verses" to this lyric which we have seen: they are here first published:—

"Tho' Time, wi' nidderin' frost, John, has blench'd and thinn'd our hair;
And Simmer's blume be lost, John, we'll no' gie way to care:
The robin and the wren, John—they sing among the snaw;
Like them we'll croon our gratefu' lay, John Anderson my jo!
Thro' years o' hopes and fears, John, we've seen our bairns' bairns;
And still for them and theirs, John, the paurent-saul it yearns:
The Faither o' us a', John, He'll guide them when we go
Ayont the bourne whence nane return, John Anderson my jo!
The Grave 'll no' beguile, John, (puir Man maun thole his fate!)
And yet, it's a' the while, John, but Heaven's entrance-gate:
Like winter-bedded flowers, John, that live unseen below,
We'll hail the Light o' promised Spring, John Anderson my jo!"

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.

[Stenhouse describes this as an old fragment, with two additional stanzas—namely, the second and fourth, written by Burns.]

CHORUS.

Awa', Whigs, awa' !
Awa', Whigs, awa' !
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a' !

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonie bloom'd our roses ;
 But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust,—
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure, o't!
 And write their names in his black beuk,
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in Church and State,
 Surpasses my describing :
 The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap ;
 But we may see him wauken :
 Gude help the day when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa', Whigs, &c.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

[We are indebted to Burns and Stephen Clarke for the preservation of this exquisite air, and the words attached to it. In 1794, the poet remodelled the song for George Thomson's collection, and in his letter he says:—"I am flattered at your adopting *Ca' the ewes*, as it was owing to me that it saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr. Clunie, who sung it charmingly; and, at my request, Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing. When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you."

Mrs. Burns, who was fond of singing this song, used to point out that the second verse, beginning—"Will ye gang down the water side," and the closing verse, were by the poet.]

CHORUS.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.*

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad:
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to cheer me.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet—
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
Ise gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
 Ye sall be my dearie !
Ca' the ewes, &c.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

TUNE—*Boddich na 'mbrigis; or, Lord Bredalbine's March.*

[This song is entirely by Burns, although not acknowledged. Stenhouse has noted this with the poet's MS. lying before him; but he mistakes when he says that the song is "a whimsical allusion to his former occupation as a flax-dresser." "Teething a heckle," and all the other occupations named, are those of a *tinkler*—the Scotch name applied to the gypsies of those days, who encamped at intervals in the vicinity of farm-houses, mending pots and pans for the district; they also *teethed* heckles—soldering the fine teeth into the small frames. It may be explained that a heckle is an oblong board, in which sharp steel spikes are inserted, for the purpose of teasing or refining flax. Heckles vary in size and closeness according to the fineness of the fibre required: the finest heckles are soldered together into a tin frame, on account of their requiring to be set so close together. The farmers used to grow and manufacture their own lint, in which the process of heckling had to be gone through. Heckling was also, then, a common trade throughout the country.

The very popular air to which this song is sung, is that known in the lowlands by the name of *The Bob of Dunblane*. Mr. C. K. Sharpe has noted that it is said to have been the "Jig" which *Bonie Prince Charlie* danced with the Countess of Wemyss, at Holyrood house, in 1745. It is well-known that both sides claimed the victory at the battle of Dunblane (or Sheriff-muir) in 1715; and Argyle, on being twitted with the loss, sung out a verse of the old song:—

"If it wasna weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit;
 If it wasna weel bobbit, we'll bob it again!"]

O MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
 An' merry hae I been shapin' a spoon :
 O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
 An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
 O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
 An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing :
 O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
 An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnin's,
 O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave :
 Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
 And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave !

Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
 An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
 Druken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
 An' blest be the day I did it again.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE—*Finlayston House.*

[The poet's letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated Mauchline, 27th September, 1788, gives the following account of these elegant verses:—"I am just arrived from Nithsdale, and will be here for a fortnight. I was on horseback this morning by three o'clock; for between my wife and my farm is just forty-six miles. As I jogged on in the dark, I was taken with a poetic fit as follows:—*Mrs. Ferguson of Craigdarroch's Lamentation for the Death of her Son.*"

This young man died after leaving college, at the age of eighteen, in Nov., 1787—some ten months before the muse prompted these verses to Burns; and it is further curious to know that he sent a copy of the same "Lament" to Mrs. Stewart of Afton, as a condolence for the death of her only son, Alexander Gordon Stewart, who died at Strasburgh on 5th December, 1787. The poet's MS. copy is still in the possession of Mrs. Stewart's grandson, Mr. Allason Cuninghame of Logan House. Burns, on more than one occasion, in his anxiety to serve friends, made one poetical compliment pay a double debt.]

FATE gave the word—the arrow sped,
 And pierc'd my darling's heart;
 And with him all the joys are fled,
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonor'd laid;
 So fell the pride of all my hopes—
 My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake,
 Bewails her ravish'd young;
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long.
 Death! oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow;
 Now, fond, I bare my breast:
 O, do thou kindly lay me low
 With him I love at rest!

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

[The poet, in his MS. note, says:—"I composed these verses on the amiable and excellent family of Whitefoord leaving Ballochmyle, when Sir John's misfortunes obliged him to sell his estates." The *Maria* of the song was Miss Whitefoord, who afterwards became Mrs. Cranston.

It seems likely that this beautiful lyric was composed in the end of autumn, 1785, about a year before its fine counterpart in honour of Miss Alexander, the *Lass o' Ballochmyle*, and successor of Miss Whitefoord, was inspired by the muse. In one of the suppressed stanzas of *The Vision*, he embraces both of these ladies of Ballochmyle at once, thus:—

"The power that gave the soft alarms,
In blooming Whitefoord's rosy charms,
Still threats the tiny-feather'd arms—
The barbèd dart;
While lovely Wilhelmina warms
The coldest heart."]

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea ; *
Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
But nature sicken'd on the e'e :
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while ;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle !

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair ;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air ;
But here, alas ! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile,—
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr !
Fareweel ! fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle !

* Catrine is the estate which belonged to Professor Dugald Stewart, immediately adjoining that of Ballochmyle: the latter estate exchanged hands at the close of the year 1783, and Mr. Claud Alexander, who had amassed a fortune in the East Indies, was the purchaser. His sister, Wilhelmina Alexander, was the beauty who struck the fancy of Burns in July, 1786. The pretty air of the above song was composed by the poet's intimate friend, Allan Masterton, writing-master, who was a Highlander that stuck to his native Gaelic *patois* through life: he was one of the "three blythest lads in Christendie," according to the partial estimate of the poet: and his beautiful daughter, Ann, was celebrated in a fine lyric.—(See page 240.)

THE RANTIN DOG, THE DADDIE O'T.

TUNE—*East nook o' Fife.*

[The poet's note on this humorous effusion, is as follows:—"I composed this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud." It seems likely that the girl referred to was his "bonie Betty," mother of the child for whom he produced *The Poet's Welcome* in the latter part of the year 1784.

Sir Harris Nicolas, in a memoir by no means distinguished for its tenderness towards Burns' failings, takes Lockhart to task for the "injustice" of the following passage:—"There is a song in honour of the same occasion (as the *Poet's Welcome*), or a similar one about the same period, *The Rantin Dog, the Daddie o't*, which exhibits the poet as glorying, and only glorying, in his shame." Sir Harris is quite right in saying that both the *Poet's Welcome* and the *Rantin Dog* are remarkable for the tenderness they breathe towards his infant and its mother; and Lockhart, in trusting to memory while he was commenting on this subject, must have made a mistake in naming the present song as illustrating the *bravado* he sought to condemn: and, no doubt, he meant some other production. His quotation from the *Poet's Welcome* is more to the point:—

"The mair they talk, I'm kend the better;
E'en let them clash."

"It is impossible," he adds, "not to smile at this item of consolation which Burns proposes to himself. This is indeed a singular manifestation of 'the last infirmity of noble minds.'"]

O WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

O wha will own he did the faut?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair—
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog, the daddie o't.

MY MARY, DEAR DEPARTED SHADE.

TUNE—*Captain Cook's Death.*

[This "noblest of all his ballads," as Lockhart styles it, was composed at Ellisland, in the close of autumn, 1789; but not given to the world, nor even shown in MS. to any of his friends, so far as appears in his printed correspondence, till it was produced in Vol. III. of the *Museum*. The poet was, even thus early, beginning to despair of the success of his Nithsdale farm, and sinking into unwholesome despondency about it. With gloomy grandeur he says, in one of his letters, "There is a foggy atmosphere, native to my soul in the hour of care, which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life." On 13th December of that year, he addressed one of his dreamy, melancholy letters to Mrs. Dunlop, in which he seems to make his very first reference to "Mary in Heaven," and he quotes the opening four lines of the present poem at the close of a long rhapsody about meeting his pre-deceased friends in the better world, particularly his venerated father, and his Kilmarnock friend, Robert Muir; and thus he concludes:—"There should I, with speechless agony of rapture, again recognise my lost, my ever-dear Mary, whose bosom was fraught with truth, honour, constancy, and love.

'My Mary, dear departed shade! where is thy place of heavenly rest?'

Jesus Christ, thou amiablest of characters! I trust thou art no impostor," &c., &c.

Burns, in giving to the world his imperishable lyrics on Mary, felt that he had awakened a curiosity regarding her history which he was bound, in some measure, to gratify; therefore he furnished some interesting and affecting details in relation to the subject, while, at same time, he withheld certain facts, and falsified others in such a degree, that it is to be regretted he did not rather candidly say, as he did of another lyric—"This song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know."

In a letter penned by him just about the very time (Oct., 1786) when—as now demonstrated—poor Mary was laid under the turf, in the Old Kirkyard of Greenock, he complains of "some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the claims of society or the vagaries of the muse." Now, when we find Burns rejecting present good, refusing to be comforted in regard to the future, and "brooding with miser care" over the memory of "one day of parting love" with an humble girl—long since dead—we are constrained to see something like *remorse* in these words:—

"See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?"

Sir Harris Nicolas, whose memoir of the bard we referred to in the notes to the preceding song, has the following very bold passage in regard to the present lyric:—"Experience has taught how differently a Poet can write and feel on the subject of his musings. Burns' connection with Jean Armour establishes beyond all contradiction, either that he was insincere with respect to her, or—what is more likely—that his disposition was wavering and unsettled. Nor did his consistency increase after he became her husband; for almost at the same moment when he represented himself as enjoying perfect connubial bliss, he was unfaithful to her; and if farther evidence be wanting that his wife did not entirely possess his heart, it is to be found in the fact, that after a fit of melancholy abstraction one evening, he was induced by her tenderness to return home; when, calling for pen and ink, the source of his depression became apparent in a beautiful Ode to a woman he had once loved, of whose death, that day happened to be the anniversary."

These remarks bear reference to the story which first appeared in Lockhart's memoir of Burns (1828), quoted from Mr. M'Diarmid's notes of conversation with Mrs. Burns. It now turns out, by reference to these memoranda, that Lockhart embellished and exaggerated the picture suggested by Jean Armour's retrospect of nearly forty years; for while she is made to say that the poet, when prevailed on by her to drop his star-gazing and come home, called for his desk, and wrote down the Ode "exactly as it now stands," she really went no farther length

than to say that he wrote down *the first verse* of it. In fact, we are disposed to regard the whole particulars as a myth. It has now been ascertained that the anniversary of Mary's death was at least a month after the latest of the Nithsdale harvest operations with which the story is mixed up, and as well might she have painted another sensational scene in his writing-closet at Dumfries, in October or November, 1792, when he composed the equally affecting lyric—"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around the Castle o' Montgomery."

See on this subject, notes at pages 91, 208, 319, and p. lxxviii. & lxxiv, of *Memoirs*.]

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love!
 Eternity can not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace,—
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray;
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

EPPIE ADAIR.

[There is no mark to indicate that this is by Burns, but Stenhouse assures us that it is his. According to Peter Buchan, the verses were suggested by an old piece representing the Earl of Kilmarnock's farewell to his wife, before his execution, in 1746. We give a specimen of it:—

“Hey my Eppie, and How my Eppie!
 Sae lang as she'll wait ere she see me now:
 In strong prison I lie, with no power to fly,
 And I'll never return to my Eppie, I trow.

Farewell to my Eppie, my wish be wi' Eppie,
 Too soon will my Eppie receive my adieu:
 My sentence is past, the morn is my last,
 And I'll never win hame to my Eppie, I trow.”

But unfortunately for the authenticity of this “neck verse,” the name of the Countess was not Eppie. She was Lady Anne Livingston, daughter of James, Earl of Linlithgow, attainted for his share in the Rebellion of 1715. She was a Catholic, and tradition says that it was in consequence of her entreaties that the Earl of Kilmarnock joined Prince Charles.]

CHORUS.

*An' O! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?*

By love and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!
An' O! my Eppie, &c.

A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!
An' O! my Eppie, &c.

THE BATTLE OF SHERRA-MOOR.

TUNE—*Cameronian Rant.*

[Burns has attached his name to this clever paraphrase of the original ballad, written by the Rev. John Barclay, founder of the religious sect named Bereans (born 1734, died 1798). It is given *in extenso* by Stenhouse, and also by Hogg and Motherwell. There is considerable wit in it, although it wants the concentrated force of Burns' version. Barclay is also much more severe on the Highlanders than our poet is, whose prejudices are northern and Jacobite.]

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

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

' The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles:
They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles;
They hack'd and hash'd, while braidswords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,
Till fey men dee'd awa', man.

' But had ye seen the philibegs
And skyrin tartan trews, man;
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant true-blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baignets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge;
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
They fled like frightened dows, man.'

‘O how deil Tam can that be true?

The chase gaed frae the North, man;
 I saw mysel', they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut;
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaist did swarf, man.'

‘My sister Kate cam up the gate

Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swoor she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill;
 The Angus lads had nae gude will
 That day their neebours' blude to spill,
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose—they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

‘They've lost some gallant gentlemen

Amang the Highland clans, man:
 I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,
 Or in his en'mie's hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double-flight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
 And mony bade the warld gude-night;
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell,
 Flew off in frighted bands, man.'*

* In most of the editions of the poet, the three concluding lines are altered thus:—

“Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.”

We should like to know the authority for this alteration, as one line *too much* is thereby thrown into the stanza, and, moreover, the *rhyme* is lost.

YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

[This is marked by the letter "Z"—indicating an old song with additions; but, as we have already seen, Burns admits that several of his entire compositions are so marked in the *Museum*, and Stenhouse says that the whole of this very natural song is his, with the exception of two or three lines.]

YOUNG Jockey was the blythest lad
 In a' our town or here awa':
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roos'd my een, sae bonie blue,
 He roos'd my waist, sae genty sma';
 An' ay my heart came to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a';
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

 A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

[The poet does not claim this in his notes, yet it is usually given as his in standard editions of his works. He, himself, distinctly says, "I picked up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale: I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland." We may be certain that it experienced a good *rubbing up* at his hands.]

WHARE are you gaun, my bonie lass?
 Whare are you gaun, my hinnie?
 She answer'd me, right saucilie—
 An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bonie lass?
 O whare live ye, my hinnie?
 By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
 In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor up the glen at e'en,
 To see my bonie lassie;
 And lang before the grey morn cam,
 She was na hauf sae saucy.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
 And the foumart lay his crawin!
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
 A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
 And o'er the bed she brought her;
 And wi' a meikle hazel-rung,
 She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

O fare-thee-weel, my bonie lass!
 O fare-thee-weel, my hinnie!
 Thou art a gay and a bonie lass—
 But thou has a waukrife minnie.

FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

[Burns has put his name to this. It is simply the *Bard's* song in the *Jolly Beggars*, omitting the first two verses, and substituting for these the present opening verse and a fresh chorus.]

THO' women's minds, like winter winds,
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.

CHORUS.

*For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 The bonie lass that I lo'e best,
 She'll be my ain for a' that.*

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

In rapture sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that;
 But for how lang the fie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.

For a' that, &c.

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

For a' that, &c.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

[This world-famous song was composed in August or September, 1789. Burns' note regarding it is as follows:—"The air is Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this:—Mr. William Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn-vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business." Dr. Currie, writing in 1799 (only 10 years after the event), says,—“These three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents, are now all *under the turf*.”

On 16th October, 1789, Burns, writing to Captain Riddel of *the Carse*, quotes two verses of the song, thus showing that it was already familiar in the district among the poet's friends; and in the line, “Wha last beside his chair shall fa',” puts the emphasis of italics on the word *last*. By a gross blunder, this word is printed “first” in the *Museum*, which error has been followed by several editors, and given rise to the idea that Burns' notion of conviviality was a struggle to get *dead-drunk before the rest*, and thus be crowned “king of the company!”

In 1821, Mr. John Struthers, author of some good songs, produced a very telling “Sequel to ‘Willie brew'd a peck o' maut’”—based on the remark above quoted from Currie.]

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to see:
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.

CHORUS.

*We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a drappie in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we ;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be !
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee !
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he !
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three !
We are na fou, &c.

KILLIECRANKIE.

[This is marked "Z" in the *Museum*. All except the chorus is by Burns, although Hogg and other Jacobite ballad-mongers allege otherwise.]

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O ?
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad ?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?

CHORUS.

*An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wad na been sae canty, O ;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.*

I faught at land, I faught at sea ;
At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
But I met the Devil and Dundee,
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Piteur fell in a furr,
 An' Clavers gat a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,
 On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

[The poet has put his name to this in the *Museum*, although he scarcely required to do so, as the verses speak for themselves. The expression, "Spare to speak, and spare to speed," is a proverbial one, which occurs in the works of other Scots poets. The heroine was a beautiful maiden, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jeffrey of Lochmaben, at whose house the bard was an occasional guest in the course of his Excise journeys. She was married eventually to a gentleman of the name of Renwick, resident in Liverpool, and afterwards in New York.

The Rev. Mr. Jeffrey is kindly referred to by Burns in a letter to Provost Maxwell, dated 20th December, 1789, and this indicates the date of the song, which was presented by the poet to its inspirer one morning, at the breakfast table, after having slept a night at the house.]

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonie blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright—
 Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew—
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white,—
 It was her een sae bonie blue!

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
 But, spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonie blue!

THE BANKS OF NITH.

[The poet's name is attached to this song in the *Museum*. It is intended to depict the feelings of a native of Nithsdale, resident in London, and apparently tied by circumstances to remain there, expatriated from "the fruitful vales and sloping dales" of *bonie Langsyne*.]

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand ;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command :
 When shall I see that honor'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand,
 For ever—ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where bounding hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom !
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes ;
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

 TAM GLEN.

[This is an immortal production, and would be recognised as Burns' work although no name nor external mark were attached to it. The air, in the *Museum*, is said to be "its ain tune;" but it is now universally sung to the fine old air—*The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre*, which is capable of giving great effect to the words.]

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
 Some counsel unto me come len' ;
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen' :
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I maunna marry Tam Glen ?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller—
'Gude-day to you brute!'—he comes ben :
He brags and he blaws o' his siller ;
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten ;
But if its ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen !

The last Halloween I was waukin
My drouket sark-sleeve, as ye ken ;
His likeness cam up the house staukin—
The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear tittie ! don't tarry ;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen !

SONGS BY BURNS IN JOHNSON, VOL. IV., AUGUST 13, 1792.

The poet had left his farm at Ellisland and taken up his residence in Dumfries when this volume was published. The Preface, like that to each of the two preceding volumes, is his composition: the concluding passage is as follows:—“To those who object that his publication contains pieces of inferior or little value, the Editor answers by referring to his plan. All our songs cannot have equal merit; besides, as the world have not as yet agreed on any unerring balance—any undisputed standard—in matters of taste, what to one person yields no manner of pleasure, may to another be a high enjoyment.”

This being the last volume of the *Museum* that the bard lived to see published (for the progress of that work was interrupted by his kindly engaging, about a month after Johnson's fourth volume appeared, to furnish a series of songs for George Thomson's collection), we embrace this opportunity to say a few words regarding the artist-like care with which Burns elaborated and finished those songs which we are now re-producing. We have already seen how, in Edinburgh, he worked out the lyric flow of the songs he contributed to the second volume of Johnson.—(Vide note to song—*A Rose-bud by my early walk*, page 230.) So, while in Nithsdale, we learn from a memorandum obligingly communicated to Mr. R. Chambers by Sir James S. Monteath of Closeburn, that there lived in that parish “a respectable woman—Christina Kirkpatrick, married to a mason named Flint. She had a masculine understanding; was well acquainted with the old music, the songs and ballads of Scotland; and, having a fine voice and good ear, she sang them remarkably well. Burns was accustomed, after composing any of his beautiful songs, to pay Kirsty a visit, that he might hear them sung by her. He often stopped her in the course of her singing, when he found any word harsh and grating to his ear, and substituted one more melodious and pleasing. From Kirsty's extensive acquaintance with the old Scotch airs, she was frequently able to suggest to the poet music more suitable to the words she was singing than that to which he had set them.”

Professor Gillespie of St. Andrews has confirmed the above anecdote, by recording, that when he was a school-boy at Wallace-Hall, he one day saw the poet's horse tied by the bridle to the latch of a cottage-door in the neighbourhood of Thornhill, and lingered for some time listening to the songs which the female occupant was singing to Burns, who sat in an arm-chair by the fireside in rapt attention to her vocalisation. Kirsty Flint was the name of the songstress. She was neither pretty nor witty, but she had a pipe of the most overpowering pitch, and a taste for song. “She sang even to us laddies,” adds the narrator, “such songs as *Nae luck about the house*, and *Braw lads o' Gala water*, most inimitably.”

With reference to Kirsty Flint's vocal powers, we feel constrained to notice a wretched fiction which has been recently engrafted on the foregoing narratives, and recorded in a small work on Burns just published. In it, we are told that the poet was one of the wedding-guests at Kirsty's marriage, and was thrown into a state of distraction by one of the company, who, on being asked to sing, gave *Ye banks, and braes, and streams around the castle o' Montgomery*; on which occasion, Burns sprang to his feet, and asked the singer, in God's name, to desist, and thereafter entreated Kirsty to quiet his mind with a verse or two of *Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon*!—This story condemns itself, for *Highland Mary* was not given to the world till some years after the poet's death, although composed for George Thomson in Nov., 1792—a year after the poet had settled in the town of Dumfries, and bidden farewell to Closeburn and Kirsty Flint.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

[This song was written in 1790 or 1791. The author's note is as follows:— "The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigeburn Wood. The chorus is part of an old, foolish ballad." Jean Lorimer was only fifteen or sixteen years old when thus vicariously wooed by Burns in behalf of Gillespie, a brother-officer of excise, who had fallen in love with her. She was the eldest daughter of a substantial farmer and merchant at Kemmis-hall, on the opposite side of the Nith from Ellisland, about two miles nearer Dumfries; and although she refused to listen to Gillespie's addresses, she was, unfortunately, captivated by the solicitations of a wild scapegrace, named Whelpdale, from England, who had set up as a farmer near Moffat, and in March, 1793, she was induced to elope with him, and contract a *Gretna Green* marriage. In a few months thereafter, her husband became a bankrupt and ran away, leaving her no resource but that of returning to her parents' house.

In 1794, Burns continued, as formerly, to be an occasional visitor at Kemmis-hall, and it was thought that Mrs. Whelpdale came oftener to Dumfries than she had any ostensible occasion for. In October of that year, we find the poet writing thus to George Thomson, about her and the song now under notice:—"I hope Clarke will persuade you to adopt my favourite *Craigeburn Wood* in your selection: it is as great a favourite of his as of mine. The young lady on whom it was made is one of the finest women in Scotland; and, in fact (*entre nous*), is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, or friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. I assure you, that to my lovely friend you are indebted for many of your best songs of mine. Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song—to be in some degree equal to your diviner airs—I put myself on the regimen of admiring a fine woman; and, in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses. The lightening of her eye is the godhead of Parnassus, and the witchery of her smile the divinity of Helicon!"

The poet has made reference to Clarke's admiration of this song: it is proper to add what that musician has himself recorded about it. He wrote thus, under the MS. of the music and song:—"The man who would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air, should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again!" We shall again have occasion to revert to the heroine of this song, whom the poet afterwards celebrated under the name of "Chloris.]"

SWEET closes the evening on Craige-burn Wood,
 And blythely awaukens the morrow;
 But the pride of the spring in the Craige-burn Wood,
 Can yield me nothing but sorrow.

CHORUS.

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
 And O, to be lying beyond thee!
 O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
 That's laid in the bed beyond thee!*

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie ;
But oh ! what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnny !

Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish ;
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me ;
And a' my days o' life to come,
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, &c.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

TUNE—*Carron Side.*

[Burns' note to this Jacobite effusion is as follows:—"I added the last four lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is." Stenhouse, however, remarks.—"The whole song is in the hand-writing of the poet, and I have reason to believe it is all his own."]

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite ;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight,—
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care ;
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore ;
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore.
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banished, hame again ;
 And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW.

[Burns trimmed into the present shape, the old fragment preserved by David Herd, which is as follows :—

“John, come kiss me now, now, now! John, come kiss me now ;
 John, come kiss me by and by, and make nae mair ado ;
 Some will court and compliment, and make a great ado ;
 Some will make o' their gudeman, and sae will I o' you.”

In the note to *John Anderson my jo*, page 254, we quoted Bishop Percy's remarks condemning the Scottish Reformers for their profanity in borrowing (as he alleges) the sacred Hymn-tunes of the Roman Cathedral-service and adapting impure songs to them. This groundless statement of Percy was taken up and spread by old Tytler of Woodhouselee in his dissertation on Scottish song ; but the researches of Ritson, and other inquirers since his day, have established that the reverse was the fact. The old tunes referred to by Percy and Tytler, such as *John Anderson—Green Sleeves—John, come kiss me now—Maggy Lauder—Kind Robin lo'es me*, &c., never were tunes of the Latin Church-service. They were the popular secular airs of the nation ; and the songs to which they were sung by the common people (and which they loved so much) were reckoned by their spiritual advisers to be “not unto edification—sensual—devilish!” True, the tunes were held to be quite angelic, and some of the Reformers, thinking it a pity that the *Devil* should have all the good music to himself, fell upon a plan to beguile him out of them by composing what they held to be *sacred words* to suit them : they reckoned that the tunes would operate as a bait or decoy to make the people swallow such stuff as the following, which we extract from “*Ane compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie other Ballates, changed out of PROPHANE SANGES ; for avoiding of sinne and harlotrie.*” republished by Andro Hart, 1621, from the earlier edition of 1590:—

(Ps. 2nd.—Kiss the Son, lest he be angry.)

“John, come kiss me now—John, come kiss me now :
 My prophets call, my preachers cry, John, come kiss me now ;
 John, come kiss me by and by, and make nae mair adow.”

CHORUS.

*O John, come kiss me now, now, now ;
 O John, my luve, come kiss me now ;
 O John, come kiss me by and by,
 For weel ye ken the way to woo.*

O SOME will court and compliment,
 And ither some will kiss and daut;
 But I will mak o' my gudeman—
 My ain gudeman, it is nae fau't.
O John, &c.

O some will court and compliment,
 And ither some will prie their mou';
 And some will hause in ither's arms,
 And that's the way I like to do.
O John, &c.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

[This fragment, from Herd's collection, underwent such an improvement at the hand of Burns in the last four lines, that we give the original in order that the reader may compare it with the version in the text:—

“Cock up your beaver, cock up your beaver,
 Hey, my Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver;
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it nae wrang,
 We'll a' to England ere it be lang.”]

WHEN first my brave Johnny lad came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnny lad, cock up your beaver!
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;
 We'll over the border and gie them a brush;
 There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
 Hey, brave Johnny lad, cock up your beaver!

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

[The poet's name is attached to this favourite production. He seemed to have a forecast of its popularity, for he instructed Johnson not to state the name of its tune—*Lord Elcho's Favourite*, but to give the music as if the song really belonged to it. Many of our readers will recollect the brilliant effect of this song as rendered by Wilson and Templeton in their vocal entertainments.]

O MEIKLE thinks my luve o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luve I ken brawly
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a' for the hinee he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller,
He canna hae luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin' ;
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree ;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

THEN GUDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

[Burns' name is adhibited to this characteristic song also. There was an old song with the same chorus, one verse of which ran thus :—

“ My wife she's aye a-telling me gude ale sall be the dead o' me ;
But if gude ale sall be my dead, I'll hae it written on my head—
Come gudewife, count the lawin,” &c.]

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light ;
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blude-red wine's the risin' sun.

CHORUS.

*Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.*

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And semple folk maun fecht and fen' ;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then gudewife, count, &c

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

Then gudewife, count, &c.

PROSE HISTORY OF THE WHISTLE.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, we shall here subjoin it.—In the train of Anne, Princess of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with her husband, James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless devotee of Bacchus. He had a curious ebony Ca' or Whistle, which, at the beginning of the orgies, he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow the Whistle, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories—without a single defeat—at the Courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty Courts of Germany, and challenged the Scottish Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present Sir Robert, who—after three days and nights' claret-shed—left the Scandinavian dead-drunk, “And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.”

Sir Walter Lowrie, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married the sister of Sir Walter. On Friday, the Sixteenth of October, 1790,* the Whistle was once more contended for—as related in the Ballad—by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honors of the field.—(R. B. 1792.)

In the edition of Burns' Poems (1793), the text of this introduction is very slightly altered, but in no way of any importance worth remarking. As stated in the “Notes” to our Kilmarnock Edition (1869), we have become the possessor of one of the MSS. of that poem. It is written on three pages of a foolscap sheet of Excise-paper. As is well known, Burns' kindness of heart led him to be most generous in giving away copies of his poems: our copy had been sent to Mr. Cairns, jun., Torr, Dumfries, grandfather of the late possessor of the MS., and contains the following dedicatory addendum—which was first published in our Kilmarnock Edition:—

“But one sorry quill, and that worne to the core,
 No paper—but such as I shew it;
 But such as it is, will the good Laird of Torr
 Accept, and excuse the poor Poet?”

A ridiculous verbal variation has been made by the great majority of Burns' editors, in altering—in the last line of verse third—the word *their* to *his*, which was pointed out in our edition of 1869. It is evident that the son of Loda could not possibly whistle his *own requiem*, but he is here properly represented as blowing the *requiem* of each of the champions, one by one, as they fell under the table. The corruption, *his requiem*, appears to have crept into the text through the poet having quoted it thus in his prose narrative introductory to the poem; but there the writer is referring to *one* champion only, namely, the Scandinavian, whom Sir Robert left “dead-drunk,” and so, in quoting the line, he was bound to use the singular person, *his*, instead of the plural, *their*.

* See correction of this date, in head-note to the Ballad.

THE WHISTLE.

[The poet, in the foregoing introduction to this admired piece of minstrelsy, makes an error of one year in the date, which was really 1789. The 16th of October, 1789, was a Friday, but not so the date given there: the mistake is farther made apparent by a letter of the bard printed in his correspondence, addressed to Captain Riddel on the very day of the contest. It is dated "Ellisland, 16th October, 1789," and proves that Burns was not "selected to witness the fray," but merely to give it an imperishable record in verse. He refers to the approaching contest, and to "the mighty claret-shed of the day" at the *Carse*, and wishes that Glenriddel's head may "be crowned with laurels to-night and free from head-aches to-morrow." "For me," he adds, "I shall 'Hear astonished, and astonished sing.'

"The whistle and the man I sing,
The man that won the whistle."

He appropriately winds up his letter by quoting two verses from his own song, then recently composed—"Here are we met, three merry boys."

Professor Wilson says of *The Whistle*—"It is perhaps an improper poem in priggish eyes, but, in the eyes of Bacchus, the best of triumphal Odes. The above letter and song make up the whole of Burns' share in the transaction. The 'three potent heroes' were too thoroughly gentlemen to have asked a fourth to sit by with an empty bottle before him, as umpire of that debate. Burns, that evening, was sitting with his eldest child on his knee, teaching him to say 'Dad!'—that night he was lying in his own bed, with bonie Jean by his side, and 'yon bright god of day' saluted him next morning at the *scaur* above the glittering Nith."]

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North—
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
'This whistle's your challenge—to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, sir! or ne'er see me more!'

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur.
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor godship as deep as the sea,—
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

* See Ossian's Caruc-thura.—(R. B. 1792.)

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows—with hearts clear of flaw:
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so vers'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

'By the gods of the ancients!' Glenriddel replies,
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,*
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er!'

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,—
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, Toss down the whistle, prize of the field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day,—
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy,
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

* See Johnson's tour through Scotland.—(R. B. 1792.)

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,
 Bright Phœbus 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.

Six bottles a piece had well wore out the night,
 When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
 Turned o'er in one bumper, a bottle of red,
 And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
 No longer the warfare ungodly would wage ;
 A high ruling-elder to wallow in wine !
 He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end ;
 But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend ?
 Tho' Fate said, a hero should perish in light,—
 So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the Knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink :
 ' Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink !
 But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
 Come, one bottle more, and have at the sublime !

Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
 Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
 So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay,—
 The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day ! *

* The editor may be blamed for having ignored the "affidavit" by William Hunter, who, in December, 1841, deponed that he, in 1789, saw Burns sitting in Glenriddel's house as "witness of the contest," and in the act of composing the ballad. The story bears its own lie in its face, and moreover, is contradicted by M'Murdo's certificate in 1793, which tells us that he (M'Murdo) was selected as *Judge*, and two other gentlemen (neither of them Burns) as *Witnesses* of the contest. The old blacksmith saw none present except the poet and the three champions. His account is derived from the Ballad.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME.

[The poet, in a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated from Ellisland, 12th March, 1791, transcribes this beautiful lyric, and writes to him thus:—"I shall fill up my page by giving you a song of my late composition, which will appear perhaps in Johnson's work. You must know a beautiful Jacobite air—*There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.* When political combustion ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets. If you like the air, and if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear friend, how much you will oblige me if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you will give my honest effusion to 'the memory of joys that are past' to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure."]

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars:
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

[Burns' name is given in the *Museum* as the author of this racy production. It is very much of a piece with the old set of *Auld Rob Morris*, as given in the *Tea Table Miscellany*: the mother, in that ballad, does not certainly recommend such hard measures as "Auntie Katie" does in the present song; but thus she urges her daughter to accept *Rob Morris* as her bridegroom:—

"Rob Morris, I grant, is an elderly man,
But then, his auld brass, it will buy a new pan;
Sae dochter, ye shouldna be fashious to shoe,
And auld Rob Morris is the maun ye maun lo'e."]

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary lang day;
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA'.

[Burns' name is not given as the author of this pathetic song, but with the exception of the opening line, every word is his. There can be no doubt that in composing it his thoughts were on poor Jean Armour's position in the early part of 1788, when thrust out of doors in mid-winter by her stern father, in consequence of being visibly a second time "under a cloud" through her recklessly renewed intimacy with the poet. On 3rd March, 1788, Burns wrote thus to Ainslie, from Mauchline:—"Jean I found banished like a martyr, forlorn, destitute, and friendless—all for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her fate: I have reconciled her to her mother: I have taken a room for her: I have taken her to my arms: I have given her a mahogany bed: I have given her a guinea," &c.]

The song in the *Museum* is not complete, for he afterwards introduced as verse second the following beautiful stanza:—

"It's no' the frosty winter wind,
It's no' the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'."

O HOW can I be blythe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw;
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best,
Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But there is ane will tak my part—
The bonie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought to me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa,
And I will wear them for his sake—
The bonie lad that's far awa'.

O weary winter soon will pass.
And spring will clead the birken shaw;
And my young babie will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

[This is marked with the letter "Z" in the *Museum*—indicating that it is an old song with alterations. In his notes, the poet says:—"This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Aytoun, private secretary to Mary and Anne, Queens of Scotland. I do think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress." In comparing the original with the more compressed composition given in the text, the reader will be apt to say, "I do confess there is an old-fashioned quaintness and charm about the old verses which Burns has scarcely caught." Take the following two verses for instance:—

"I do confess thee sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets;
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, untouch'd that stands,
Arm'd with her briars, and sweetly smells:
Once pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
No more that sweetness with her dwells:
Her leaves fall from her one by one,
And scent and beauty both are gone."]]

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I had been o'er the lugs in luvè,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could muve:
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets—
Thy favours are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

SENSIBILITY, HOW CHARMING.

[About the beginning of December, 1791, just after he came to reside permanently in Dumfries, in a letter to *Clarinda*, he transcribes these verses. He writes,—“I have just, since I had yours, composed the following stanzas: let me know your opinion of them:—

‘Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell,” &c.

On 15th of same month, he wrote again to her thus:—“I have sent your hair, a part of the parcel you gave me, with a measure, to Mr. Bruce the jeweller, to get a ring done for me. I have likewise sent in the verses on *Sensibility*, altered to—

‘Sensibility, how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell,’ &c.,

to the musical editor of the *Scots Songs*, of which you have three volumes, to set to a most beautiful air, out of compliment to the first of women, my ever-beloved, my ever-sacred *Clarinda*.”

It is a curious fact that the poet enclosed the verses also to Mrs. Dunlop, with the title—“ON SENSIBILITY.—*To my dear and much honoured friend, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop.*”]

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Dearest Nancy, thou canst tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.
Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o’er the valley,—
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o’er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure,
Finer feelings can bestow:
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

YON WILD, MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

[No amount of conjecture will ever ascertain the subject or occasion of this wonderfully life-like composition; yet, notwithstanding the bard's protest against the world's interest in details of his private history, the very *individuality* of this little song prompts that curiosity which his brief comment upon it was intended to check. Only on one occasion was Burns known to visit the locality here painted so distinctly: that was on Monday, the 27th November, 1786, when he left Mossgiel on a borrowed horse with his face towards Edinburgh—the Jerusalem of his fondest hopes—in the prospect of publishing there to all the world the inspired musings which had created such a commotion in Ayrshire. He proceeded no farther that day than to Covington Mains, near Biggar, where he was entertained by the worthy farmer there, Mr Archibald Prentice. Composing on horseback was a favourite occupation for his mind a few years afterwards, when passing through wild, sequestered scenery; and it may reasonably be supposed that the muse accompanied him during this solitary ride through those moors, where the infant Clyde meanders, and is fed by rills from Tintock and the Culter Fells. Dr. Waddell, on this subject observes that—“Death had by this time dissolved the bond between him and Mary, and circumstances for a time had alienated his affections from Jean. Some country beauty in the moors of Tintock must have attracted his attention there, and he has immortalised the nameless beauty accordingly.”

The Poet's own note on this production is as follows:—“This song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.” Mr. Stenhouse adds the remark that “the reader on turning to the notes on song (p. 208) entitled *The Highland Lassie, O*, will have no difficulty in understanding that part of the bard's private history to which he alludes.” Allan Cunningham also ventures to agree with Mr. Stenhouse in supposing that “Highland Mary” was the theme of the song.

Misled, perhaps, by deference to these authorities, we rambled into some rather vague speculations here, in our former edition, conceiving that if we are correct in assuming that “Highland Mary” was really the poet's theme in the song of “Sweet Afton,” whose banks she was never known to traverse, she was just as likely to have formed the subject of the present lyric. The chief difficulty in the way of that conclusion lies in the second line of the song which so distinctly paints a locality that has no connection with the West Highlands, the residence of her parents. We have no ground for supposing that Mary ever resided—in service or otherwise—near

“Yon wild, mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth of the Clyde;

so we threw out the suggestion that Burns, in sending this, as one of his early productions, to Johnson for insertion in the *Museum*, might have disguised the locality somewhat, by a very slight alteration of line second. We ventured to suppose that, as originally written, the opening lines may have read thus:—

“Yon wild, mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That swell with their torrents the might of the Clyde.

With a reading like this, all that follows would be a true picture of scenery in the district of Cowall, on the Argyle side of the Clyde.]

YON wild, mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he plays on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
 For there, by a lanely, sequestered stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair,
 O' nice education but sma' is her share,
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ;
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
 And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE.

[Burns' name is attached to this lyric in the *Museum*, but he says himself regarding it—"These were originally English verses: I gave them their Scots dress."]

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face
 Nor shape that I admire ;
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace,
 Might weel awauk desire :
 Something, in ilka part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find ;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thv mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee :
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to dee.

EPPIE M'NAB.

[The poet's note on this clever sketch is as follows :—" The old song with this title has more wit than delicacy." In October, 1794, Burns remodelled this song for George Thomson, who set it to a different air: the title of the new song is—"Saw ye my Phely?"]

O SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the Laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab ;
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab ;
Whate'er thou has done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab ?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

[This remarkably clever, although rather licentious production, is given in the *Museum* with the poet's name attached. It is adapted to a good old air called—*I'll gar a' your ribbons reel, lass, an I come near ye*; but it is more generally sung to a finer tune—*I had a horse*. The bard included this song in a certain MS. collection of "Merry Lays of Caledonia," referred to by him in a letter to John M'Murdo, Esq., dated December, 1793, of which he says—"A very few of them are my own: there is not another copy of the collection in the world."]

WHA is that at my bower door?
 O wha is it but Findlay!
 Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here;
 Indeed maun I! quo' Findlay:
 What mak ye, sae like a thief?
 O come and see! quo' Findlay:
 Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
 Indeed will I! quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in;
 Let me in! quo' Findlay:
 Ye'll keep me wauken wi' your din;
 Indeed will I! quo' Findlay:
 In my bower if ye should stay;
 Let me stay! quo' Findlay:
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
 Indeed will I! quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain;
 I'll remain! quo' Findlay:
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
 Indeed will I! quo' Findlay.
 What may pass within this bower;
 Let it pass! quo' Findlay:
 Ye maun conceal till your last hour;
 Indeed will I! quo' Findlay.

THE TEARS I SHED.

[The song in the *Museum* under this title is by Mrs. Dugald Stewart. Burns, finding that it required four lines to make the last verse suit the music, added the first half of the last stanza, which now reads as follows:—

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start ;
 No pause, the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest—and broke my heart !
 From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
 Neglected, and neglecting all,
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

[The sweet air of this song has tended to help its popularity: at same time, it is a most successful lyric—full of love and languishment, expressed by a true poet towards a worthy object of poetic idolatry. The note he penned in reference to it is as follows:—"Composed on my little idol, 'the charming, lovely Davies.'" Miss Davies was a connection of Captain Riddel, and the poet was introduced to her at Friars' Carse. She was of small stature, but so exquisitely handsome that she was welcomed to the Nith as "one of the Graces in miniature." She formed a love-attachment to a Captain Delany, who proved unworthy of her affection. He went abroad with his regiment, and neglected to correspond with her. She took his forgetfulness so much to heart that she fell into a decline, and died a victim of ill-requited love. Her hopeless passion—too open for concealment—was the "worm i' the bud" that "fed on her damask cheek," until her gentle spirit was released from its clay environment, and escaped to its native heaven.

Burns was still at Ellisland when he composed and presented to her the following song, as well as another beginning—*O how shall I unskilfu' try*. In sending the present verses to her, he says:—"The bagatelle is not worth presenting: so strongly interested am I in Miss Davies' fate and welfare, that to make her the subject of a silly ballad seems downright mockery of feeling—'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend." He concludes his letter thus:—"Woman is the blood royal of life: let there be slight degrees of precedency among them; but let them be ALL sacred."]

CHORUS.

*Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I would wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine !*

WISHFULLY I look and languish,
 In that bonie face of thine ;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonie wee, &c.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonie wee, &c.

THE TITHER MORN.

[There is no mark in the *Museum* to indicate the authorship of these lively verses: Stenhouse says, he believes they are by Burns. The poet, in his notes, merely says—"The tune is originally from the Highlands. I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever; but not by any means a lady's song." Professor Wilson quotes the present song with admiration, at full length, in his warm-hearted Essay on Burns. He says—"Reader, believing you feel as we do, we do not fear to displease you by quoting—*The tither Morn.*"]

THE tither morn, when I forlorn,
 Aneath an aik sat moaning;
 I did na trow, I'd see my jo
 Beside me, gin the gloaming;
 But he sae trig, lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me;
 When I, what reck, did least expect,
 To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me:
 Deil tak' the war! I late and air,
 Hae wish'd, since Jock departed;
 But now as glad I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry;
 I car'dna by, sae sad was I,
 In absence o' my deary;
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
 At kirk and fair, Ise ay be there,
 And be as canty's or y.

Æ FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.

TUNE—*Rory Dall's Port.*

[This most remarkable lyric has Burns' name attached to it in the *Museum*. In November, 1791, Clarinda had written to him—after a long pause in her correspondence—intimating her resolution to accept an invitation from her husband to join him in Jamaica. The poet made a run through to Edinburgh to enjoy a parting interview with her, which took place on 6th December, 1791; and that meeting he seems to have celebrated in an off-hand effusion, to be afterwards given, beginning—

“O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet
As the mirk night o' December.”

On returning to Dumfries he wrote to that lady on 27th December, enclosing the present exquisite parting song, and two others,—the one beginning—*Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December*; and the other—*Behold the hour, the boat arrive*. His letter is short, and reads thus:—“I have yours, my ever-dearest madam, this moment. I have just ten minutes before the post goes, and these I shall employ in sending you some songs I have just been composing to different tunes for the *Collection of Songs*, of which you have three volumes, and of which you shall have the fourth.”

In the following effusion—the story of the mutual passion between Burns and Clarinda—is concentrated in a wild gush of eloquence which no reader could imagine to be artificial. The fourth stanza, Byron has selected as the motto for his poem—*The Bride of Abydos*, and Sir Walter Scott has remarked that “that one verse is worth a thousand romances.” To this testimony Mrs. Jamieson elegantly adds,—“They are not only ‘worth a thousand romances,’ but they are in themselves, a complete romance: they are the *alpha* and *omega* of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure distilled into one burning drop.” Clarinda sailed for Jamaica from Leith in Feb., 1792, in “*The Roselle*”—the same ship which Burns had intended to sail in from the Clyde in 1786. Meeting with unkindness from her husband, she returned to Scotland in the same vessel, arriving in Edinburgh in August, 1792. Burns never saw her again, although a few letters passed between them. Clarinda was born in the same year with the poet, and survived him 45 years, dying in 1841, aged 82. At the age of 72 she penned the following memorandum, found among her papers after her death:—“6th Dec., 1831. This day I never can forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in Heaven!”]

Æ fond kiss, and then we sever,—
Æ fareweel, and then—for ever
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee!
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae chearfu' twinkle lights me,—
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her—
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly—
Had we never lov'd sae blindly—
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted !

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
Ae fareweel, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

AS I WAS A WAND'RING.

TUNE—*Rinn m' eudial mo mhealladh.*

[There is no mark of authorship attached to this song in the *Museum*, and Stenhouse has, unfortunately, misled several editors of Burns, who have given it as his composition. The original song, which is far superior to the version in Johnson, was recovered by David Herd, in whose second volume it is given, at page 165. Ritson also published it with high commendation. Burns added a verse, which we give in the text along with the old song, and an exquisite stanza it is. Stenhouse tells us, in his observations, that the beautiful Gaelic melody to which the song is set, was obtained by Burns during his Highland tour in 1787, and that the verses are said to be a correct Scottish metrical version of the Gaelic song, from an English translation communicated to Burns with the music. This is a mistake, as the following old version proves:]—

I'LL NEVER LAY A' MY LOVE UPON ANE.

(*From Herd's Collection. 1776.*)

As I was walking ae May morning,
The fiddlers and youngsters were making their game ;
And there I saw my faithless lover,
And a' my sorrows returned again.
Weel, since he's gane—may joy gae wi' him !
It's never be he that shall gar me complain :
I'll cheer up my heart, and I *will* get another,—
I'll never lay a' my love upon ane.

I couldna get sleepin' yestreen for weepin',
 The tears trickled down like showers o' rain ;
 An' had I no' got greetin, my heart wad ha' broken,—
 And O ! but love's a tormenting pain !
 But since he's gane—may joy gae wi' him !
 It's never be he shall gar me complain :
 I'll cheer up my heart, and I will get another,—
 I never will lay a' my heart upon ane.

STANZA ADDED BY BURNS.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envie him the gains he can win ;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow,
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.
 Weel, since he's left me, may pleasure gae wi' him !
 I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
 I'll flatter my fancy I may get another,—
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—*Miss Muir.*

[This was composed in honour of the lady who inspired the song given at page 292, entitled—"The Bonie Wee Thing" (see note thereto.) Professor Wilson says, in his generous "Essay," "We know not much about the *Lovely Davies* ; but, in Burns' stanzas, she is the very sovereign of Nature." The poet, in his letter enclosing the present poem to Miss Davies, remarks thus:—"When I meet with a person 'after my own heart,' I positively can no more desist from rhyming on the impulse, than an Æolian harp can refuse its tones to the streaming air. A distich or two would be the consequence, though the object which hit my fancy were gray-headed age ; but where my theme is youth and beauty—a young lady whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment, are equally striking and unaffected—by Heavens ! though I had lived threescore years a married man, and threescore years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea. I am truly sorry that the enclosed stanzas have done such poor justice to such a subject."]

O how shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation—
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration ?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair,
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning—
 When past the show'r, and every flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is ;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes—
 A scepter'd hand—a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances :
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is ;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender ;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour :
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is ;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

[There is no mark of authorship to this clever song in the olden style ; but it is undoubtedly by Burns, whose MS. of it is still preserved. There have been many verses on the same subject in sundry collections, and none more effective than the following, from Laurie & Symington's edition of Herd's Songs (1792):—

“ If my wife and thy wife were in a boat thegither,
 And yon honest man's wife were there to steer the ruther ;
 And if the boat were bottomless, and seven miles to row ;
 I think my wife wad ne'er come back to spin her pund o' tow.”]

CHORUS.

*The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow ;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.*

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint,
 As gude as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle lowe;
 And ay she took the tither souk,
 To drook the stourie tow.

The weary, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
 She brak it o'er my pow.

The weary, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And 'or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary, &c.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

[The author's name is attached to this. It is composed on the model of an older ditty, but his production is quite original in its way. He was then at Ellisland; but, he tells a friend in one of his letters, "I am generally about half my time in Ayrshire with my 'darling Jean;' and then, at lucid intervals, I throw my horny fist across my be-cobwebbed lyre, much in the same manner as an old wife throws her hand across the spokes of her spinning-wheel. You do not tell me if you are going to be married. Depend upon it, unless you make some foolish choice, it will be a great improvement on the dish of life. I can speak from experience, though God knows my choice was as random as blind-man's buff." He wrote thus to Ainslie, on 15th June, 1788:—"I can fancy *how*, but have never seen *where* I could have made a better choice." In similar words he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop, on August 10th, same year,—“I can easily *fancy* a more agreeable companion for my journey of life; but, upon my honour, I have never seen the individual instance.”]

I HAE a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend—
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a gude braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 Naebody cares for me,
 I care for naebody.

WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBED.

[Of this piece, Stenhouse says:—"The fragment of this ancient ditty, which is preserved in Herd's collection, required some burnishing before it could be presented to the subscribers for the *Museum*. Burns undertook to make it passable; and, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, it must be admitted that he has performed the task with great skill and dexterity." The air is one of our very oldest, being the same as that to which Lady Nairn's "Laird o' Cockpen" is sung.]

O WHEN she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,
 O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law;
 And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
 And syne deny'd she did it at a'.

And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',
 And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',
 In leaving the dochter of a lord,
 And kissin' a collier lassie, an' a'.

O never look down, my lassie, at a',
 O never look down, my lassie, at a;
 Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
 As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sac sma',
 Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sac sma;
 Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark—
 And Lady Jean was never sae braw.

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE—*The Moudiewort.*

[This is one of the poet's gems of nature, which speedily found its way into every fireside in Scotland, and far beyond these. It is understood to be sung by a lass of eighteen with some *tocher* waiting for her when she arrives at the age of *ane-and-twenty*, which she would rather share with "Tam," than increase by an alliance to a "wealthy coof" who seeks her hand. It is the "old, old story,"

"I'd rather tak *him* wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd hae Sandy wi' siller and land."]

CHORUS.

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O for, &c.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA', WILLIE.

[This is a Jacobite song in honour of William Gordon (Viscount Kenmure), who was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1716, for his share in the rebellion of the previous year. The song may have an old foundation, but it derives its principal charms from having passed through the hands of our poet.]

O KENMURE'S on and awa', Willie!
O Kenmure's on and awa';
An' Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band;
There's no' a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure's lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie!
They'll live or die wi' fame;
But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa', Willie!
Here's him that's far awa';
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,—
The rose that's like the snaw!

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

[Burns' name is given as the author of this pleasing song of industry and rural contentment: the two central verses are beautifully descriptive; indeed, there is nothing finer of its kind in any language.]

O LEEZE me on my spinning-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock and reel,
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun:
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,—
 O leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest:
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
 Where blythe I turn my spinning wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays:
 The craik amang the clover hay,
 The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
 The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy;
 O wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, idle toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

[This is unclaimed by the poet, who says regarding it in his notes, "I do not know a blyther old song than this:" yet it was never seen in print until he produced it in the *Museum*, therefore we may safely say his hand has been at work on it.]

WHARE live ye, my bonie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

See you not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie;
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie;
And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie!

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

[This was produced as a welcome to Lady Winifred Maxwell, descended from the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale, on her returning to Scotland and re-building the old Castle of Terreagles, the ancient seat of her family. The mansion is in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, about three miles from Dumfries, in the parish of Terreagles. Captain Riddel supplied the music for this lyric. It has not been before noticed by any annotator or editor of the poet, that the second stanza of this lyric is just a kind of paraphrase of that "fragment in imitation of an old Scotch song," one verse of which he sets down in his early *Commonplace Book*, under date September, 1784, "to mark the song I mean, and likewise as a debt I owe to the author, because the repeating of that verse has lighted up my flame a thousand times":—

"When clouds in skies do come together,
To hide the brightness of the sun;
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone:"

and in one of his letters, dated 23rd July, 1787, he quotes a verse having a like turn of sentiment:—

"Though in the morn comes sturt and strife,
Yet joy may come at noon;
And I hope to live a merry, merry life,
When a' thir days are done,"—

reminding us very much of that joyous rhyme which he was so fond of repeating:—

"As I came in by Glenap, I met wi' an aged woman;
She bade me cheer up my heart, for the best o' my days were a-comin'."]

THE noble Maxwells and their powers,
Are coming o'er the border;
And they'll gae big Terreagles towers,
And set them a' in order:
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow.

COUNTRY LASSIE.

[The authorship of this is stated in the *Museum*. It is one of Burns' happy efforts, and repeats the old story so often told in minstrelsy, and always so fresh and welcome:—

“Ae blink o' Rab I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.”]

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field ;
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield ;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, 'I'll be wed, come o't what will.'
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild :
'O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae woovers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben :
There's Johnny o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen,
It's plenty beets the luvver's fire.'

'For Johnny o' the Buskie-glen,
I dinna care a single fie ;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me ;
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear :
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.'

'O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin best,—
A hungry care's an unco care :
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.'

‘ O, gear will buy me rigs o’ land,
 And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
 But the tender heart o’ leesome luve,
 The gowd and siller canna buy:
 We may be poor—Robie and I—
 Light is the burden luve lays on;
 Content and luve brings peace and joy,—
 What mair hae queens upon a throne?’

FAIR ELIZA.

A Gaelic Air.

[The poet's name is affixed to this exquisite effusion. On 15th November, 1788, he wrote to Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*, thus:—"Have you never a fair goddess that leads you a wild-goose chase of amorous devotion? Let me know a few of her qualities, such as whether she be black or fair, plump or thin, short or tall, &c.; and choose your air, and I shall task my muse to celebrate her."

The kind-hearted poet, it will be remembered, made a similar offer to George Thomson. It would appear that the present song is really a fulfilment of his promise made to Johnson: the first line was originally written—

"Turn again, thou fair Rabina."

In the original MS. the poet has a note annexed to the song, thus:—"So much for your Rabina—how do you like the verses? I assure you I have tasked my muse to the top of her performing. However, the song will not sing to your tune; but there is a Perthshire tune in Macdonald's collection which is much admired in this country: I intended the verses to be sung to that air."

The closing verse of this song is not surpassed by any stanza in the whole range of lyric poetry, and is a fair match for that one so highly commended at page 123, *ante*.]

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,—
 Ae kind blink before we part;
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza:
 If to *love* thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under *friendship's* kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended,—
 The offence is loving thee;
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?

O, while the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe :
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the poet, in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

[This is undoubtedly by Burns, although it is not claimed for him by name or mark in the *Museum*. It has all the nerve of the hand that wrote *The Kirk's Alarm* and *Honest Poverty*. The poet's original MS. is now in the hands of Mr. David Dunbar, Dumfries.]

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear,—
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fau'ts I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law ?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law ?
What is right, and what is wrang ?—
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar ?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar ?
What makes heroic strife ?—
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life,
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state ;
 Then let your schemes alone, in the state ;
 Then let your schemes alone :
 Adore the rising sun,
 And leave a man undone
 To his fate.

THE POSIE.

[This charming song was never surpassed by its author in originality, combined with tenderness and truth to nature: not—as Professor Wilson observes—that the lover could actually all at once cull those various flowers and wildlings of nature to form into one posie to place in the bosom of his ain dear May: nevertheless, Burns can pu' a posie in spite of the seasons and critical sticklers for "the unities;" and he comingles the hours of the day as well as the seasons of the year: the rose-bud bathed in the dew of early morn, and the woodbine, dropping diamonds reflected from the evening star,—both go into the same posie; for the space of time, "from morn till dewy eve," is but a moment in "love's young dream."

This lyric was suggested by a doggerel ballad which his wife used to sing to him, beginning—*There was a pretty May, and a-milkin' she went.* He was particularly struck with the beauty of the tune, which he got taken down from her singing, and forwarded to the *Museum* with these verses. He is quite right in saying that this fine air is the progenitor of that known as "Roslin Castle."]

O LUVE will venture in where it daurna weel be seen;
 O luve will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green—
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
 For she is the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou';
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' it's locks o' siller grey,
 Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day;
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear—
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè.
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

The "doggerel ballad" above referred to as a favourite song of *Bonie Jean*, we find, even as these sheets are passing through the press, has become the subject of enquiry in "Notes and Queries" for June 26, 1870; therefore, we hesitate not to present it to the reader:—

WHERE ARE YE GOING TO, ETC.

"There was a pretty May, and a-milkin' she went,
Wi' her red-rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair;
 And she has met a young man comin' o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee, my dear!

O where are ye going, my ain pretty maid,
Wi' thy red-rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair?
 Unto the yowes a-milkin', kind sir, she said,
With a double and adieu to thee, my dear.

What if I gang along wi' thee, my ain pretty maid? *wi' thy, &c.*
 Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir? she said, *with a, &c.*

O what is your fortune, my ain pretty maid? *wi' thy, &c.*
 My face it is my fortune, and quite enough, she said, *with a, &c.*

"Then I fear I cannot marry thee, my ain pretty maid, *wi' thy, &c.*
 You'll wait until I ask you! kind sir, she said,—
 O its rolling on the dew makes the milk-maids fair!"

* This line is an unmeaning corruption of the real catch-line.

"And its rolling on the dew makes the milk-maids fair!"

THE BANKS O' DOON.

[No song that Burns ever composed enjoys a greater range of popularity than this. A portion of its success must, in fairness, be attributed to its beautiful air, which was produced by an *amateur* musician in Edinburgh—Mr. James Miller—with a few helping touches from Stephen Clarke the organist.

The reader, by referring to our head-note to *Young Peggy blooms*, page 199, will find some notice of the lady who formed the subject of this affecting song: she was (according to Mrs. Begg's memoranda) a niece of Mrs. Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. Although born heiress of a considerable estate in Carrick—to which she ultimately succeeded—she, at the tender age of seventeen, proved herself to be one of many frail daughters of Eve who have "loved not wisely, but too well." But, as we learn in the preceding song,

"Luvè will venture in where it daurna weel be seen ;
Luvè will venture in where wisdom ance has been."

Her lover, Captain M——, was the son of a wealthy Wigtonshire proprietor, and M.P. for that county, although himself only 25 years old. In the song, some blame is thrown on the "fause lover;" but, from an investigation of all the circumstances, it does not appear that any charge of this kind could be brought against him. About ten years after this lyric was composed, and when the minstrel's hand was motionless for ever, the lady was advised, in behalf of her child, to raise against the father an action of *declarator of marriage and legitimacy*, with an alternative claim of *damages* in case of failure. She died shortly after the process was instituted, probably the victim of anguished feelings; but the case continued in her daughter's behalf. In 1798, the judges pronounced in favour of the marriage; but the Court of Session, on review, reversed the judgement, and ordered a payment of £3,000 to the daughter, who was, in 1851, a married lady resident in Edinburgh.

Shortly after Burns' arrival in Edinburgh, he sent the present lyric, in its original, and perhaps its best form, to Mr. Ballantyne. We here present both sets to our readers, in order that they may compare them together: the earlier set is in the common ballad-stanza, and is certainly preferable to the other in natural simplicity. The poet, in his second version, was forced to throw every second line into eight syllables, in order to fit the air selected for it. He was most anxious to print this lyric, and also his beautiful verses in praise of Miss W. Alexander (the *Lass o' Ballochmyle*) in his Edinburgh edition; but in a letter to Gavin Hamilton, dated March 8th, 1787, he says:—"My two songs on Miss Alexander and Miss Peggy Kennedy were tried yesterday by a jury of literati, and found defamatory libels against the fastidious powers of Poesy and Taste, and the author forbidden to print them under pain of forfeiture of character. I cannot help shedding a tear to the memory of two songs that had cost me some pains, and that I valued a good deal; but I must submit. Damn the pedant, frigid soul of criticism for ever and ever!"]

[EARLIER VERSION.]

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

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

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

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

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

[LATER VERSION.]

TUNE—*Caledonian Hunt's delight.*

YE banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luvè staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

[This broadly humorous song has Burns' name given to it in the *Museum*. It has yet to be settled by annotators who was its amiable and loveable heroine. *Linkumdoddie* is not to be found in the map, and the history of *Willie Wastle* is to be found nowhere but in nursery rhyme-books. *Logan Water* is the purest of streams celebrated in old minstrelsy, and said by some to be in Lanarkshire, near Muirkirk; while others contend that the real *Logan Water* is among the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh—

“ Where bonie lasses bleach their claes—
By Logan burn, on Logan braes.”]

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither,—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

She has an e'e—she has but ane—
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither,—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her!

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shin'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther,—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:

Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,—
I wadna gie a button for her !

LADY MARY ANN.

[The poet's name is not at this production, nor is there any external mark to indicate that it is his; at same time it appears in his hand-writing among the copy supplied by him for the *Museum*. There is, in truth, an old ballad of no great delicacy, with the refrain—"My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet:" that ballad supplied the materials from which the present one is composed. Who can doubt that the third and fourth stanzas are entirely by Burns?]

O, LADY Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa' ;
She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba' ;
The youngest he was the flower amang them a',—
My bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father! O father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet ;
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue,
And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew ;
For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonie, and bloomin' and straught was its make :
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane, when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we hae seen ;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.

[Neither the poet's name nor mark are attached to this piece; but there cannot be any doubt that he is its author. The last line of each verse forms the title of a tune which the bard found in old "Musical Repositories," and he, believing it to apply to the national indignation expressed in regard to the question of *The Union*, conceived and executed the present lyric accordingly.]

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory;
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story.
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue
 Thro' many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station;
 But English gold has been our bane—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, 'or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld grey head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But, pith and power, till my last hour,
 I'll mak this declaration,—
 We're bought and sold for English gold—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

KELLYBURN BRAES.

[The poet has put his name to this witty production: the old ballad on which it is founded is common in England, under the title of *The Farmer's old Wife*.—(See No. 62, Percy Society's publications.) When Allan Cunningham was an apprentice mason-lad of eighteen years old, he foisted on Cromek spurious sets of this and other popular songs and ballads, passing them off as "the pure gold of antiquity;" and that not over-acute editor gave them to the world in 1810, under the title of "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song;" but they were soon detected as puerile forgeries. Honest Allan, however, could not, to his latest hour, resist the habit of corrupting the text of the minstrelsy of his country, both ancient and modern: his *Songs of Scotland* (4 vols., 1825) are most inaccurate; and in the notes to his edition of *Burns*, 1834, and of later dates, his "quotations" from alleged "old songs" are to be received with as much caution as Peter Buchan's "traditionary" renderings, and "old stall-copies" of ballads alleged by him to be the *originals* of some of Burns' best productions.]

THERE lived a carl in Kellyburn braes,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
 And he had a wife was the plague of his days:
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
 He met wi' the devil; says, 'How do ye fen?'
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

'I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint:
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

'It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

'O welcome most kindly!' the blythe carl said,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
 'But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd:
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

The devil has got the auld wife on his back,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack:
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
Syne bade her gae in, for a b—— and a w—— :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
Turn out on her guard, in the clap of a hand :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
Whae'er she gat hands on can near her nae mair :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa' ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
'O, help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a' :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
And to her auld husband he's carried her back :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

'I hae been a devil the feck o' my life ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,)
But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife :
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

JOCKEY FOU AND JENNY FAIN.

[This song—No. 381 in the *Museum*—is from the *Tea Table Miscellany* (1726). Burns, in glancing over it, seems to have been struck with the couplet which says—

“Gie me love in her I court;
Love to love maks a’ the sport:”

reminding him of his own blythe verse in the *Collier Laddie*—

“Love for love is the bargain for me,
Tho’ the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa’ my Collier Laddie;”

so he immediately added the following lines:—

LET love sparkle in her e’e,
Let her lo’e nae man but me;
That’s the tocher gude I prize,
There the luvèr’s treasure lies.

THE SLAVE’S LAMENT.

[Both words and music of this African lyric were communicated to the *Museum* by Burns. Mr. C. K. Sharpe has given what appears to be the older ballad, from a stall-copy; but no part of it can approach in sentiment to the present production. The following will serve as a sample:—

“Our lady goes to meat, and they give us nought to eat,
In the land of Virginio;
And we dare not move a lip when they lash us with a whip;
And, alas! I be weary, weary, O!
Our lady goes to walk, and we must be at her back,
In the land of Virginio;
And when the babe doth weep, we must lull it off to sleep;
And, alas! I be weary, weary, O!
We are yoked to the plough, and wearied sore enough,
In the land of Virginio;
With the yoke about my neck, my back is like to break;
And, alas! I be weary, weary, O!]

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O;
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,
And, alas! I am weary, weary, O!

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia, O;
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
And, alas! I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia-ginia, O;
 And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
 And, alas! I am weary, weary, O!

THE SONG OF DEATH.

TUNE—*Oran an Aoig.*

[This would appear to be the last effort of Burns' muse before leaving for ever the pleasant holms of Ellisland, in December, 1791. On the 17th of that month, he transcribed this patriotic lyric in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in which he says:—"I have just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers—needs neither preface nor apology.

SONG OF DEATH.

Scene—A Field of Battle—Time of the day, Evening—The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song."

Having transcribed the piece, he adds:—"The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses was—looking over, with a musical friend, M'Donald's collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle of Skye tune, entitled—*Oran an Aoig*; or, *The Song of Death*, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas."

Dr. Currie has pronounced this song to be worthy of the Grecian Muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for wisdom and valour. In a foot-note, this great biographer adds—"The poet had an intention of printing it separately, set to music, but was advised against it. This noble song seems to the editor more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence in a season of real pressing danger, than any production of modern times."]

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun;
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties—
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go, frighten the coward and slave;
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O! who would not die with the brave?

AFTON WATER.

[This truly ecstatic lyric, so sweetly pastoral, and so tender in its devotion towards the "theme of his lays," undoubtedly is one of the most noteworthy of all the productions of Burns. It has had the good fortune to become wedded to one of the most heavenly melodies that ever emanated from musical taste and genius: we refer, of course, to the air which was composed for it by the late Alexander Hume of Edinburgh. The words and melody together, really seem to realize the old classic fancy of the marriage-union between Cupid and Psyche. In this piece, perhaps more than any other of his compositions, we behold the youthful poet, with his "garland and singing robes about him," as he has portrayed himself in his own "Vision," listening to the words of COILA—

"Those accents, grateful to thy tongue—th' ADORED NAME
I taught thee how to pour in Song, to soothe thy flame."

And where does the adored name of MARY appear in a more glorious setting than in this lyric? Even the inspired "Singer of Israel" has contributed something to heighten the effect of the poet's rapturous song in her praise!—"I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not, nor awake my love—my dove, my undefiled!—The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land!"

Mr. George Thomson, in 1850, forwarded to Mr. Robert Chambers a memorandum of several songs by Burns which, in the year 1819, had been sent by him to Mr. Gilbert Burns, with the request that he would kindly insert the names, with some account of their respective heroines, and return the paper to him; all which was cheerfully complied with by the poet's brother. Mr. Chambers obligingly communicated to the writer of this note, the result of the enquiries made regarding the present song, and a few others. The memorandum regarding *Afton Water* is as follows:—

"Mr. T.—'Flow gently, sweet Afton, &c.—Who was the *Mary* of this Song?'

"G. B.—'The poet's *Highland Mary*; but Dr. Currie gives a different account of it, at page 332, Vol. IV., 7th edition, where he says—"Afton Water is the stream on which stands Afton Lodge, to which Mrs. Stewart removed from Stair. Afton Lodge was Mrs. Stewart's property from her father: the song was presented to her in return for her notice—the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life."

"G. B. thinks Dr. C. was misinformed in several of the above particulars; but Dr. Currie must not be contradicted!"

Mr. Chambers remarks in his MS. note to the present writer—"It is interesting to find Gilbert Burns alluding, as from personal knowledge, to the mysterious *Mary Campbell*: he, undoubtedly, could have thrown much light on that matter." That careful biographer and editor of Burns, in his subsequent edition (1851-52), refers to the foregoing remarks of Gilbert Burns regarding *Afton Water*, and dismisses the difficulty thus:—"It may be doubted if Mr. Gilbert Burns was rightly informed on the subject." In another passage, however, Mr. Chambers pays more regard to Gilbert's opinion; for he says—"The averment of the brother and bosom-friend of Burns must be next, in a case of this kind, to his own."

In order to test this little affair, we lately wrote to William Allason Cuninghame, Esq., of Afton and Logan House, the grandson of Mrs. Stewart of Stair and Afton, enclosing a copy of the foregoing memorandum of Gilbert Burns, and begging to be favoured with his reply to a few queries concerning the subject of it. That gentleman, by a letter dated 24th June, 1870, has politely furnished the following particulars.—

"Afton Lodge is in the parish of Tarbolton, and was built by my grandmother, Mrs. General Stewart, on parting with Stair. Her paternal estate of Afton is in the parish of New Cumnock, and has no residence on it; so she built Afton Lodge near Tarbolton, and named it after the Afton estate. It does not appear that the song called "Afton Water" is among the poems sent to her by Burns. Before her marriage, her name was Katherine Gordon, heiress of Afton, which estate I now possess."

Here, then, we have the most direct testimony tending to confirm the above

statement of Gilbert Burns; and, after a lapse of seventy years, revealing the fact that the poet's first biographer, either knowingly or innocently, dished up to his readers *misleading information* concerning this most interesting and sacred of all his love attachments—by whom so cooked, it is now of little use to hint our suspicions. It may, indeed, have been the case, that the literary executors of the poet imagined that by so doing they but followed the example, and carried out the wishes of the deceased, in suppressing and distorting facts regarding the date of his passion for the living Mary; for even amid his confidential unbosomings to Clarinda (little more than a year after Mary's death), he seems to have "set a seal upon his heart," at a time when he must, in thought, if not in words, have been referring to her. Those of our readers who have perused the "Clarinda Correspondence" will recollect his strangely "blabbing" letter, written to her one night when in his cups. He had sent her a copy of his famous auto-biographical letter to Moore, and he thus writes:—"I am flattered by the entertainment you tell me you have found in my packet. You see me as I have been, you know me as I am, and may guess at what I am likely to be. I too may say, 'Talk not of love,' for indeed he has 'plunged me deep in wool.' Not that I ever saw a woman who pleased unexceptionably, as my *Clarinda* elegantly says, 'in the companion, the friend, and the mistress.' *One* indeed I could except—*One*, before passion threw its mists over my discernment, I knew the first of women!* Her NAME is indelibly written in my heart's core—but I dare not look in on it—a degree of agony would be the consequence. Oh! thou perfidious, cruel, mischief-making demon, who presidest over that frantic passion—thou may'st, thou dost poison my peace, but thou shalt not taint my honour! Don't guess at these ravings!"

Clarinda tried hard to guess at these ravings, but failed; and *Sylvander* never satisfied her. There cannot now be a reasonable doubt that MARY was the subject of "Afton Water," and that it was composed while she was yet alive. Strange, indeed, that while a very little care on the part of the poet's numerous editors might have revealed this long ago, it should have been left to be discovered by one who, although heretofore unknown as an editorial expounder of Burns, was (twenty-one years ago) privileged to be hailed as the discoverer of much more important facts in the history of his mysterious attachment to Highland Mary.—See note to "Yon wild, mossy mountains," page 288.]

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear, †
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

* The only other of his earlier loved ones to whom this passage could possibly apply, is Ellison Begbie—circa, 1781-82, just before he went to Irvine (and she, like Mary, is never referred to in the poet's autobiography.) But why the "heart's core," and the "agony"? and why the poisoning of his peace? We have already seen, in the note to "Mary in Heaven," page 261, that *remorse* must have entered largely into his "brooding" recollections of her image.

† The lapwing is what we in Scotland call the "peasewep" or "pewit."

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
 There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
 The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

BONIE BELL.

[The poet's name is given to this beautifully descriptive lyric: it has a fresh and delightful buoyancy about it, and a happy flow of measure. The variations of morning and evening, and the changes of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, are touched off in a masterly manner, and every fluctuation of the rolling year, carries its own influence to the lover's heart. In Spring—

“ All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonie Bell : ”

and even as old Time and Nature tell their changes, the lover seems to feel the contrast in his individual case, for—

“ Never ranging, still unchanging
 I adore my bonie Bell ! ”]

THE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly winter grimly flies ;
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonie blue are the sunny skies.
 Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
 And yellow autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
 Till smiling spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature their changes tell ;
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonie Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

[We have, at page 239, *The Tailors' March*; at page 242, *The Gardeners' March*; and here we have the old tune known as *The Weavers' March*, honoured with words by Burns. It will afterwards be found that he has written beautiful words for *The Cordiners' March* also. It has been pointed out to our readers, that the poor Gardeners, in consequence of the fastidiousness of George Thomson, who could not allow the sweetheart of a Free Gardener to make any allusions to his "paidle," lost the honours originally bestowed on them by the poet; and here, also, the ill-starred genius of Thomson has interposed to mar the delight of *the Weavers!* It would seem that Thomson, whatever ailed him at the *Gardeners*, could see nothing short of absurdity in a bonie lass giving her heart to "a creeshie weaver!" forgetting all the time that Burns had already made a girl thus sing—

"A bonie westlin weaver lad sat working at his loom;

He took my heart, as wi' a net, in every knot and thrum."

So, in printing the present song in his own collection, he boldly substituted "sailor" for "weaver."—My certes! as "my father, the Deacon, before me," would have said—We'll hae to take *the sow's tail to Geordie*, and whip nonsense like that out o' his head! A "gallant sailor" is one thing—and all very well in its way; but a "gallant weaver" is quite another thing, and just the thing the poet intended and ordered. Who knows how the heart of poor Tannahill was affected by this cruel maltreatment of the Paisley Weavers, at the hands of this "paidlin body" of an Edinburgh clerk?

The truth is, Burns appears to have had a peculiar object in writing this song: it is quite clear he framed it, and had it set to music, specially for the pleasure of hearing "bonie Jean" sing it to him. It will be recollected that in the early spring of 1786, when Jean's parents broke off the private marriage between the poet and her, she was packed off to Paisley; and, in the course of a month or two, news reached Mauchline that she had been dancing the "Weavers' March" with a certain *Robie Wilson*, "a wabster gude," to whom she was soon to be married. This rumour nearly drove the poet distracted; and now when all had been mollified in the lapse of years, he had his quiet revenge in putting the following song into Jean's mouth.]

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had woers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And give it to the weaver.*

* "But now the day was come—the day—the hour;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco."

ROGERS' ITALY.

Rogers must have read Burns: in the first line we have a quotation from "Bruce's Address," and, in the latter two, we have almost the same fine thought which appears in the text.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees delight in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I love my gallant weaver.

HEY, CA' THRO'.

[This highly philosophical ditty—far superior in its way to “Paddle your own canoe”—was picked up or invented by Burns: if the former, it must have been during some Saturday afternoon excursion from Edinburgh, along the Fife coast, in 1787; if the latter, then simply from the text suggested to him in some old collection of music where he would read the name of the tune—“Carls o' Dysart.” The song was never seen in print before it appeared in Johnson's volume, and tradition has supplied another excellent verse as follows:—

“Ne'er break your heart for love:
 Just turn the boat about:
 There's as gude fish i' the sea
 As ever yet cam out.
Hey, ca' thro', &c.”

Peter Buchan, who supplied some drivelling notes for Hogg & Motherwell's edition of Burns, has the assurance to attack Allan Cunningham for stating that this song was unknown before its appearance in the *Museum*; and, in order to satisfy the reader of “the pertinacity with which some editors foist their ignorance upon the public as gospel truth,” he gives three verses—of his usual trashy kind—which we will not disgust the reader by quoting, and he declares that they are the original!]

UP wi' the carls of Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.

CHORUS.

*Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado ;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.*

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing ;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.
Hey, ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that comes behin',
 Let them do the like ;
 And spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' thro', &c.

O CAN YE LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN.

[It is quite impossible to say what part, if any, Burns had in these verses, indeed it is immaterial; for they have little value, and we would not have included them in this edition, had it not been to give us the opportunity of stating that the old air to which the song is set, is the very same to which the poet's immortal "Auld Langsyne" is now sung. The meaning of the ploughman's phrase—"to labour lea"—applies to the ploughing and cultivating of soft, sheltered ground which has been for some years in grass, and it is reckoned rather a tough job to "labour lea." Therefore we may be certain that the phrase has a covert meaning in the song, as one of its omitted verses more plainly indicates:—

"A stibble rig is easy ploughed,
And fallow land is free;
But what a silly coof is he
That canna labour lea."]

CHORUS.

*O can ye labour lea, young man?
O can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again,
Ye'se never scorn me.*

I FEE'D a man at Martinmas,
Wi' airle pennies three;
But a' the faute I had to him,
He couldna labour lea.
O can ye, &c.

O clappin's gude in Febarwar,
An' kissin's sweet in May;
But what signifies a young man's love,
An't dinna last for ay.
O can ye, &c.

O kissin' is the key o' love,
An' clappin' is the lock;
An' makin' of 's the best thing,
That e'er a young thing got.
O can ye, &c.

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.*

[The poet has affixed his name to this racy production. The title, and a few phrases preserved in the song are old; yet it must be admitted he has very consistently—if somewhat too freely—worked out the picture of senile frailty suggested by the fact that a waddling duck had overthrown the daddie of the auld wife's bairns.]

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fien-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,
 He was but a paidlin body, O!
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late and early, O!
 This seven lang years I hae lain by his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O!

O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
 O haud your tongue, now, Nansie, O:
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O.
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled me late and early, O;
 But downa do's come o'er me now,
 And, oh, I find it sairly, O!

* Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe supplies the original words of this song from an old quarto MS. collection in his possession.

“The nine-pint bicker's fa'n aff the bink,
 And broken the ten-pint cannie;
 The wife and her cummers sat down to drink,
 But ne'er a drap gae the gudemannie.
 The bairns they a' set up the cry,
 The deuks hae dung o'er my daddie!
 There's no' muckle matter, quo' the gudewife—
 He's aye been a daidlin' bodie!”

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

[This is what Hogg would have termed, "a bitter sang against the women"—just as bitter as the author's "Green grow the Rashes" is *sweet*. It is thought that Burns, when he penned this song, made reference to the case of his friend and correspondent, Alexander Cunningham, Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and who afterwards took up the trade of a goldsmith and jeweller, on the death of a brother in that line. About the date of its composition (1790) that gentleman had wooed a young lady of great personal attractions, who, when another lover presented himself, with superior pretensions of a *material* kind, deserted the poet's friend with astonishing coolness, after being affianced to him, and took the highest bidder. Burns seems to have taken to few or none of his Edinburgh associates with more fondness than Cunningham, whose taste and judgement were of sterling quality, while his susceptibilities were of the tenderest fabric. On being thus jilted by the "fair and fause" one that caused his smart; instead of saying, like heroic *Duncan* in the song, "She may gae to France for me!" he suffered himself to sink into the piteous predicament of the same *Duncan*, in that hour of his weakness, when he

—————"Sighed, baith out an' in,
Grat his een baith bleert an' blin',
And spak o' loupin o'er a linn."

He attempted to mend matters by getting married, on 13th April, 1792, to Miss Agnes Moir, the buxom daughter of a deceased clergyman; but all to no purpose—he could never banish from his thoughts the image of his "pretty, perjured Peggy!" and many an evening in the gloaming, he was seen to traverse the opposite side of Princes Street, where she resided as the wife of Dr. Dewar—pause for a little as he neared the house, and burst into tears when he caught a glimpse even of her shadow on the window-blind, and then creep home absorbed in grief.

In August, 1793, Burns composed a second lyric—"Had I a Cave," &c., and in the summer of 1795 a third one—"Now Spring has clad the grove in green," with reference to poor Cunningham's story. The present song, which is of a humorous cast, is a universal favourite; and, no doubt, its exquisite air—picked up also by Burns—has helped it greatly. The closing couplet appears to have been borrowed by him from the following verse of an English song to be found in *The Blackbird*, 1764, and *The Charmer*, 1765:—

"To bless is Heaven's peculiar grace,—
Let me a blessing find;
And since you shew an angel's face,
Oh, shew an angel's mind!"]

SHE's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But women is but warld's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind:

O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

[Mr. Lockhart has supplied the following information as to the origin of this celebrated song. In the early part of 1792 a great deal of contraband traffic, chiefly from the Isle of Man, was going on along the coasts of Ayrshire and Galloway, and all the revenue-officers from Gretna to Dumfries were placed under the orders of a superintendent residing in Annan, who exerted himself zealously in intercepting the descent of the smuggling vessels. On 27th Feb. a suspicious looking brig was discovered in the Solway Frith, and Burns was one of the party whom the superintendent conducted to watch her motions. Lewars was despatched to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons, and Mr. Crawford, the superintendent, proceeded himself on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, while Burns was left with some men to watch the brig and prevent landing or escape. The poet manifested considerable impatience while thus kept waiting for several hours in a wet salt-marsh, with a force which he knew to be inadequate to the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his comrades hearing Burns abusing Lewars for being so slow on his mission, remarked that he wished the devil had him for his pains, and suggested that Burns should indite a song upon the sluggard. Burns said nothing; but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party and chanted to them the following well-known ditty.

This is much better than the common story, which states that the song was first produced at an Excisemen's dinner when a toast was asked from him. Lockhart proceeds to tell that Lewars arrived shortly after with the dragoons, and Burns was one of the first to board the brig, sword in hand. The crew lost heart and submitted: the vessel was condemned, and all her arms and stores sold next day in Dumfries; upon which occasion the poet purchased four carronades by way of trophy, for which he paid £3, and sent them as a present to the French Convention, with a letter testifying his admiration and respect, which gift and letter were intercepted at the custom-house at Dover, and the issue produced a good deal of trouble to Burns.]

THE deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
 And danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
 And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,
 I wish you luck o' the prize, man.

CHORUS.

*The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
 The deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman;
 He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',
 He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.*

We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man ;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

The deil's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man,
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
Was the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

The deil's awa', &c.

THE FOREGOING IS THE LAST OF THE SONGS CONTRIBUTED BY
BURNS TO "JOHNSON'S MUSEUM" THAT THE AUTHOR
LIVED TO SEE PUBLISHED.

ADDITIONAL POEMS,

FIRST INCLUDED IN THE

AUTHOR'S EDITION, APRIL, 1793.

In April, 1793, we find from the correspondence of the poet that he presented copies of the handsome new edition of his poems in two vols., small 8vo., to several of his influential friends; among these were the Earl of Glencairn (brother of his deceased patron); Patrick Miller, Esq., of Dalswinton, his former landlord at Ellisland; John M'Murdo, Esq., of Drumlanrig House; and John F. Erskine, Esq., of Mar. The note to Mr. M'Murdo appears to be merely the inscription written on the fly-leaf of the first vol., thus:—"Will Mr. M'Murdo do me the favour to accept of these volumes?—a trifling, but sincere mark of the very high respect I bear for his worth as a man, his manners as a gentleman, and his kindness as a friend. However inferior now, or afterwards, I may rank as a poet, one honest virtue to which few poets can pretend, I trust I shall ever claim as mine,—to no man, whatever his station in life, or his power to serve me, have I ever paid a compliment at the expense of TRUTH.—THE AUTHOR."

From his letter to the Earl of Glencairn, we extract the following interesting passage:—"When you cast your eye on the name at the bottom of this letter, and on the title-page of the book I do myself the honour to send your lordship, a more pleasurable feeling than vanity tells me that it must be a name not entirely unknown to you. The generous patronage of your late illustrious brother found me in the lowest obscurity: he introduced my rustic muse to the partiality of my country; and to him I owe all. My sense of his goodness, and the anguish of my soul at losing my truly noble protector and friend, I have endeavoured to express in a poem to his memory, which I have now published. This edition is just from the press; and in my gratitude to the dead, and my respect for the living, I had destined a copy for the EARL OF GLENCAIRN."

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

[It was the good fortune of the poet, immediately on taking up his residence at Ellisland, to become intimate with Captain Robert Riddel of Glenriddel and Friars Carse, a man of literary and antiquarian tastes, and somewhat of a musician besides. The mansion of this good neighbour was up the Nith, within a mile's distance of the poet's farm, and he had kindly given Burns a key which admitted him into the grounds of Friars' Carse, to wander there at pleasure, and to muse when so inclined, in a little hermitage which Mr. Riddel had erected there. We lately visited this place, and found it in ruins,—a small portion of the walls only being standing, with the name BURNS cut out on the mantelpiece. The poet had spent much of his interval of leisure between the time of leaving Edinburgh on 18th February, 1788, and his arrival at Ellisland on the 13th of June thereafter, in studying the standard English poets, and translations from the classic authors of Greece and Rome, with some Italian and French authors, to most of which he seems to have been helped by his correspondent, Mrs. Dunlop. His course of instruction to qualify him for his Excise duties, also occupied a considerable share of his attention; and, thus equipped, he seems to have set to the work of drilling himself in the composition of English verses, which exercises we have a sample of in the following poem, apparently constructed on the model of Gray. His learned correspondent, Dr. Moore, had frequently pressed on him the advice to write less in his native Doric dialect, and gratify English ears with some efforts in the standard language. One of the letters of that gentleman to the poet has the following passage:—"I understand you intend to take a farm, and make the useful and respectable business of husbandry your chief occupation: this, I hope, will not prevent your making occasional addresses to the nine ladies who have shown you such favour—one of whom visited you in the 'auld clay biggin.' Virgil, before you, proved to the world that there is nothing in the business of husbandry inimical to poetry, and I sincerely hope that you may afford an example of a good poet being a successful farmer."

The first draught of these verses bears date 28th June, 1788, and he scratched the six opening lines, with his diamond, on a pane of glass in the "ivied cot." Not being quite satisfied with his effort, he re-wrote the poem, retaining only a few of the opening lines and the closing couplet. The first of these essays will appear among the posthumous poems in our second volume: the latter version, dated December, 1788, is that now presented to the reader.]

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

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning star advance,
 Pleasure with her siren air
 May delude the thoughtless pair;

Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptured sip and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As thy shades of evening close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminatè with sober thought ;
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
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 ?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
To Virtue or to Vice is given.
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.

Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never wake,

Till Future Life, future no more,
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
 Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. — OF —.

[This is a production of January, 1789. His own account of it, addressed to Dr. Moore on 23rd March thereafter, is as follows:—"You probably knew her personally (Mrs. Oswald of Auchencruive)—an honour of which I cannot boast; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath, she was much less blameable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Bailie Whigham's in Sanquhar—the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day; and just as my friend the bailie and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald (she died in London, on 6th December, 1788), and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had christened *Pegasus*—twelve miles farther on through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire to the next inn! The powers of poetry and prose sink under me when I describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed Ode." The poet, a few years afterwards, wrote more favourably of this lady's successors. Her son or nephew, Mr. B. A. Oswald of Auchencruive, married the beautiful and accomplished Miss Lucy Johnston of Hilton, and he produced an elegant song in her honour—*O wat ye wha's in yon town.*]

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
 Hangman of creation, mark!
 Who in widow weeds appears,
 Laden with unhonoured years,
 Noosing with care a bursting purse,
 Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
 Can thy keen inspection trace
 Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?

Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
 Pity's flood there never rose.
 See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
 Hands that took—but never gave.
 Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
 Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,
 She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
 (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends),
 Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
 No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
 'Tis thy trusty *quondam Mate*,
 Doomed to share thy fiery fate,
 She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
 Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
 In other worlds can Mammon fail,
 Omnipotent as he is here?
 O, bitter mockery of the *pompous bier*,
 While down the wretched *vital part* is driven!
 The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.

ELEGY ON CAPT. M—— H——,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS
IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

*But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heavenly Light!*

[The name of this gentleman (Capt. Matthew Henderson) is found in the list of subscribers to the poet's Edinburgh edition of April, 1787, thus:—"Matthew Henderson, Esq., 4 copies." It would appear that the prefix, "Captain," was a mere bye-name bestowed on him by his familiars and club-associates; for he was a member of a select society in Edinburgh, called the *Capillaire Club*, which held its meetings in Fortune's Tavern, Writers' Court. The first notice we have of this beautiful poem is in a letter dated August 2, 1790, addressed to Mr. M'Murdo, chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, in which he says—"Permit a rustic muse of your acquaintance to do her best to soothe you with a song. You knew Henderson—I have not flattered his memory." In sending a copy of it along with other poems to Dr. Moore, he says—"The *Elegy on Captain Henderson* is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much. Poets have in this, the same advantage as Roman Catholics; they can be of service to their friends after they have passed that bourne where all other kindness ceases to be of avail. As almost all my religious tenets originate from the heart, I am wonderfully pleased with the idea that I can still keep up a tender intercourse with the dearly-beloved friend, or still more dearly-beloved mistress, who is gone to the world of spirits."

Robert Chambers deploras the scarcity of contemporary evidence of Henderson's identity, and tells us that he searched the obituaries in vain for his death. Therefore, when even the "Traditions of Edinburgh" are silent about him, one may be excused for holding that this "rare Matthew" was of 'the order of Melchisedek.'

Thus far had we written and printed in 1871. However, on the information that Dr. Carruthers of Inverness, had discovered a notice of his death in the *Scots' Magazine* for November, 1788, we made an effort to ascertain where he was buried. In April, 1872, we addressed enquiries on the subject to all the Burial Recorders in Edinburgh, and eventually had the satisfaction to receive from the Recorder of Greyfriar's the following extract:—"Captain Matthew Henderson of Tunnochside; buried 27th November, 1788: Place of Interment, 6 D. paces south Pitcairlie's tomb. Old A."

Here then we discovered that the prefix "Captain" was no mere byname or *soubriquet*, and that although a "poor man," Matthew was a man of "title," as poor Scotland will say of any one of her sons who owns a bit of land. We speedily made our way to "Pitcairlie's Tomb," a magnificent erection about 200 years old, and measuring off six double paces therefrom in a line straight south we stood on the "honest turf" beneath which slumbers "the ae best fellow e'er was born." There, within sight of ambitious monuments ranged against the crumbling walls, we felt the full effect of the poet's lines—

"Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait, thou man'of worth,
And mourn the ae best fellow's fate e'er lay in earth."]

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
 Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood ;
 He's gane for ever !

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
 Circling the lake :
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
 Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn.

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ?
And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear,
 For him that's dead.

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear ;
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost.

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn ;
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O H***** ! the man ! the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around ?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger !—my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man ;
I tell nae common tale o' grief—
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,
A look of pity hither cast—
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart—
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man,
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa'—
For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man,
This was a kinsman o' thy ain—
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire—
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man,
May dool and sorrow be his lot!
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

[In February, 1791, the poet enclosed this beautiful composition to Mrs. Graham of Fintry, with the following remarks:—"Whether it is that the story of our Mary, Queen of Scots, has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have in the enclosed ballad succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not; but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past. (Reader, *Tam o' Shanter* had just been produced.) On that account, I enclose it particularly to you." There can be little doubt that Burns was right in estimating this exquisite lyric as belonging to a class of composition higher in standard than even his *chef-d'œuvre* can aspire to. He never pretended, and his wife never alleged, that he wrote stanzas like these "in one day:" there are but seven double-verses in the piece, and yet, were we to assume that each took him a week to perfect, the calculation might not be far astray. His words to Moore, in regard to this matter, are noteworthy:—"The ballad on Queen Mary was *begun* while I was busy with *Percy's Reliques of English Poetry*." Allan Cunningham tells us that this ballad is written in imitation of one called—"Lord Maxwell's Goodnight," which the reader will find recorded in *Scott's Border Minstrelsy*. We have examined that ballad, and very good it is in its way, yet the only resemblance we find is, that they are both in the old 8-6 ballad-measure. The "Last Goodnight" of *Childe Harold* is a professed, and excellent imitation of the old ballad referred to; but the present verses by Burns are in no way beholden to it.

Soon after the composition of *Queen Mary's Lament*, Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable presented the poet with an elegant snuff-box, containing on the lid a beautiful miniature of Queen Mary, and this is believed to have been a complimentary return for the pleasure that lady had enjoyed in perusing the present lyric, and also his verses, addressed to old Tytler, on the same hapless Queen, of which he had sent her copies. One of the poet's sons in India, many years afterwards, had the misfortune to suffer the destruction of that box by an accident.

Burns enclosed these verses to Clarinda, with the following remarks:—"Such, my dearest Clarinda, were the words of the amiable but unfortunate Mary. Misfortune seems to take a peculiar pleasure in darting her arrows against 'honest men and bonie lasses.' Of this you are too, too just a proof; but may your future fate be a bright exception to the rule.]"

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea :
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies ;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing ;
The merle, in his noontide bower,
Makes woodland echoes ring ;

The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest :
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae ;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae :
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang ;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang !

I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Where happy I hae been ;
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en :
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there ;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae !
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee ;
Nor th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine !
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O soon, to me, may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
 Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO R***** G***** OF F***** , Esq.

[In the Glenriddel MS. the poet has dated this epistle "5th Oct., 1791." It ought therefore to be called the "Fourth" instead of "Third" epistle to Graham, as Chambers has ranked it. The first is that commencing "When Nature. &c." (p. 141, vol. 2): the second is that given at page 155 of same vol., beginning "I call no goddess, &c.;" and the third is in the form of an Election ballad (p. 317, vol. 2), commencing "Fintry, my stay, &c." It is certain, however that several portions of this fourth epistle were composed as early as the one ranked first, the apostrophe to dullness and other parts being quoted in the poet's letter to Mrs. Dunlop, of 1st January, 1789.

In 1793, when the poet was induced to give to the world some additional pieces which he had composed since the appearance of his Caledonian Hunt edition of 1787, he selected the present poem out of several, as a sample of his workmanship in English verse "after the manner of Pope's moral Epistles." The reference in the opening line is to a recent accident he had sustained by his horse falling with him. This Epistle is but a fragment of an extensive poem which he planned shortly after his first arrival at Ellisland, under the title of "The Poet's Progress." In January, 1789, he transcribed some portions of it to Professor Dugald Stewart, with these remarks:—"This poem is a species of composition new to me, but I do not intend it shall be my last essay of the kind. These fragments, if my design succeeds, are but a small part of the intended whole: I propose it shall be the work of my utmost exertions, ripened by years."

Mr. Graham of Fintry and Burns first met at the table of the Duke of Athole, in the course of the poet's excursion to the North Highlands in 1787. When he, a few months thereafter, formed the resolution to enter the *Excise*, he wrote to that gentleman, who was one of the Commissioners, and solicited his support to his application. Thus he writes:—"When I had the honour of being introduced to you at Athole House, I did not think so soon of asking a favour from you. When Lear, in *Shakespeare*, asked old Kent why he wished to be in his service, he answered: 'Because you have that in your face which I would fain call master!' For some such reason, sir, do I now solicit your patronage."

"Of all Burns' friends (so writes Wilson), the most efficient was Graham of Fintry. To him he owed *exciseman's diploma*—settlement as a gauger in a district of ten parishes, when he was gudeman at Ellisland—translation as gauger to Dumfries—support against insidious foes, despicable, yet not to be despised, with rumour at their head—vindication at the Excise Board—a temporary supervisorship—and, though he knew not of it, security from dreaded degradation on his death-bed."]

LATE crippled of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg ;
 Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest) ;

Will generous G***** list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
 And hear him curse the light he first surveyed,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature, partial Nature! I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain:
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
 Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
 Foxes and statesmen, subtle wiles ensure;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug;
 Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
 A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still;
 No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
 No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
 No nerves olfactory, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;—
 In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side:
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart:—

Critics!—appalled, I venture on the name—
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:—

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' daring into madness stung ;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear :
 Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life ;
 Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
 Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead even resentment for his injured page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage !

So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
 For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast ;
 By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
 Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up :
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder " some folks " do not starve.
 The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
 When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
 And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that " fools are fortune's care."
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

No so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
 Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain ;
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !

Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
 O hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer !—
 F*****, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May *bliss domestic*, smooth his private path ;
 Give energy to life ; and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear circling the bed of death !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

[Here we have the poet, released from the trammels of pure English verse, paying a beautiful tribute of sorrow, gratitude, and love, on the occasion of the death of his noble young patron, who died on 30th January, 1791, aged 41, at Falmouth, after a vain effort to restore health by a voyage to Lisbon. It does not appear that the poet felt himself in the vein to produce this *Lament* at the time he first got the announcement of his loss, which appears not to have been earlier than *March*. Sir John Whitefoord's letter to the poet, acknowledging receipt of the finished poem, is dated 16th October, 1791, so we must conclude that Burns produced it only after long musing ; and in some of the stanzas, it must be owned, he has almost equalled his *Queen Mary's Lament* in pathos and ballad simplicity. On 19th March, 1791, his letter to Mr. Dalzell, the late Earl's factor, has the following passage :—“ I had a packet of poetic bagatelles ready to send to Lady Betty (his lorship's sister) when I saw the fatal tidings in the newspapers. I see, by the same channel, that the honored REMAINS of my noble patron are designed to be brought to the family burial-place. Dare I trouble you to let me know privately before the day of interment, that I may cross the country, and steal among the crowd, to pay a tear to the last sight of my ever-remembered benefactor ? It will oblige me beyond expression.”]

The poet remembered *Glencairn* “ after many days.” On August 12, 1794, when his fourth son was born, he named him *James Glencairn Burns*. That son was afterwards, like his elder brother *William*, a Lieut.-Colonel in the East India Company's service, and died at *Dumfries*, in 1865, aged 71.]

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream ;
 Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
 Laden with years, and meikle pain,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleachèd white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears:
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tuned his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes along!

“ Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing
“ The reliques of the vernal quire;
“ Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
“ The honours of the aged year!
“ A few short months, and glad and gay,
“ Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
“ But nocht in all revolving time
“ Can gladness bring again to me.

“ I am a bending aged tree,
“ That long has stood the wind and rain;
“ But now has come a cruel blast,
“ And my last hald of earth is gane:
“ Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
“ Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
“ But I maun lie before the storm,
“ And ithers plant them in my room.

“ I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
“ On earth I am a stranger grown;
“ I wander in the ways of men,
“ Alike unknowing and unknown:
“ Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
“ I bear alane my lade o' care,
“ For silent, low, on beds of dust,
“ Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

“ And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
“ My noble master lies in clay;
“ The flower amang our barons bold,
“ His country's pride, his country's stay:

- “ In weary being now I pine,
“ For all the life of life is dead,
“ And hope has left my aged ken,
“ On forward wing for ever fled.
- “ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !
“ The voice of woe and wild despair !
“ Awake ! resound thy latest lay—
“ Then sleep in silence evermair !
“ And thou, my last, best, only friend,
“ That fillest an untimely tomb,
“ Accept this tribute from the Bard
“ Thou brought from fortune’s mirkest gloom.
- “ In Poverty’s low barren vale,
“ Thick mists, obscure, invol’d me round ;
“ Though oft I turned the wistful eye,
“ Nae ray of fame was to be found :
“ Thou found’st me, like the morning sun
“ That melts the fogs in limpid air,
“ The friendless Bard and rustic song
“ Became alike thy fostering care.
- “ O why has Worth so short a date?
“ While villains ripen gray with time ;
“ Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
“ Fall in bold manhood’s hardy prime !
“ Why did I live to see that day ?
“ A day to me so full of woe !
“ O had I met the mortal shaft
“ Which laid my benefactor low !
- “ The bridegroom may forget the bride,
“ Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
“ The monarch may forget the crown
“ That on his head an hour has been ;
“ The mother may forget the child
“ That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
“ But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
“ And a’ that thou hast done for me !”

LINES,

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD OF WHITEFOORD, BART.,
WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

[These eight beautiful lines seem to have been written in October, 1791. Sir John's reply is as follows:—

"Near Maybole, Oct. 16, 1791.—Sir,—Accept of my thanks for your favour, with the *Lament* on the death of my much esteemed friend, and your worthy patron, the perusal of which pleased and affected me much. The lines addressed to myself are very flattering. I have always thought it most natural to suppose—and it is a strong argument for a future existence—that worth and honour, when neglected here, shall, in a happier state beyond the grave, meet with their just reward, and temporal misfortunes shall receive an eternal recompense. Let us cherish this hope for our departed friend, and moderate our grief for that loss we have sustained, knowing he cannot come to us, but we may go to him."

We here adopt an important correction in the last line of the following piece which the poet ordered to be made in the course of printing the edition of 1793, but which, unfortunately, was not attended to, owing to some mishap or other. There exists an unedited letter of Burns to Alex. Fraser Tytler, Esq. (afterwards Lord Woodhouselee), dated 6th Dec., 1792, in which the following passage occurs:—

"I am much indebted to you for taking the trouble of correcting the press-work. One instance, indeed, may be rather unlucky, if the lines to *Sir John Whitefoord* are printed. They ought to end thus:—

'And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.*'

Shadowy, instead of "dreary," as I believe it stands at present. I wish this could be noticed in the *Errata*. This comes of writing, as I generally do, from memory.—R. B.]"

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *Friend* thou valued'st, I the *Patron* lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.

* There can be no doubt that "shadowy" is much to be preferred to *dreary* in this line; but the poet's literary friends" of that *dreary* period would detect, by counting the syllables on their fingers, that if the poet's own word, "shadowy," were adopted, the line would be *one foot too long!* There was another opportunity of correcting this word in the edition of 1794, but it was not done: the bard, in these minor matters, submitted, although not without wincing a little, to the notions of his straight-laced friends.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

[This is the poem of which the author, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated April, 1791, announcing the birth of his third son, William Nicol Burns (still alive—1870), remarked as follows:—"On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Burns made me a present of a fine boy—rather stouter, but not so handsome as your godson was at his time of life. Indeed, I look on your little namesake to be my *chef d'œuvre* in that species of manufacture, as I look on *Tam o' Shanter* to be my standard performance in the poetical line. 'Tis true, both the one and the other discover a spice of roguish waggery, that might perhaps be as well spared; but then they also shew, in my opinion, a *force of genius*, and a *finishing polish*, that I despair of ever excelling."

"A finishing polish!"—This is one characteristic of the poem which, from Cromek's time downwards, we have been told, on the authority of Mrs. Burns, "was the work of one day."—"One day between breakfast and dinner," according to some annotators; and, taking such things for granted, the late Alexander Smith waggishly declared that "*Tam o' Shanter* is the best day's work ever produced in Scotland, since that day THE BRUCE won BANNOCKBURN!" The poet never plumes himself on the rapidity of his powers of composition; but with much force, he says in one of his letters on that subject—"Though the rough material of fine writing is undoubtedly the gift of genius, the *workmanship* is as certainly the united efforts of labour, attention, and pains." It was the 23rd of January, 1791, before he announced the *completion* of this marvellous poem, although we find him, in the November previous, saying to Mrs. Dunlop, "I am much flattered by your approbation of my *Tam o' Shanter*." His words to Alexander Cunningham, in January, are these—"I have just *finished* a poem—*Tam o' Shanter*." To the same friend he writes, on 12th March, 1791, "A thing I have just composed always appears through a double portion of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works. I believe, in general, novelty has something in it that inebriates the fancy, and not unfrequently dissipates and fumes away like other intoxication, and leaves the poor patient, as usual, with an aching heart." With something of this same feeling, in sending a copy, apparently of the present poem, to Mr. Dalzell, on 19th March, 1791, he says, "I have taken the liberty to frank this letter to you, as it encloses an idle poem of mine; and, God knows, you may perhaps pay dear enough for it if you read it through. *Not that this is my own opinion*; but the author, by the time he has composed and corrected his work, has quite pored away all his powers of critical discrimination."

These quotations in support of the views we are now expressing, certainly would apply with more force to the artistic skill and laborious finish required in the composition of an effective *lyric*, than the production of a metrical *tale* like *Tam o' Shanter*; for we would rather believe all that has been said of the rapidity with which it was composed, than credit the idle tale that *Mary in Heaven* was written down by the poet in the presence of his wife, "precisely as it now stands," immediately after having been composed, on a frosty harvest midnight in the open field, where he had been found lying on his back gazing at "a star which shone like another moon!"

Professor Wilson argues thus, reasonably, in favour of *Tam o' Shanter* having been rapidly composed:—"The fact is hardly credible, but we are willing to believe it. Dorset merely *corrected* his famous 'To all ye ladies now on land' the night before an expected sea-engagement—a proof of his self-possession; but he had been working at it for days. Dryden dashed off his 'Alexander's Feast' in no time; but the labour of weeks was bestowed on it before it assumed its present shape. *Tam o' Shanter* is superior in force and fire to that Ode. Never did genius go at such a gallop—setting off at score, and making play, but without whip or spur, from starting to winning-post. All is inspiration. His wife

with her weans, a little way aside among the broom, watched him at work as he was striding up and down the brow of the Scaur, and reciting to himself like one *demented*.—'Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,' &c., &c. His bonie Jean must have been sorely perplexed; but she was familiar with all his moods, and, like a good wife, left him to his cogitations."

All the world knows that this poem was produced by the author, and presented to Captain Grose, as an inducement to that antiquary to publish some account and give an engraving of Alloway Kirk in his work, called *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland*, published at the end of April, 1791. The poet also supplied three interesting witch-stories in prose, as traditions concerning Alloway Kirk, and these stories are found to contain the groundwork of the narrative portion of Burns' inimitable poem; but little indeed do they supply of what "the poet has unveiled in penetrating the unsightly and disgusting surfaces of things," as Wordsworth finely and philosophically remarks.]

WHEN chapmen billies leave the street,
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
 As market-days are wearing late,
 An' folk begin to tak the gate;
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,
 And getting fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonie lasses.)

O *Tam!* hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;

Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :—Ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither !
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter ;
And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet and precious :
The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure :
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide ;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride ;

That hour, o' night's black arch tne key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, *Meg*—
 A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Chairlie* brak 's neck-bane;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel'.—
 Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
 Near and more near the thunders roll:
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn*!
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!

Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!—
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood, right sair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventured forward on the light ;
 And, wow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent-new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels.
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantraip slight,
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;*

* Here, as originally printed in *Grose's Antiquities of Scotland*, are introduced four lines, which were afterwards struck out by the author, at the suggestion of Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq., as interrupting the effect intended by the poet in the context. They are as follows:—

"Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
 Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout ;
 Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile in every neuk."

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.*

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
The piper loud and louder blew ;
The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen !
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* ken'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and waulie,†
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after ken'd on *Carrick* shore ;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,

* "Sae, though the aith we took was awfu',
To keep it now appears unlawfu'."

† "She was a winsome wench and waulie,
And could put on her claes fu' brawlie."

In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang),
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant all was dark:
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, *Tam*! ah, *Tam*! thou'li get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * o' the brig;

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—(R. B. 1793.)

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, } far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.*

* Reference has been made in a foot-note, at page 353, to some opinions expressed by Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq., afterwards Lord Woodhouselee, regarding this poem. It may not be improper here to quote a few words from the critical letter, dated 12th March, 1791, sent by him to the poet after reading the tale from a proof-sheet of *Grose's Antiquities*:—"I have seldom in my life tasted of higher enjoyment from any work of genius than I have received from this composition; and I am much mistaken if this poem alone—had you never written another syllable—would not have been sufficient to have transmitted your name down to posterity with high reputation." The critic then says that the introductory portion of the poem—the scene in the alehouse—reminds him of "the humour and *naïveté* of Matthew Prior," and pronounces the description of the infernal orgies of the witch's Sabbath in the old kirk to be equal to anything of the kind in Shakespeare. The present generation of readers know a good deal about the last named author; but few indeed are acquainted with the writings of Matthew Prior: and we think it rather odd that no annotator or editor of Burns down to the present time have thought it worth while to enquire where he found his model for *Tam o' Shanter*. At page 354, in a foot-note, we point out two direct quotations made in Burns' text from a little-known poem by Allan Ramsay, which undoubtedly was the piece Burns had in his eye in composing this tale, and also *The Twa Dogs*—a poem conceived in the same vein, and written in the same measure. We would take this opportunity of recommending the reader to peruse worthy Allan's poem here referred to, which is one of the author's earliest, and was produced anonymously before being published in the first edition of his poems in July, 1721. Knowing its value, he concluded, like a true poet and a true prophet, in these words:—

"Thus I have sung in hamelt rhyme,
 A sang that scorns the teeth o' time;
 Though modestly I hide my name,
 Admiring virtue mair than fame."

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,
WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

[The poet sent this production to his friend Alexander Cunningham, in a letter dated from Ellisland, 4th May, 1789, making these observations:—"I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which I think will be something to your taste. One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed, there is something in that business of destroying for our sport, individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue. Let me know how you like my poem. I am doubtful whether it would not be an improvement to keep out the last stanza but one altogether."

This closing sentence refers to the following verse, which does not appear in the author's edition of 1793: perhaps many of our readers will think it is better than any of the retained stanzas:—

"Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe:
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurselings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow?"

The sentiments introduced in this little piece are frequently expressed in the poet's writings: for instance, in the song—*Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns*, we have the following verse:—

"Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, the flutt'ring gory pinion!"

and again, in the *Brigs of Ayr*, is the following fine passage:—

"The thundering guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)"

And even in lamenting the death of a great sportsman, who was loved by the poet for other qualities, he cannot help imagining that

"On his mouldering breast, some spitefu' moorfowl bigs her nest."

The poet sent a copy of the present poem, in its original form, to his friend Dr. Gregory, who, in a letter dated 2nd June, 1789, astounded the author by some very rigid, although not unjust criticisms on it, which Burns really seems to have profited by. In a letter written soon after, he says, "Dr. Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me. I believe in his iron justice; but, like the devils, I believe and tremble."

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
 No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
 The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
 The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
 The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
 I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,*
 And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
 ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE,
 WITH BAYS.

[The Earl of Buchan, about the end of August, 1791, wrote to Burns, intimating that, on the approaching anniversary of the poet Thomson's birth-day (Sept. 7th) a temple which he had erected to his memory at Ednam, near Kelso, would be inaugurated. He invited Burns to be present, and hinted that an Ode for the occasion would be expected for the occasion. The poet replied as follows:—"A week or two's absence, in the very middle of my harvest, is what I much doubt I dare not venture on. Your lordship hints at an Ode for the occasion; but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired. I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your lordship with a copy of them, which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am to the task."

Any reader who is familiar with the verses referred to by Collins, will discover that Burns has followed his predecessor pretty closely, especially in these lines—

"While SPRING shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eye:
 While SUMMER loves to sport beneath thy ling'ring light:
 While sallow AUTUMN fills thy cup with leaves,
 Or WINTER, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train, and rudely rends thy robes:
 So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace
 Thy gentlest influence own, and love thy favourite name!"

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Eolian strains between:

* See note to song, page 191. We can scarcely avoid noticing here, that the poet had a well-known passage in *Gray's Elegy*, ringing in his ear when he composed this last stanza:—

"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away."

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the Year !
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

[NOTE.—Practically the Bust was not crowned on the occasion. From the *European Magazine* for November 1791, we learn that *in the absence of the Bust* the Earl of Buchan at the conclusion of his speech laid a garland of bays upon a copy of the poet's works that had been presented to his father by Thomson. Following the speech is given the above poem which was probably the first occasion of its appearing in print.]

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN
GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND,
COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

[We are told that this humorous poem was published so early as 4th Sept., 1789, in the columns of the *Kelso Chronicle*, with the fictitious signature, "Thomas A. Linn," appended to it. Thus the poet must have been acquainted with the Captain for more than a year before he set about the performance of his promise to furnish for him a metrical tale referring to Alloway Kirk. The song of *Willie brewed a peck o' maut*, was composed at this very period; and *The Whistle* was produced shortly thereafter. It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that the "fine, fat, fodge wight, o' stature short, but genius bright," having been in Nithsdale that season, may have been a party in similar *symposiums* along with the poet and his jolly companions. The artist who painted the picture of the (alleged) inauguration of Burns as poet-laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons at Edinburgh in March, 1787, committed an absurd anachronism in introducing the portly figure of Grose in the foreground; for it is certain that he did not visit Scotland till the following year, and that Burns was first introduced to him at *Friars Carse*, in the summer of 1789.

The poet introduced Grose to Professor Dugald Stewart by letter, and we quote the following passage to show that Burns saw something to appreciate in Grose's character beyond the mere elements of fun and frolic so happily hit off in the present poem. He writes to Grose, informing him that he has acquitted himself of his promise to communicate with the Professor and arrange a meeting between them, and thus proceeds:—

"When I inform you that Mr. Stewart's principal characteristic is your favourite feature—that sterling independence of mind which, though every man's right, so few men have the courage to claim, and fewer still the magnanimity to support,—when I tell you that, unseduced by splendour, and undisturbed by wretchedness, he appreciates the merits of the various actors in the great drama of life merely as they perform their parts,—in short, when I tell you *he is a man after your own heart*, and that I comply with his earnest request in letting you know that he wishes above all things to meet you, is, I feel certain, recommendation enough for you."

Not being very sure of Grose's address, the poet enclosed the letter above quoted, under cover to Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary in Edinburgh, and while in the act of folding it up, the quaint old song of *Sir John Malcolm* ran through his mind, and under the impulse of its humour, he inscribed within the envelope, his well-known *Impromptu*—"Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?"

Francis Grose, we are told by Mr. R. Chambers, was a broken-down English gentleman, who, under the pressure of poverty, took to antiquarian literature, and published several works, embellished with etchings from his own drawings. One of his works was a very curious *Slang Dictionary*, much sought after by *virtuosoes* of depraved taste. Poor Grose died of apoplexy in Dublin in May, 1791, at the age of 48, just three weeks after the publication of his Book containing Burns' *Tam o' Shanter*.]

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats!—
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

TO MISS C*****, A VERY YOUNG LADY.
 WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK,
 PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

[The reader is referred to our note on the song—*A Rose-bud by my early walk* (page 230), for some information regarding the heroine of these very sweet lines. The poet seems to have held Mr. William Cruikshank, her father, in high estimation; for, in a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 4th May, 1789, he says, "Cruikshank is a glorious production of the Author of man. You, he, and the noble Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles (Dunbar) are

'As dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.'

I have a good mind to make verses on you all, to the tune of—*Three gude fellows ayont yon glen!*"

But Mr. R. Chambers, from the information of a gentleman who had been a pupil and boarder with Cruikshank, notes that in consequence of the severity of his discipline, the character of his old master appeared to him in a very different light from what it did in the eyes of his boon-companion Burns.

He was appointed one of the Classical Masters in the High School of Edinburgh in 1772, and died in 1795. It is worthy of remark, that his brother teacher, William Nicol, to whom Burns was also so much attached, received his appointment while a "Student of Divinity," just two years after Cruikshank, namely, in 1774; whom he survived only two years, dying in 1797. A late historian of the High School states that Nicol also "was very unpopular among the boys, by his frequent use of the lash; although his pupils generally made an excellent appearance in the rector's class, and many of them, in after life, have been noted for their elegant scholarship."

The following reference to "The Rose-bud" is found in a letter from the poet to her father, written from Ellisland, at Christmas, 1788:—"Many happy returns of seasons to you, with your dearest and worthiest friend, and the lovely little pledge of your happy union. May the great Author of life, and of every enjoyment that can render life delightful, make her that comfortable blessing to you both which you so ardently wish for, and which you so well deserve!"

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
 Blooming on thy early May,
 Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower!
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights!
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf!
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew!*

* It humbly appears to us that the only defect in the foregoing little poem lies in this line. The figure of "The Rose-bud," applied to the young lady thus addressed, seems to make an awkward *halt* here. The dewy rose-bud expanding its blushing bosom, is a fine symbol of youthful beauty; but when we look from the inanimate figure to the snowy breast of the living *Rose-bud* addressed by the poet, we ask with some surprise—What is the meaning of this expression—

"Thy bosom blushing still with dew?"

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem ;
 Till some evening, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings ;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to parent earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

SONG.

[Who this Anna was, none of the annotators seem to have deemed it worth while to enquire. In truth, had we not met it in the author's own edition, we would have been disposed to doubt its authenticity; for it bears scarcely a trace of Burns' manner. He must have had some meaning in publishing this epigrammatic trifle, and giving it a whole page to itself in his elegant editions of 1793 and 1794. His "Anna with the gowden locks" died two years before the date of its first publication, and he never had any reason to despair for her love; so we must hold that some haughtier dame is here referred to.]

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
 To hope may be forgiven ;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair
 So much in sight of Heaven.

ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,
 THE DEATH OF J—— M'L——, Esq.,
 BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF
 THE AUTHOR'S.

[This appears to have been composed during the poet's short residence at Mauchline, in July, 1787, after his first sojourn in Edinburgh. The young Countess of Loudoun's mother was one of the M'Leods of Raasay, and through that Ayrshire connection, Burns would be introduced to the Laird of Raasay's family in Edinburgh. In the title of the present poem, he claims Miss Isabella M'Leod as "a particular friend of the author's." The death of her youngest brother, *John M'Leod, Esq.*, occurred on 20th July, 1787, and the poet has seldom been more successful than in the present instance, in giving lyric utterance to the language of condolence for loss by death. It seems pretty plain, however, that throughout the piece he takes more interest in his "particular friend" Isabella, than in the fate of her departed brother. We may farther note, that in one of his letters to Mrs Dunlop, he quotes two lines of this poem, thus:—

"Heav'n often tears the bosom-chords that nature finest strung.
 You will excuse this quotation for the sake of the author."

Referring to his visit to Edinburgh, Burns is said to have remarked as follows:—"Between the men of rustic life and the polite world I observed little difference; but a refined and accomplished woman was a thing altogether new to me, and of which I had formed but a very inadequate idea." And Professor Wilson on this subject writes thus:—"One of his biographers seems to have believed that his love for Jean Armour, the daughter of a Mauchline mason, must have died away under these more adequate ideas of the sex, along with their corresponding emotions."

Here we find Burns amid the society of Edinburgh belles, such as Isabella M'Leod, and many others, and it is very curious to observe how, in his letters he expresses the customary emotions of his heart towards all such. So early as 7th January, 1787, he writes to an Ayrshire friend—"I have met with a very pretty girl—a Lothian farmer's daughter, whom I have almost persuaded to accompany me to the west country, should I ever return to settle there. By the way, a Lothian farmer is about the same as an Ayrshire squire of the lower kind. I had a most delicious ride from Leith to her house yesternight in a hackney coach, with her brother, and two sisters, and brother's wife. We had dined altogether at a common friend's house in Leith, and drank, danced, and sung till late enough."

In the course of his mysterious visit to the West Highlands, about the end of June, 1787, he thus writes to James Smith:—"I shall somewhere have a farm soon. I was going to say a wife too; but that must never be my blessed lot. I am but a younger son of the house of Parnassus, and, like other younger sons of great families, I may intrigue, if I choose to run all risks, but must not marry. I have only ——. This last is one of your distant acquaintances, has a fine figure, and elegant manners, and, in the train of some great folks whom you know, has seen the politest quarters of Europe. I do like her a good deal," &c.

It is not easy to conjecture what Ayrshire lady of fashion—known to both Smith and himself—is here referred to. The letter in his correspondence addressed to "My dear countrywoman," may apply to the same lady. In the Glenriddel MS. the present poem is included, and the poet has appended to it the following remark:—"This poetic compliment (what few poetic compliments are) was from the heart."]

SAD thy tale, thou idle page.
 And rueful thy alarms:
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow ;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd ;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That Nature finest strung :
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound He gave ;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast ;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.*

* The reader will find, at page 224 another composition of Burns having reference to the grief of Miss Isabella M'Leod for the loss of relatives by death : thus affording another proof of the intimacy subsisting between the poet and the M'Leod family about the year 1787, when both of these poems were produced. Flora, the eldest sister of Isabella, had, in 1779, been married to Colonel Mure Campbell, afterwards the fifth Earl of Loudoun (to which title he succeeded in 1782, after his wife's death.) She died at Edinburgh, in 1780 a few hours after giving birth to a daughter, Flora, who became Countess of Loudoun by succession, and Marchioness of Hastings by marriage. Her father's death we have referred to in a note at page 224.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.*
TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

[This lively and characteristic production was very rapidly composed by Burns in the course of his north tour in company with Nicol in 1787. He reached Blair Castle, the seat of the Duke of Athole, on the night of Friday, the 31st of August, and was a guest there till Monday morning, 3rd September. On 5th September, on reaching Inverness, he wrote to Mr. Josiah Walker, tutor to the Duke's family (afterwards Professor Walker of Glasgow University), enclosing the poem, with these remarks:—"I have just time to write the foregoing, and to tell you that it was—at least most part of it—the effusion of a half-hour I spent at Bruar. I do not mean it was *extempore*, for I have endeavoured to brush it up as well as Mr. Nicol's chat and the jogging of the chaise would allow. It eases my heart a good deal, as rhyme is the coin with which a poet pays his debts of honour or gratitude."

The two days Burns spent at Blair he afterwards declared to be among the happiest days of his life. Professor Walker has recorded that "he tried to exert his abilities, because he knew that it was ability alone that gave him a title to be there. The Duke's fine young family attracted much of his admiration; he drank there healths as *honest men and bonie lasses*, an idea which was much applauded by the company, and with which he very felicitously closed his poem."]

My Lord, I know y our noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain ;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin' trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray ;
If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes among,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B**** came by,
That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry :

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful: but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—(R. B. 1793.)

A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me;
 But, had I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
 In twisting strength I rin;
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
 Enjoying large each spring and well
 As Nature gave them me,
 I am, altho' I say't mysel',
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
 And bonie spreading bushes.*
 Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
 You'll wander on my banks,
 And listen mony a grateful bird
 Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
 Shall to the skies aspire;
 The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
 Shall sweetly join the choir:
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
 The mavis mild and mellow;
 The robin pensive Autumn chear,
 In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure,
 To shield them from the storm;
 And coward maukin sleep secure,
 Low in her grassy form:
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
 To weave his crown of flowers;
 Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
 From prone-descending showers.

* This part of the petition has been successful, and the banks are now clothed as verdantly as the poet could desire.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth:
 As empty idle care:
 The flowers shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heaven to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, grey;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed:
 Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embowering thorn.

So may Old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band,
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
 Their honour'd, native land!
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest kin,
 To social-flowing glasses,
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
 "And Athole's bonie lasses!"

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF
OUGHTERTYRE.

[This was composed in October, 1787, on the same visit which produced the beautiful song—*Blythe, blythe and merry was she* (see page 226.) Among the hills behind Oughtertyre House is a wild valley partly filled by a *loch*, which visitors are usually taken to see, and that scene furnished the materials for this emanation of fine feeling and excellent versification. Wilson remarks:—"What fine and poetical sympathy is there in his address to the startled fowl on Loch Turit! He speaks of 'parent, filial, kindred ties;' and, in the closing lines, 'Or, if man's superior might,' &c. Who does not feel that it is *Burns* that speaks? Whatever be his mood, grave or gladsome, mirthful or melancholy—or when sorrow smiles back to joy, or care joins hands to folly—he has always a thought to give to them who many think *have no thought*, but who all seemed to him, from highest to lowest in the scale of being, to possess each its appropriate degree of intelligence and love."]

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace:
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But Man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,

Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEYPIECE, IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN
AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

[The date of this very truthful description of the scene presented to the visitor at Kenmore, and appropriate reflections arising therefrom, is *Wednesday, August 29, 1787*, as we learn from the poet's journal of his tour. Nothing in descriptive poetry was ever more real than that passage:—

“The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam.”]

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;

The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace, rising on his verdant side;
 The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * *

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire;
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * *

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,

STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

[This bold sketch was written on the spot, on Wednesday, 5th Sept., 1787. Wilson, in referring to the thoughtless remarks of some critics who have said that Burns displayed no deep love for external nature, and shewed no great power as a descriptive poet, quotes several passages from the poetical *Epistles*—from the *Brigs of Ayr, Halloween, &c.*, which suffice to set aside that assertion. He admits at same time that Burns' love of Nature is always associated with some vehement passion or sweet affection for living creatures; but here is a bit of pure description unassociated with any living soul except the spectator himself, and he seems to have taken pains to produce something striking. "Nevertheless," remarks the Professor, "he is ambitious overmuch, and, though anything but feeble, he becomes *bombastic* in that couplet:—

'Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.'

We are inclined to demur to the critic's opinion here, and fancy that if he had met that bold figure in *Shakespeare* he would have applauded it. But we forgive Christopher, in consideration of the truly grand prose description of the same scene during a storm, which he has given to the world in the pages of *Blackwood*, in his beautiful article on "Streams," and which we wish our space would allow us to reprint here. But more particularly do we forgive him on account of the following observations:—"The truth is that Burns would have utterly despised most of what is now dignified with the name of *poetry*, where, harmlessly enough, 'Pure description takes the place of sense:' but far worse, where the agonizing artist intensifies himself with genuine convulsions at the shrine of Nature, or acts the epileptic to extort alms. The world is beginning to lose patience with such idolators; and insists on being allowed to see the sun set with her own eyes, and with her own ears to hear the sea. Why, there is often more poetry in five lines of Burns than any fifty volumes of the versifiers who have the audacity to criticise him!"]

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils—

* * * *

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,
BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY-DISTRESS.

[This was composed in November, 1790, at Ellisland, on receiving a letter from Mrs. Dunlop, announcing that her daughter, Mrs. Henri, whose husband had died about five months previously, had borne a son. This address to the newly born infant is in Burns' best manner, although he tells Mrs. Dunlop in the letter which contained the verses, that they were "poured out almost *extempore*," in the course of a stroll he took along the broomy banks of the Nith to muse over the joy produced by her news. The bard's subsequent letters to Mrs. Dunlop frequently make reference to the "little floweret" and the "mother plant;" but, in the autumn of 1792, Mrs. Henri was induced to pay a visit to her deceased husband's relations in France, where she had not been long resident, when she herself was cut off by death, leaving the orphan child to be reared by the paternal grandfather; and it is gratifying to be enabled to add that so lately as 1845, the subject of these verses resided in France, the proprietor of his family estates.]

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourished, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unsheltered and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscathed by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

SONGS WRITTEN BY BURNS,
FOR GEORGE THOMSON'S COLLECTION,
WHICH WERE
PUBLISHED DURING THE AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

(*The Preface to first half-volume dated First May, 1793.*)*

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The public had not—beyond one month—enjoyed the delight of perusing the many exquisite songs by Burns in Johnson's fourth volume (published, August 13, 1792), when the poet received a letter from a gentleman whom he never had seen in his life, and likely never heard of before, enclosing a note of introduction by Mr. Alexander Cunningham, an intimate Edinburgh friend of the poet. The person who thus addressed him was Mr. George Thomson, a man about Burns' own age, occupying the situation of clerk in the office of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland, and the letter announced to the poet that, with the advice of a friend or two, the writer had projected a new collection of the Songs of Scotland, the melodies of which were to be graced with harmonies and symphonies by Pleyel and other composers, and such songs of a rude age as could no longer be sung in good society, were to be purified or removed, by introducing in their places appropriate lyrics by qualified authors. He applied to "the author of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*," requesting his co-operation, "for the honour of Caledonia." Such an appeal as this could not well be resisted by Burns, who in a prompt reply, dated 16th September, 1792, told Thomson that compliance with his request would positively add to his enjoyments. "I shall enter," he says, "into your undertaking with all the small portion of abilities I have—strained to the utmost exertion by the impulse of enthusiasm. Only, don't hurry me—'Deil tak' the hindmost' is by no means the motto of my Muse. *Apropos*, if you are for English verses, there is—on my part—an end of the matter. Whether in

* It was the 1st of July before Thomson sent a copy to the poet. In his letter of that date, he writes thus:—"The first book of songs—just published—will be despatched to you along with this."

So simplicity of the ballad, or the pathos of song, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue. And as to remuneration, you may think my songs either above or below price; for they shall absolutely be the one or the other. PS.—I have some particular reasons for wishing my interference to be known as little as possible."

Between that date and the month of March following, when "Wandering Willie" was produced, the poet furnished for Thomson's collection no less than a dozen of songs, for they were not published in that work in the order of their composition; and, altogether, he furnished for that gentleman nearly seventy songs, of which a few were sent simultaneously to Johnson: some were merely alterations of songs which had previously appeared in the *Museum*, and two or three were rejected by Thomson, as being, in his eyes, beneath the standard of his collection.

We have, in preceding pages, recorded Burns' estimate of the earlier work projected by Johnson; and it is but fair that we now do like justice to Thomson's publication. On receiving a copy of the first half-volume, in July, 1793, the poet wrote to Thomson as follows:—

"Allow me to congratulate you now as a brother of the quill. You have committed your character and fame, which will now be tried, for ages to come, by the illustrious jury of the SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF TASTE—all whom poesy can please, or music charm. Being a bard of nature, I have some pretensions to second-sight; and I am warranted by the spirit to fortell and affirm, that your great-grandchild will hold up your volumes, and say, with honest pride, 'This so-much-admired selection was the work of my ancestor!'"

Few of the public are aware that the sons and daughters of the late Charles Dickens—the world-renowned "Boz"—are the great-grandchildren of George Thomson. A daughter of the latter became the wife of Mr. Hogarth, a composer and musical author: their daughter was fated, "for better or worse," to become the wife of Mr. Dickens, and the mother of his children. "George Thomson survived long enough to witness the literary triumphs of his grandson-in-law, Mr. Dickens. He died at Leith, on 16th February, 1751, aged nearly 93"—"in the possession of all his faculties"—as Mr. Chambers pleasingly records, "not less in the enjoyment of his favourite music, and of all the rational pleasures of society—a remarkable proof of what a moderate, cheerful mind, not unduly tasked by business or crushed by care, will do in prolonging life; and thus forming a striking contrast to the hapless bard of Caledonia with whom his name has been incidentally associated."

WANDERING WILLIE.

TUNE—*Here awa', there awa'.*

[This song was produced in March, 1793. Some alterations were proposed by Mr. Thomson and his adviser, the Hon. Henry Erskine; and our poet, with his usual judgment, adopted some of these suggestions and rejected others. In sending the amended copy here given in the text, he writes thus to Thomson:—"Give me leave to criticise your taste in the only thing in which it is, in my opinion, reprehensible. You know I ought to know something of my own trade. Of pathos, sentiment, and point, you are a complete judge; but there is a quality more necessary than either in a song, and which is the very essence of a ballad,—I mean simplicity; now, if I mistake not, this last feature you are a little apt to sacrifice to the foregoing."

We here insert the first version of the song, in order that our readers may judge for themselves as to the improvements effected by the revision above referred to:—

"Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame;
 Come to my bosom my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
 Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
 It wasna the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
 Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.
 Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o' your slumbers!
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
 Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
 O still flow between us thou wide-roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!"

The old ditty that suggested this fine effusion is to be found in David Herd's collection: it consists of one verse and a chorus, repeated with a variation, and is so fine in feeling, and so natural, that it must have kept its ground until the present day, had not the genius of Burns intervened to supplant it. These old words, with their bold simplicity, are so true and good in their way that we cannot wonder how Burns, in submitting his never-to-die verses, said to Thomson—"I leave it to you, my dear sir, to determine whether the above or the old song, 'Thro' the lang muir,' be the best." Let us, therefore, present the reader with the old song alluded to:—

"*Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.*
 Thro' the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.
*Here awa', there awa', here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame:
 Come love, believe me, nothing can grieve me;
 Ilka thing pleases when Willie's at hame."*

Captain Gray, R.M., referring to an absurd observation of Allan Cunningham that Mrs. Maria Riddel is understood to have been the heroine of "Wandering Willie," has left us an excellent note, which we make no apology for quoting:—"This conjecture—for it is nothing more—appears to us to be the very March-hare-madness of heroine-hunting! Why Mrs. Riddel? we would

ask. Was *the idea* of the fair mourner insufficient for the poet's purpose, without having the charms of the accomplished Maria before his eyes? Were we to set our wits to work in order to find out a heroine for this song, we think we could make a far more probable conjecture as to the lady Burns might have had in his eye, than the above-named. We maintain, at same time, that a heroine was not wanted on the occasion; but if one must be had, the probability is that the 'Nannie' mentioned was Mrs. Agnes M'Lehose, instead of Mrs. Maria Riddel. It will be recollected that when Burns was about to leave Edinburgh in Dec., 1787, he got acquainted with Mrs. M'Lehose (Clarinda), who afterwards, in 1792, went to the West Indies to join her husband. Might not Burns have glanced at her history—a chequered one—when writing this song for Mr. Thomson's work in 1793?"

Mr. Chambers, improving on this suggestion of Captain Gray, tells us in his last edition, that the poet in composing the following song "gave expression to the supposed feelings of Clarinda, by throwing himself sympathetically into the circumstances of that unhappy lady, in seeking a reunion with her aberrant husband." All this may be so; but be it remembered that the euphonious name of *Nannie* was a favourite one with Burns; and we rather think that "Nancy" was the form of that christian name which he *always* adopted when he addressed or referred to Clarinda. That lady, after bidding an affectionate and (as she supposed) eternal farewell to Burns, sailed in February, 1792, from Leith to Jamaica, in the *Roselle*—the same vessel in which Burns had resolved to sail thither in 1786; but meeting with unkindness where she expected love, she returned to this country by the same ship—landing in August of same year. So that when we find the poet producing "Wandering Willie" in March, 1793, and "My Nannie's awa'" in December, 1794, it does seem to partake a little of heroine-hunting to affirm that Clarinda was the *subject* of these songs.]

HERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie;
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

GALLA WATER.

[This charming pastoral was produced in January, 1793. The air is one of the oldest and best of our melodies. Haydn, who was engaged by Mr. White of Edinburgh to furnish accompaniments to a collection of Scottish songs that was got up as an opposition to Thomson's publication, wrote below the *score* of the melody, in his best English, these words:—"This one, Dr. Haydn's favourite song." It will be recollected that Thomas Moore composed his fine lyric "Mary I believed thee true," to the same air.

Stenhouse notices Burns' beautiful verses as follows:—"The sentiments are natural and pleasing; yet the poet appears to have been regardless of his rhyme: heather and *better*—tocher and *water*, do not rhyme very well. But he likely did so in imitation of many of the older song-composers, who were not over fastidious on this point." On this subject Professor Wilson well remarks:—"It is not enough to say that here, and in other instances (*Highland Mary*, a remarkable instance) Burns was imitating the manner of some of the old songs—indulging in the same license: for he would not have done so, had he thought it an imperfection. He felt that there must be a reason in nature why this is sometimes so pleasing—why it sometimes gives a grace beyond the reach of art. The poet himself, in his early Scrap-book, discusses this very question, thus:—"There is a wild-warbling cadence—a heart moving melody in the greater part of those old Scotch airs which end with a hyper-metrical syllable, and there is consequently a degree of wild irregularity in many of the compositions and fragments which are daily sung to them by my compeers—the common people—a certain happy arrangement of the Scotch syllables, and yet very frequently nothing—not even *like* rhyme and sameness of jingle at the end of the lines. This has made me sometimes imagine that perhaps it might be possible for a Scotch poet, with a nice judicious ear, to set compositions to many of our most favourite airs—particularly the classes of them mentioned above, independent of rhyme altogether."

The opening couplet of the song was slightly altered at the request of Thomson, to fit the sudden emphasis on the first syllable, peculiar to this and other melodies, such as "Roy's Wife," which have no preparatory starting-note. Burns remarked thus:—"The business of many of our tunes wanting at the beginning what fiddlers call a starting-note, is often a rub to us poor rhymers. You may alter—

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather,

to—

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,

or—

Ye wander through } the blooming heather."]
They rove amang ;

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather ;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
 And tho' I hae na meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest warld's treasure !*

* The ancient song of *Galla Water* which had to make way for that of Burns, was not without its own kind of merit, as the following sample may satisfy the reader. In Chambers' collection of Scottish songs, 1829, it is given in a fuller form:—

CHORUS.

Braw lads o' Galla Water!
 Bonie lads o' Galla Water!
 Lothian lads will ne'er compare
 Wi' the braw lads o' Galla Water

Though barley rigs are gude to see,
 Yet flocks o' sheep are mickle better ;
 And oats will shake on a windy day,
 When the lambs will play by Galla Water.

Lothian lads are black wi' reek,
 And Teviotdale lads are little better ;
 Let them a' say what they will,
 The gree gaes ay down Galla Water.

There's Blindylee and Torwoodlee,
 And Galashiels that rides the water ;
 But young Hawtree, he bears the gree
 Of a' the Pringles o' Galla Water.

The curious thing in regard to the old song is that *Galla Water* belongs to Midlothian considerably more than to Roxburgh and Selkirk, whose "braw lads" are understood thus to sing so boastingly. Pringle is the ancient surname of the four lairds mentioned in the closing verse. "Galashiels" refers not to the modern manufacturing town of that name; but to the "Gudeman of Galashiels," or *Laird o' Galla*, a "Pringle" also in former times.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

[The letter which encloses this fine song, along with *Duncan Gray*, is dated 4th December, 1792. Robert Chambers says, "The second stanza was designed as a description of Charlotte Hamilton. So Burns told Miss Dunlop, who communicated the fact to Major Adair (Charlotte's son), who again is my informant." The reader on turning to the note to song—*The Banks of the Devon*, page 220, will find a prose description of the same lady, painted on the spot, by the same artist. Charlotte had been Mrs. Adair for some years before the date of the present song. The reader will observe that Burns' pictured lovers, when they set their hearts on some fair object beyond their reach in respect of rank, never wish to be raised to the level of the loved ones; but, on the contrary, regret that these superior beings had not been born "of a lower degree." His muse, rather than "raise a mortal to the skies," prefers to "draw an angel down." The last verse of the present song is exactly parallel in that respect with a corresponding stanza in *The Lass o' Ballochmyle*:—

"O! had she been a country maid, and I the happy country swain,
Tho' sheltered in the lowest shade that ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain, with joy—with rapture I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle."

Indeed, Burns' songs abound in similar thoughts—

"How blythely wad I bide the stoure—a weary slave frae sun to sun—
Could I the rich reward secure—the lovely Mary Morison."

Wilson points out that this principle in the nature of Love does not correspond with one of the weighty sayings of "Old Hobbes," who records that, *in great differences of persons, the greater have often fallen in love with the meaner: but not the contrary*. Here, it is evident, "Old Hobbes" must be referring to such instances as "King Cophetua and the beggar"—the love intrigues of Jupiter and Mars, and to those "sons of God who saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and took them wives of all which they choose." But "from the beginning it was not so," even with Burns, as Gilbert, speaking of the amours of his brother in early life, before he had learned to appreciate that higher quality of female loveliness which he became acquainted with after the publication of his poems, tells us that "his love rarely settled on persons who were higher than himself, or who had more consequence in life." Nay, even with regard to his "Nannie, charming, sweet, and young," Gilbert records that her charms were but *mediocre*, and what she had were sexual; which was, indeed, the characteristic of the greater part of the poet's mistresses. He was no Platonic lover, whatever he might pretend or suppose of himself.]

THERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But O! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :
 I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me !
 O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

[This is not an original song by Burns: it is simply a well-known Irish ballad which Thomson had requested him to amend. We regret that we are unable to furnish the reader with the original words, in order that it might be seen at a glance what share Burns had in the present piece. It argues some remissness on the part of the poet's editors that this has never yet been done: we did intend to have given the old words, which we know are lying somewhere among our ballad stores, but, after a fruitless search, we are compelled to say that we cannot at present gratify our readers with a perusal of them. We may state that, in the original MS. of the poet, the opening lines read as follows:—

“ O open the door, some pity to shew, if love it may na be, oh ! ”

But, in consequence of that same sentiment having been put into the mouth of the distressed supplicant in *Lord Gregory*—composed about the same time—

“ At least some *pity* on me shaw, if *love* it may na be,”

it was found necessary to alter it as in the text. We may notice that the lover in *Mary Morison* uses almost the same words—

“ If love for love thou wilt na gie, at least be *pity* to me shawn.”]

OH, open the door, some pity to shew,
 Oh, open the door to me, oh ;
 Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, oh.

Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But colder thy love for me, oh :
 The frost that freezes the life at my breast,
 Is nought to my pains from thee, oh.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, oh :
 False friends, false love, farewell ! for more
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh.

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh :
 My true love ! she cried,—and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST, &c.

AIR—*The Mill Mill O.*

[This very popular ballad was furnished to Thomson in April, 1793, and on the 26th of that month he acknowledged receipt of it in these terms:—"I will gladly appropriate your most interesting new ballad—'When wild war's deadly blast,' &c., to the tune of *The Mill Mill O*; but the third and fourth lines of the first verse must undergo some little alteration in order to suit the music." The alteration referred to, was the removal of those beautiful lines in the text, and substituting for them the common-place couplet—

"And eyes again with pleasure beam'd, that had been blear'd wi' mourning:" and the misfortune was that these vicarious lines were engraved on the plate, and the requisite number of impressions thrown off for publication, before receipt of the following reply from Burns, dated June, 1793:—"I cannot alter the disputed lines in *The Mill Mill O*. What you think a defect, I esteem as a positive beauty; so you see how doctors differ."

The "Banks o' Coil," the "Mill and trysting thorn," which indicate the locality of the ballad, are in Ayrshire. Annotators generally point out "Mill Mannoeh," near Coylton Kirk, as being the very scene. An intelligent local correspondent, however, assures us that "Burns had no such scene in his eye;" for his grandmother, who was well acquainted with the poet before his removal to Dumfriesshire, told him that the "Mill" of the *Sodger's Return* was the "Mill o' Ness," which stood at the Linn, near Sundrum House. No trace of that mill now remains, but the mill-lade or water-course is still visible, and the "trysting thorn" blooms fair in early summer on the brae above the Linn. A real incident such as that described in the ballad is locally associated with that neighbourhood. Our informant states that his grandmother was nurse to Mr. Hamilton of Sundrum, and afterwards was housekeeper to Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkine and Annbank, at the period of the "Fete Champetre."

Annotators have recorded, in language more or less eloquent, several occasions on which Burns was observed to fall into a musing mood in the presence of humble soldiers of the line, and have suggested that he then might have been in the act of conceiving the idea of this popular ballad. But who can tell how frequently he had thus forgathered with interesting samples of the defenders of royalty, all unobserved by chiefs who were taking notes, and anxious to print them? When he was 23 years of age, and 5 feet 9 inches high, did he not sing—

"O why the deuce should I repine? I'll go and be a sodger!"

And did he not say to sweet Margaret Chalmers, in 1788—at a time when ill news reached him—"Your friendship I think I can count on, though I should date my letters from a marching regiment. Early in life, and all my life, I reckoned a recruiting drum as my forlorn hope"?

Cunningham remarks regarding the present ballad:—"The *Poor and Honest Sodger* was sung in every vale, and on every hill; in every cot-house, village, and town; yet the man who wrote it was supposed, by the mean and spiteful, to be no well-wisher to his country."

Before taking farewell of this celebrated ballad, and the volume now about to close, we cannot refrain from noticing, that within two years after "The Soldier's Return" was given to the world, a poem, by Hector M'Neill, entitled, "Scotland's Scaith; or, the History of Will and Jean," with a Supplement called "The Waes o' War," was published, and became very fashionable—not popular, but fashionable; for it was immensely patronised by the nobility and gentry, together with clubs of benevolent ladies, who hailed the production as a moral regenerator of the rabble, and they bought up many thousands of copies of it, and distributed these gratuitously among the poor and the wicked in town and country, for whose especial benefit it had been composed. Professor Wilson remarks, that "the argument illustrated in the *History of Will and Jean* has no foundation in nature, and proceeds on an assumption grossly calumnious of the Scottish character. Burns would never have adopted the vulgar libel on the

British army, that it was a receptacle for drunken husbands who had deserted their wives and children. There have been many such recruits; but his loyal, martial, and patriotic spirit would ill have brooked the thought of introducing such an exceptional disgrace to the service into an ideal picture which his genius was at liberty to colour at its own will, and could have coloured brightly according to truth. Burns' ballad of *The Soldier's Return* is beautiful and true to nature throughout. It is alive all over Scotland, and far beyond it, while that other story of *The Waes o' War* is dead, or with suspended animation; not because the former is a happy and the other a miserable story—for the people's heart is prone to pity, though their eyes are not much given to tears; but the people were told that *Will and Jean* had been written for their sakes, by a wise man made melancholy by the sight of their condition—that the upper ranks were exceedingly sorrowful for the lower—all weeping over their wine for them over their whisky, and would not be comforted! These lower ranks read the Lamentation by M'Neill (for ever so many thousands were thrust into their hands); but, though not insensible of their own infirmities, and not unwilling to confess them, they rose up in indignation against a charge that swept their firesides of all that was most sacredly cherished there—asked who wrote *The Cotter's Saturday Night?* and declared with one voice, and a loud one, that if they were to be bettered by poems, it should be by the poems of their own ROBERT BURNS."]

WHEN wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle Peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy:

At length I reach'd the bonie glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
 O! happy, happy may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom :
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain wad be thy lodger ;
 I've serv'd my king and country lang,
 Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was than ever ;
 Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never ;
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily,*
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky—
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man—and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted ;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted.
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailin plenish'd fairly ;
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

* In MS., "Syne wallow't like a lily."—The writer of these notes pointed out, some time ago, in a "Chapter on Old Ballads," that this verse is imitated by Burns from one in a fine old ballad called *Geordie*, which he recovered and sent to *Johnson's Museum*, Vol. IV. The stanza we refer to is as follows.—

"When first she looked the letter on, she was baith red and rosy :
 But he had na read a word or twa, till she wallow't like a lily."

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honor :
The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger—
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

THE POET'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

ON 7th April, 1793, just after he had composed the affecting Ballad which closes this volume—the very last of his compositions which he lived to see published for the first time, he wrote as follows to Mr Thomson:—"You cannot imagine how much this business of composing for your publication has added to my enjoyments. What with my early attachment to ballads, your book, &c., ballad-making is now as completely my hobby-horse as ever fortification was Uncle Toby's; so I'll e'en canter it away till I come to the limit of my race.—God grant that I may take the right side of the winning-post!—and then, cheerfully looking back on the honest folks with whom I have been happy, I shall say or sing—*Sae merry as we a' hae been!* and, raising my last looks to the whole human race, THE LAST WORDS OF THE VOICE OF COLLA shall be—'GOOD-NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'!' "

GLOSSARY.

THE AUTHOR'S OWN GLOSSARIES;

INCORPORATING

THE GLOSSARIES OF HIS KILMARNOCK AND EDINBURGH EDITIONS.

The words and passages within brackets are given from the Author's Kilmarnock Glossary, 1786.—

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

[The past time and participle past are usually made by shortening the *ed* to '*t*'. The participle present, instead of terminating in *ing*, ends in the Scotch dialect, in *an* or *in*.]

A

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof, [behind.]
Aboon, above, up.
Abeigh, at a shy distance.
Abreed, in breadth.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Ae, one.
Aft, oft.
Aften, often.
Aff, off; aff-loof, unpremeditated.
Afore, before.
Agle, off the right line, wrong, [wide of the aim.]
Aiblins, perhaps.
Aits, oats.
Airn, iron.
Aith, an oath.
Ain, own.
Aiver, an old horse.
Aizle, a hot cinder, [a red ember.]
Alake, alas.
Alane, alone.
Amang, among.
Amaist, almost.
An', and, if.
Ane, one, an.
Ance, once.
Anither, another.

Artfu', artful.
Ase, ashes.
Asteer, abroad, stirring.
Auld, old.
Auld-farran, or auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Aught, eight, possession, as *in a' my aught*—in all my possession.
Ava, at all, [of all.]
Awa', away.
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Awfu', awful.
Awkart, awkward.
Ayont, beyond.

B

BA', ball.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
[Bairan, baring.]
Barkit, barked.
Barkin, barking.
Baith, both.
Bane, bone.
Bainie, [or banie,] having large stout.
Bardie, *diminutive* of bard.
Bauld, bold; bauldly, boldly.

Barefit, bare-footed.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Bade, endured, did stay.
Bang, an effort.
Bairn, a child.
Bairn-time, a family of children, a brood.
Baudrons, a cat.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Bauk, a cross-beam; bauken', the end of a beam.
Bad, did bid.
Baggie, the belly.
Bashfu', bashful.
Backlins-comin, coming back, returning.
Be, *to let be*, to give over, to cease, [to leave in quiet.]
Beuk, a book.
Behint, or behin', behind.
Be't, be it.
Ben, into the *spence* or parlour; [but and ben, the country kitchen and parlour.]
Belyve, by and by.
[Bellys, bellows.]
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beastie, *diminutive* of beast.
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
Belly-fu', belly-full.
Bethankit, the grace after meat.
Befa', to befall.
Billie, a brother, a young fellow.
Big, to build; biggit, builded.
Biggin, building, a house.
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
Bill, a bull.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Birring, the noise of partridges, &c., when they spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Biel, or field, shelter.
Blastit or blastet, blasted, [worthless.]
Blastie, a shrivell'd dwarf, a term of contempt.
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to look kindly, to shine by fits, [a glance, an amorous leer.]
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirking.
Bluid, blood; bluidy, bloody.
Blather, the bladder.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Blether, to talk idly, nonsense.
Bleth'rin, talking idly.
Blaud, a flat piece of anything, to slap.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Bleezin, blazing.
Blessin, blessing.
Blusht, did blush.

Blype, a shred [of cloth,] a large piece.
Bleatin, bleating.
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birthday, a blue cloke or gown, with a badge.
Bonie, or bony, handsome, beautiful.
Bonilie, handsomely, beautifully.
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread.
Bother, to pother.
Bodle, a small, old coin.
Boortrie, the shrubelder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Boord, a board.
Botch, an angry tumour.
Boost, behoved, must needs.
Bow-kail, cabbage.
Bow't, bended, crooked.
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.
Bocked, gushed, vomited.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily.
Breakin, breaking.
Brawnie, stout, brawny.
Brie, juice, liquid.
Brash, a sudden illness.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Breeks, breeches.
Brugh, a burgh.
Brust, to burst.
Brither, a brother.
Braid, broad.
[Brat, a worn shred of cloth.]
Brats, coarse clothes, rags.
Breathin, breathing.
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brig, a bridge.
Broo, broth, liquid, water.
Brewin, brewing.
Brogue, a hum, a trick, [an affront.]
Brak, broke, made insolvent.
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell [or charm.]
Brunt, did burn.
Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.
Brachens, ferns.
Broose, a race at country weddings—who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.
Braindge, [or brainge,] to run rashly forward, [to draw unsteadily.]
Braindg't, reeled forward.
Brisket, the breast, the bosom.
Breastit, did spring up or forward.
Breastie, *diminutive* of breast.
Braik, a kind of harrow.
Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.
Buirly, stout-made, broad-built.
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evening.
Bummin, humming as bees.

Burn, water, a rivulet.
 Burnie, *diminutive* of burn.
 Burnewin, *i. e.* *burn the wind*, a black-smith.
 Busle, a bustle, to bustle.
 But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
 Buskit, dressed.
 Bummle, to blunder.
 Bummler, a blunderer.
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.
 But, without.
 Bure, did bear.
 Byre, a cow-stable.
 By himsel, lunatic, distracted.

O

CA', to call, to name, to drive.
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven, calved.
 Caressin, caressing.
 Cauld, cold.
 Cantie, or canty, chearful, merry.
 Caup, a wooden drinking vessel [with two lugs or handles.]
 Carlin, a stout old woman.
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dextrous.
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently.
 Cadie, or caddie, a person, a young fellow.
 Caller, fresh, sound.
 Cam, did come.
 Canna, cannot.
 Carryin, carrying.
 Cantharidian, made of cantharides.
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure for calves.
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
 Caudron, a caldron.
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
 Cape-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
 Caird, a tinker.
 Caff, chaff.
 Careerin, chearfully.
 Cartes, cards.
 Cadger, a carrier.
 Callan, a boy.
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
 Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow.
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
 Chuffie, fat-faced.
 Chantin, chanting.
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
 Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
 Chokin, choking.
 Chearfu', chearful.
 Chimla, or chimlie, a fire grate.
 Chimla-lug, the fireside.
 Cheekit, cheeked.
 Chittering, shivering, trembling.
 Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
 Claw, to scratch.
 Claise, or claes, cloaths.
 Clait, cloth; claiting, cloathing.

Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
 Clinkumbell, who rings the church bell.
 Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
 Clood, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
 Cloodie, an old name for the Devil.
 Clips, sheers
 Claut, to clean, to scrape.
 Clauted, scraped.
 Clarkit, wrote.
 Clap, clapper of a mill.
 Cleed, to clothe.
 Clatter, to tell little idle stories, an idle story.
 Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
 Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
 Clockin, hatching.
 Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular name for country curs.
 Comin, coming.
 Countra, country.
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cot-house* or cottage.
 Cood, the cud.
 Cog, a wooden dish [without handles.]
 Coggie, *diminutive* of cog.
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop, a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
 Commaun, command.
 Cozie, snug; coziely, snugly.
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a fall, a gang.
 Cowpit, tumbled.
 Cove, a cavern.
 Cootie, [pretty large] wooden kitchen dish, *also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.*
 Coost, did cast.
 Cowte, a colt.
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
 Core, corps, party, clan.
 Couthie, kind, loving.
 Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits.
 Coble, a fishing boat.
 Corn't, fed with oats.
 Cowrin, cowering.
 Coaxin, wheedling.
 COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, so called, saith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
 Crack, conversation, to converse.
 Crackin, conversing.
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
 Crouse, chearful, courageous.
 Crously, chearfully, courageously.
 Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel, [a harsh, grating sound.]
 Crankous, fretful; captious, [peevish.]
 Crushin, crushing; crusht, crushed.
 Crap, a crop, the top.
 Cronie, crony.
 Crowdie time, breakfast time.
 Crump, hard and brittle, *spoken of bread.*

Croon, a hollow continued moan, to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull, to hum a tune.
 Crooning, humming.
 Creeshie, greasy.
 Craft, or croft, a field near a house, *in old husbandry*.
 Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
 Crouchie, crook-backed.
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost.
 Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses.
 Crawl, crawling [or creeping.]
 Creepin, creeping.
 Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove.
 Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
 Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
 Curchie, a courtesy.
 Carmurring, murmuring, slight, rumb-ling noise.
 Curling, a well known game on ice.
 Curler, a player at ice.
 Curpin, [or curpan,] the crupper.
 Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
 Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
 Cushat, the dove or wood pigeon.

D

DAFT, merry, giddy, foolish.
 Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
 Darg, or daurk, a day's labour.
 Dawd, [or daud,] a large piece, [the noise of one falling flat.]
 Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
 [Daut, to caress, to fondle.]
 Dawtit, or dautet, fondled, caressed.
 Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
 Dancin, dancing.
 Darklins, darkling.
 Daur, to dare; daur't, dared.
 Dappl't, dappled.
 Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now and then.
 Daddie, a father.
 [Dead-sweer, very loath, averse.]
 Dearies, *diminutive* of dears.
 Dearthfu', dear.
 Dell-ma-care! no matter! for all that.
 Deave, to deafen.
 Devel, a stunning blow.
 Deleeret, delirious.
 Deservin, deserving.
 Delvin, delving.
 Describe, to describe.
 Disrespecket, disrespected.
 Dizen, or diz'n, a dozen.
 Dirl, a slight, tremulous stroke or pain.
 Ding, to worst, to push.
 Dinna, do not.

Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff, cleaned from chaff.
 Dimpl't, dimpled.
 Dizzie, dizzy, giddy.
 Doited, stupified, hebetated.
 Doylt, stupified, crazed.
 Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent.
 Doucely, soberly, prudently.
 Dorthy, saucy, nice.
 Dow, am or are able to, can.
 Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
 Dought, was or were able.
 Dolefu', doleful.
 Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, sullen.
 Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, [crazy and dull.]
 Donsie, unlucky, [dangerous.]
 Dowff, pitiless, wanting force.
 Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn.
 Drap, a drop, to drop.
 Drapping, dropping.
 Drumlie, muddy.
 Druken, drunken.
 Drouth, thirst, drought.
 Drinkin, drinking.
 Dryin, drying.
 Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
 Dreeping, oozing, dropping.
 Drift, a drove.
 Drunt, pet, sour humour.
 Dreadfu', dreadful.
 Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
 Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
 Drummock, meal and water mixed raw.
 Droddum, the breech.
 Dub, a small pond.
 Duds, rags [of] clothes.
 Duddie, ragged.
 Dung, worsted, pushed, driven.
 Dush, to push as a [bull] ram, &c.
 Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E

E'E, the eye; een, the eyes.
 Eerie, frightened, *dreading spirits*.
 E'enin, evening.
 Eild, old age.
 Elbuck, the elbow.
 Eldritch, ghastly, frightful, [horrid.]
 En', end.
 ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH.
 Eneugh, enough.
 Ensuin, ensuing.
 Especial, especially.
 Eydent, diligent, [constant, busy.]

F

FA', fall, lot, to fall.
 Fae, a foe.
 Faithfu', faithful.
 Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.

Fash't, troubled.
 Fawsont, decent, seemly, [orderly.]
 Faem, foam.
 Farl, a cake of bread.
 Fairin, a fairing, a present.
 Fareweel, farewell.
 Fallow, fellow.
 Faut, fault.
 Faddom't, fathomed.
 Fac't, faced.
 Fatterels, ribbon ends, &c.
 Fasten-een, Fastens-Even.
 Fand, did find.
 Fauld, a fold, to fold.
 Faulding, folding.
 Ferlie, or ferly, to wonder, a wonder;
 [also] a term of contempt.
 Fecht, to fight; fechtin, fighting.
 Feud, to live comfortably.
 Feid, feud, enmity.
 Feat, neat, spruce.
 Fear't, frightened.
 Fearfu', frightful.
 Fetch, to pull by fits, [to stop suddenly
 in the draught, and then come on too
 hastily.]
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently.
 Feg, a fig.
 Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
 Fell, keen, biting, the flesh immedi-
 ately under the skin; a field pretty
 level, on the side or top of a hill.
 Fient, fend, a petty oath.
 Fizz, to make a hissing noise like fer-
 mentation.
 Fit, a foot.
 Fittie-lan', the near horse of the hind-
 most pair in the plough.
 Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a
 friend.
 Fidge, to fidget.
 Fidgin, fidgeting.
 Fissle, to make a rustling noise, to
 fidget, a bustle.
 Flatterin', flattering.
 Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
 Flunkie, a servant in livery.
 Fley, to scare, to frighten.
 Fley'd, frightened, scared.
 Flyin, flying.
 Fleesh, a fleece.
 Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by
 way of partition between two horses
 in a stable, a flail.
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
 Fliskit, fretted.
 Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings
 when their dam approaches.
 Flichterin, fluttering.
 Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
 Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering
 manner.
 Fleechin, supplicating.
 Flainen, flannel.
 Flether, to decoy by fair words.

Fletherin, flattering.
 Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of
 small birds.
 Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
 Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
 Fou, full, drunk.
 Foughten, troubled, harassed.
 Formin, forming.
 Forbye, besides.
 Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
 Foord, a ford.
 Forbears, forefathers, [ancestors.]
 Foamin, foaming.
 Fow, a bushel, &c., [full, drunk.]
 Forgie, to forgive.
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue.
 Frae, from.
 Freath, froth.
 Frien', friend.
 Fu', full.
 Fur, a furrow.
 Furm, a form, a bench.
 Fud, the scut of the hare, coney &c
 Fuff, to blow intermittently.
 Fuff't, did blow.
 Funnie, full of merriment.
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.
 Fyteen, fifteen.
 Fyke, trifling cares, to piddle, to be in
 a fuss about trifles.

G

GAB, the mouth, to speak boldly or
 pertly.
 Gang, to go, to walk.
 Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative, to
 converse.
 Gashin, conversing.
 Gaucy, [or gawsie,] jolly, large.
 Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen or gane
 gone; gaun, going.
 Gaet, or gate, way, manner, road.
 Gatherin, gathering.
 Gar, to make, to force to.
 Gar't, forced to.
 Garten, a garter.
 Geordie, a guinea.
 Gear, riches, goods of any kind
 Gentles, great folks.
 Get, a child, a young one.
 Geck, to toss the head in wantonness
 or scorn.
 Ged, a pike.
 Gie, to give; gied, gave; gi'en, given.
 [Gilpey, a young girl.]
 Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years
 old.
 Gin, if, against.
 Gizz, a periwig.
 Girn, to grin, to twist the features in
 rage, agony, &c.
 Girnin, grinning.
 Gipsy, a young girl.
 Gillie, diminutive of gill.

Giftie, *diminutive* of gift.
 Ghaist, a ghost.
 Gloamin, the twilight.
 Glunch, a frown, to frown.
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
 Glint, to peep; glinted, peeped; glintin, peeping.
 Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
 Glowr'd, looked, stared.
 Glowrin, staring.
 Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
 Gleg, sharp, ready.
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass.
 Gley, a squint, to squint; agley, off at a side, wrong.
 Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawk-weed, &c.
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
 Gowl, to howl.
 Gowling, howling.
 Gowd, gold.
 Gowff, the game of golf; to strike, *as the bat does the ball at golf*.
 Gowff'd, struck.
 Grane, or grain, a groan, to groan.
 Grain'd, groaned.
 Graining, groaning.
 Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
 Great, intimate, familiar.
 Grievin, grieving.
 Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress.
 Gruntle, the phiz [or visage,] a grunting noise.
 Gracefu', graceful.
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
 Greetin, crying, weeping.
 Gree't, agreed.
 Graunie, a grandmother.
 Grape, to grope; grapit, groped.
 Grippet, caught, seized.
 Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
 Grumphie, a sow.
 Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
 Grousome, loathsomely grim.
 Grunstane, a grindstone.
 Grozet, a gooseberry.
 Grissle, gristle.
 Gratefu', grateful.
 Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor*.
 Grun', ground.
 Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game*.
 GUDE, the SUPREME BEING; good.
 Gusty, tasteful.
 Gully, or gullie, a large knife.
 Guid, good; guid-mornin, good morrow; guid-een, good evening.
 Guidman and Guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; *Young Guidman*, a man newly married.
 Guidfather, Guidmither, father-in-law and mother-in-law.
 Gumlie, muddy.

H

HA', hall.
 Hae, to have.
 Haen, had, *the participle*.
 Hame, home; hameward, homeward.
 Hamely, homely, affable.
 Han', or haun', hand.
 Haith, a petty oath.
 Haet, *fient haet*, a petty oath of negation, nothing.
 Haughs, low-lying rich lands, valleys.
 Hash, a sot, [a term of contempt.]
 Haud, to hold.
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
 Hap-step-an'-lowp, hop-skip-and-leap.
 Hap, an outer garment, mantle plaid, &c., to wrap, to cover, to hop.
 Happing, hopping.
 Haffins, nearly half, partly.
 Hain, to spare, to save; hain'd, spared.
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one with a white face*.
 Hal', or hald, an abiding place.
 Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
 Harkit, hearkened.
 Happer, a hopper.
 Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses and moors.
 Haverel, a half-witted person, half-witted.
 Hairst, harvest.
 Hauri, to drag, to peel.
 Haurlin, peeling.
 Hastit, hastened.
 Hallan, a particular partition wall in a cottage.
 Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
 Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
 Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
 Hech! oh! strange!
 Hearse, hoarse.
 Het, hot.
 Hersel, herself.
 Herrin, a herring.
 Herry, to plunder, *most properly to plunder bird-nests*.
 Herryment, plundering, devastation.
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise.
 Heather, heath.
 Hecht, to fortell [or forbode] something that is to be got or given, foretold, the thing foretold.
 Heapit, heaped.
 Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
 Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
 Hear't, hear it.
 Hellim, the rudder or helm.
 Himsel, himself.
 Hizzie, hussy, a young girl.
 Hirpl, to walk crazily, to creep; *hirplu*, creeping.

Hing, to hang.
 Hitch, a loop, a knot.
 Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
 Hilchin, halting.
 Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
 Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend.
 Howk, to dig; howkit, digged; howkin, digging.
 Howdie, a midwife.
 Hoddin, the motion of a sage country man riding on a cart-horse.
 Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil.
 Houghmagandie, fornication, [a species of gender composed of the masculine and feminine united.]
 Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
 Howe-backit, sunk in the back, *spoken of a horse, &c.*
 Hove, to heave, to swell.
 Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
 Hoyse, a pull upwards.
 Hoord, a hoard, to hoard.
 Hoordet, hoarded.
 Hoolie, slowly, leisurely; hoolie! take leisure! stop!
 Host, or hoast, to cough; hostin, coughing.
 Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
 Hoy, to urge [incessantly]; hoy't, urged.
 Hool, outer skin or case.
 Hoyte, to amble crazily, [a motion between a trot and a gallop.]
 Housie, *diminutive* of house.
 Horn, a spoon made of horn.
 Hog-shouter, a kind of horse play by justling with the shoulder, to justle.
 Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
 Hughoc, *diminutive* of Hugh.

I

I', in.
 Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
 Icker, an ear of corn.
 Ilk or ilka, each, every.
 Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, nig-gardly, [unkind.]
 Indentin, indenting.
 Ingle, fire, fire-place.
 Ingene, genius, ingenuity.
 I'se, I shall or will.
 Ither, other, one another.

J

JAD, jade; also a familiar term, among country folks, for a giddy young girl.
 Jaup, a jerk of water, to jerk as agitated water.
 Jauk, to dally [at work.] to trifle.
 Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
 Jaw, coarse rallery, to pour out, to spurt, to jerk, *as water*.

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning a corner.
 Jinkin, dodging.
 Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay, sprightly girl, a wag.
 Jimp, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
 Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
 Jirt, a jerk.
 Jinglin, jingling.
 Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
 Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head.
 Joeteleg, a kind of knife.
 Jokin, joking.
 Joyfu', joyful.
 Jundie, to justle.
 Jumpit, did jump.
 Jumpin, jumping.

K

KAE, a daw.
 Kain, fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer.
 Kail, coleworts, a kind of broth.
 Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort.
 Kebbuck, a cheese.
 Ken, to know; kend or ken't, knew
 Kennin, a small matter.
 Keek, a peep, to peep.
 Keepit, kept.
 Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
 Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool.
 Kin', kind.
 Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
 Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn, to churn.
 Kitchen, anything that eats with bread, to serve for soup, gravy, &c.
 Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely.
 Kittlin, a young cat.
 King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.
 Kin, kindred.
 Kiutle, to cuddle, [to caress, to fondle.]
 Kiutlin, cuddling.
 Kiaugh, carking anxiety.
 Kirsen, to christen.
 Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip.
 Kist, chest, a shop-counter.
 Knaggie, like *knags* or points of rocks.
 Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones.
 Knowe, a small round hillock.
 Kye, cows.
 Kythe, to discover, to show one's self.
 KYLE, a district of Ayrshire.
 Kyte, the belly.

L

LAN', land, estate.

Lang, long; to think lang, to long, to weary.
 Lap, did leap.
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.
 Laverock, the lark.
 Lambie, *diminutive* of lamb.
 Laughin, laughing.
 Lawfu', lawful.
 Lapfu', lapful.
 Laih, low.
 Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, &c., myself alone, &c., thyself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely.
 Lallan, Lowland; Lallans, Scotch dialect.
 Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish.
 Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others.
 Laith, loth.
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
 Lairing, wading and sinking in snow, mud, &c.
 Laddie, *diminutive* of lad.
 Lee-lang, live-long.
 Leuk, a look, to look.
 Leeze me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment.
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learning.
 Lea'e, to leave.
 Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
 Leugh, did laugh.
 Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at.
 Limmer, a kept-mistress, a strumpet, [a woman of easy virtue.]
 Livin, living.
 Link, to trip along.
 Linkin', tripping.
 Limpit, limp'd, hobbled.
 Linn, a water-fall.
 Lint, flax; lint in the bell, flax in flower.
 Lift, the sky.
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
 Lintwhite, a linnet.
 Loan, the place of milking.
 Loof, the palm of the hand.
 Looves, *plural* of loof.
 Lowe, a flame, to flame.
 Lowin, flaming.
 Lowse, to loose.
 Lows'd, loosed.
 Loot, did let.
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
 Lowrie, *abbreviation* of Lawrence.
 Lug, the ear, a handle.
 Lugget, having a handle.
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle.
 Lunt, a column of smoke, to smoke.
 Luntin, smoking.
 Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.

Lum, the chimney.
 Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey.

M

MAE, more.
 Maist, most, almost.
 Maistly, mostly.
 Maun, must.
 Mair, more.
 Mak, to make; makin, making.
 Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn.
 Manteele, a mantle.
 Maw, to mow; mawin, mowing.
 Maukin, a hare.
 Mallie, Molly.
 Mar's year, the rebellion, A.D. 1715.
 Mark, marks, *this, and several other nouns, which in English require an s to form the plural, are in Scotch like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers.*
 Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
 Maskin-pat, a teapot.
 Mang, among.
 Mavis, the thrush.
 Mell, to meddle.
 Men', to mend.
 Messin, a small dog.
 Melvie, to soil with meal.
 Mense, good manners, decorum.
 Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
 Melancholious, mournful.
 Meere, a mare.
 Mither, a mother.
 Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly, mixed.
 Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
 Mindfu', mindful.
 Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
 Misca', to abuse, to call names.
 Misca'd, abused.
 Min', mind, remembrance.
 Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
 Middin, a dunghill.
 Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill.
 Minnie, mother, dam.
 Misteuk, mistook.
 Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
 Moudiewort, [or modewurk,] a mole.
 Mony, or monie, many.
 Moistify, to moisten.
 Mournfu', mournful.
 Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
 Mottie, full of motes.
 Mou, the mouth.
 Mousie, *diminutive* of mouse.
 Moorlan, of or belonging to moors.
 Muckle, or meikle, great, big, much.
 Mutchkin, an English pint.
 Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
 Musie, *diminutive* of muse.
 Mysel, myself.

N

NA, no, not, nor.
 Nae, no, not any.
 Nane, none.
 Naething, or naithing, **nothing**.
 Naig, a horse.
 Neebor, a neighbour.
 Needfu', needful.
 Neglekit, neglected.
 Neuk, nook.
 Niest, next.
 Nieve, the fist.
 Nievefu', handful.
 Niger, a negro.
 Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
 Niffer, an exchange, to exchange, to barter.
 Nit, a nut.
 Nowte, black cattle.
 Norland, of or belonging to the North.
 Notic't, noticed.
 Nor-west, north-west.
 Noteless, unnoticed, unknown.

O

O', of.
 Observin, observing.
 Ony, or onie, any.
 Or, *is often used for* ere, before.
 O't, of it.
 Ourie, shivering, drooping.
 Oursel, or oursels, ourselves.
 Outler, not housed, [lying in the fields at night.]
 Owre, over, too.
 Owre hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm.

P

PACK, intimate, familiar, twelvestones of wool.
 Painch, paunch.
 Parliamentin, at parliament.
 Parritch, [pirratch, or porritch, pot-tage,] oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish.
 Pang, to cram.
 Paukie, cunning, sly.
 Paughty, proud, haughty, [saucy.]
 Patrick, a partridge.
 Pat, did put, a pot.
 Pay't, paid, beat.
 Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff.
 Pech, to fetch the breath short *as in an asthma*.
 Pechan, the crop [of fowls,] the stomach.
 [Penny-wheep, small-beer.]
 Pettle, to cherish, a plough-staff.
 Pet, a domesticated sheep, &c.
 Peelin, peeling.
 Pensivelie, pensively.

Phraise, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
 Phraisin, flattery.
 Pit, to put.
 Pine, pain, uneasiness.
 Pickle, a small quantity.
 Platie, *diminutive* of plate.
 Plack, an old Scotch coin.
 Plackless, pennyless.
 Pliskie, a trick.
 Plew, or pleugh, a plough.
 Plumpit, did plump.
 Placad, a public proclamation.
 Poortith, poverty.
 Powther, or pouthier, powder.
 Pouthery, like powder.
 Pouk, to pluck.
 Pou, to pull.
 Pou't, did pull.
 Poussie, a hare or cat.
 Pownie, a little horse.
 Pow, the head, the skull.
 Pout, a poult, a chicken.
 Prayin, praying.
 Pridefu', proud, saucy.
 Proveses, provosts.
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
 Priggin, cheapening.
 Pryin, prying.
 Prief, proof.
 Prent, print.
 Propone, to lay down, to propose.
 Primsie, demure, precise, [affectedly nice.]
 Prie, to taste.
 Prie'd, tasted.
 Preen, a pin.
 Pund, pound, pounds.
 Puddin, pudding.
 Pyle, *a pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q

QUAT, to quit.
 Quak, to quake.
 Quakin, quaking.
 Quey, a cow from one to two years old.

R

RAM-FEEZL'D, fatigued, overspent.
 [Raep, or rape, a rope.]
 Rantin, ranting.
 Ramblin, rambling.
 Rattlin, rattling.
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
 Raw, a row.
 Raible, to rattle nonsense, [to repeat by rote.]
 Rair, to roar; rair't, roared; rairing roaring.
 Rax, to stretch.
 Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes.
 Ram-stam, forward, thoughtless.

Rarely, excellent, very well.
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort.
 Ratton, a rat.
 Raught, reached.
 Raize, to madden, to enflame.
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled.
 Ream, cream.
 Reek, smoke, to smoke; reekin, smoking; reekit, smoked, smoky.
 Receivin, receiving.
 Red-wud, stark-mad.
 Remead, remedy.
 Remarkin, remarking.
 Reest, to stand restive.
 Reestit, [or reestet,] stood restive, stunted, withered, [shrivelled].
 Reave, to rob.
 Requit, requital.
 Reft, torn, ragged.
 Restricket, restricted.
 Reck, to [take] heed.
 Rede, counsel, to counsel.
 Refus't, refuse it.
 [Rief, reaving.]
 Rin, to run, to melt; rinnin, running.
 Ridin, riding.
 Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn, &c.
 Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling.
 Riskit, [or risk,] made a noise like the tearing of [small] roots [with the plough].
 Rig, a ridge.
 Rowte, to low, to bellow.
 Rowtin, lowing.
 Rowth, plenty.
 Roupet, hoarse, *as with a cold*.
 Rowe, to roll, to wrap.
 Row't, rolled, wrapped.
 Roamin, roaming.
 Rood, *stands likewise for the plural* roods.
 Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
 Roose, to praise, to commend.
 Rozet, rosin.
 Roon, a shred, a remnant.
 Rung, a cudgel.
 Runkl'd, wrinkled.
 Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
 Rustlin, rustling.
 Rhymin, rhyming.
 [Rockin, a meeting on a winter evening.]

S

'S, is.
 Sae, so.
 Sang, a song.
 Sair, to serve, sore.
 Sairly, or sairlye, sorely.
 Sair't, served.
 Saul, soul.
 Saunt, a saint.
 Sark, a shirt.

Sarkit, provided in shirts.
 Saft, soft.
 Saw, to sow.
 Sawin, sowing.
 Sax, six.
 Saut, salt; sautet, salted.
 Saumont, salmon.
 Saugh, the willow.
 Scone, a kind of bread.
 Scribe, to glide swiftly along, [to run smoothly.]
 Srieivin, gleesomely, swiftly.
 [Srieigh, to cry shrilly.]
 Screechin, screeching.
 Screed, to tear, a rent.
 Scar, to scare.
 Scauld, to scold; scaulding, scolding.
 Scawl, a scold.
 Scaud, to scald.
 Scaur, apt to be scared.
 Scornfu', scornful.
 Scrimp, to scant; scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
 Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen, partridge, &c.*
 Scaichin, screaming.
 Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone.
 Sets, *sets aff*, goes away.
 See'd, did see.
 Settlin, settling; to get a settlin, to be frighted into quietness.
 Sell't, did sell.
 Seizin, seizing.
 Servan', servant.
 Sen', to send; sen't, send it.
 Shaw, to show, a small wood in a hollow place.
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench.
 Shootin, shooting.
 Shouther, the shoulder.
 Shoon, shoes.
 Sheep-shank, *to think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
 Shore, to offer, to threaten.
 Shor'd, offered.
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one end, for putting the tail of a dog, &c., into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
 Shaver, a humorous [mischievous] wag, a barber.
 Shog, a shock.
 Sheen, bright, shining.
 Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, *the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A.D. 1715.*
 Shool, a shovel.
 Shaird, a shard, a shard.
 Shill, shrill.
 Sic, such.
 Simmer, summer.
 Siller, silver, money.
 Sittin, sitting.
 Sin', since.
 Sin, a son.
 Sicker, sure, steady.

Sinfu', sinfu'.
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
 Sinkin, sinking.
 Skriegh, a scream, to scream.
 Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury.
 Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate
 from truth, [to fib.]
 Sklented, ran or hit in an oblique di-
 rection.
 Sklentin, slanting.
 Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in
 female scolding.
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled,
 [fiery.]
 Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
 Skirl't, shrieked.
 Skirling, shrieking, crying.
 Skelp, to strike, to slap, to walk with
 a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
 Skelpin, slapping, walking smartly.
 Slaw, slow.
 Slae, sloe.
 Slap, a gate, a breach in the fence.
 Slade, did slide.
 Slee, sly; sleest, slyest.
 Slype, to fall over *as a wet furrow from
 the plough.*
 Slypet, fell.
 Sleekit, sleek.
 Sliddery, slippery.
 Sma', small.
 Smiddy, smithy.
 Smytrie, a numerous collection of
 small individuals.
 Smoor, to smother; smoor'd, smo-
 thered.
 Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
 Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
 Snaw, snow, to snow.
 Snawie, snowy.
 Snaw-broo, melted snow.
 Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
 Sneeshin, snuff; sneeshin-mill, snuff-
 box.
 Snawk, to scent or snuff *as a dog, horse,
 &c.*
 Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
 Snick-drawing, trick-contriving.
 Snick, the latchet of a door.
 Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly,
 to sneak.
 Snoo'v't, went smoothly.
 Snell, bitter, biting.
 Sned, to lop, to cut off.
 Snool, one whose spirit is broken with
 oppressive slavery, to submit tamely,
 to sneak.
 Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks,
 lucky, jolly.
 Sowther, solder, to solder, to cement.
 Souple, flexible, swift.
 Soom, to swim.
 Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of
 anything liquid.
 Sootie, sooty.
 Sobbin, sobbing.

Sowth, to try over a tune with a low
 whistle.
 Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
 Souter, a shoemaker.
 Spaul, a limb.
 Speakin, speaking.
 Spier, to ask, to enquire.
 Spier't, enquired.
 Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
 Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery, Will o'
 'Wisp, or *ignis fatuus.*
 Sportin, sporting.
 Spak, did speak.
 Springin, springing.
 Speel, to climb.
 Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch.
 Speat, a sweeping torrent after rain or
 thaw.
 Spairge, to dash, to soil *as with mire,
 [to spurt about like water.]*
 Spitefu', spiteful.
 Spence, the country parlour.
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant something
 like rushes.
 Sprittie, full of sprits, [rushy.]
 Sprattle, to scramble.
 Sparin, sparing.
 Spaviet, having the spavin.
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled.
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise, [a ra-
 vable.]
 Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scotch
 reel.
 Squad, a crew, a party.
 Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
 Squatter, to flutter in water *as a wild
 duck, &c.*
 Squattle, to sprawl.
 Stan', to stand; stan't, did stand.
 Stane, a stone.
 Stroan, to spout, to piss, [to pour out
 like a spout.]
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed.
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
 Steek, to shut, a stitch.
 Stech, [or stegh,] to cram the belly.
 Stechin, cramming.
 Startle, to run *as cattle stung by the gad-
 fly.*
 Steer, to molest, to stir.
 Sturt, trouble, to molest.
 Sturtin, frightened.
 Studdie, an anvil.
 Stell, a still.
 Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug or dish
 with a handle.
 Straik, to stroke; strait, stroked.
 Stampin, stamping.
 Stacher, to stagger.
 Stap, to stop.
 Strae, straw, *to die a fair strae death, to
 die in bed.*
 Strack, did strike.
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.

Streek, stretched, *to stretch*: streekit, stretched.
 Staumrel, half-witted.
 Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
 Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
 Stot, an ox.
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse.
 Straught, straight.
 Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Starvin, starving.
 Stringin, stringing.
 Startin, starting.
 Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
 Stown, stolen.
 Stownlins, by stealth.
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
 Stibble, stubble; stibble rig, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead.
 Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind, to walk sturdily.
 Staggy, *diminutive* of stag.
 Steeve, firm, compacted.
 Stank, a pool of standing water.
 Stark, stout.
 Stey, steep; steyst, steepest.
 Sten, to rear as a horse.
 Sten't, reared.
 Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
 Strappan, tall and handsome.
 Strewin, strewing.
 Stilt, a crutch, to halt, to limp.
 Stockin, stocking.
 Stumpie, *diminutive* of stump.
 Striddle, to straddle.
 Stick an' stow, totally, altogether.
 Sucker, sugar.
 Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
 Suthron, southron, an old name for the English nation.
 Sud, should.
 Swap, an exchange, to barter.
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood.
 Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
 Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
 Swank, stately, jolly.
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight, strapping young fellow or girl.
 Swatch, a sample.
 Swith! get away!
 Swinge, to beat, to whip.
 Swingein, beating, whipping.
 Swaird, sword.
 Swat, did sweat.
 Swervin, swerving.
 Swoor, swore, did swear.
 Swall'd, swelled.
 Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse.
 Sweatin, sweating.
 Syne, since, ago, then.

TAE, a toe; three tae'd, having three prongs.
 [Tae't, a small quantity.]
 Tauted, [tawtet,] or tautic, matted together, *spoken of hair or wool*.
 Tak, to take; takin, taking.
 Tangle, a sea weed.
 Tauld, or tald, told.
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
 Tarrow't, murmured.
 Talkin, talking.
 Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, *spoken of a horse, cow, &c.*
 Tap, the top.
 Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person.
 Tapetless, heedless, foolish, [unthinking.]
 Tapsalteerie, topsy-turvy.
 Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
 Tent, a field pulpit, heed, caution, to take heed.
 Tentie, heedful, cautious.
 Tentless, heedless.
 Tough, tough; toughly, toughly.
 Teat, a small quantity.
 Tearfu', tearful.
 Ten hours' bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon.
 Thack, thatch; thack an' rape, cloathing, necessaries.
 Thrang, throng, a crowd.
 Thegither, together.
 Thick, intimate, familiar.
 Thole, to suffer, to endure.
 Thae, these.
 Thrisle, thistle.
 Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
 Thinkin, thinking.
 Thumpit, thumped.
 Thumpin, thumping.
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited, *spoken of a person's demeanour*.
 Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
 Thankit, thanked.
 Through, to go on with, to make out.
 Threshin, thrashing.
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
 Themsel, themselves.
 Thysel, thyself.
 Thud, to make a loud, intermitted noise.
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted.
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threteen, thirteen.
 Thankfu', thankful.
 Thirl, to thrill.
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated.
 Thowless, slack, lazy, [pithless.]
 Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.

Fhir, these.
 Fither, the other.
 Timmer, timber; timmer-propt, **prop-**
 ped with timber.
 Till't, to it.
 Tinkler, a tinker.
 Tine, to lose; tint, lost.
 Tippence, twopence.
 Tittle, to whisper.
 Tittlin, whispering.
 Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
 Tirlin, uncovering.
 Tip, a ram.
 Towzie, rough, shaggy.
 Toom, empty.
 Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to
 blow a horn, &c.
 Tow, a rope.
 Toddle, to totter like the walk of a
 child.
 Toddlin, tottering.
 Tod, a fox.
 Toop, a ram.
 Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house.
 Tocher, marriage portion.
 Toyte, to totter like old age.
 Towmond, a twelvemonth.
 Toy, a very old fashion of female head-
 dress.
 Trashtrie, trash.
 Trowth, truth, a petty oath.
 Tryin, trying.
 Trow, to believe.
 Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, meta-
 morphosed.
 Trig, spruce, neat.
 Trimly, excellently.
 Trottin, trotting.
 Trickie, full of tricks.
 Try't, tried.
 Tunefu', tuneful.
 Tug, raw hide, *of which, in old times,*
plough traces were frequently made.
 Tulzie, a quarrel, to quarrel, to fight.
 Twa, two.
 Twa-three, a few.
 Twal, twelve; twalpenne-worth, a
 small quantity, a penny-worth.
 Twin, to part.
 'Twad, it would.
 'Tyke, a dog.

U

UNCOS, news.
 Unco, strange, uncouth, **very, very**
 great, prodigious.
 Undoin, undoing.
 Unskait'h'd, undamaged, **unhurt.**
 Uncaring, disregarding.
 Unkenn'd, unknown.
 Upo', upon.

V

VAP'RIN, vapouring.
 Vera, very.
 Viri, a ring round a column, &c.

W

WA', wall; wa's, walls.
 Wae, woe, sorrowful.
 Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
 Wadna, would not.
 Wastrie, prodigality.
 Warl, or warld, world.
 Warly, worldly, eager on amassing
 wealth.
 Wark, work.
 Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
 Warst, worst.
 Wale, choice, to chuse.
 Wal'd, chose, chosen.
 Wame, the belly; wamefou', a belly
 full.
 Warran, a warrant, to warrant.
 Wabster, a weaver.
 Wauken, to awake.
 Waesucks! or waes me! alas! O the
 pity!
 Waur, worse, to worst.
 Waur't, worsted.
 Warlock, a wizzard.
 Warst'l'd, or wars'l'd, wrestled.
 Wanrestfu', restless.
 Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know.
 Wanchancie, unlucky.
 Water-brose, *brose* made of meal and
 water simply, without the addition
 of milk, butter, &c.
 [Water-kelpies, a sort of mischievous
 spirits that are said to haunt fords.]
 Waukit, thickened, *as fullers do cloth.*
 Wauble, to swing, to reel.
 Wattle, a twig, a wand.
 Wair, to lay out, to expend.
 Walie, ample, large, jolly, also an in-
 terjection of distress.
 Waft, the woof.
 Wailfu', wailing.
 Wee, little; wee-things, little ones;
 wee-bit, a small matter.
 Weel, well; weelfare, wellfare.
 Wean, or weanie, a child.
 Weason, weasand.
 We'se, we shall.
 Wearie, or weary, *monie a wearie body,*
many a different person.
 Weet, rain, witness.
 Wha, who.
 Whase, whose.
 Whare, where; whare'er, wherever.
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
 Whistle, a whistle, to whistle.
 Whang, a leathern string, a piece of
 cheese, bread, &c., to give the strap-
 pado.
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny-
 wheep, small beer.
 Whun-stane, a whin-stone.
 Whirlygigums, useless ornaments,
 trifling appendages.
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crot-
 chets.

Whisht! silence! to hold one's whisht,
to be silent.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whid, the motion of a hare running
but not frightened, a lie.
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whalpit, whelped.
Wi', with.
Win', wind; win's, winds
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winkin, winking.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique
direction, *a term in curling*.
Withoutten, without.
Win, to wind, to winnow.
Win't, winded, *as a bottom of yarn*.
Wintle, a staggering motion, to stagger,
to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wife, *a diminutive or endearing term
for wife*.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wiss, to wish.
Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunted.
Waefu', woeful.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous
appellation.
Wonderfu', wonderful, wonderfully.
Woo' wool.

Wooser-bab, the garter knotted below
the knee with a couple of loops [and
ends.]
Worset, worsted.
Wordy, worthy.
Wrack, to tease, to vex, [to trouble.]
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost, an apparition
exactly like a living person whose
appearance is said to forbode the
person's approaching death.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyte, blame, to blame.
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest.

Y

YEAR, *is used for both singular and
plural years*.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk, [dry.]
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yealings, born in the same year, co-
evals.
Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for
thou.
Yill, ale.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yont, beyond.
Youthfu', youthful.
Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, *diminutive of yowe*.
Yule, Christmas.
[Young Guidman, a new married man.]

ADDENDA TO THE AUTHOR'S GLOSSARIES

(From Dr. Currie's Edition, 1800.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Burns seems never to have revised his own Glossary after 1787. New and enlarged editions of his poems were published in 1793 and 1794, but the numerous typographical errors in both of these, as well in the Text as in the Glossary, prove that the poet made no revision of the sheets as they passed through the printer's hands.

In Dr. Currie's editions, the author's Glossary is considerably abridged; but, on the other hand, a number of words in the Scottish dialect, gathered from the posthumous poems and songs of Burns, are there inserted. These we now proceed to append, by way of supplement; and to such of Currie's explanations as we consider inaccurate or incomplete, we have added [within brackets] what farther elucidation seemed requisite.

Nothing could be easier than to enlarge this Glossary, by selecting and introducing Scots words from the pages of Burns, the meaning of which may be obscure to some readers, but we prefer to confine ourselves to a reproduction of what the poet himself and his first editor thought was required in the way of explanation of words and phrases. We have, however, deemed it expedient to add a few words under the letter Y, in order to indicate to English readers the common Scottish manner of pronouncing the very frequent words, "ae," "ane," "ance," &c. We know that in one or two of the counties of the south-west of Scotland, these are seldom sounded as if the letter *y* were prefixed; but wherever the editor has travelled in the other Lowland districts, he has noticed that these words are pronounced as if they were written *yae*, *yin*, *yince*, &c., and it is certain from the subjoined quotation, that Burns himself did so pronounce them:—

"Let Fortune's wheel at random rin—
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win—
My thoughts are a' bound up in *ane*,
And that's my ain dear Philly."—Page 107, Vol. II.

A

AIRL-PENNY, earnest-money.
 Asklent, asquint, aslant.
 Athort, athwart.
 Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years.

B

BAWK, bank. [This explanation is erroneous : it means a footpath through a corn-field.]
 Beld, bald.
 Birk, birch.
 Birken-shaw, birchen-woodshaw, a small wood.
 Bleert and blin, bleered and blind.
 Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum.
 Bluntie, snivelling. [Or rather; it means soft, easily imposed on.]
 Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.
 Brent, smooth.
 Bughin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
 Bught, a pen [for sheep.]
 Buskie, bushy, [well-dressed.]
 Busks, dresses.
 Buss.shelter: [bush, "guid wine needs nae buss."]

C

CESSES, taxes.
 Clavers, idle stories.
 Cleeds, cloaths.
 Cluds, cluds.
 Cockernony, a lock of hair tied up on a girl's head, a cap.
 Coft, bought.
 Collieshangie, quarreling.
 Craik, name of a bird : [also, as a verb, to whine, to importune with incessant craving.]
 Crowdie, a dish made of oatmeal.
 Cutty, short.

D

DAVOC, David.
 Doos, doves.
 Doup, backside.
 Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
 Doure and din, sullen and sallow.
 Douser, more prudent.
 Draunting, drawling.
 Drone, part of a bagpipe, [a tiresome speaker.]
 Droukit, wet [and dripping.]
 Dunted, boxt, [well-beaten.]

F

FA'S, does fall, waterfalls.
 Focket, waistcoat, [a vest of woolen stuff.]

Feckly, weakly, [or rather, mostly, almost.]
 Fen', successful struggle, fight : [to fend, is to defend one's self against obstacles.]
 Fiel, soft, smooth.
 Flickering, to meet, to encounter with; [to flicker, is to coax, to flirt.]
 Fother, fodder.

G

GABERLUNZIE, an old man [who takes to begging. Literally it means a wallet carried at the loins.]
 Gadsman, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
 Giglets, playful girls.
 Glaum'd, aimed, snatched at [with greed.]
 Gleib, glebe.
 Glen, dale, deep valley.
 Gowany, gowany glens, daisied dales.
 Grained and gaunted, groaned and grunted, [yawned].
 Grunzie, mouth, [snout.]

H

HALY, holy.
 Hecht, offered; [to hecht, to raise in price.]
 Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
 Hiney, honey; [also, a term of endearment, a sweet creature.]
 Howff, a landlady, a house of resort, [a haunt, a place of shelter].
 Howlet, an owl.
 Hushion, a cushion, [or rather, an old footless stocking—hose-shin].

K

KENSPECKLE, well-known, [a marked person.]
 Kintra cooser, country stallion; [cooser, courser.]
 Knurl, dwarf.
 Kith, kindred.

L

LAWIN-SHOT, reckoning-bill.
 Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
 Leesome, pleasant, [sheltered].
 Libbet, gelded.
 Loup, jump, leap.

M

MAILEN, farm, [ground for which mail or rent is exacted.]
 Mirk, or mirkest, dark, darkest.

O

OCHELS, name of mountains [between Clackmannan and Perthshire.]
O haith ! O faith ! an oath.

P

PARLE, speech.
Philibegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.

R

REW, repent. [*Rue* is the proper spelling.]
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Routhie, plentiful.
Routh o' gear, plenty of goods.

S

SCAITH, to damage, to injure, injury.
Shiel, a shed, [a bothy.]
Skinklin, a small portion, [a sprinkling.]
Snapper, stumble, [diverge from the path.]
Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Spates, swollen streams.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stoyte, stumble.
Swarf, swoon.
Swats, Liquor, [strong ale.]

T

TAIRGE, target.
Tamtallon, the name of a mountain.
[No : the name of a sea-rock in East Lothian, on which a castle is built.]

Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Theekit, thatched.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Trysted, appointed, to tryste.
Trews, trowsers.

U

UNWEETING, unwotting, unknowing.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Urchin, a hedgehog, [applied to a mischievous boy].

W

WAUGHT, draught, [a copious libation ; "a right gude-willie waught," a right hearty bumper].
Weird, fate.
Wicker, willow, (the smaller sort).
Wow ! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wons, dwells.
Wyle, beguile.

Y

[YAE, one, spelled *ae* in Scots, but generally pronounced as with *y* prefixed.]
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
[Yin, one, generally spelled *ane* in Scots, although almost always pronounced with *y* prefixed, as in "yill," for *ale*, "yirth," or "yird," for *earth*, "yowe," for *ewe*.]
[Yince, once, generally spelled *ance*, but usually sounded as with *y*.]
[Yirl, earl.]
[Yits, oats ; yit-cake, oatmeal cake.]

COMPLETE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATIONS.

THE
KILMARNOCK EDITION
OF THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER
WITH NEW ANNOTATIONS, BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, ETC.

EDITED BY THE LATE
WILLIAM SCOTT DOUGLAS.

VOLUME II
(POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATIONS.)

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1890.

P R E F A C E.

“And so did our Peasant shew himself among us; ‘a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody!’”—CARLYLE.

EACH and all of the Poems and Songs that compose the text of the preceding volume underwent the revising care, and were published under the eye of their author. On the other hand, not one of the productions in the volume now laid before the reader, obtained that advantage,—hence the difficulty and increased responsibility of its editorship.

Mrs. Maria Riddell, the accomplished and very talented friend of the poet during his latter years, forgetting the unhappy lampoons, which had been produced against her by the Bard under temporary irritation, came generously forward immediately after his death, and published a noble tribute to his memory and his genius. That testimony, from one who had known him so intimately, and could so well appreciate his rare gifts, whether it be considered as a truthful estimate of his personal and mental qualities, or as an earnest vindication of his real worth against the misrepresentation and calumny that shrouded his departing brilliance—the trails of which are even yet visible—

has never, in convincing force, been surpassed by the most eloquent of his eulogists. Incidentally, this lady has recorded that, during her parting interview with the dying Poet at Brow, "he expressed much concern regarding the posthumous publication of his writings : his literary and poetical fame he knew was already secured by the productions he had given to the world ; he, however, deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers in a state of arrangement, as he was then incapable of the exertion. He was well aware that the intelligence of his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him, many of those to the injury of his future reputation—that many indifferent poetical pieces would then, with all their imperfections on their head, be thrust upon the world—that letters and verses, written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earnestly wished to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, unrestrained by any dread of his resentment, and unchecked by inward consciousness of the injustice thereby done to the deceased."

Luckily, by the plan of arrangement adopted in this edition, we are free from the charge of having mixed up the minor and off-hand effusions of the Poet with those finished efforts of his Muse which commanded the world's admiration while he was yet alive, and still bear the stamp of his editorial sanction. Neither shall we be held responsible for reproducing in this volume, all and sundry verses by Burns that, from time to time have

been, fortunately or otherwise, brought to light during the last seventy years; because a partial public, contrary to his own opinion and desire, have decided that he wrote nothing which "the world can willingly let die."

Thus we have it not in our power, even if we deemed it judicious, to suppress any of his known effusions that can possibly bear the light of print. These twin volumes, therefore contain every hitherto *published* poem, song, or versicle attributable to Burns,—and several of them we are privileged to present in a more complete form than can be found in any other edition extant. We have even given in our text many pieces hitherto imputed to Burns, which are now ascertained to have been the work of others. Such, however, are carefully marked, in order to guard against their being confounded with the authentic productions of the Bard.*

The leading plan of this publication is to arrange in groups the whole poetical works of the author, in the order of their earliest appearance in a collected form.

* We have purposely omitted a song of apparent merit given first by Allan Cunningham, beginning—"Here around the ingle bleezing." It has found its way into some standard Collections of Song, and through its happy chorus and the sprightly melody that has been selected for it, the song is frequently sung in convivial parties. We have not a shadow of doubt that the production is entirely the manufacture of honest Allan himself, whose account of its pedigree is very suspicious. His words are—"We are indebted for this interesting relic of the immortal bard to Mr. J. Burden, junr., of Camden Town, who supplied the printer of this edition with a copy while the work was passing through the press." The third verse of the song betrays Allan's unmistakable hand, for it is as unlike Burns' as "I to Hercules." We here record it that the reader may justify us in rejecting the song as a "relic of Burns."—

"Can the peer in silk and ermine,
Ca' his conscience half his his own;
His claes are spun and edged wi' vermin,
Tho' he stand before a throne."

In this volume the items of each group are placed according to their ascertained or assumed date of composition. Each sub-division is introduced by a preliminary notice, and the attempt is made as in vol. i., to illustrate each piece by a head-note in small type, more or less copious, in proportion to the supposed importance of the text to which it is attached. These the reader may pass over if so disposed, or he may pause and peruse them if his interest in the relative text awakens a desire for remarks concerning it. To some readers, such annotations must be superfluous, as Burns' lyrics carry their own light along with them, and are often independent of external elucidation.

Only a very few of the *Poems* in the following pages are of that high class which have helped Burns to his immortality, and these were comparatively juvenile efforts, never intended to receive the honours of typography. On the other hand, in that region of *Song* where the name of Burns must ever be supreme, the contents of this *Posthumous Volume* evince more of the fertility, strength, and tenderness of his mind, than the world could ever have conceived, had not the Bard's unpublished musings, like fine gold, been gathered together by reverent hands, from time to time, after his death, and conserved for food to the souls, medicine to the hearts, and productive impulse to the brains, of successive generations of human beings.

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POSTHUMOUS POEMS AND SONGS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

POSTHUMOUS SONGS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE DUMFRIES MINSTRELSY OF BURNS.—At the period when the poet penned the valedictory utterance which concludes the former volume, he was preparing to remove “to a better house.” From the day when he abandoned the knowes and haughs of Ellisland, in December, 1791, to take up his abode amid the busy hum of the town of Dumfries, his *dulce domum* had been on the first floor of a small tenement in the *Wee Vennel*; and now, at Whitsunday, 1793, he and his household migrated to a more commodious residence in a self-contained house of two floors, situated in the *Mill Vennel*—since named *Burns' Street*, in honour of the illustrious wayfarer who pitched his camp, and dwelt there during the three closing years of his brief mortal career.

Like a singing-bird snared in the forest, and carried from his native element, to be henceforth hung up in a contracted cage among bricks and mortar, we find that Burns, neither in the *Wee Vennel* nor the *Mill Vennel*, refused to utter his “wood notes wild;” nay, rather we find that these notes—if possible—increased in richness and volume; at same time, losing nothing of their natural pathos and power, while the singer was thus located under circumstances far from propitious to the muse.

With some trifling exceptions, such as an occasional address for the Theatre, a few election ballads, and sundry epigrams; to which we may add two sonnets, one or two rhymed notes to friends, and a “Fragment on Liberty,”—all his Dumfries musings consisted in the deathless lyrics composed by him for the collections of Johnson and Thomson. Of these, the *Wee Vennel* claims “Wandering Willie,” “Ae fond kiss,” “Galla Water,” “Wilt thou be my dearie?” “Duncan Gray,” “Highland Mary,” and “The Sodger's Return.”

The *Mill Vennel*, on the other hand, is associated with “Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!” “Ca' the ewes to the knowes,” “Does haughty Gaul invasion

threat?" "O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay," "Had I a cave on some wild distant shore!" "Last May, a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen," "Their groves o' sweet myrtle," "Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair," "A man's a man for a' that,"—and a host of others.

The whole of the songs enumerated above—except four which are given at the close of volume first—were unpublished when their author died; consequently, they appear in the present volume. Following out our prescribed order, therefore, we now introduce the reader to the earliest collection of the poet's hitherto unpublished compositions that appeared after his death.

SONGS BY BURNS, IN JOHNSON'S FIFTH VOL.

(PUBLISHED, DECEMBER, 1796.)

August, 1792, was the date of Johnson's Fourth Vol., and in February, 1794, we find Burns writing to the publisher as follows:—"I send you, by my friend Mr. Wallace, forty-one songs for your fifth volume. Mr. Clarke has also a good many, if he have not, with his usual indolence, *cast them at the cocks*. I have still a good parcel among my hands in scraps and fragments; so that I hope we will make a shift for our last volume." On July 4th, 1796, little more than a fortnight prior to his death, after penning a letter to George Thomson, which we will refer to in its place, he wrote as follows to Johnson:—"How are you, my dear friend, and how comes on your fifth volume? You may probably think that for some time past I have neglected you and your work; but, alas! the hand of pain, and sorrow, and care, has these many months lain heavy on me. Personal and domestic affliction have almost entirely banished that alacrity and life with which I used to woo the rural Muse of Scotia. In the meantime, let us finish what we have so well begun. Mr. Lewars, a particular friend of mine, will bring out any proofs (if they are ready), or any message you may have. I am extremely anxious for your work, as, indeed I am, for everything concerning you and your welfare. You are a worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever-dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit or the pathos of sentiment. However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient."

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

[The poet found this title in a collection of music by Oswald, made himself master of the air, and composed the following tender verses, bearing reference to the disastrous field of butchery at Culloden in 1746. From the days of Cromek, who first commented on the song, down to the latest editions of the poet, we find it intimated that he "took the idea of it from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old song." Now it is very remarkable that not one of those who have told us this, with such constant reiteration, has ever mentioned where this old verse is to be found; for not even Peter Buchan, who could whip you up a genuine antique at an hour's notice, has ventured to hint any knowledge that an older version than the present ever existed. Cromek has pronounced it to be "Burns' most successful imitation of the old style"—better, therefore, than *Auld Langsyne* and *The Silver Tassie*, in reference to which he remarks thus:—"That Burns passed some of these as the popular currency of other years is well known, though only discovered from the variations which his papers contain. He scattered these samples, to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited."

At the time Cromek ventured these observations, Allan Cunningham was at his elbow; and certainly the remarks do forcibly apply to him, and his attempts to pass off "as the popular currency of other years," through the medium of Cromek's book, many a piece of blubbery sentiment which Burns' manly soul would have abhorred. Allan afterwards expressed penitence for those frauds, pleading extreme youth and its attendant thoughtlessness as his excuse; but, in one of his pages, produced when his haffets were grey, we find him raking up the old rubbish, and in reference to this very production of Burns', saying as follows:—"Another song, on the same subject, has found its way into our collections. The following is a verse:—

'As I cam' in by Inverness, the simmer sun was sinking down;
And there I met a weel-faur'd lass, and she was greeting through the town.
The grey-hair'd men were a' i' the streets, and old dames crying—sad to see!
The flower o' the lads of Inverness, lie bluidy on Culloden lea.'"]

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blin's her e'e.
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a lover's e'e!
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou has made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

A RED, RED ROSE.

[This sweet song, truly in the ancient style, and as truly Burns' own, every line, has produced a rush of "traditioners" who pretend to treat us with what they call "the old words;" but really, "Rhymin' Watty," *with his coat of many colours*, who will be remembered by some of our older Edinburgh readers, could have improvised for a whole hour by St. Giles' clock, better verses to the same text than these lovers of tradition have been at the pains to invent or transcribe, and editors to print.

The song in the *Museum* has Burns' name attached to it, and is set to two different airs, but neither of these have satisfied the public, who, by common consent, sing it to the tune of "Low down he's in the broom," which fits it charmingly.]

O my luv'e's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I;
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luv'e!
And fare-thee-weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!

O my luv'e's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

A LASSIE ALL ALONE.

TUNE—*Cumnock Psalms.*

[The "roofless tower" of this noble ballad is well understood to have been the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, a favourite haunt of Burns during his latter years in Dumfries. His eldest son, Robert, had a very distinct recollection of his father's strolls in that direction, when he was a boy of six or seven, led by the minstrel's hand, and the sole witness of his musings. The abbey and church are built on a piece of rising ground commanding a fine prospect, in the angle between the junction of the Cluden and the Nith.

Dr. Currie, from the MSS. of the poet, printed this ballad under the title of "A VISION,"—the chorus being omitted, and the fifth verse somewhat varied, and followed by a fresh stanza of great beauty. In our text, that stanza is inserted in its place within brackets, to avoid the interruption of a foot-note.

Allan Ramsay has a poem called *The Vision*, in the same measure as the *Epistle to Davie* of Burns, many parts of which are transcendently beautiful; yet we cannot trace in the present poem any resemblance to it, beyond the effort in both to pay a true minstrel's tribute to LIBERTY. We are inclined to think rather, that Burns' model for the present poem was the ballad commencing "Keen blows the wind frae Donocht Head," published in *Johnson's Museum* in 1792, and praised so highly by Burns in his letter to Thomson, dated 19th Oct., 1794. "Ten pounds" was the value he set on that unfinished strain, and here we seem to have the real finish of it.

Captain Charles Gray supplied four lines as a closing stanza for "Donocht Head," but his idea is evidently derived from the present poem by Burns. The Captain's *addendum* is as follows:—

"Ance mair the minstrel waked a strain,
Nae merry lilt, but sad and slow;
In fancy's ear it seem'd to wail
A free-born nation's overthrow."]

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the houlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

CHORUS.

*A lassie all alone was making her moan,
Lamenting our lads, beyond the sea;
In the bluidy wars they fa' and our honor's gane and a',
And broken-hearted we maun die.*

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The tod was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The burn, adown its hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase roarings seem'd to rise and fa'.

The cauld blae north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like Fortune's favors, tint as win.

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
 When, lo! in form of minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd!*

[Had I a statue been o' stane,
 His darin' look had daunted me;
 And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
 The sacred posy—'Libertie!']

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering Dead to hear;
 But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play——
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

* *Var.*—By heedless chance I turn'd my eyes
 And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attired as minstrels wont to be.

O GIN YE WERE DEAD, GUDEMAN.

[This is part of an old ditty supposed to be sung by a *virago* who is very anxious to wear a widow's cap for three days, and then set fire to it. It has its counterpart in another song, commencing—

"O gin I were fairly shot of her,
If she were dead I would dance on the top of her."

The first verse was amended by Burns, and the latter one wholly supplied by him. The air is much admired, and, with a slight alteration, has been set to Burns' words, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."]

CHORUS.

*O 'an ye were dead, gudeman—
A green turf on your head, gudeman,
I wad bestow my widowhood
Upon a rantin Highlandman.*

There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman,
There's ane to you, and twa to me,
And three to our John Highlandman.
O 'an ye were, &c.

A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman,
A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman;
The flesh to him, the broo to me,
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.

*Sing, round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
An' round about the fire wi' a rung she ran:
Your horns shall tie you to the stave,
An' I shall bang your hide, gudeman.*

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

[This is the chorus, and one verse of a Jacobite song that Burns altered with a view to preserve the air in the *Museum*. It was a favourite one with him, and we shall afterwards find that he composed two good songs for it—one of these being among the last he lived to compose.]

HERE'S a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa';
 Here's a health to them that were here short syne,
 But canna be here the day.
 It's gude to be merry and wise,
 It's gude to be honest and true;
 It's gude to be aff wi' the auld love
 Before ye be on wi' the new.

AULD LANG SYNE.

[Burns' name is not affixed to this world-famous song, and yet there can be no doubt it is chiefly his own. He admitted to Johnson that the two verses beginning respectively, "We twa hae ran about the braes," and "We twa hae paidl'd in the burn," are his own, although in sending the song to Mrs. Dunlop in December, 1788, and also in writing about it to Thomson, in September, 1793, he speaks of it as ancient. "Light be the turf," he says, "on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen of modern English Bacchanalians." "Apropos, is not the Scotch phrase *Auld Langsyne* exceedingly expressive? This old song and tune has often thrilled through my soul." To Thomson he writes thus:—"The air is but *mediocre*; but the song of itself—the song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing—is enough to recommend any air."

It is right to state that the popular air of *Auld Langsyne* is quite different from that referred to by the poet. We are indebted to George Thomson for selecting the fine old air of *Can ye labour lea*, which, by universal consent, has now become identified with the present song. We may also notice that the present arrangement of the verses, being that of the poet's own MS., seems preferable to that given by Currie, who makes the second verse the very last in the song, while it has a manifest reference to the earlier stages of the interview between the supposed singers.]

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

CHORUS.

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

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
 And surely I'll be mine ;
 And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pou'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere !
 And gie's a hand o' thine !
 And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
 For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE ?

[The poet's name is affixed to this *impromptu*. The date of the effusion would, no doubt, be 1788, before the French Revolution commenced, and shortly after the poet's marriage. Cunningham well remarks, that "this is one of Burns' happy efforts, although the language is perhaps too peculiar to be fully felt by any save Scotchmen ; but to them it comes with a compact vigour of expression not usual in words fitted to music."]

Louis, what reck I by thee,
 Or Geordie on his ocean ?
 Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom !

Let her crown my love her law,
 And in her breast enthrone me :
 Kings and nations—swith, awa' !
 Reif randies, I disown ye !

HAD I THE WYTE? SHE BADE ME!

[There is an old song commencing with the same words. It is much more gross than the present one, although this is free enough for general readers.]

HAD I the wyte? had I the wyte?
Had I the wyte? she bade me!
Had I the wyte? had I the wyte?
Had I the wyte? she bade me!
Had I the wyte? had I the wyte?
Had I the wyte? she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me.

And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me;
And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me;
And when I wad na venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me:
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,
I'd lighted when she bade me!

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me mak' nae clatter;
'For our ramgunshoch, glum goodman
Is o'er ayont the water:'
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawte her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refus'd her?
And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Had I unkindly us'd her?
He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruis'd her:
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excus'd her?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy ;
 And weel I wat her willin' mou'
 Was e'en like succar-candie.
 At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
 I lighted on the Monday ;
 But I cam' through the Tiseday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

[This is an old song dressed up a little by the poet. The air is a great favourite, and the song, having been modernized for concert-rooms, has become very popular. The following additional verse is said to have been written by Burns on one of the panes in the Globe Tavern:—

“Gin a body kiss a body
 Comin' through the grain,
 Need a body grudge a body
 What's a body's ain?”

In the *Glasgow Herald* of 20th July, 1867, an article appeared—“New Readings of an Old Poet”—in which it is insinuated that the “comin' through the rye” refers to the “Rye Water,” at Dalry. This we controverted in a following No. of the *Herald*, saying that it was an opinion endorsed by the entire commonsense of mankind, that Burns had no other idea in writing the song than that of a lass going through a dewy field of rye.]

COMIN' thro' the rye, poor body,
 Comin' thro' the rye ;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' thro' the rye.

CHORUS.

*Oh, Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' thro' the rye.*

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' thro' the rye ;
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry ?
Oh, Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the glen ;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken ?
Oh, Jenny's a' weet, &c.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—*The Carlin of the Glen.*

[Although there is no indicating mark in the *Museum* of the authorship of this song, Stenhouse assures us it is by Burns. It is more like one of those amended by him from an English original.]

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless king of love ;
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers ;
Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves.

I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love ;
I little thought the time was near ;
Repentance I should buy sae dear :
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair !

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

[This beautiful fragment is first heard tell of in a letter from the poet to Alexander Cunningham, dated from Ellisland, 12th March, 1791. After transcribing several new pieces, and remarking thus:—"For my own part, a thing I have just composed always appears through a double portion of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works," he adds—"Apropos, how do you like this thought in a ballad I have just now on the *tapis*?—

' I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be:
Far, far in the west is he I lo'e best—
The lad that is dear to my babie and me!'"]

Out over the Forth, I look to the north ;
But what is the north and its Highlands to me ?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast—
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea :
But I look to the west when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

WANTONNESS FOR EVER MAIR.

[The title of this fragment is quoted in the "Answer to 'Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed,'" It was recovered by Burns, touched up, and sent by him, along with its fine old tune, to the *Museum*.]

WANTONNESS for ever mair,
Wantonness has been my ruin ;
Yet, for a' my dool and care,
I'ts wantonness for ever.
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown ;
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden :
A' the colours in the town,
I hae won their wanton favour.

* * * *

CHARLIE, HE'S MY DARLING.

[This Jacobite song was communicated by Burns to Johnson, and never having been seen in print before, is presumed to be his own. It was a favourite of Sir Walter Scott, and those who have read his memoirs, by Lockhart, will remember that in Italy, during that sad period when he was seeking to repair his shattered health among its salubrious vales, his mind would wander northwards to his native glens, as was made certain by his often crooning the last verse of this very song:—

“It's up yon heathery mountain, and down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking for Charlie and his men.”]

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town—
The young Chevalier.

CHORUS.

*An' Charlie, he's my darling,
My darling, my darling;
Charlie, he's my darling—
The young Chevalier.*

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view;
O there he spied a bonie lass
The window looking thro'.
An' Charlie, &c.

Sae light's he jimpèd up the stair,
And tirlèd at the pin;
And wha sae ready as hersel'
To let the laddie in?
An' Charlie, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress;
For brawlie weel he ken'd the way
To please a bonie lass.
An' Charlie, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a-milking
For Charlie and his men!
An' Charlie, &c.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

[Ecclefechan was occasionally one of the poet's resting places during his latter excise journeys. Many of our readers will remember the humorous letter he wrote to George Thomson, from "this unfortunate, wicked little village," on 7th February, 1795, when he was detained there for a second day, against his will, "by snows ten feet deep." The present song is certainly by Burns, although not marked as his in the *Museum*.]

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
 O gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock and reel, and spinnin'-wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin:
 Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A heigh house and a laigh ane,
 A forbye my bonie sel',
 The toss of Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O haud your tongue and jauner;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander:
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.

 THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

[This is another unclaimed, although undoubted production of Burns', possessing, unfortunately, more wit than delicacy. He directs it to be sung to the well-known tune—*Bab at the Bowster*. In one of his MS. copies of this song, the last line of the chorus reads—

"For fear o' the auld gudeman, O."]

CHORUS.

*We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door;
 We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.*

THE Cooper o' Cuddy cam' here awa';
He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a';
And our gudewife has gotten a ca',
That anger'd the silly gudeman, O.
We'll hide, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him!
But the body he was sae doited an' blin',
He wist na whare he was gaun, O.
We'll hide, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn:
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.
We'll hide, &c.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

[The poet communicated to Johnson the exquisite air of this song, which afterwards became so popular through the singing of John Wilson. One verse of the words is all that he sent; for he did not live to fulfil his promise to forward the remainder. This is to be regretted, because the verses which have been since added to it are very common-place: these are as follow:—

“To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir, I dinna ken how that may be;
For I ken nae the land that ye live in, nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.

O Leezie, lass, ye maun ken little, if sae that ye dinna ken me;
My name is Lord Ronald M'Donald, a chieftain o' high degree.

She has kilted her coats o' green satin; she has kilted them up to the knee;
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald M'Donald, his bride and his darling to be.”]

WILL ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye go to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye go to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be?

* * * * *

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

[This charming song is given with Burns' name attached to it. So early as in November, 1787, he seems to refer to this production in a letter to Peggy Chalmers. That lady had desired to see it in the second volume of the *Museum*, and he writes thus:—"I am afraid the song of *Somebody* will come too late." At same time, the poet may have been alluding to the song he had then just composed in honour of his correspondent, beginning, "My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form," which was intended to appear in that volume, but through some mishap was omitted, and only saw the light when published by Currie, in 1800.]

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody:
 Oh-hon! for somebody,
 Oh-hey! for somebody:
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody:
 Oh-hon! for somebody,
 Oh-hey! for somebody:
 I wad do—what would I not?
 For the sake o' somebody!

 THE CARDIN' O'T.

[This is a very exquisite production—barring the chorus, which is not satisfactory. "Haslock woo" is the very finest wool clipped or pulled from the *hause* or throat of the sheep. The last four lines of this little song are not surpassed in beauty and tenderness by the author's "John Anderson, my jo." It sings well to the air—*My Johnie's Gray Brecks*.]

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
 To mak' a wat to Johnie o't;
 For Johnie is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of onie yet.

CHORUS.

*The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The taylor staw the lynin' o't.*

For though his locks be lyart gray,
And though his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin', &c.

THERE'S THREE TRUE GUDE FELLOWS.

[Stenhouse's note on this fragment is as follows:—"The four lines in the *Museum*, beginning—"It's now the day is daw'ing," introduced in the *solo*, were hastily penned by Burns at the request of the publisher, who was anxious to have the tune in that work, and the old words could not be recovered."

The poet, writing to Alexander Cunningham from Ellisland, on 4th May, 1789, concludes thus:—"Cruikshank is a glorious production of the Author of man: you, he, and the noble Colonel of the Crochallan Fencibles, are to me 'dear as the ruddy drops which warm my heart.' I have a good mind to make verses on you all, to the tune of 'Three gude fellows ayont yon glen.'"]

CHORUS.

*There's three true gude fellows,
There's three true gude fellows,
There's three true gude fellows
Down ayont yon glen.*

It's now the day is dawin,
But 'or night do fa' in,
Whase cock's best at crawin,
Willie, thou sall ken.
There's three, &c.

* * * *

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

[The beautiful air, along with the nursery words of this song, were communicated by Burns to Johnson, and, by the vocalism of Urbani, it soon became highly popular. A second verse is as follows:—

“I’ll set baby’s cradle on yon holly-top,
And aye as the wind blaws, the cradle will rock :
And hee and ba-birdie, and ba-lily-loo,
And hee and ba-birdie, my bonie wee doo!
Hee, O! wee, O! &c.”

This nursery ditty is understood to have suggested to Sir Walter Scott his beautiful “Lullaby,” commencing—

“O hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight—
Thy mother a lady so comely and bright.”]

O CAN ye sew cushions? and can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing bal-lu-loo when the bairn greets?
And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb!
And hee and baw birdie, my bonie wee lamb!
Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi’ you?
Black’s the life that I lead wi’ you;
Mony o’ you, little for to gie you;
Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi’ you?

SHE SAYS SHE LO’ES ME BEST OF A’.

An Irish Air.

[This luxurious lyric is one of the best of those that were inspired by the fascinating glamour of Jean Lorimer. The measure is peculiar, in consequence of the air for which it was composed, an Irish one, called *Onagh’s Waterfall*, which the poet had a great fancy for. In September, 1794, he commended the air to Thomson’s attention, remarking thus:—“The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much, at least for my humble, rustic muse, to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit; still, I think that it is better to have *mediocre* verses to a favourite air, than none at all. On this principle I have all along proceeded in the *Scots Musical Museum*; and, as that publication is at its last volume, I intend the following song, to the air above-mentioned, for that work.”

For some account of “Chloris,” the heroine of this song, see page 274, Vol. I. We have only to add that the poet inscribed the four closing lines of stanza second, on a window of the Globe Tavern, at Dumfries, where it remained for a long series of years.]

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o’er-arching
Twa laughing een o’ bonie blue.

Her smiling, sae wyling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe!
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
 When first her bonie face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'!

Like harmony her motion,
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky!
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her fautless form and gracefu' air,
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair!
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she loe's me best of a'!

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon:
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
 There, dearest, Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

THE BONIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME.

[This is composed on the model of an old ballad having the same burden, which is preserved in a corrupted shape in Playford's "Wit and Mirth," London, 1700. The two latter verses of the present text are all that Burns has retained of its predecessor. The eight and ninth verses have often been pointed out as exquisite samples of the poet's artistic handling of his subject.]

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I took my way;
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na' whare to lodge till day.

By my gude luck, a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bad' her mak' a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank, 'Young man, now sleep ye sound.'

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
 But I call'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
 And servèd me wi' due respect;
 And to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

'Haud aff your hands, young man,' she says,
 'And dinna sae uncivil be:
 Gif ye hae ony luvè for me,
 O wrang na my virginity!'

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine—
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw—
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see—
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane—
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay she wist na what to say ;
I laid her between me and the wa',—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
And said, ' Alas ! ye've ruin'd me.'

I clasp'd her waist and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e :
I said, my lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall mak' the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me :
Blythe and merry may she be—
The lass that made the bed to me !

The bonie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me ;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day that I die,
The lass that made the bed to me.

SAE FAR AWA'.

[Burns' name is attached to this pretty little song, which would seem to have been composed for the old air—*O'er the hills, and far awa'*; but as that tune had already been given in an early volume of the *Museum*, set to its well-known Anglo-Scottish verses, another air was found to fit the poet's words.]

O SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake, sae far awa';
 Unknowing what my way may thwart—
 My native land sae far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That formed this Fair sae far awa',
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert!
 So mine to her sae far awa';
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa':
 Nane other love, nane other dart
 I feel, but her's sae far awa';
 But fairer never touched a heart,
 Than her's, the Fair sae far awa'.

 THE REEL O' STUMPIE.

[This fragment was supplied by Burns to fit a favourite dancing tune, not readily distinguishable from that of *I'll gang nae mair to yon town*. The following curious words for the same air, were composed by the poet's Edinburgh publisher, "Willie Creech":—

Chorus.—"Wap and rowe, wap and rowe, wap and rowe the feetie o't!

To nurse a wean's a weary job, I downa bide the greetie o't!

And we put on the wee bit pan, to boil the lick o' meatie o't;
 But a cinder fell and spoil't the plan, and brunt a' the feetie o't!

Wap and rowe, &c.

And aye the little darling grat, and aye it spurr'd the feetie o't,
 Till, puir wee elf, it tir'd itself, and syne begood the sleepie o't.

Wap and rowe, &c.

The puir wee brat nae parritch gat, when it gaed to the sleepie o't:
 Instead o' its mou'—'tis waesome true—it's round about the feetie o't

Wap and rowe, &c.]

WAP and rowe, wap and rowe,
 Wap and rowe the feetie o't;
 I thought I was a maiden fair,
 Till I heard the greetie o't.

My daddie was a fiddler fine,
 My minnie she made mantie, O ;
 And I mysel' a thumpin quine,
 And danc'd the reel o' stumpie, O.

PLL AY CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

[This and the more important effort immediately following, were sent by the poet to Johnson in the spring of 1795. There can be little doubt that Jean Lorimer was the inspirer of both, although it would be more pleasant to record that the "Jean" was his own faithful wife. The period of the poet's "platonic passion" for *Chloris* lasted from early in 1793 till the close of 1795, when his growing physical decay caused a change to come over the spirit of his dreams concerning her. "In my by-past songs"—so he then wrote to Thomson—"I dislike one thing, the name 'Chloris.' I meant it as the fictitious name of a certain lady What you once mentioned of 'flaxen locks' is just: they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty."

It is proper to note that the word "town," as used in this and the following song, means a *farm-house and steading*, and not a town of some hundreds or thousands of inhabitants.]

Pll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again ;
 I'll ay ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again
 But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass ;
 And stownlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin' time draws near again ;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith ! she's doubly dear again.

O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

[It was when the poet was storm-stayed for a couple of nights at Ecclefechan, on 7th and 8th February, 1795, that he first conceived this beautiful lyric. He thus wrote to Thomson about it:—"Do you know an air—I'm sure you must know it—*We'll gang nae mair to yon town?* I think, in slowish time, it would make an excellent song. I am highly delighted with it; and if you should think it worthy of your attention, I have a fair dame in my eye, to whom I will consecrate it. Try it with this doggerel, until I give you a better:—

O wat ye wha's in yon town, ye see the e'ening sun upon ?

The dearest maid's in yon town, that e'ening sun is shining on :

O sweet to me yon spreading tree, where Jeanie wanders aft her lane ;

The hawthorn flower that shades her bower, O when shall I behold again ?"

In the month of May following, he forwarded the finished song to Thomson; but, meanwhile, he had supplied Johnson with what follows. In Thomson's copy, the heroine's name is changed from *Jean* to "Lucy," the reason of which lay in a desire to pay a poetic compliment to the beautiful and accomplished wife of Mr. Oswald of Auchincruive—lately Miss Lucy Johnston of Hilton. Mr. Oswald was a young Ayrshire squire of great wealth, then resident in Dumfries, to whom the poet had been recently introduced. He sent a copy of the song to a mutual friend, Mr. Syme of Ryedale, with these observations:—"In my song, I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be Mr. Oswald's feelings on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald: but, on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest incense of genuine respect, might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification of that servility which my soul abhors."

Here, then, we have another instance among several, of the poet's anxiety to please his friends, by making one poetic tribute do double duty. The word *maid*, in the chorus of our text, he altered to "dame;" and *Jeanie* to "Lucy," in the body of the song; and where the name *Jean* occurs as a rhyme to *green*, he was compelled to alter the construction of the stanza, as in our foot-note. In other respects, the two copies are identical.]

CHORUS.

O wat ye wha's in you town

Ye see the e'enin' sun upon ?

The dearest maid's in yon town,

That e'enin' sun is shining on.

Now haply, down yon gay green shaw,

She wanders by yon spreading tree :

How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,

Ye catch the glances o' her e'e !

O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,

And welcome in the blooming year !

And doubly welcome be the spring—

The season to my Jeanie dear.

O wat ye wha's, &c.

The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 Amang the broomy braes sae green ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest pleasure, is my Jean.*
O wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my fair, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy ;
 But gie me Jeanie in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky !
O wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air ;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 The sinkin' sun's gane down upon ;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear ;
 I careless quit aught else below ;
 But, spare me—spare me Jeanie dear !
O wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart :
 And she—as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.
O wat ye wha's, &c.

* *Var.*—The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
 And on yon bonie braes of Ayr ;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

[We print only the opening verse of this clever song, to give us an opportunity of pointing out the mistake which several editors have fallen into in assigning it to Burns. The fact is, it was published in "The Charmer," and other collections, before the poet was born; at same time, it must be admitted that the copy in the *Museum* is indebted to him for some happy touches. The tune, *Marry Katie*, is an old favourite, now better known under the title, "Wha wad ua fecht for Charlie?"]

WILL ye go and marry, Katie?
 Can ye think to tak' a man?
 It's a pity ane sae pretty
 Should na do the thing she can :
 You—a charming, lovely creature—
 Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane?
 Beauty's of a fading nature—
 Has a season, and is gane!

WHEREFORE SIGHING ART THOU, PHILLIS?

[This elegant double-stanza is, in part, or wholly, the work of Burns; but is evidently formed from an English model. The sentiments correspond with those of the preceding song, and there can be little doubt that the poet, in composing these lines, had his thoughts directed to a somewhat licentious song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, commencing thus—

"Do not ask me, charming Phillis,
 Why I lead you thus alone,
 By this bank of pinks and lilies,
 And of roses newly blown."]

WHEREFORE sighing art thou, Phillis?
 Has thy prime unheeded past?
 Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
 Were not made for aye to last?
 Know, thy form was once a treasure—
 Then it was thy hour of scorn :
 Since thou then denied the pleasure,
 Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn.

POWERS CELESTIAL! WHOSE PROTECTION.

[This, like a song addressed to "Mary" at page 33, was, until lately, regarded as a lyric addressed by Burns to Mary Campbell during the period of courtship, or in the prospect of a temporary parting: but in 1871 both of these lyrics were discovered to have been copied by the poet from the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine* of 1774. He had forwarded them to Johnson without any mark of authorship, and they both were united to music in the fifth volume of the *Museum*. The present one is much in Burns' manner, and precisely fits his position in regard to Mary Campbell during the summer of 1786. It is stated in the old magazine to be a translation from the Greek of Euripides.]

POWERS celestial! whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care:
 Let her form so fair and faultless—
 Fair and faultless as your own—
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit
 Draw your choicest influence down!

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest:
 Guardian angels! O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam;
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home!

 O MAY, THY MORN.

[This would seem to be a warm reminiscence of the memorable parting interview between the poet and his "Clarinda," in Edinburgh, on 6th December, 1791. We shall find—a few pages farther on—that he again celebrates that interview in a more serious strain—"Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December." The reader is referred to page 294, Vol. I., for some interesting memoranda on same subject.]

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the mirk night o' December;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber;

And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember :
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will ay remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum ;
And here's to them that wish us well,—
May a' that's gude watch o'er them !
And here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum !
And here's to them we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum !

AS I CAME O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

[The first couplet of this fragment is old; the rest was added by Burns to supplant the words of a very indelicate song, now deservedly forgotten.]

As I came o'er the Cairney mount,
And down among the blooming heather ;
Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
To shelter frae the stormy weather.
O my bonie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland laddie !
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

* * * * *

Now Phœbus blinkit on the bent,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating ;
But he wan my heart's consent,
To be his ain at the neist meeting.
O my bonie Highland lad,
My winsome, weel-faur'd Highland laddie !
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie ?

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

[This is Burns' abridgement of a very long rant, to be found in old collections adapted to the well-known air—*Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie.*]

THE bonniest lad that e'er I saw—
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw—
Bonie Highland laddie!
On his head a bonnet blue—
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
His royal heart was firm and true—
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar—
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie!
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar—
Bonie Lawland lassie!
Glory, Honour, now invite—
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie!
For freedom and my King to fight—
Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take—
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
Ere aught thy manly courage shake—
Bonie Highland laddie!
Go, for yoursel' procure renown—
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie!
And for your lawful King his crown—
Bonie Highland laddie!

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

[The only attempt to fix the heroineship of this charming song is to be found in Allan Cunningham's notes, wherein he tells us, without stating his authority, that it was composed in compliment to Miss Janet Miller of Dalswinton. Certain it is, that there exists a copy in the poet's handwriting where the name "Jeanie" is introduced, in verse second, instead of "lassie;" but the "Jeanie" of his dreams at the period of its composition was *Jean Lorimer*, so frequently referred to in these notes. Burns was right in estimating this as one of his very best songs. On 3rd March, 1793, he thus wrote regarding it to Alexander Cunningham:—"Do you know the much-admired old Highland air called *The Sutor's Dochter*? It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it to you as it was sung, with great applause, in some fashionable circles, by Major Robertson of Lude, who was here with his corps."]

WILT thou be my dearie?—
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
 O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie!
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie!

Lassie, say thou lo'es me!—
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me!
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou, for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me!

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—*Ye're welcome Charlie Stewart.*

[A great deal has, of late, been written regarding the fair object who inspired this little song, which is too unimportant to justify a long note. We shall, therefore, simply narrate that her father was the "Willie Stewart"—a factor or grieve at Closeburn—whom the poet fell acquainted with when he held the Ellisland farm, and whom he also celebrated by three stanzas, which read like a parody of the present song. Brownhill Inn, near Thornhill, was, at that time, the poet's favourite *houff* or resting-place: a sister of "Willie Stewart" was married to the landlord of the inn, whose name was *Bacon*; and here he had opportunities of meeting Stewart and his daughter Polly, who occasionally spent a few days there with her aunt. The verses in compliment to her father were scratched by the poet on a crystal tumbler, which came afterwards into the possession of Sir Walter Scott, and is still preserved at Abbotsford.

The subsequent history of the daughter was a very chequered one. She was twice married, but, not fancying the married life, she set out apparently in pursuit of more sensational adventures—joined herself, in some kind of alliance, to a French prisoner of war—went with him to the Continent, and eventually she died at Florence, so lately as in 1847.]

CHORUS.

*O lovely Polly Stewart,
O charming Polly Stewart,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.*

THE flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth, and truth, eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.
O lovely, &c.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
Possess a leal and true heart!
To him be given to ken the Heaven,
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely, &c.

THE HIGHLAND BALOU.

[We are informed by Stenhouse, that this characteristic lullaby is merely Burns' versification of certain Gaelic words supplied to him by a lady. Cromek adds the following note — "The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began their nightly depredations was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle stealing, formerly, was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north country can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce, by way of dowry to a laird's daughter, of 'a Michaelmas moon,' is proverbial; and, by the aid of 'Lochiel's lanthorn' (the moon), these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable." If the reader be curious to contemplate one of these heroes *in the cradle*, he may read the following "Highland Balou."]

HEE balou, my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief,
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonie craigie,
 An thou live, thou'll steal a naigie:
 Travel the country thro' and thro',
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou funder:
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

* * * *

BANNOCKS O' BEAR MEAL.

[This clever Jacobite sketch by Burns has tempted many an imitator to try additions to it; but these never fail to betray themselves by their own weakness.]

BANNOCKS o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!
 Wha, in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o', &c.

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley!
 Wha in his wae days, were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley!
Bannocks o', &c.

* * * *

WAE IS MY HEART.

[The two opening stanzas of this little lyric are of Burns' best material, especially the second verse. The concluding four lines are little else than a parody of the last verse of Lady G. Baillie's fine ballad—"Were na my heart licht, I wad dee," which is as follows:—

"Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green;
 Linkin it over the lily-white lea,—
 And, wow, gin I were but young for thee!"

The forlorn and hopeless misery expressed in the first and second verses of this dirge of woe, is not consistently carried out in the third stanza referred to.]

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
 Lang, lang joy's been a stranger to me:
 Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures—and deep hae I lov'd;
 Love, thou hast sorrows—and sair hae I proved;
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by it's throbbings will soon be at rest.

O, if I were where happy I hae been,
 Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;
 For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis' e'e.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

[This clever sketch from an old model, is very characteristic of Burns when he sets himself to express the feelings of a loving lassie "under a cloud." It has been said that the reference here is to Mrs. Burns in the spring of 1786, or rather of 1788.]

ALTHO' my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor;
 Although my back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water!
 O wae gae by his wanton sides—
 Sae brawly's he could flatter;
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
 And dree the kintra clatter;
 But though my back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water!

 THE WINTER OF LIFE.

[This exquisitely tender lyric, containing much of the beauty of *John Anderson, my jo*—without its cheerfulness however—reminds us of some of the poet's earlier lines during his dark despondency, when he had occasion to write his "Ode to Ruin," "The Lament," &c.

"Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court, when Manhood is your wish!
 The losses, the crosses, that active man engage,
 The fears all, the tears all, of dim declining Age!"

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods rejoiced the day;
 Thro' gentle showers, the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa';
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a':

BUT my white pow—nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of Age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

Oh! Age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain :
Thou golden time o' Youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again?

THE TAYLOR.

[This is one of those trifles furnished by Burns merely as a vehicle for preserving a tune: that for which these lines were extemporised, is called *the Drummer*, a very familiar air. The present words have no connection with the licentious old song, beginning—

“The tailor cam' to clout the claes,
And filled the house a' fu' o' flaes.”]

CHORUS.

*For weel he kend the way, O,
The way, O, the way, O;
For weel he kend the way, O,
The lassie's heart to win, O*

THE taylor he cam' here to sew,
And weel he kend the way to woo,
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou',
As he gaed but and ben, O.
For weel he kend, &c.

The taylor rase and sheuk his duds,
The flaes they flew awa' in cluds,
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds ;
The taylor prov'd a man, O.

*For now it was the gloamin',
The gloamin', the gloamin' ;
For now it was the gloamin',
When a' to rest are gaun, O.*

* * * *

THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER-BUSH.

[We print only three verses of this well-known song, because we doubt if Burns had any hand in it beyond the transcribing. A more modern version, adapted for concert rooms, based on the present sketch, has become very popular through the vocalism of eminent singers; but nothing better has ever been produced to fit the air than the following, which, although hitherto unpublished, was composed nearly fifty years ago. Verse first, same as in the text—the rest as under:—

“ In days o’ mair simplicity, true luvè was *thus* declared,
And mony a maid’s been woo’d and won in our kail-yard;
But now we’re a’ sae carefu’ grown, we maun be on our guard,
And leddies screw their mous at luvè in our kail-yard.

When Adam in his single state o’ blessedness despaired,
His courtin’ was begun, I ween, in *his* kail-yard:
We’ll follow thee, thou first o’ men! nor be by custom scared,
As ye began, we’ll end the plan, in our kail-yard.

Whae’er may think, wi’ pen and ink, to win his luvè’s regard,
Will find that passion through a pen is woefully impaired;
And, trust me, it is cauld rife luvè that’s written on a card,
I’d rather hae’t by word o’ mouth, in our kail-yard.

Ye leddies fine, wha sip your wine, and trick your joes at cards,
Look na wi’ frowns on country clowns, wi’ ill-dress’d beards;
Wad ye hae Luvè’s delights confined to leddies and their lairds,
And leave nae shares for humble pairs, in their kail-yards?”]

THERE grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard,
There grows a bonie brier-bush in our kail-yard;
And below the bonie brier-bush there’s a lassie and a lad,
And they’re busy, busy courting in our kail-yard.

We’ll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard,
We’ll court nae mair below the buss in our kail-yard;
We’ll awa’ to Athole’s green, and there we’ll no be seen,
Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard.

Will ye go to the dancin’ in Carlyle’s ha’?
Will ye go to the dancin’ in Carlyle’s ha’?
Whare Sandy and Nancy I’m sure will ding them a’!
I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle-ha’.

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

[This elegant song has Burns' name attached to it in the *Museum*, on no other authority than that he transcribed the verses, and forwarded them to Johnson without stating their authorship. It has recently been discovered that he had extracted them almost *verbatim* from the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1774. See head-note to "Powers Celestial," page 28.]

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,
 O Mary how I love thee!
 They who but feign a wounded heart,
 May teach the lyre to languish;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish?
 Then let the sudden bursting sigh,
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 O read th' imploring lover!
 For well I know, thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising;
 Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of Nature prizing.

* * * *

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONIE LASS.

TUNE—*Logan Burn.*

[This manly song has the name of Burns attached to it in the *Museum*. The sentiments are just those one might suppose his muse would have suggested during his earlier days at Lochlea; and yet Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, has expressed her belief that this was an old production, well known in Ayrshire when her brother was a child. It is not known to have been in print before it appeared in the *Museum*.]

HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
 Gude-night and joy be wi' thee!
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee:
 O dinna think, my pretty pink,
 But I can live without thee:
 I vow and swear, I dinna care
 How lang ye look about ye!

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
 Thou hast nae mind to marry;
 I'll be as free informing thee
 Nae time hae I to tarry:
 I ken thy friends try ilka means
 Frae wedlock to delay thee,
 Depending on some higher chance—
 But fortune may betray thee!

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me;
 For I'm as free as any he,
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I enjoy it:
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 Sae lang's I get employment!

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And ay until ye try them;
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove as bad as I am!
 But at twal' at night, when the moon shines bright.
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;
 For the man that loves his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary!

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.

[This very fine ballad, with its beautiful air, was supplied by Burns to the *Museum*. One of its verses, and perhaps the best,—“He turned him right and round about,” &c.,—is found “like a jewel in a swine’s snout,” inserted with little apparent connection, in copies of a stall-ballad of no value, called *Mally Stewart*; and accordingly, Burns’ authorship has been denied by the *Traditioners*. Hogg even goes the length to name its author—a certain “Captain Ogilvie, who was at the *Battle of the Boyne*,” but where were the verses in the text ever seen, prior to their appearance in *Johnson*? Mr. Lockhart records that it was an immense favourite of Sir Walter Scott, who never tired of hearing his daughter play and sing it at her piano. In one of his own novels he has introduced a parody on it, embracing the verse above referred to.]

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
 We left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightfu' king,
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love, and native land, fareweel,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main!

He turn'd him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shore,
 And gae his bridle reins a shake,
 With, adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With adieu for evermore!

The soger frae the wars returns,
 The sailor frae the main;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again!

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep;
 I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night and weep!

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

[This Jacobite ballad, with its plaintive air, was also furnished by Burns. It is, of course, impossible to tell whether it be entirely his composition or not. The exclamation, *Och-on, och-on, och-rie!* occurs also in an old dirge said to have been composed on the massacre of Glencoe. Stenhouse remarks that "the present ballad, like many others of our great bard, had the misfortune to be disfigured since its first publication, by three additional verses of a modern poet-taster, who has neither paid regard to the *measure* of the original stanzas, nor to the *melody* to which they were adapted." He gives the spurious lines, as follow:—

"I hae nocht left me ava, *Och-on, och-on, och-rie!*
 But bonie orphan lad-weans twa, to seek their bread wi' me.
 I hae yet a tocher-band, *Och-on, och-on, och-rie!*
 My winsome Donald's durk and brand, into their hands to gie.
 There's only ae blink o' hope left, to lighten my auld e'e,—
 To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns to them gar'd Donald dee!"

"These fabricated stanzas," adds the enraged annotator, "are no more to be compared with the fine verses of Burns, than the daubings of a sign-painter with the pictures of Raphael!"]

OH I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse
 To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell,
Upon Cullodon field.

Och-on, O, Donald, oh!
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide,
Sae wretched now as me!

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

[A portion of this fine song is quoted by the poet on 6th December, 1792, in a letter he then wrote to a confidential mutual friend of Clarinda and himself—Miss Mary Peacock. There can scarcely be a doubt that this was the date of its composition; although the editor of the “Clarinda Correspondence,” 1843, asserts that the bard enclosed the song to that lady in a letter to her, dated 27th December, 1791—quoted in our note at page 294, Vol. I. That statement is contradicted by the verses themselves, and especially by the opening words—

“*Ance mair* I hail thee, thou gloomy December!”

words which he could scarcely have written till a year after the event they refer to. There was a strong tendency in Burns' mind to revert to anniversaries which he would either celebrate or bemoan: hence his New-year's day effusions, forwarded, year by year, to Mrs. Dunlop; and hence his wailing remembrances of Mary Campbell, with those periodical fits of gloominess which the arrival of a certain day in the fall of the year was sure to usher in.

Stenhouse tells us that the MS. of the poet directs this song to be set to the air of *Wandering Willie*; but as that tune had already appeared in the *Museum*, another melody—not so suitable—was procured for it.]

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.
 Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure—
 Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
 But the dire feeling—O farewell for ever!
 Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
 Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
 Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
 Till my last hope and last comfort is gone:
 Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

SONGS FIRST PUBLISHED IN THOMSON'S SECOND HALF-VOL., AUG., 1798.

Dr. Currie's first edition of the Life and Works of Burns appeared in May, 1800, and an important part of that publication consisted in the original songs (upwards of sixty in number) that Burns had composed for Thomson's collection; and along with these were given the valuable series of letters addressed to the editor of that work by the poet in relation thereto, and on the subject of Scottish Song generally.

The connection between Burns and Thomson, which lasted from September, 1792, till the poet's death in July, 1796, has given rise to a vast amount of controversy among commentators and biographers of our bard; and although the "closed record" of issue betwixt contending parties has been taken to *avizandum* by the lordly public for more than seventy years, it does not yet seem to be settled whether the charge of "meanness" preferred against Thomson in his dealings with the poet, be justifiable or not. We express no opinion, but merely note that one of Burns' biographers, Mr. Robert Chambers, who is disposed to take Thomson's part against the strong censures of Professor Wilson and others, does not exhibit his usual accuracy in the following passage of his polite defence of that speculative musical amateur.

Speaking of the great importance of including in Currie's subscription edition for the benefit of the poet's family, the songs furnished by the poet for Thomson's collection, he pleads thus:—"Of these, only six had as yet been published. Burns had conferred on Mr. Thomson the copyright of these songs, as securing that gentleman against their being used in any rival publication (if the fact be so, this nowhere appears in the printed correspondence!) In order that the songs might come out fresh in the posthumous collection, and thus serve the family as far as possible, he (Mr. Thomson) interrupted, or at least retarded the progress of his own work for some considerable time." Truth compels us, however, to record here, that Thomson, so far from "interrupting or retarding the progress of his own work," in order to give the benefit of novelty or freshness to those songs *surrendered* by him to the poet's family, actually pushed forward his own publication with unwonted activity and haste; insomuch, that long before the subscription edition appeared, the cream of the songs referred to counting no fewer than thirty-nine, had been given to the world in the first two, volumes of Thomson's collection!

In prosecution of our plan of publication, we now proceed to print *ten* of these songs thus published by Thomson in 1798, followed immediately by other *twenty-four* that were given in the same work in 1799; thus making—with the five already furnished in our first volume—the full number of thirty-nine songs from which the advantage of freshness had been taken before their appearance in Dr. Currie's volumes.

BONIE LESLEY.

[This elegant compliment to female beauty, which was communicated to Thomson in November, 1792, had been composed in August preceding, as we learn from a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, of that month, in which the poet transcribed the song, with these remarks:—"The heart-struck awe—the distant, humble approach—the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport,—such, so delighting and pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting, the other day, with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. B., with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries, a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took horse—though, God, knows, I could ill spare the time—and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine, I think, when I left them, and riding home, I composed the following ballad."

Burns had been introduced to Mr. Baillie and his family during his residence at Edinburgh in 1787, and, referring to the beauty of his daughters, he thus wrote to a friend:—"Fair and lovely are Thy works, Lord God Almighty! Who would not praise Thee for these, Thy gifts in Thy goodness to the sons of men! I declare, one day I had the honour of dining at Mr. Baillie's, I was almost in the predicament of the children of Israel, when they could not look on Moses' face for the glory that shone on it, when he descended from Mount Sinai."

Miss Lesley Baillie, whom the poet celebrated in another song, beginning—"Blythe hae I been on yon hill," became Mrs. Cumming of Logie, and latterly resided in Edinburgh, where she died in 1843.]

O saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed ower the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee!'

The powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag, we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonie.

DUNCAN GRAY.

[This thoroughly original and natural song, has borrowed little from its progenitors except the name. At page 221, Vol. I., is given what is usually reckoned "the original *Duncan Gray*," dressed up by Burns for the *Museum*; but, in truth, there is still an older one which furnished the hints for constructing the present song. It is so gross, however, that it will not bear inspection beyond the opening verse, which is excellent:—

"Can ye play me, Duncan Gray, Ha! ha! the girdin o't;
 O'er the hills and far away? Ha! ha! the girdin o't:
 Duncan cam' our Meg to woo;
 Meg was nice and wad na do,—
 But thraw'd her mou, and puff'd and blew
 At offer o' the girdin o't!"

The song in the text was sent to Thomson in December, 1792. In acknowledging receipt of it, the Hon. Andrew Erskine—a coadjutor with Thomson in his speculation—wrote thus to Burns:—"Duncan Gray possesses native, genuine humour—'Spak' o' lowpin' ower a linn,' is a line of itself that should make you immortal.]"

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe Yule-night when we were fou',
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Looked asklent and unco skiegh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan prayed;
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*
 Ha, ha, &c.

* A well-known rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde, opposite Ayr.

Duncan sighed baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' ower a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And oh! her een, they spak' sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smooed his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith;
Ha, ha, &c.

LET NOT WOMEN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—*Duncan Gray.*

[It was part of the plan of Thomson's collection, to furnish both English and Scottish verses for singing to each tune, and the following song was supplied by Burns in October, 1794, as English verses for *Duncan Gray*. In forwarding it, he remarked,—“I have been at *Duncan Gray* to dress it in English; but all I can do is deplorably stupid.”]

LET not women e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not women e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go.

Why, then, ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

LORD GREGORY.

[This was produced in January, 1793, as a Scottish version of a subject that had been taken up by Dr. Wolcot at Thomson's request, from a fine old Scots ballad, called *The Maid of Lochryan*. Burns, in sending his verses, remarked thus:—“My song, though much inferior to Peter's in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it.”]

It may be interesting to note that the poet, on one or more occasions, when asked to sing or recite in company, stood up and recited his own *Lord Gregory*.]

O MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
 And a' for loving thee;
 At least some *pity* on me shaw,
 If *love* it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonie Irwine side,
 Where first I owned that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for aye be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast:
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest?

Ye mustering thunders from above
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to Heaven and me!

YOUNG JESSIE.

TUNE—*Bonie Dundee.*

[Composed in April, 1793. The author, in forwarding it, thus expressed himself:—"I send a song on a celebrated toast in this country, to suit *Bonie Dundee.*" "Jessie" was the daughter of Provost Staig of Dumfries, afterwards married to Major Miller of Dalswinton. She died in 1801, at the age of 26.]

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, like a wizard ensnaring;
 Enthroned in her een he delivers his law:
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!

O POORTITH CAULD.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail*.

[This beautiful song, composed in January, 1793, was intended by Burns to be set to the air, *Cauld Kail in Aberdeen*; but Thomson, fancying that to be unsuitable, selected for it another melody, *I had a horse, I had nae mair*. The poet was not reconciled to Thomson's opinion of *Cauld Kail*, and he thus wrote to him:—"I differ from your idea of the expression of the tune: there is, to me, a great deal of tenderness in it." He resolved, however, to compose other words for the air, and we find him in April, 1793, writing thus about it:—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen you must leave with me yet awhile. I have vowed to have a song to that air, on the lady whom I attempted to celebrate in the verses, *Poortith Cauld and Restless Love*." Again, in the following August, he wrote to Thomson as follows:—"I have just put the last hand to the song I meant for *Cauld Kail*: if it suits you to insert it, I shall be pleased, as the heroine is a favourite of mine." The song enclosed was the one beginning "Come, let me take thee to my breast," the heroine of which is well understood to have been *Jean Lorimer*, and in both of the songs he pointedly refers to the *blue eyes* of Chloris. It is rather remarkable that in January, 1793—the date of the song in the text—Chloris was in terms of courtship with a Mr. Whelpdale, whom she did form a *Gretna Green* alliance with in March following; but soon being deserted by him, she returned home to her parents at Kemmis Hall. From that period, till the autumn of 1795, she became the poet's artistic model or "lay figure" in the production of his lyrics; but we find him, in February, 1796, after some interval of silence, telling Thomson that he has taken a dislike to the name "Chloris," and he even "lightlies her beauty a wee!" for he writes,—“What you once mentioned of 'flaxen locks' is just: they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty." Finally, in May, 1796, he writes to Thomson,—“My verses to *Cauld Kail* I will suppress: they are neither worthy of my name nor of your book.” Alas, poor Chloris!

After perusing and considering the above, the reader will scarcely be prepared to learn that Gilbert Burns, in answer to a question from Thomson as to the lady who formed the subject of the following song, replied that the heroine was "a Miss Jane Blackstock, afterwards Mrs. Whittier of Liverpool." There was, in those days, a good deal of dust thrown into the eyes of the public, to check their enquiries regarding the private friendships and attachments of the poet.]

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

CHORUS.

*O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining.*

This warld's wealth, when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate! *
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT!

[This is another attempt of Burns to fit the tune, *Cauld Kail*, with tender words. He sent it to Thomson in October, 1794; but in reality, it was then only a new arrangement of a song of his in Johnson's second volume, which we have already given at page 225, Vol. I.]

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

* In the original MS., "How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate."

CHORUS.

*For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are eerie!
And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie!*

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie,
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours!
The joyless day, how dreary!
It was na sae—ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!
For oh, &c.

HERE IS THE GLEN.

TUNE—*The Flowers of Edinburgh.*

[Produced in May, 1794, to fit an air composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron of Heron, called *The Banks of Cree*; but as Thomson did not fancy the tune, he set these words to *The Flowers of Edinburgh*.]

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has tolled the hour—
O what can stay my lovely maid?
'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixed with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!—
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His little faithful mate to cheer;
At once 'tis music and 'tis love.

And art thou come?—and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew,
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

TUNE—*Craigieburn.*

[At page 274, Vol. I., the reader will find this song in its earlier form. The present amendment was sent to Thomson in December, 1794. A chorus which disfigured the former version is withdrawn, and the versification is smoothed considerably.]

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.
I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me;
If thou shalt love anither;
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE—*Loch Erroch-side.*

[Produced in May, 1795. It is a universal favourite, and accords finely with the beautiful air for which it was composed—namely, *Loch Erroch-side*, or *The Lass o' Gowrie* in slowish time.]

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh! nocht but love and sorrow joined,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
 Or my poor heart is broken!

SONGS FIRST PUBLISHED IN THOMSON'S COLLECTION, VOL. II., JULY, 1799.

At page 43, we referred with some doubt to the allegation that Burns had granted Thomson an exclusive right to publish the songs composed by him for that gentleman's collection. We have since found, at the close of volume third of that work, an "Advertisement," followed by a *certificate* which the *pauky* speculator seems to have persuaded the poet to grant him, to the effect of conveying the copyright of these songs, as absolutely as if they had been purchased at a large price! The words of this document are as follow:—

"I hereby certify that all the songs of my writing, published, and to be published by Mr. GEORGE THOMSON of Edinburgh, are so published by my authority; and, moreover, that I never empowered any other person to publish any of the songs written by me for this work. And I authorise him to prosecute any person or persons who shall publish or vend any of these songs without his consent. In testimony whereof, &c.,

" (Signed) ROBERT BURNS."

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—*Katharine Ogie.*

[It was on the 14th of November, 1792, that the poet contributed this most affecting record of past but imperishable love. Like its companion lyric, "To Mary in Heaven," it is understood to have been composed on the anniversary of Mary's death—the one *three*, and the other *six* years after the event. "The foregoing song," says the bard, "pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at a glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would ensure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, it is the glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."—See Vol. I., pp. 91, 208, 261. We may here remark that the fifth and sixth lines of this song are often printed thus:—

"There simmer first *unfaulds* her robes, and there *they* langest tarry!" which is evidently a mistake, as the wish of the poet—that the place may be ever beautiful—runs through the whole stanza.]

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie:
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursel's asunder:
 But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly:
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

BLYTHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

[This song, supplied in June, 1793, was inspired, like that given at page 44, by the charms of Miss Lesley Baillie.—See head-note to *O saw ye bonie Lesley*. The poet, in sending it, remarks:—"I think the song is not in my worst manner," and in September thereafter he again refers to it thus:—"Blythe hae I been on yon hill, is one of the finest songs ever I made in my life; and besides, is composed on a young lady, positively the most beautiful, lovely woman in the world."]

BLYTHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:

Now nae longer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me ;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring ;
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing !
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling,
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

THINE AM I, MY FAITHFUL FAIR.

TUNE—*The Quaker's Wife.*

[In sending this song, in October, 1793, the poet says,—“I am pleased that you are reconciled to the air of the *Quaker's Wife*. The following verses, I hope, will please you, as an English song to the air.” It is believed that the “Nancy” he had in view while composing the song was his “Clarinda,” then residing in Edinburgh, after her return from a brief visit to Jamaica, in 1792. If this be the case, the poet's ardent musings must have been of an *ex post facto* nature, for he never saw the lady after 6th December, 1791.]

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Every pulse along my veins,
 Every roving fancy.
 To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish :
 Though despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure ;
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure.
 What is life when wanting love ?—
 Night without a morning :
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

[These very touching verses were produced in August, 1793, to suit a favourite Irish melody. In forwarding them, the poet thus wrote:—"You, my dear sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice, as follows."

For some account of the story alluded to, see the song "She's fair and fause," page 326, Vol. I.]

HAD I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more!

Falsest of womankind! canst thou declare,
All thy fond-plighted vows—fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury;
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

TUNE—*Allan Water.*

[The poet, in transmitting this song in August, 1793, remarks:—"Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than all the year else. . . . I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up *Allan Water*—"What numbers shall the muse repeat?"—the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in my worst style."

The song appears never to have become popular; nevertheless, the last double stanza will compare well with anything of the kind he ever composed.]

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;*
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:

* A mountain west of Strath-Allan, 3009 feet high.—(R. B.)

I listened to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures mony ;
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie !*

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said : ' I'm thine for ever !'
 While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
 The Simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery through her shortening day,
 Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure ?
 Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

[A slight sketch of this unique song was furnished for the *Museum* during the winter of 1787.—(See p. 204, Vol. I.) The complete song, as in the text, was supplied to Thomson in August, 1793, produced, no doubt, under the influence of Jean Lorimer's charms ; for, at a subsequent date, he instructs Thomson to change the last line of the chorus to, "Thy Jeanie will venture wi' you, my lad." "In fact," he adds, "a fair dame whom the Graces have attired in witchcraft, and whom the Loves have armed with lightning—a fair one, herself the heroine of the song, insists on the amendment, and dispute her commands if you dare !" Dr. Currie, in a foot-note, asserts that he has "heard the heroine of the song sing it herself in the very spirit of arch simplicity which it requires." One is at a loss to know what lady is referred to here, unless the Doctor means *Mrs. Burns*. Motherwell and Cunningham both suppose *Mrs. Riddell* ; but her christian name was *Maria*. We may venture to suggest that Dr. Currie, who possessed the beautiful country-seat of Dumcrieff, near Craigeburn, may have been personally acquainted with Jean Lorimer, who belonged originally to that quarter.]

CHORUS.

*O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.*

* Or, "O my love Annie's very bonie."—(R. B.)

BUT warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

O whistle, &c.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE TO MY BREAST.

TUNE—*Cauld Kail.*

[This rapturous love-effusion was sent to Thomson in August, 1793, but only the first double-stanza was composed at that time. The poet's object was to celebrate the same lady formerly addressed by him in the song, *O Poortith Cauld*. The last eight lines had already appeared in the second volume of the *Museum*, in a song called "Peggy Alison."—See page 232, Vol. I.]

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The warld's wealth and grandeur:
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure:
 And by thy een sae bonie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

NOW ROSY MAY.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

[This fine song, which is almost word for word the same as that given at page 242. Vol. I., entitled, "The Gardener wi' his paidle" (which see), was supplied to Thomson in August, 1793. By altering the last line of each verse and adding a chorus, the result has been a great improvement on the lyric.]

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

*Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.*

'The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best—
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

IT WAS THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

[In November, 1794, Thomson required English words to sing to the same tune as the preceding song, and the poet selected some verses from the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which, with a little dressing, he formed into the following very agreeable song. "You may think meanly of this," said Burns, "but take a look at the bombast original, and you will be surprised that I have made so much of it."]

It was the charming month of May,
 When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
 One morning, by the break of day,
 The youthful, charming Chloe—
 From peaceful slumber she arose,
 Girt on her mantle and her hose,
 And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

*Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.*

The feathered people, you might see
 Perched all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivalled by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
Lovely was she, &c.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

TUNE—*Fee him, Father.*

[Composed and sent to Thomson in September, 1793. In his letter, the poet says—"I enclose you Fraser's set of the tune. When he plays it slow, in fact, he makes it the language of despair. I shall here give you two stanzas in that style, merely to try if it will be any improvement. Were it possible in singing, to give it half the pathos that Fraser gives it in playing, it would make an admirable pathetic song."

The present generation will scarcely credit that Thomson was so obtuse and depraved in his taste, as to throw away these hints of the poet, and to adapt the verses to a modern nursery-tune called, "My Boy, Tammie." Nay, he did more than this, for he had the audacity to alter Burns' lines, in order to make them suit that air, thus—

"Thou hast left me ever, Tam!—Thou hast me forsaken, Tam!"

In 1822, however, this blunder, and several others of a like nature, were corrected in the editor's 8vo issue of his collection]

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie!
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
 Thou hast left me ever:
 Aften hast thou vowed that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
 Thou hast me forsaken:
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary een I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken!

BRUCE'S ADDRESS AT BANNOCKBURN.

TUNE—*Hey, tuttie taitie.*

[This world-famous Ode was composed in September, 1793. In his letter transmitting it, the poet thus wrote:—"I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether the old air, *Hey, tuttie taitie*, may rank among the number; but well I know that, with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening-walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.

"I shewed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it, and begged me to make soft verses to it; but I had no idea of giving myself any trouble on the subject till the accidental recollection of that glorious struggle for freedom, associated with the glowing ideas of some other struggles of the same nature, *not quite so ancient*, roused my rhyming mania."

Robert Chambers observes, in reference to this latter remark:—"So the magnificent Ode sprang partly from the inspiration afforded by the success of the French, in beating back the arrogant enemies of the republic!"

The poet had recorded this tradition regarding the air, *Hey, tuttie taitie*, in the index to the second volume of the *Museum*, and Ritson, in 1794, controverted the tradition in his "Essay on Scottish Song," by alleging that in Bruce's time, the Scots had no music but *horns*, and by quoting from Froissart and Barbour in support of his assertion. The Ettrick Shepherd attacks Ritson for this, by truly remarking that "*Hey, tuttie taitie* is evidently a *bugle tune*, which the critic might have known if he had possessed even the ear of a bullock!"

All the world knows that Thomson condemned the air, *Hey, tuttie taitie*, and persuaded Burns to spoil his ode by altering it to fit the far inferior air of *Lewie Gordon*. The public, however, vindicated Burns' taste, by rejecting *Lewie Gordon*, and demanding the restoration of the ode to its original form, and by singing it to the old traditional air—so well calculated to bring out its effect. The only mischief which now is visible from Thomson's interference, remains in the fact that all the copies of "Bruce's Address" now existing in the poet's handwriting—and these are numerous—seem to be in the second or *spoiled* form, which Thomson's perversity and his own good-nature unfortunately led him to adopt.

The poet, on visiting the locality of this famous battle, in the summer of 1787, entered the following note in his memorandum book:—"Came on to Bannockburn: the hole in the stone where glorious Bruce set his standard. Here no Scot can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen, coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers; noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, and bloodthirsty foe! I see them in gloriously-triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence!"

Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots! wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
 Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die!

So may God ever defend the cause of truth and liberty,
as He did that day! Amen.*

* A few must be still alive who have witnessed the tremendous effect produced by Braham in singing "Bruce's Address" to the air for which the poet composed it. Since his day, several distinguished vocalists, and among these, Sinclair and John Wilson, have added to their reputation by their manner of executing it; but we question if, on the whole, Burns' Ode has received more justice from any public singer than it has from our own David Kennedy. His first public rendering of it was at the Wallace Banquet in 1861, since which time, in his vocal entertainments all over Britain, and in America, he has seldom been allowed to close an evening's treat of Scottish song without a roaring demand to re-produce it.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

TUNE—*My jo, Janet.*

[Composed and forwarded to Thomson in December, 1793, as English words for singing to the old Scots tune of "Jo, Janet." John Wilson, the vocalist, used greatly to delight his audiences by his style of singing this witty dialogue; and we are told by the biographer of William Hutton of Birmingham, that in 1811, at a watering place in the North Riding of Yorkshire, that good-natured philosopher amused and delighted a large and fashionable company, when he was 88 years old, by singing the husband's part of "My spouse, Nancy," while his daughter performed the wife's part.]

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.
One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy ?

If 'tis still the lordly word—
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so good-by allegiance !
Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy.

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it :
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will bear it.
I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy ;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

*I'll wed another like my dear,
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy.*

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM THAT WINDING FLOWS.

TUNE—*Nancy's to the Greenwood.*

[The present version of this song, of which the accomplished Maria Riddel of Woodley Park was the subject, was sent to Thomson in November, 1794, although, in reality, it had been composed and forwarded to Thomson in April, 1793, for the air, "The last time I came o'er the moor." The poet having, meanwhile, had a difference with that lady, he disguised the song by changing the name from "Maria" to *Eliza*, and by giving it a new opening line, with directions to have it set to a different tune. The earlier version seems never to have been published until it appeared in Chambers's edition of 1851. For the sake of ready comparison, we shall here introduce them both.]

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

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

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
Till fears no more had saved me:

Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing,
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

(*Earlier Version of the preceding Song.*)

[This is the song referred to in our head-note to the foregoing lyric. In April, 1793, the poet thus wrote regarding it:—"I had scarcely put my last letter into the post-office, when I took up the subject of *The last time I came o'er the moor*, and ere I slept drew the outlines of the foregoing. How far I have succeeded, I leave you to decide."

Mr. Chambers has the following excellent criticism on it:—"The sentiments in this song are not pleasing. They hint at a discreditable passion, in which no pure mind could possibly sympathize; therefore they must be held as unfitted for song. It can scarcely be doubted that they were suggested by some roving sensations of the bard towards the too-witching Mrs. Riddel, though it is equally probable that these bore no great proportion to the mere *métier* of the artist aiming at a certain literary effect."]

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

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

* The closing verse corresponds with that of the preceding song.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—*Lumps o' Pudding.*

[Composed and forwarded in November, 1794, to suit a lively air called, *Lumps o' Pudding*. This song was an especial favourite with Burns, who in a letter to Thomson, dated May, 1795, jocularly told him to engrave a vignette of the author's own head as an illustration to it, "in order that the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together."]

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
 Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along,
 Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
 My mirth and good-humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A night o' gude-fellowship sowthers it a':
 When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'n let the jade gae:
 Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure, or pain,
 My warst word is, 'Welcome, and welcome again!'

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife*.

[On 19th November, 1794, the poet enclosed these as English verses, to appear on the same page with Mrs. Grant of Carron's very popular song. He remarked thus:—"Since yesterday's penmanship, I have framed a couple of stanzas by way of an English song to *Roy's Wife*. You will allow me, that in this instance, my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish."

In most editions of Burns, there is given along with the present song, what is called, "Reply to the same, by a lady," found among the poet's papers after his death. Currie has noted the circumstance that the English verses are by a Scotchman, while the Scots verses are by an Englishwoman—meaning, no doubt, Mrs. Riddel of Woodley Park. We may rest assured, however, that the lady's song was written at least above a year before Burns produced these verses; for in September, 1793, he wrote thus to Thomson regarding it:—"I have the original words of a song for this air (*Roy's Wife*), in the handwriting of the lady who composed it, and they are superior to any edition of the song which the public has yet seen."

Want of attention to this fact, has given birth to a whole page of amiable, but mistaken theory from the pen of Dr. Chambers, in his edition of 1851. In the first place, he says that Mrs. Maria Riddel was the "Katie" of Burns' song, which he characterizes as a poetical expression of the more gentle feeling which the poet was now beginning to entertain towards that lady, with whom he had quarrelled some nine months previously; and he, moreover, tells us that Burns enclosed the song to her "as a sort of olive branch," which was received by her in no unkindly spirit; for in return she sent him a reply conceived in the same strain, thus displaying an amiable "readiness to take up Burns in the poetical relation in which he had depicted himself, and to meet him, after their sad winter of discontent, in a spring of fresh-blown kindness." This is an instance of spinning a handsome *tether* out of a single *hair*! Even in February, 1796, the breach between Burns and Mrs. Riddel had not been healed; for Mr. Chambers notes that in one of his letters of that date, he "allows angry feelings regarding the Riddels to escape him." We now give the lady's song which Burns has praised so highly.

STAY, MY WILLIE.—SONG, by Mrs. Maria Riddel.

TUNE—*Roy's Wife*.

Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;
 Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;
 For, ah! thou know'st na every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven;
 And when this heart proves fause to thee,
 Yon sun shall cease its course in heaven.

But to think I was betrayed,
 That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilfu' serpent under.

Could I hope thou 'st ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures—might I choose 'em—
 I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
 That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;
 Stay, my Willie—yet believe me;
 For, ah! thou know'st na every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

With reference to the song in the text, we cannot omit observing that,

although seldom if ever sung, it suggested the words of the beautiful duet in the opera of "Rob Roy," beginning, "Though you leave me now in sorrow," sung to the same air. The last verse is almost identical with that of Burns'.

"Ah, ne'er forget, when friends are near,
This heart alone is thine for ever;
Thou mayest find those who love thee dear,
But not a love like mine—oh, never!"]

CHORUS.

*Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?*

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katie?
Canst thou leave, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie;
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katie.
Canst thou leave, &c.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

[This charming lyric, presented to Thomson in December, 1794, soon commanded public attention by its native beauty. The poet requested it to be set to the plaintive air, *There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame*; but Thomson allied it to the solemn Irish tune called *Coolum*, whereby the delicate verses were crushed by the weight of the music. The beautiful air to which the song is now sung made its appearance anonymously, some 35 years ago, and is generally thought to be the production of Alexander Hume, the composer of the air to "Afton Water."

Burns had long ceased to correspond with Clarinda at the date of his writing the present song; yet it is thought to have been composed in reference to her departure from this country in the spring of 1792. Captain Charles Gray pointed out in an excellent note, that its production seems to be only the fulfilment of a promise made by the poet to that lady in one of his letters to her dated Feb., 1788, in reply to one he had received from her, in which occurs the following beautiful passage:—

"Oh, let the scenes of nature remind you of Clarinda! In winter, remember the dark shades of her fate—in summer, the warmth of her friendship—in autumn, her glowing wishes to bestow plenty on all—and let spring animate you with hopes that your friend may yet surmount the wintry blasts of life, and revive to taste a spring-time of happiness. At all events, Sylvander, the storms of life will quickly pass, and one unbounded spring encircle all. Love, *there*, is no crime. I charge you to meet me there! Oh God! I must lay down my pen."

Burns, in his reply, wrote thus:—"There is one passage in your charming letter—Thomson nor Shenstone never exceeded it, nor often came up to it—'tis where you bid the scenes of nature remind me of Clarinda. I shall certainly steal it, and set it in some future poetic production, and get immortal fame by it!"

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'!

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—*Captain O'Kean.*

[There is reference made to this production in the poet's letter to Thomson, dated 7th April, 1793, in which he says,—“If I could hit on another stanza equal to ‘The small birds rejoice,’ &c., I do myself honestly avow that I think it a superior song.” So early as 31st March, 1788, writing from Mauchline to his friend Mr. Robert Cleghorn, farmer, Saughton Mills, near Edinburgh, the poet transcribed the first eight lines of the song, introducing it thus:—“Yesterday my dear sir, I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless muirs, between Galloway and Ayrshire. It being a Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favourite air, *Captain O'Kean*, coming into my head, I tried these words to it. You will see that the first part of the tune must be repeated.”

At some period, subsequent to 7th April, 1793, the poet added the second verse, and forwarded it to Thomson; but there is no reference to this fact in the correspondence.]

The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale;
 The hawthorn-trees blow in the dew of the morning,
 And wild scattered cowslips bedeck the green dale;
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are numbered by care?
 No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice—
 A king and a father to place on his throne?
 His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none:
 But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn;
 My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn;
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
 Alas! I can make you no sweeter return!

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME ?

TUNE—*Morag*.

[This charming song, written in a very peculiar measure, to suit the Highland air, *Morag*, of which the poet was passionately fond, must have been forwarded to Thomson at some unknown date. Chambers prints it among the productions "of uncertain date;" but as Thomson published it before its appearance in Currie's edition, it is evident that it must have been of the number supplied for that collection. It now appears that the "Thomson Correspondence" was sadly garbled before being given to the world by Currie in 1800.]

O WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping ?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dew's o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping !

CHORUS.

*O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer ;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.*

If thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming ;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking—
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted—
 And thou art all delighted ;
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one ;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
O that's the lassie, &c.

THE BRAW WOOPER.

TUNE—*Queen o' the Lothians.*

[This song, written for Thomson, in July, 1795, must, for genuine Scottish humour, without a trace of vulgarity, rank with *Tam Glen*, *Duncan Gray*, *O for ane and twenty*, *Tam*, and some others of that class. Immediately on being published, "The braw wooer" became very popular, insomuch that Johnson, the publisher of the *Museum*, could not resist the temptation to commit a pious fraud, in order to grace his own publication with such a gem. In his sixth volume, which appeared in June, 1803, he introduced the same song with a few verbal alterations of slight import, and pretended that Burns had supplied him with it several years before it was sent to Thomson. The alterations are as follow:—

"Ae day a braw wooer," for *Last May a braw wooer.*

"The Gude forgie me for leein!" for *The Lord forgie me for leein!*

"He's down to the castle," for *He up the lang loan.*

"Gude saf us!" for *But, Heavens!*

Mr. Stenhouse, who furnished copious notes for a new edition of *Johnson's Museum*, projected about 1820, although not published till 1839, wrote as follows regarding the present song:—

"AE DAY A BRAW WOOPER.—This humorous song was written by Burns in 1787, for the second volume of the *Museum*; but Johnson, the publisher, who was a religious, well-meaning man, appeared fastidious about its insertion, as one or two expressions in it seemed somewhat irreverent. Burns afterwards made several alterations on the song, and sent it to Mr. George Thomson for his collection, who readily admitted it into his second volume, and the song soon became very popular. Johnson, however, did not consider it at all improved by the later alterations of our bard: it appeared to have lost much of its pristine humour and simplicity, and the phrases which he had objected to were changed greatly for the worse. He therefore published the song as originally written for his work."

Literary impudence scarcely ever went beyond this! Johnson never failed to inscribe the words "Written for this work by Robert Burns" over any song really composed for him by the poet; but, in the present instance, he has refrained from doing so, merely adding the two words, "By Burns;" and Stenhouse himself, who never loses an opportunity in the course of his notes to mention that "the author's manuscript of the song now lies before me," takes care in this instance to say nothing about the author's manuscript! And with regard to Johnson's religious scruples, every reader who is acquainted with the full contents of his six volumes knows that they abound in licentious expressions, without any attempt to veil them; and that the version of "The braw wooer," which he gives at page 538, Vol. VI., "as originally written for his work," does not contain a single expression that a saint could challenge as irreverent!

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
 I said there was naething I hated like men—
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me;
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
 And vowed for my love he was deein;
 I said he might dee when he likèd for Jean—
 The Lord forgie me for leein, for leein;
 The Lord forgie me for leein!

A well-stockèd mailen—himsel' for the laird—
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers ;
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad you think ?—in a fortnight or less,
 The deil tak' his taste to gae near her !
 He up the Gateslack * to my black cousin Bess—
 Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could bear her ;
 Guess ye how, the jad, I could bear her !

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there ?
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock ;
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock !

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
 And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie ;
 And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I speered for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recovered her hearin',
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet— †
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin' ;
 But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin' !

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow ;
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

* *Gateslack* was objected to by Thomson, and the poet changed it to "lang loan."

† It is but fair to note that in the poet's MS. this line stands—

"And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet."

For the improved line given in the text, embodying a familiar proverbial phrase we are indebted to the version in the *Museum*.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE—*Humours of Glen.*

[This fine song of love and patriotism, produced in the summer of 1795, is generally referred to as one of the poet's best effusions; yet, although it is united to one of the sweetest of the Irish melodies, we seldom hear of its being sung. The "Jean" who is so rapturously celebrated in this and the song immediately following, may have been the poet's wife; but it is evident from his correspondence at this period, that his fancy was spell-bound by the glamour of Jean Lorimer, so frequently referred to in these notes.—See page 274, Vol. I.]

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowèrs,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild-flowèrs,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they?—the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean!

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—*O this is no my ain House.*

[This lyric must rank in excellence, as a love-song, along with "O were I on Parnassus' Hill"—page 250, Vol. I. In the same letter which enclosed it, dated 3rd August, 1795, the poet transmitted another song of superlative merit, beginning—"O bonie was yon rosy brier," celebrating the charms of his Chloris, thereby plainly proclaiming who was the "Jean" of the present song. Yet whatever a censorious world may say in condemnation of Burns' attachment to her with the "flaxen ringlets," and

"————— eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughin' een o' bonie blue,"

we cannot but be satisfied with the elegance and purity of all the lyrics that her charms inspired. In the very last song he sung in her praise, we find these qualities in perfection, thus:—

"Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witnessed in their shade yestreen.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign."]

CHORUS.

*O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.*

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,—
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,—
The kind love that's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e
O this is no, &c.

THE HOPELESS LOVER

A SCOTTISH SONG.

INSCRIBED "TO MY VALUED FRIEND, CUNNINGHAM."

[The date of the poet's letter enclosing this, and three other productions, is shewn by the post-mark to be 3rd August, 1795. This composition is more of a ballad-poem than a song, and was intended, as Allan Cunningham observes, to be administered "as a sort of poetic medicine for the heart" of poor Sandy Cunningham of Edinburgh, whom the poet had doctored in the same fashion at former dates.—(See notes to the song, "Fair and Fause," page 326, Vol. I., and also the song, "Had I a Cave," at page 57 of present volume.) "It is no easy matter," Allan adds, "for a poet to load himself with another man's woes, and sing them with a natural and deep emotion."

In the poet's printed correspondence, there is given a short letter of his to Mrs. Maria Riddel, dated 20th January, 1796, which closes as follows:—"The muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd 'despairing beside a clear stream.'" Dr. Currie, who first printed this letter, did not state what the appended stanzas were, nor supply them; but it has been lately alleged that they were merely a portion of the present lyric, composed six months previously.]

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strewed the lea wi' flowers:
 The furrowed, waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers;
 While ilka thing in nature join,
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift—a silver dart;
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art:
 My life was ance that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorched my fountains dry.

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows—
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows—
 Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The wakened laverock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye:
 As little recked I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, 'hope nae mair,'
 What tongue his woes can tell?—
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—*Balinamona ora.*

[After an interval of six months in the bard's correspondence with Thomson, during which period (to use his own words) he had drunk deep of the cup of affliction—the autumn had robbed him of his only daughter, and before recovering from that shock, he became himself the victim of a severe rheumatic fever, and was just beginning, on 1st Feb., 1796, after many weeks of a sick-bed, to crawl across the room—under these circumstances he composed and sent the following humorous song to fit a favourite Irish air. Thomson, in acknowledging receipt of it, says:—"It is a most excellent song, and, with you, the subject is somewhat new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you debasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas."]

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty ye grasp in your arms:
 O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

*Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher ;
 Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher—
 The nice yellow guineas for me.*

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows ;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yowes.
Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess ;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them, the mair they're carest.
Then hey, &c.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ANE I LO'E DEAR!

[In the month of May, 1796, the dying poet composed and forwarded to Thomson this highly-finished lyric. In the preceding month he had written thus to his musical correspondent:—"By *Babel streams I have sat and wept* almost ever since I wrote you last: I have only known existence by the pressure of the heavy hand of sickness, and have counted time by the repercussions of pain! Rheumatism, cold, and fever, have formed to me a terrible combination. I close my eyes in misery, and open them without hope. I look on the vernal day, and exclaim with poor Fergusson,

'Say wherefore has an all-indulgent Heaven
 Light to the comfortless and wretched given?'"

The "Jessy" of the present song was a sister of his brother-excise-man, Lewars, an amiable young woman who assisted Mrs. Burns during the whole of this dismal period, in ministering to the wants of the dying bard. Dr. Chambers remarks,—“It is curious to find him, even in his present melancholy circumstances, imagining himself as the lover of his wife's kind-hearted young friend, as if the position of the mistress were the most exalted in which his fancy could place any woman he admired, or towards whom he felt gratitude.”

About this time the poet made Jessy Lewars the subject of several complimentary epigrams, and also addressed to her the well-known sweet verses, beginning—"O wert thou in the cauld blast."]

CHORUS.

*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!
 Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
 And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!*

Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms ;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy !
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e ;
But why urge the tender confession,
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy !
*Here's a health, &c.**

* In the poet's letter to Mr. Thomson, the first two stanzas and chorus only are given, and he supposed our poet had never gone farther. Among his MSS. was, however, found the third stanza, which completes this exquisite song, the last finished offspring of the poet's muse.

STRAY PUBLICATION OF POSTHUMOUS PIECES, PRIOR TO A.D., 1800.

Between the date of the poet's death, and the production of Dr. Currie's first edition, several unauthorized publications were issued from time to time, by printers and book venders, containing poems and songs by Burns that hitherto had not appeared in any collected volume of his works. The most remarkable of these was a series of penny and twopenny chap-books (18mo. size), "printed for and sold by Stewart & Meikle, Glasgow." These came out consecutively, every Saturday, commencing 27th July, 1799, on which day appeared—

I.—"THE JOLLY BEGGARS; or, TATTERDEMALIONS: a Cantata. By Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet. Printed from the Author's own Manuscript. Price Twopence."

II.—On Saturday, 3rd August, were issued, "THE KIRK'S ALARM: a Satire,—THE TWA HERDS; or, THE HOLY TULZIE: an unco mournfu' Tale,—EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR TO ROBERT BURNS, and ROBERT BURNS' ANSWER,—EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE, Innkeeper, Manchline,—and THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN: a Song. By Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet. Price Twopence."

III.—On 10th August were published, "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER (without the Epitaph), LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK, and Six favourite Songs. By Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet. Price Twopence." [N.B.—The whole six songs had been previously published excepting one—*A Man's a Man for a' that.*]

We shall again have occasion to revert to the subject of these *Chap-Books*, when, in the order of our arrangement, we come to print those posthumous pieces which were published, in one volume, by Thomas Stewart, Glasgow, in 1801: meanwhile, we will only further point out that similar little publications were issued by George Gray, Bookseller, North Bridge Street, Edinburgh, in July, 1799. From one of these now before us, we note the "Elegy on the Year 1788," "Verses written on a window of the Inn at Carron," and "Impromptu, on being hospitably entertained at Dalnacardoch, in the Highlands."

A series of chap-books,—but without date,—containing several pieces by Burns, was also issued by Brash & Reid, printers, Glasgow, and afterwards collected and published in one volume, under the title of "Poetry: Original and Select;" the date of these, however, might be subsequent to those above referred to.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS

FIRST PUBLISHED BY CURRIE, IN 1800.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Dr. Currie was the son of the parish minister of Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in Dumfriesshire. He was born in 1756, and applied himself in early life to mercantile pursuits, which he afterwards abandoned for the profession of medicine; and having studied at the University of Edinburgh, he commenced practice as a physician at Liverpool in 1780. After the death of Burns, in consequence of the earnest solicitations of Mr Syme of Ryedale, joined to those of his "excellent friend and relation, Mrs. Dunlop," and other friends of the poet's family, he was prevailed on to undertake the task of biographer and editor of Burns. To obviate in some degree the disadvantages of distance, Mr. Syme and Mr. Gilbert Burns made a journey to Liverpool, where they explained and arranged the manuscripts, and selected such as appeared worthy of the press.

"Dr. Currie does not seem to have thought any particular effort at arrangement or illustration necessary. He chiefly confined himself to the duty of a pure and tasteful selection. It appears from his own letters, that he afterwards saw possibilities of improvement, but he did not live to accomplish them. This amiable man—who had given the leisure of several years to a task by which £1400 were realised for the poet's family—looking for no reward to himself beyond the happiness of succouring the helpless—died at a too early age, in 1805, perhaps in some degree the victim of his benevolent exertions."—*Chambers*.

Currie has recorded that in the summer of 1792, he had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Burns in Dumfries. He writes,—“It has been my fortune to know some men of high reputation in literature, as well as in public life, but never to meet any one who, in the course of a single interview, communicated to me so strong an impression of the force and versatility of his talents. After this I read with greater interest and attention the poems then published, with a full conviction that, extraordinary as they are, they afford but an inadequate proof of the powers of their unfortunate author.”

(See Introductory Note, page 43.)

MY AIN KIND DEARIE.

[This is the very first song contributed by Burns for Thomson's collection. That gentleman, on 13th October, 1792, had written to him, enclosing a note of eleven Scottish songs that, in his opinion, required to be supplanted by others of a purer kind or better lyric quality. "We will patiently wait your own time," he adds; "one thing only I beg, which is, that however gay and sportive the Muse may be, she may always be decent. Let her not write what beauty would blush to speak, nor wound that charming delicacy which forms the most precious dowry of our daughters."

The poet was not long in replying to Mr. Thomson, thus:—"Let me tell you that you are too fastidious in your ideas of songs and ballads. I own your criticisms are just: the songs you specify in your list have—all but one—the faults you remark in them; but who shall mend the matter? Who shall rise up and say, 'Go to! I will make a better?' For instance, on reading over *The Lea-Rig*, I immediately set about trying my hand on it, and, after all, I could make nothing more of it than the following, which Heaven knows, is poor enough."

The melody of *The Lea-Rig* had long been, and is yet, a standard favourite among Scottish airs, and the older words which Burns referred to, were likely those by the poet Fergusson, in Johnson's first volume, commencing—

"Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig, my ain kind dearie, O;
And cuddle there sae kindly wi' me, my kind dearie, O:"

a song containing some good points, but not up to the mark for polite singing.]

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen at midnight hour,
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O:
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo:
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

[The second song in Mr. Thomson's list requiring amendment or substitution was the time-worn favourite, *Will ye go to the Ewe-bughts, Marion?* Burns did not need to compose new verses for this air, because he had lying in his desk an old effort of his to clothe that exquisite air with new words, and he now offered it to Thomson. The verses were those of the text; but Thomson had not the soul to appreciate them, and, consequently, threw them aside. The poet remarked,—“The *Ewe-bughts, Marion*, has obtained a place among our more classical Scottish songs, and what with many beauties in its composition, and more prejudices in its favour, you will not find it easy to supplant it.

“In my very early years, when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merits of the *Ewe-bughts*; but it will fill up this page (the same which contained *The Lea-Rig*.) You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in *after-times* to have given them a polish, yet that polish to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their *race*.”—See *Highland Mary*, page 54, and also head-notes at pages 91, 208, 261, 288, 319, Vol. I.]

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

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

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

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

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

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

[The next song in Thomson's list which the poet selected as a subject worthy of improvement, was an old-fashioned ditty, preserved in Herd's collection and in the *Museum*, which runs thus:—

"My wife's a wanton wee thing,
 She'll never be guided by me;
 She play'd the loon ere she was married,
 She'll do't again ere she dee!

She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,
 She row'd hersel' in a blanket,
 She winna be guided by me!
 She mind't na when I forbad' her,
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,
 And a braw gude bairn grew she!"

It required very small effort indeed, on Burns' part, to improve upon this; so, on 8th November, 1792, he sent the lines in the text, with this observation:—
 "In the air—*My wife's a wanton wee thing*—if a few lines, smooth and pretty, can be adapted to it, it is all you can expect. The following were made, *extempore*, for it; and though, on farther study, I might give you something more profound, yet it might not suit the light-horse gallop of the air so well as this random clink."

The "random clink" of Burns was not sufficient for Thomson, and he tried his own hand at an alteration, which the poet in his reply admitted to be "a positive improvement." So uplifted was the song-collector with this compliment, that he soon commenced poet on his own account, and it frequently required no little exercise of firmness on Burns' part to curb his correspondent's tendency to interfere with the songs furnished to him. When Thomson came to print the piece with his own "improvements," after the poet's death, he entitled it: "*My wife's a winsome wee thing*, by BURNS and THOMSON."

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.
 The warld's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—*Duncan Davidson.*

[On 20th March, 1793, with a view to fit a well-known tune—*Duncan Davidson*—with modest words, the poet forwarded this exquisite lyric, observing that it was one of his “juvenile works, not very remarkable either for its merits or demerits.” There has been considerable speculation as to who the “Mary Morison” of his youthful days might be, for the name was entirely unknown in his early localities. The poet's sister (Mrs. Begg) used often to refer with pleasure to an amiable young woman named Ellison Begbie, whom the poet was deeply in love with when he was about 22 years old, and whom he has celebrated under the title of “The Lass of Cessnock Bank.” Her very prosaic surname being so ill-suited for weaving into song, it is thought that by transposing it and softening the sound a very little, he converted it into the euphonious name, “Peggy Ellison.” Gilbert Burns, on being asked by Thomson to state who was the subject of the song *Mary Morison*, replied, “Mary Morison was the heroine of some old light verses, beginning—*I'll kiss thee yet, yet.*”

The reader will find these verses at page 232, Vol. I., addressed by Burns to “My bonie Peggy Alison;” therefore it seems reasonable to infer that Peggy Alison, Mary Morison, and Ellison Begbie, were one and the same person, and that in the last line of each verse of the present song, the name originally read “Peggy Ellison,” instead of *Mary Morison*.

It will not do to say that Burns might write such lyrics as these without having any particular person in view; for he has expressly said that there was “a legend of his heart inscribed on all his early love-songs.”]

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

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw:

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

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

MEG O' THE MILL.

TUNE—*Jackie Hume's Lament.*

[Communicated to Thomson in April, 1793. The bard reckoned this as one of his best songs, and yet so squeamish was the taste of his correspondent, that he declined to adopt it in his collection. Burns thus refers to this production:— "What pleases me as simple and *naive*, disgusts you as ludicrous and low. For this reason. *Fie, gie me my coggie, sirs, Fie, let's a' to the bridal*, with several others of that cast, are to me highly pleasing; while *Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother?* delights me with its descriptive, simple pathos. Thus my song, 'Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?' pleases myself so much that I cannot try my hand at another song to the air, so I shall not attempt it. I know you will laugh at this; but, *ilka man wears his belt his ain gait.*"

In Johnson's sixth volume, there is another song of the same title with the present—a remarkably clever, but not very polite production—to which Burns' name is attached. It will be given in its due place.]

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

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

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

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

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—*Logan Water.*

[On 25th June, 1793, the poet thus wrote to Thomson:—"Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation, on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air, *Logan Water*, and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow-chair, ought to have some merit."

Thomson's criticism is as follows:—"Your apostrophe to statesmen is admirable; but I am not sure if it is quite suitable to the supposed gentle character of the fair mourner who speaks it."

It is proper to notice here, that there is another fine song on this subject, more simple and pastoral in treatment, which has acquired very great popularity. It was composed by John Mayne, and published in 1789.]

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,
 That day I was my Willie's bride,
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun ;
 But now thy flowery banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear ;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May,
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers :
 Blythe, morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here—
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer—
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ? *
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie, hame to Logan braes !

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—*Hughie Graham.*

[This double stanza was composed in June, 1793, as additional words to the following beautiful fragment published in Herd's collection, Vol. II., 1776 :—

“O gin my love were yon red rose, that grows upon the castle wa’;
 And I mysel’ a drap o’ dew, into her bonie breast to fa’:
 Oh there, beyond expression blest, I’d feast on beauty a’ the night;
 Seal’d on her silk-saft faulds to rest, till fley’d awa by Phœbus’ light.”

Burns writes,—“This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and, so far as I know, quite original. It is too short for a song, else I would forswear you altogether, unless you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a stanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myself for a musing five minutes in my elbow-chair, I produced the following. The lines are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess; but if worthy of insertion at all, they might be first in place, as every poet who knows anything of his trade will husband his best thoughts for a concluding stroke.”

Referring to Burns' additional words, Cunningham observes that he made an unhappy choice in sheltering his little bird in the lilac tree; for the feathered songsters are found to avoid it, on account of the peculiar smell of the flower.]

O WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring ;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing.

* Originally,

“Ye mind na, 'mid your cruel joys,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries.”

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude!
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

BONIE JEAN.

[On 2nd July, 1793, the poet wrote thus in communicating this exquisite production:—"I have just finished the following ballad, and, as I do think it in my best style, I send it to you. The heroine is Miss Macmurdo, daughter of Mr. Macmurdo of Drumlanrig, one of your subscribers." (I have not painted her in the rank which she holds in life, but in the dress and character of a cottager.)

Robert Chambers, who had access to the original correspondence, notes that this last sentence which we have marked off, "does not appear in the original letter;" and he tells us that many such liberties had been taken in course of publishing the "Thomson correspondence."]

THERE was a lass and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen;
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonie Jean:
 And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sang sae merrilie;
 The blythest bird upon the bush,
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
 And love will break the soundest rest.
 Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naigies nine or ten:

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
 He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
 And lang e'er witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
 As in the bosom o' the stream,
 The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonie Jean.*

* In the original MS., our poet asks Mr. Thomson if this stanza is not original

And now she works her mammie's wark,
 And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Ye wist na what her ail might be,*
 Or what wad mak' her weel again.
 But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy blink in her e'e,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love
 Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:
 O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?—
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee; †
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was ay between them twa.

* By a strange misprint, which runs through all editions from Currie downwards, the first word of this line has been made "Yet" instead of *Ye*. If "Yet" is to be used, then the following word must be altered to *wists*, else the poet is guilty of bad grammar. Bonie Jean knows right well what her ailment is: it is only *outsiders* that "wist na what her ail might be."

† In the MS. presented to the Macmurdo family, this couplet reads—

"Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
 In barn or byre to trouble thee."

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE—*The mucking o' Geordie's byre.*

[This highly finished song was produced and forwarded to Thomson in Aug., 1793. The poet remarked thus:—"Another favourite air of mine is *The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre*. When sung slow with expression, I have wished that it had better poetry: that I have endeavoured to supply as follows. Mr. Clarke (the musician) begs you to give Miss Phillis a corner in your book, as she is a particular flame of his. She is a Miss Phillis Macmurdo, sister to 'Bonie Jean.' They are both pupils of his."]

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

*Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare :
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.*

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild ;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is simplicity's child.
Awa', &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa', &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa', &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes thro' the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa', &c.

But beauty, how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
Awa', &c.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—*Robin Adair.*

[This was also forwarded in August, 1793, and the subject is the same as that of the preceding song. It was not the fate of Mr. Clarke to secure the hand of Miss Phillis Macmurdo, for she became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath. The poet, in sending this little song, thus wrote:—"I have tried my hand on *Robin Adair*, and, you will probably think, with little success; but it is such a cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better of it. So much for namby-pamby. I may, after all, try my hand on it in Scots verse. There I always find myself most at home."

He accordingly, in his next letter, enclosed his beautiful song to the same air, already given at page 57.]

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

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

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

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

TUNE—*Oran-gaoil.*

[Forwarded in September, 1793. The poet thus wrote regarding it:—"The following song I have composed for *Oran Gaoil*, the Highland air that you tell me in your last you have resolved to give a place to in your book. I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint." There can be no doubt that this lyric was composed in reference to *Clarinda's* departure for the West Indies in February, 1792; indeed, her grandson alleges that the first draft of it was sent to the lady herself, on 27th December, 1791—a statement that may not be inconsistent with the words of the poet quoted above. It might have been only the *finishing-strokes* that were "glowing from the mint" when he sent the song to Thomson.]

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive:
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive?
 But fate has will'd, and we must part.
 I'll often greet the surging swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail:
 'E'en here, I took the last farewell;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail.'

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll west-ward turn my wistful eye:
 Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be!
 While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me!

 DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

[This was an old song, by Robert Crawford, which Thomson was anxious to preserve in his collection; but two very indelicate concluding verses rendered it inadmissible without some alteration. In September, 1793, Burns wrote thus:—"Down the Burn, Davie—I have this moment tried an alteration, leaving out the last half of the third stanza, and the first half of the last stanza, thus "]-

As down the burn they took their way,
 And thro' the flowery dale;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was ay the tale.

With 'Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew?'
 Quoth Mary, 'love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.'

[Thomson, who had taken it into his head that he could write verses as well as Burns, discarded the above, and published instead, two double-stanzas of his own, of the *boshiest* kind, excusing himself by saying that Burns' alteration, "though a great improvement on Crawford's song, did not bring it to the desirable conclusion here given to it."

For the sake of our lady-readers, we give eight of Thomson's lines, in order to show his notion of the "desirable conclusion" of a love song:—

"Not May, in all her maiden pride,
 Is half sae sweet as thee;
 O say thou'lt be my ain dear bride!
 Thou'rt a' the world to me."
 'Oh! rapturous sounds! my first, best love,
 Come, take my plighted hand!
 My faith and truth I'll fondly prove
 In wedlock's holy band.']

FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—*Saw ye my Father.*

[Composed and sent to Thomson in September, 1793, as English verses to follow the favourite Scots ballad, *Saw ye my father?* On the same sheet was inscribed the sweet song given at page 62, *Thou hast left me ever, Jamie*, as English verses to follow the very popular ballad, *Fee him, Father, fee him*. Robert Chambers gives the following very inconsiderate note on these two productions of our poet:—

"The old song (*Saw ye my Father*), though objectional in subject, has kept its ground against Burns' effort to supplant it." "*Fee him father, fee him*.—It is surprising that Burns should have thought it necessary to substitute new verses for the old song to this air, which is one of the most exquisite effusions of genuine natural sentiment in the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry. Its merit is now fully appreciated, while Burns' substitute song is scarcely ever sung."

These remarks are as unjust as they are inconsiderate. Burns has recorded his unbounded admiration of both the old ballads referred to; and the verses by himself, thus commented on, were not given as *substitution-songs* and *supplanters*, but as additional songs to suit the English singer, in conformity with the plan of Thomson's work. Besides, we deny that Burns' song, *Thou hast left me ever, Jamie*, is "scarcely ever sung." It was one of John Wilson's most effective songs, and will be sung as long as Scottish melody is married to immortal verse.]

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
 At evening the wild-woods among?
 No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad-sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known,
 All that has causèd this wreck in my bosom
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Not hope dare a comfort bestow :
 Come then—enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

DELUDED SWAIN.

[It cannot be certain how much of this song is the composition of Burns. It was forwarded in September, 1793, and dismissed with this remark: "As for the *Collier's Tochter*, take the following old bacchanal." If it is an old song, none of the poet's annotators have been so fortunate as to discover it in old collections.]

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

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

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

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

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—*O'er the hills, &c.*

[Communicated, 30th August, 1794. with these remarks:—"The last evening as I was straying out, and thinking of *O'er the hills and far away*, I spun the following stanzas for it; but whether my spinning will deserve to be laid up in store, like the precious thread of the silkworm, or brushed to the devil, like the vile manufacture of the spider, I leave, my dear sir, to your usual candid criticism. I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that it appears rather a flimsy business. I give you leave to abuse this song, but do it in the spirit of Christian meekness."

Thomson accordingly put on his critical spectacles, and in answer said: "You have anticipated my opinion. I do not think it one of your happiest productions, though it contains some stanzas that are worthy of all acceptance. The second is the least to my liking, particularly 'Bullets, spare my only joy!' Confound the bullets!* It might perhaps be objected to the third verse, that it has too much grandeur of imagery, and that greater simplicity of thought would have better suited the character of a sailor's sweetheart."

The poet bit his lips, and replied,—"I shall withdraw my *On the seas and far away* altogether. Making a poem is like begetting a son: you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool, until you produce him to the world to try him."]

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

*On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
Are ay with him that's far away.*

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
Bullets, spare my only joy!
Bullets, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas, &c.

* Currie, in a foot-note, remarks,—“Doctors differ. The objection to the second stanza does not strike the editor.”

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power ;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air ;
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end—
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet :
 Then may heaven with prosp'rous gales,
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails—
 To my arms their charge convey—
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

[At page 256, Vol. I., will be found the older version of this favourite song, with two fresh verses by Burns. The head-note to that production will apply to the present beautiful lyric. The verse referring to "Clouden's silent towers," points out the favourite haunt of the poet, referred to in the ballad called "The Vision," given at page 5,—*As I stood by yon roofless tower.*]

CHORUS.

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

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

Ca' the, &c.

* The river Clouden, a tributary stream to the Nith.

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

Ca' the, &c.

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

Ca' the, &c.

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

Ca' the, &c.

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

Ca' the, &c.

SAW YE MY PHELY,

(Quasi dicat Phillis.)

TUNE—*When she cam ben she bobbit.*

[This is merely a remodelling of the poet's song, called, *Eppie M'Nab*, given at page 290, Vol. I. The "Phely" would, no doubt, be Miss Phillis Macmurdo, and the broken-hearted "Willy" must stand for the love-lorn Stephen Clarke.]

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

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

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

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS
 MISTRESS.

TUNE—*Deil tak' the wars.*

[In the same sheet which contained the foregoing song, the poet sent the present highly-finished lyric, inspired by the charms of his "Chloris." The letter is dated 19th October, 1794. He says, in reference to this *Morning Salute*,—"Since the foregoing was written, I have been out in the country taking dinner with a friend, where I met the lady whom I mentioned in the second page of this odds-and-ends of a letter. As usual, I got into song; and returning home, I composed the following." The poet's reference to Chloris here alluded to, will be found quoted in the note, page 274, Vol. I.]

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou fairest creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
 Now through the leafy woods,*
 And by the reeking floods;
 Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower:
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid:
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care

* *Variation.* Now to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnet pours:
 The lav'rock, &c.

With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky ;
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light and joy.*

MARK YONDER POMP OF COSTLY FASHION.

TUNE—*Deil tak' the wars.*

[This fine lyric, inspired also by "Chloris," and produced in May, 1795, was composed to fit the same air as the foregoing. The poet's remarks are as follow:—"Well! this is not amiss. You see how I answer your orders—your tailor could not be more punctual. I am just now in a high fit for poetizing, provided that the strait-jacket of criticism don't cure me. If you can, in a post or two, administer a little of the intoxicating potion of your applause, it will raise your humble servant's frenzy to any height you want. I am at this moment 'holding high converse' with the Muses, and have not a word to throw away on such a prosaic dog as you are."]

In reference to the air, *Deil tak' the wars*, for which this and the song immediately preceding were written, the poet remarked,—“If I understand the expression of it properly, it is the very native language of simplicity, tenderness, and love.”]

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy titled bride ;
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride :
 What are their showy treasures ?
 What are their noisy pleasures ?
 The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze,
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright,
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

* *Variation.* When frae my Chloris parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky :
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of beauty's light ;
 When thro' my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array;
 Lovely as yon sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 O then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul! *
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Av'rice would deny
 His worship'd deity,
 And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll.

MY CHLORIS, MARK HOW GREEN THE
 GROVES.

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

[Furnished in November, 1794. The first three words of the opening line of this song are generally printed, "*Behold my love, how green,*" &c. The poet introduced the lyric with these remarks:—"In my last, I told you my objections to the song you had selected for *My lodging is on the cold ground.* On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris—that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration—she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song. How do you like the simplicity and tenderness of this pastoral? I think it pretty well."]

My Chloris! mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair:
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.
 The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

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

* "Save love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean,"—Song, page 76.

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

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
 In shepherd's phrase will woo;
 The courtier tells a finer tale;
 But is his heart as true?
 These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine:
 The courtier's gems may witness love—
 But 'tis na love like mine.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—*Rothemurche's Rant.*

[This pretty song was produced in November, 1794—inspired, like so many others at that period, by the charms of "Chloris." "This piece," said the poet, "has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded. . . . The *air* puts me in raptures; and, in fact, unless I be pleased with the tune, I never can make verses to it."]

CHORUS.

*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie O?*

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee;
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has chear'd ilk drooping little flower;
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.
Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way ;
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest ;
 Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.*

Lassie wi', &c.

PHILLY AND WILLY.

TUNE—*The Sow's Tail to Geordie*

[This pastoral dialogue song was furnished in November, 1794. The poet ushered it in with these observations:—"This morning, though a keen blowing frost, in my walk before breakfast, I finished the duet which you were pleased to praise so much. Whether I have uniformly succeeded, I will not say; but here it is for you, though it is not an hour old. I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner." In the month of September before sending this song, he thus wrote to Thomson about it:—"Did you not once propose *The sow's tail to Geordie* as an air for your work? I am quite delighted with it; yet I acknowledge that is no mark of its excellence. I once set about verses for it, which I meant to be in the alternate way of a lover and his mistress chanting together. I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Thomson's christian name; and yours, I am afraid, is rather burlesque for sentiment, else I had meant to have made you two the hero and heroine of the little piece."

The reader will scarcely credit—so exquisite was Thomson's fastidiousness—that he suppressed the old name of the tune as shocking to refined taste, and styled it in his collection, "A Jacobite Air!"]

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day
 When roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

* In some of the MSS. this stanza runs thus :

And should the howling wintry blast
 Disturb my lassie's midnight rest ;
 I'll fauld thee to my faithfu' breast,
 And comfort thee, my dearie O.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I owned my maiden love ;
Whilst thou didst pledge the powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear ;
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows ;
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
 And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
 My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
 And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
 I care na wealth a single flie;
 The lad I love's the lad for me,
 And that's my ain dear Willy.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

[This noble production was composed in January, 1795. The poet's observations on sending it were as follow:—"I fear for my songs; however, a few may please, yet originality is a coy feature in composition, and in a multiplicity of efforts in the same style, disappears altogether. A great critic (Aikin) on songs says, that love and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and consequently is no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme. I do not give it for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*; for the piece is not really poetry." Chambers observes, that "This song may be said to embody all the false philosophy of Burns' time, and of his own mind."]

Is there, for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward-slave, we pass him by—
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine—
 Wear hoddin grey, and a' that?
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
 A man's a man, for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith he mauna fa' that! *
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher *rank* than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree and a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

[This was composed in February, 1795, with a view to fit, with modest words, a very favourite air, which had long been sung to beautiful but rather indelicate verses. In September, 1794, the poet wrote thus to Thomson regarding it:—"I have begun *Let me in this ae Night*. Do you think that we ought to retain the old chorus? I think we must retain both the old chorus and the first stanza of the old song. I do not altogether like the third line of the first stanza, but cannot alter it to please myself. I am just three stanzas deep in it. Would you have the *dénouement* to be successful or otherwise?—should she 'let him in' or not?"]

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
 For love has bound me, hand and fit,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

* "Mauna fa' that"—*must not try that*. There is an old Jacobite song given by Ritson where the same expression occurs—

"The whigs think a' that weal is won; but faith they mauna fa' that."

CHORUS.

*O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.*

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet ;
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;
Tak' pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain ;
Gae back the gate ye cam' again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

*I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.*

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor *she* endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed :
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey :
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE—*Let me in this ae night.*

[This is the English song which Burns composed to follow the foregoing Scots verses to the same air. The date appears from Thomson's reply to have been June, 1795, and "Chloris" is again his subject. The poet asks in his letter—"How do you like this? I have written it within this hour: so much for the speed of my Pegasus; but what say ye to his bottom?"]

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

*O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me ;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.*

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in these arms of thine, love.
O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—
 Let me not break thy faithful heart
 And say that fate is mine, love.
O wert, &c.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert, &c.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—*Ay wakin' O.*

[This song, "On Chloris being ill," was produced in May, 1795, and accords finely with the plaintive air for which it was written.]

CHORUS.

*Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight,
Is on her bed of sorrow.*

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?
Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.
Long, &c.

Hear me, pow'rs divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!
Long, &c.

'T WAS NA HER BONIE BLUE E'E.

TUNE—*Laddie, lie near me.*

[This was forwarded at the same time with the preceding, and although the name *Mary* in the last verse is found in some copies, the name *Chloris* appears in others.]

'T WAS na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin ;
Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing :
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

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

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

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

[Produced in May, 1795, and noted as being an alteration of "an old English song." The object was simply to supply English words for the old Scots air, conform to the plan of Thomson's work.]

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

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

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

TUNE—*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

[Composed in July, 1795. The subject is Chloris, and the air is the original set of the same tune to which *Bonie Doon* is sung. Thomson, misled by the title, wanted *Bacchanalian* or *tantivy* words for it; but Burns, who had a fine perception in music, could only read *pathos* in the air, and composed accordingly. "*The Caledonian Hunt*," said he, "is so charming, that it would make any subject in a song go down; but *pathos* is certainly its native tongue."]

WHY, why tell thy lover,
 Bliss he never must enjoy?
 Why, why undeceive him,
 And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptured, slumbers—
 Chloris, Chloris all the theme—
 Why, why wouldst thou cruel
 Wake thy lover from his dream?

YON ROSY BRIER.

[This exquisite song, which seems to be the very last that was inspired by the witchery of Chloris, was composed in August, 1795. It ranks among the most successful of Burns' lyrics. "I do not know," said the poet, "whether I am right, but that song pleases me."]

O BONIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
 And bonie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.
 Yon rosebuds in the morning dew
 How pure, among the leaves sae green!
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.
 The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn—
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

TUNE—*Rothemurche's Rant.*

[This would appear to be the last poetical effort of Burns. His letter containing it is dated from "Brow, on the Solway Firth, 12th July, 1796," and nine days thereafter he was numbered with the dead. He thus wrote regarding the song:—"I tried my hand on *Rothemurche* this morning: the measure is so difficult that it is impossible to infuse much genius into the lines."

The verses were furnished to order, with a view to supply English words for singing to the fine Scots air for which he had written his admired song—*Lassie wi' the lint-white locks*. By this time the poet seemed to have lost much of his regard for "Chloris," and his mind wandered retrospectively to that heyday of his existence in 1787—those bright hours which he had spent on the banks of the Devon with Peggy Chalmers and Charlotte Hamilton. His imagination seemed now to suggest to him that malice and slander had been the means of depriving him of their coveted society, and hence the turn that the following verses took. So we find that to the last hour of his existence, the communion of soul betwixt lover and mistress was to Burns, the dearest of human emotions.]

CHORUS.

*Fairest maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do ?*

FULL well thou knowest I love thee dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear ?
 O did not love exclaim, 'Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so' ?
Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, O let me share ;
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
Fairest maid, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS, FIRST PRINTED BY DR. CURRIE.*

EARLY SCRAPS OF VERSE.

The poet mentions in his autobiography, that when he entered on the Mossgiel undertaking, at Martinmas, 1783, he did so with the full resolution of becoming wise, by reading books on farming—calculating crops, and attending markets. Currie records that he procured a little book of blank paper, with this purpose expressed on its first page. The farming memoranda were but thinly sown, and these soon made way altogether to receive a crop of verses and ballad-snatches, of which his biographer printed the following samples.

I'LL GO AND BE A SODGER.

APRIL 1782.

[This impromptu was uttered when he came back to Lochlea, after his short and fruitless sojourn in Irvine. The stone chimney-piece of the little garret-room where he slept, in his father's biggin, still bears his initials, with the date, "1782," believed to have been cut by his own hands. In order to completely understand the future bard's position at this period, the reader has but to glance at his own account of it:—"I was obliged to give up this (flax-dressing) scheme: the clouds of misfortune were gathering thick round my father's head; and, what was worst of all, he was visibly far gone in consumption; and, to crown my distresses, a *belle fille* whom I adored, and who had pledged her soul to meet me in the field of matrimony, jilted me, with peculiar circumstances of mortification."

"Early in life (so he wrote six years after the verse in the text was uttered,) and all my life, I reckoned on a recruiting drum as my forlorn hope."]

O WHY the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five-feet-nine,—
I'll go and be a sodger!
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane, and something mair—
I'll go and be a sodger!

* To avoid painful minutiae, we here include a few pieces which were added by Currie in his second edition (1801.)

ROB MOSSGIEL.

[Here we have the young poet, after his father's death, which happened in February, 1784, in occupation (along with his brother Gilbert, for the family behoof) of the farm of Mossgavel or Mossgiel, giving prudent advice to the young women of Mauchline, that little country town about two-thirds of a mile from his farm, and which, through him, has become a place of note for ever. This *impromptu* he afterwards extended into an excellent song, which will be given among those contributed by him to Johnson's sixth volume.]

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles!
 Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;
 Such witching books, are baited hooks,
 For rakish rooks like Rob Mossgiel.
 Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,—
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

THE BELLES OF MAUCLINE.

[Here the poet shows that *one* at least of the fine ladies of Mauchline did not take his advice to beware of "Rob Mossgiel." A foot-note, by Chambers, gives some account of the six belles named in the last four lines of the verse, and to his information we have to add, that the husband of Miss Markland was James Finlay, excise-officer in Tarbolton, who was commissioned, on 31st March, 1788, to instruct Burns in the art of gauging and excise book-keeping. Through this connection, he was introduced and married to the "divine belle" in September of same year. Finlay removed with his wife to Greenock in 1792, where the latter died in 1851, aged 86, having survived her husband 17 years.

Miss Smith's husband was Mr. James Candlish, an early friend and correspondent of the poet. In March, 1787, Burns addressed a letter to him from Edinburgh, styling him "Student in Physic, Glasgow College;" he calls him, "My ever dear, old acquaintance," and refers to Candlish's acknowledged powers of logic. Two years after this date, the poet names him among members of the *Crochallan Club*, at Edinburgh, and hails him as "Candlish, the earliest friend, except my only brother, that I have on earth, and one of the worthiest fellows that ever any man called by the name of friend." This gentleman, after his marriage to Miss Smith, became a teacher in connection with Edinburgh University, and died in 1806, leaving six children, the youngest of whom became the distinguished Dr. Candlish of the Free Church. The *witty* Belle of Mauchline died in 1854, aged 86, and her celebrated son died 19th October 1873.

Miss Betty Miller claimed to have been the "Eliza" of Burns' early song—"From thee, Eliza, I must go;" but this seems not to have been the case, as we have shewn in the note to that song—page 126, Vol. I.]

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

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

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—*The Caledonian Hunt's Delight.*

[Dr. Currie found this curious composition among the poet's papers, and it is impossible to assign a date to it. Allan Cunningham remarks, "There is both knowledge of history and elegance of allegory in this singular song; but the most remarkable part is the conclusion, where the poet proves by mathematical demonstration, the immortality of Caledonia. It has been remarked of this, as well of others of his productions, that it bears the stamp of national love, and of a manly understanding. Indeed, in the hastiest snatch he ever penned, some happy touch will be found, denoting the hand of the master, some singular thought, or felicitous line—easy to him, and unattainable to others."]

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

A lambkin in piece, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew :
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
 ' Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue !'
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn ;
 But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort,
 Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

* It may be gratifying to curiosity to know the fates of the six belles of Mauchline. Miss Helen Miller, the first-mentioned, became the wife of Burns' friend, Dr. Mackenzie; the divine Miss Markland was married to a Mr. Finlay, an officer of excise at Greenock; Miss Jean Smith was afterwards Mrs. Candlish; Miss Betty (Miller) became Mrs. Templeton; and Miss Morton married a Mr. Paterson. Of Armour's history, immortality has taken charge. In 1850, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Finlay, and Mrs. Candlish survived.—*Chambers*, 1851.

Long quiet she reigned; 'till thitherward steer
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand :*
 Repeated, successive for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land :
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside ;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ; †
 The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth
 To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore : ‡
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. §

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

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

* The Romans.

† The Saxons.

‡ The Danes.

§ Two famous battles in which the Danes or Norwegians were defeated.

|| The Highlanders of the Isles.

¶ This singular figure of poetry, taken from the mathematics, refers to the famous proposition of Pythagoras, the 47th of Euclid. In a right-angled triangle, the square of the hypotenuse is always equal to the squares of the two other sides.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—*Ettrick Banks.*

[The history of this highly finished and most artistic production is well known. It was composed in the interval between the printing of his poems at Kilmarnock in the Spring of 1786, and the end of Autumn following, when he formed the resolution to issue a second edition. He applied to the heroine of the song for her permission to print it in his proposed new edition—an unnecessary application, one would suppose, when the lady's name is not mentioned in the verses; he, nevertheless, gave himself much concern on this subject, and even begged Mrs. Stewart of Stair to use her influence with Miss Alexander to that effect. When in Edinburgh too, he complained, in a letter to Gavin Hamilton, that this song, along with another, having a celebrated Ayrshire lady for its subject, were tried by a jury of *literati*, and the author forbidden to print them. He adds,—“I cannot help shedding a tear to the memory of two songs that had cost me some pains; but I must submit. . . . My poor unfortunate songs come again across my memory. D—the pedant, frigid soul of criticism for ever and ever!”

In his letter to Miss Alexander, the poet describes with great minuteness the scene and the occasion which gave birth to the song; and, judging from that description, the *rencontre* alluded to could not have occurred later than the early part of July; for he refers to “the hoary hawthorn twig that shot across the way;” to the “harmony poured forth by the feathered warblers;” and to “the gaiety of the vernal year.” The spot of meeting is now marked by the erection of a rustic grotto, in which a tablet is inserted containing a *fac-simile* of the poet's manuscript of two verses of the song.

Dr. Chambers records that, in 1837, he had the pleasure of lunching at Ballochmyle with “the bonie lass” of the text—then a comely, cheerful old lady of 82. Thus, she must have been 31 when the muse of Burns hailed her as the perfection of Nature's works. She latterly resided in Kilmarnock, and died in 1843.—On same subject, see notes at pages 259 and 310, Vol. I.]

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang;
 The Zephyr wantoned round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along:
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seemed the while;
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward strayed,
 My heart rejoiced in nature's joy;
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy:
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whispered passing by,
 'Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!'

* *Variation.* The lily's hue and rose's dye
 Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild ;
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in the lonely wild :
But woman, nature's darling child !
There all her charms she does compile ;
Even there her other works are foil'd
By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle !

O had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain ;
'Tho' sheltered in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain,
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
With joy, with rapture, I would toil,
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep ;
Where fame and honours lofty shine ;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine :
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle !

BONIE CASTLE GORDON.

[This noble lyric was forwarded, along with the song given at page 214, Vol. I., to Gordon Castle, on 20th October, 1787, as some return for the hospitality which had been shown to the poet there on his visit a few weeks before. Mr. Hoy, the Duke's librarian, wrote thus in acknowledging receipt of the verses:—"Your song I shewed without naming the author, and it was judged by the Duchess to be the production of Dr. Beattie. When I informed her that you were the author, she wished that you had written the verses in Scotch."]

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

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

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

MY PEGGY'S FACE, MY PEGGY'S FORM.

[This song, through some mistake or other, was omitted from Johnson's second volume, against the express desire of Burns to have it inserted there—for "strong private reasons"—along with that on the same subject which we have given at page 234, Vol. L—to the note on which we now refer the reader. From some circumstance equally strange, it was not given in any of the succeeding volumes of Johnson till it appeared in Currie's edition of the poet. The heroine is Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay. She and Charlotte Hamilton were a kind of "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" to the poet, whose fancy seemed to have "jeed between them" for a long time. In both of the songs written in compliment to Miss Chalmers, it will be observed that the poet carefully avoids the conventional style of love-effusions, and refers chiefly to the charms of her "native grace devoid of art," and her mental and moral qualities.]

My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of hermit age might warm ;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of human kind :
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art ;
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye ;
 Who but owns their magic sway ?
 Who but knows they all decay ?
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.

 JOCKIE'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

[This charming song was written for *Johnson's Museum*; but, like the one immediately preceding, was not published in that work till after its appearance in Currie's edition. The poet scarcely ever surpassed the excellence which this lyric displays.]

JOCKIE'S ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane,
 And with him is a' my bliss,—
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw!—
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!
 Spare my luve thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blythe his waukening be! *
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockie's heart is still at hame.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—*Push about the Jorum.*

[This patriotic effusion first appeared in the Dumfries Journal of 5th May, 1795. That regimental body was formed in the spring of same year, and Burns was enrolled a member thereof. Allan Cunningham has written thus regarding these volunteers:—"I remember well the appearance of that respectable corps; their odd, but not ungraceful dress; white kerseymere breeches and waistcoat; short blue coat, faced with red; and round hat, surmounted by a bearskin, like the helmets of our Horse Guards; and I remember the poet also—his very swarthy face, his ploughman stoop, his large dark eyes, and his indifferent dexterity in the handling of his arms."

The very expressive tune to which it is adapted in the *Museum* (Vol. VI., p. 565) was composed for it by Stephen Clarke. It was engraved by Johnson, and published as a sheet-song, and Burns distributed a large number of copies among the members of his corps. He thus wrote to Johnson on receipt of these:—"Thank you for the copies of my Volunteer ballad. Our friend Clarke has indeed done well: 'tis chaste and beautiful. I have not met with anything that has pleased me so much."

George Thomson included this song in his work, but Clarke's air being copyright, he set it to the very unsuitable tune, *The barrin o' the door, O!* Templeton, in his vocal entertainments, did even worse; for he sung it to the cockney air, *Betsy Baker*.]

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, sir,
 There are wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, sir :

* "A sound sleep and a blythe waukening" was one of those "weel-waled benisons" which the poet frequently uttered as a parting *Good-night* to his cherished friends.

The Nith shall run to Corsincon,*
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,
 E'er we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
We'll ne'er permit, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided;
 'Till *slap!*—come in an unco loon,
 And wi' a rung decide it:
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursel's united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
No! never but by, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loon
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't!
 Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By Heaven! the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it!
By Heavens! &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch, his true-born brother,
 Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
 May they be damned together!
 Who will not sing 'God save the king,'
 Shall hang as high's the steeple;
 But, while we sing 'God save the king,'
 We'll ne'er forget the People.
But, while we sing, &c.

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.—(R. B.)

† A well-known mountain at the mouth of the same river.—(R. B.)

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

[This little gem was composed by the poet during his last illness, and addressed to his kind attendant, Jessie Lewars, in whose honour that other dying song of his—"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear"—was also composed. It is said that she was sitting at the piano in a room where the sick bard was present, and she endeavoured to soothe him by gently playing a sweet, plaintive air, called *The Wren, or Lennox Love* (No. 483 of the *Museum*). The poet requested her to continue the music till his ear got accustomed to the tune; and, taking up a pencil and paper, he very soon produced this admirable little song. Felix Mendelssohn, the famous composer, took a fancy to these words, and set them to music of his own; but it must be owned that the old Scots air unites more happily with the verses than does the melody by the great musician. The charming Scots air, called *The lass o' Livingston*, would perhaps fit the song best of all.]

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

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

REMOUSE.

A FRAGMENT.

[These lines are entered in the poet's early common-place book, under date, September, 1783. They seem to indicate some keen self-reproaches on account of those sins of the flesh which he tells us he first learned to treat with levity during his winter residence at Irvine in 1781-82.]

OF all the numerous ills that hurt our peace—
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
Beyond comparison the worst are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe :
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say—‘ It was no deed of mine ;’
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added—‘ Blame thy foolish self !’
Or, worsèd far, the pangs of keen remorse,
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
Of guilt, perhaps where we’ve involvèd others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us ;
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin !
O burning hell ! in all thy store of torments
There’s not a keener lash !
Lives there a man so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs ;
And after proper purpose of amendment,
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace ?
O happy, happy, enviable man !
O glorious magnanimity of soul !

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET AND BROTHER FIDDLER.

[David Sillar published his own poems in 1789, and prefixed, by way of introduction, this epistle addressed to him by Burns. The date of it has not been ascertained; but 1785 has, with great likelihood, been assigned to it. Burns' sister (Mrs. Begg) communicated the fact that, when 22 years old, the poet began to teach himself to play the violin. He would rise early in winter mornings, break up the kitchen *gathering-coal*, and scrape away at the instrument to the great discomfort of other members of the household; and when this was protested against, he would lay it past until bad weather drove him from the fields during the day. He never attained any proficiency in music, although he could manage, by the aid of a fiddle or flute, to read from music-score any simple air he desired to be acquainted with.—See note, page 73, Vol. I.]

AULD NEEBOR,

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

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

But Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit ;
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit ;
 An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket
 Until ye fyke ;
 Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,*
 Be hained wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
 Rivin the words to gar them clink ;
 Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
 Wi' jauds or masons ;
 An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
 Braw sober lessons.

* "Faiket" means *worn out*, and *allowed to fall back as disabled*. "To faik," according to Jamieson, is *to fail*. Would-be annotators find obscurity here, where none exists. "Hained" means *saved or held in*.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the Bardie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymin' clink,
 The devil-haet—that I sud ban—
 They ever think !

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
 Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
 But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
 An' while ought's there,
 Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae scrivin,
 An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme ! it's aye a treasure,
 My chief—amaist my only pleasure :
 At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
 The Muse, poor hizzie !
 Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
 She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie :
 The warl' may play you mony a shavie ;
 But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
 Tho' e'er sae puir,
 Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
 Frae door to door.

THE INVENTORY.

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

[In 1785, in order to reduce somewhat the national debt, Mr. Pitt made a very considerable addition to the number of taxed articles, and amongst these were *female servants*. Mr. Aiken of Ayr was surveyor of taxes for Burns' district, and hence the present curious verses addressed to him. The portions of this poem placed within brackets were omitted by Currie, but published by Stewart.]

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

Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
 I have four brutes o' gallant mettle
 As ever drew afore a pettle:
 My *Lan' afore's* * a gude auld *has-been*,
 An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been.
 My *Lan' ahin's* † a weel gaun fillie,
 That aft has born me hame frae Killie, ‡
 An' your auld burrough mony a time,
 In days when riding was nae crime:
 [But ance whan in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead, boost to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to—
 L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!—
 I play'd my fillie sic a shavie,
 She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie.]
 My *Furr ahin's* § a wordy beast
 As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd:
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A d—n'd red-wud Kilburnie blastie;
 Foreby a cowt, o' cowts the wale,
 As ever ran afore a tail
 If he be spar'd to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel carriages I hae but few,
 Three carts—an' twa are feckly new—
 Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token,
 Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken;
 I made a poker o' the spin'le,
 An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run deils for rantin' an' for noise;
 A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother:
 I rule them as I ought, discreetly,
 An' aften labour them completely,
 An' aye on Sundays duly, nightly,
 I on the questions targe them tightly;

* The fore horse on the left-hand in the plough.

† The hindmost on the left-hand in the plough.

‡ Kilmarnock.

§ The hindmost on the right-hand in the plough.

Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,
 Tho' scarcely langer than your leg,
 He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling,
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

I've nane in female-servant station,
 (L—d keep me aye frae a' temptation!)
 I hae nae wife—and that my bliss is—
 An' ye have laid nae tax on *misses* :
 [An' then, if kirk folks dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils dare na touch me.]
 Wi' weans I'm mair then weel contented,
 Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted!
 My sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess,
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought ye like but grace ;
 But her, my bonie sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her already,
 An' gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the L—d ! ye'se get them a' thegither.

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

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

Mossgiel, February 22nd, 1786.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK-LEAF OF A COPY OF THE
KILMARNOCK EDITION OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS,
PRESENTED BY HIM TO AN OLD SWEETHEART,
THEN MARRIED.

[In the Glenriddel MS. the poet has recorded in the most explicit terms that this old sweetheart was Peggy Thomson, of Kirkoswald. Therefore Mrs. Begg was mistaken in saying that "The Lass of Cessnock Banks" was the subject of these lines. Burns remarks thus: "Poor Peggy! Her husband is my old acquaintance, and a most worthy fellow. When I was taking leave of my Carrick friends, intending to go to the West Indies, I took farewell of her, but neither of us could speak a syllable."]

ONCE fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere—
Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows:—
And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
One friendly sigh for him—he asks no more—
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar.

 ON DINING WITH LORD DAER.*

[This interview took place, in 1786, at the house of Professor Dugald Stewart, who then resided in a villa at Catrine, a few miles from the poet's farm. By invitation, Burns, accompanied by Mr. M'Kenzie, surgeon at Mauchline, dined with the philosopher, and Lord Daer, eldest son of the Earl of Selkirk, who had been a pupil of Professor Stewart, had joined the party by chance. The public are indebted to the Professor for the preservation of this clever production of the poet: he sent it to Dr. Currie, along with an elegantly expressed account of the meeting referred to in the poem, and interesting observations on the manners and deportment of Burns at that period.]

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, *alias* Burns,
October twenty-third—
A ne'er to be forgotten day—
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

* Lord Daer, a nobleman of great promise, died in November, 1794, leaving the succession open to his younger brother, the late Thomas, Earl of Selkirk.

I've been at druken *writers'* feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests—
 Wi' reverence be it spoken!
I've even joined the honour'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,
 Their hydra-drouth did sloken!

But wi' a Lord!—stand out my shin!
A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son!
 Up higher yet my bonnet!
An' sic a Lord!—lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
 As I look o'er my sonnet.

But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr!—
 And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavin, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
 He in the parlour hammer'd!

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his lordship steal't a look
 Like some portentous omen!
Except good-sense and social glee,
An'—what surprised me—modesty,
 I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
 The arrogant assuming;
The feint a pride—nae pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
 Mair than an honest ploughman!

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,
 One rank as well's another;
Nae honest, worthy man need care,
To meet with noble youthful DAER,
 For he but meets a brother.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

[This unfortunate prince died in 1738. Up to that date it had been a custom with the keen Jacobites in Edinburgh to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday on the 31st of December, and it would appear that Burns was induced to compose an ode for the Jacobite demonstration of 31st December, 1787: but in consequence of being laid up with a bruised limb at that time, he could not attend personally. The complete Ode is recorded in the Glenriddel MS.; but Dr. Currie printed only the following excerpt from it. He observes that in the opening portion of the suppressed lines there is some beautiful imagery, which the poet afterwards interwove in the song called the *Chevalier's Lament*.]

* * * * *
* * * * *

FALSE flatterer, Hope, away!
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more;
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,
Submissive, low, adore.

Ye honoured mighty dead!
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
Your king, your country, and her laws!
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
And fell a martyr in her arms,
(What breast of northern ice but warms?)
To bold Balmerino's undying name,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heavens high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.

Not unrevenged your fate shall be,
It only lags the fatal hour;
Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awake at last th' unsparing power.
As from the cliff, with thundering course,
The snowy ruin smokes along,
With doubling speed and gathering force,
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
So vengeance * * * *

THE ANSWER TO THE GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE.

[This much admired production of Burns was written in March, 1787, while his Edinburgh poems were at the press. At that period, during the blaze of his first reputation, many admiring rhymsters ventured to address him by way of compliment, and he felt constrained to answer one of these—a lady, aged 60, who enjoyed some reputation as a paintress and poetess, namely Mrs. Elizabeth Rutherford or Scott, the wife of Mr. Walter Scott, a farmer, and proprietor of Wauchope House, near Jedburgh. She was niece of Mrs. Cockburn, authoress of the popular song, "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling."

The reference in the closing verse of Burns' poem, is to an offer the lady made to send him a "maud," or marled plaid, such as is usually worn by shepherds. In her complimentary epistle, dated from Wauchope House, she concluded with these lines:—

"O gif I kenn'd but whare ye baide,
I'd send to you a marled plaid;
'Twad haud your shouthers warm and brow,
And douce at kirk or market shaw;
Frae south as weel as north, my lad,
A' honest Scotsmen lo'e the maud."

We know not whether the plaid was ever sent, but in May following, when in the course of his Border tour with young Ainslie, the poet paid her a visit, and it would appear he was not peculiarly *taken* with her. His entry, recording this visit, is as follows:—"Wauchope—Mr. Scott, exactly the figure and face commonly given to Sancho Panza—very shrewd in his farming matters, and not unfrequently stumbles on what may be called a strong thing, rather a good thing. Mrs. Scott, all the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision which usually distinguish female authors." At Dunbar, happening to mention "Mrs. Fall, a genius in painting," he adds, "fully more clever in the fine arts and sciences than my friend Lady Wauchope, without her consummate assurance of her own abilities."

It may be stated that the poem in the text, along with the "Gudewife's" letter, to which it is a reply, were published at London, in 1801, long subsequent to the "Gudewife's" death, in a volume entitled, "Alonza and Cora, and other Original Poems. By Elizabeth Scot, a native of Edinburgh."]

GUDEWIFE,

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

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

But still the elements o' sang
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,
 Wild floated in my brain ;
 Till on that hairst I said before,
 My partner in the merry core,
 She rous'd the forming strain :
 I see her yet, the sonsy quean,
 That lighted up my jingle,
 Her pauky smile, her kittle een
 That gar't my heart-strings tingle ;
 So touchèd, bewitchèd,
 I rav'd aye to mysel' ;
 But bashing and dashing,
 I kend na how to tell.†

Hale to the sex ! ilk gude chiel' says,
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,
 An' we to share in common :
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
 The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
 Is rapture-giving woman !
 Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name !
 Be mindfu' o' your mither ;
 She, honest woman, may think shame
 That ye're connected with her.

* *Var.*—I turn'd my weeder-clips aside. † See Song—"My handsome Nell."

Ye're wae men, ye're nae men
 That slight the lovely dears;
 To shame ye—disclaim ye,
 Ilk honest birkie swears!

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

March, 1787.

R. BURNS.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE TOMB OF ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET,
 BORN, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1751—DIED, 16TH OCTOBER, 1774.

[On 16th February, 1787, Burns applied to the kirk managers of the parish of Canongate, Edinburgh, for permission to erect a stone over the remains of the poet Fergusson, obtained the formal sanction of that body on the 22nd of same month. The poet employed a namesake, Mr. Robert Burn, architect, to erect the stone and cut the inscription. The cost was £5 10s. The poet, in sending payment of the account, in February, 1792, wrote thus concerning it:—"Mr. Burn was two years in erecting it after I had commissioned him for it, and I have been two years more in paying him, so he and I are quits." For the restoration and preservation of this interesting monument, the public are indebted to the tasteful consideration of the widow of the distinguished Edinburgh artist, Mr. Hugh Williams, painter of the celebrated "Views in Greece." She bequeathed a sum of money for that purpose, and from this fund the erection has been adorned with a tasteful fence and convenient approach.]

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
 ' No storied urn nor animated bust,' †
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
 To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

* *Var.*—The marled plaid ye kindly spare
 For me, richt gratefully I'd wear.

† Gray's Elegy.

EX TEMPORE,

ON THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SMELLIE, AUTHOR OF THE
'PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY,' AND MEMBER OF
THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

[This sketch, like the fragment on Creech, is understood to have been intended as a portion of the "Poet's Progress."—(See note, page 343, Vol. I.) Smellie was printer of the poet's Edinburgh edition, and a man of considerable literary reputation. He was also a member of the social club named the *Crochallan Fencibles*, which Burns was induced to join.—(See note to "Rattlin', roarin' Willie," page 233, Vol. I.) Smellie died in June, 1795.]

To Crochallan came

The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night,
His uncombed grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd,
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
Yet tho' his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

COPY OF A POETICAL ADDRESS TO
MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,*

WITH THE PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

[This was inscribed in a letter to that aged worthy, in 1787. The picture referred to may have been either a proof-impression of Beugo's engraving, or a *silhouette* profile by Miers, of which a *fac-simile* is given in Hogg & Motherwell's edition of Burns. After transcribing the verses in the text, the poet added as follows:—"My muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on me, and I have not got again into her good graces. Do me the justice to believe me sincere in my grateful remembrance of the many civilities you have honoured me with since I came to Edinburgh."]

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected—
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected:
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor, friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more if that wand'rer were royal.

* Author of "An Enquiry into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots, 1759."

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

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The Queen, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;
 Their title's avow'd by my country.

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

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

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

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

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED IN THE HIGHLANDS,
 IN 1787.

[This is pointed out to have been at Dalnacardoch, about 11 miles north of Blair Athole. The poet, in his journal of September, 1787, notes being there, but no more.]

WHEN death's dark stream I ferry o'er—
 A time that surely *shall* come—
 In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
 Than just a Highland welcome !

* The three lines in brackets were, for obvious reasons, omitted by Currie and in all editions, down to that of Pickering, in 1839.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

[This gentleman belonged to Ayrshire, and was a member of the banking-house of Sir William Forbes and Company. He died 1st July, 1787.

Chambers observes of this elegy:—"It cannot be said that these verses form a happy example of Burns' powers; but they are interesting from their local allusions, and comprise one or two lines not unworthy to have proceeded from the bowers of Twickenham."

The poet sent a copy to his friend Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, and attached to it were these words:—"My honoured friend, the melancholy occasion of the foregoing poem affects not only individuals, but a country. That I have lost a friend is but repeating after Caledonia."]

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

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

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

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

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

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

* The King's Park at Holyrood House.—(R. B.)

† St. Anthony's Well.—(R. B.)

‡ St. Anthony's Chapel.—(R. K.)

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

‘ A weeping country joins a widow’s tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan’s cry,
The drooping arts surround their patron’s bier,
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh !

‘ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire,
I saw fair freedom’s blossoms richly blow ;
But, ah ! how hope is born but to expire !
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

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

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

* A copy of this Elegy, in the handwriting of the poet, is in the possession of Mr. Wm. Aitken of Mayfield, Birmingham, who kindly communicated to the publisher a transcript of the original, with the following observations:—“ Verse 2, line 3—variation in MS.—

‘ Or mus’d where erst the Saint’s reverèd well,
And mould’ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.’

These lines, as printed in Currie, have rather an obscure and stiff effect: the word ‘well’ is there intended as a verb, *to well—to flow out*, while in the MS. it is a noun. On the other hand, the making ‘reverèd’ a word of three syllables is a defect which Burns often fell into in composition, a practice reckoned antiquated, and disallowed even in his day. What the poet meant was—

‘ And mus’d beside Saint Anthon’s hallow’d Well,
Where mould’ring ruins mark his sacred Fane.’

There are several other variations; but, on the whole, the printed copy is an improvement on that of the MS. For instance, in 5th verse, ‘glow’ for *flow*, and ‘imbued’ for *embrued*; in 7th verse, ‘honest pride’ for *honour’s pride*; in 9th verse, ‘ancient fire’ for *wonted fire*; and in 10th verse, ‘lie unsung,’ and ‘tongue,’ for *fall in vain*, and *strain*.”

EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

[At page 342, Vol. I., the reader has seen the poet's *Fourth* Epistle to Mr. Graham. Here we have his *First* Epistle, dated about September, 1788. In February of that year he had, through the aid of that gentleman, obtained his appointment to the Excise, regarding which he thus wrote to a friend:—"I got this without any hanging-on, or mortifying solicitation; and though poor in comparison of the last eighteen months of my life, it is luxury in comparison of all my preceding existence." After six weeks' excise instructions, and the production of a certificate of efficiency, he received his commission, which commission lay beside him unused till the month of August 1789, when, upon application, he was appointed to enter on his duties in that district of Dumfrireshire where lay his farm of Ellisland.

Of the present poem, Chambers observes:—"The flow of versification and felicity of diction for which Burns' Scottish poems and songs are remarkable, vanish when he attempts the southern strain. We see this well exemplified in a poem of the present summer, in which he aimed at the style of Pope's *Moral Epistles*, while at the same time he sought to advance his personal fortunes through the medium of a patron."]

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece designed,
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind—
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan—
She form'd of various parts, the various Man.

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

The ordered system fair before her stood,
Nature, well pleased, pronounced it very good;
But ere she gave creating labour o'er,
Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more:

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

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

Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train,
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives, tho' humbly *takes* enough ;
 The little fate allows, they share as soon :
 Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard-wrung boon,
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,—
 Ah, that ' the friendly e'er should want a friend !'
 Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
 Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)
 Who make poor *will do* wait upon *I should*—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !

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

F R A G M E N T,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[On 4th April, 1789, the poet included a considerable portion of this poem in a letter he then wrote to Mrs. Dunlop. He says, "I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate or rather inscribe to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold I cannot say. A few of the first lines I have just rough-sketch'd as follow." It is proper to mention that the twelve concluding lines of this poem were not given by Currie, but first printed in the *Aldine* edition, 1839.]

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
 How genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
 At once may illustrate and honour my story.—
 Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
 Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
 With knowledge so vast and with judgment so strong,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;
 With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;
 A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
 For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

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

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely * labours,
 That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its
 neighbours:
 Mankind are † his show box—a friend, would you know
 him?
 Pull the string—ruling passion the picture will show him!

* *Var.*—Warmly.† *Var.*—Human nature's.

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

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

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

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

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

TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

Ellisland, 21st Oct., 1789.

[The poet had written a letter to his venerable friend, Dr. Blacklock, which he intrusted to Robert Heron, then a student of Divinity, to deliver to him, but Heron had proved unfaithful to his trust. The Doctor feeling uneasy at Burns' long silence, wrote him a kind letter in verse, which brought forth the following characteristic reply and explanation:—

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

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

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

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

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

* "He ventured the *Soul*, and I risk'd the *Body*."—*Jolly Beggars*.

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

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

Come, FIRM RESOLVE, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair:
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time),
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife,
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully my gude auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.*

ROBERT BURNS.

* Blacklock—blind from childhood—was born in 1721, and died in 1791. Dr. Johnson visited him in 1773, and “looked on him with reverence.” Heron calls him “an angel upon earth;” and Lockhart eloquently observes,—“The writings of Blacklock are forgotten; but the memory of his virtues will not pass away, until mankind shall have ceased to sympathise with the misfortunes of genius, and to appreciate the poetry of Burns.”

WRITTEN IN AN ENVELOPE,
ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

[Sometime in the autumn of 1789, the poet addressed a letter to Grose, which we quoted in our note at page 360, Vol. I.; and not being certain of the Captain's address, he enclosed the letter in an envelope addressed to Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary in Edinburgh, and within the wrapper he wrote the following humorous lines, which are a kind of parody of an old song, commencing:—

“Ken ye ought o' Sir John Malcolm? Igo and ago;
If he's a wise man, I mistak' him! Iram, coram, dago.”]

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose—
Igo and ago—
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?
Igo and ago,
Or hauding Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo and ago,
Or drownèd in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daurna steer him,
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store—
Igo and ago—
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession—
 Igo and ago—
 The coins o' Satan's coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago.

SKETCH—NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1790.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

[The poet seldom failed to address Mrs. Dunlop—either in verse or prose—on New-Year's Day—always a red-letter day in his Calendar. Here he invites her to join him in moralizing on a favourite theme of hers—the immortality of the soul. He well knew the art of shaping his discourse according to the complexion of his audience:—

“The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies!”]

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
 To run the twelvemonth's length again :—
 I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
 With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
 Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
 To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
 In vain assail him with their prayer ;
 Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
 Nor makes the hour one moment less.
 Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;
 Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
 And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray ;)*
 From housewife cares a minute borrow—
 That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
 And join with me a-moralizing,
 This day's propitious to be wise in.
 First, what did yesternight deliver ?
 ‘ Another year is gone for ever.’
 And what is this day's strong suggestion ?
 ‘ The passing moment's all we rest on !’
 Rest on—for what ? what do we here ?
 Or why regard the passing year ?

* Major, afterwards General Dunlop, the lady's son. Rachael and Keith were her daughters ; the one engaged in making a painting from Burns' *Vision* ; the other, from Gray's *Elegy*.

Will time, amused with proverb'd lore,
 Add to our date one minute more?
 A few days may—a few years must—
 Repose us in the silent dust.
 Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies:
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight:
 That future-life in worlds unknown
 Must take its hue from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woeful night,—
 Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends;
 Let us the important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.
 Though you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that filial circle round
 (A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
 A sight, pale envy to convulse),
 Others now claim your chief regard;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY
 EVENING, 1790.

[Before the close of 1789, the poet had grown sadly discouraged regarding his farm, and he would often steal down to Dumfries to cheer his gloom by temporary excitement at the theatre or elsewhere. On 11th January, 1790, he wrote thus to his brother Gilbert:—"My nerves are in a d— state. I feel that horrid hypochondria pervading every atom of both body and soul. This farm has undone my enjoyment of myself. It is a ruinous affair on all hands. But let it go to —! I'll fight it out and be off with it."

"We have got a decent set of players here just now, and I have seen them an evening or two. The manager of the company, Mr. Sutherland, is a man of apparent worth. On New-Year's-Day evening I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause:"]—

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:

Though, by-the-bye, abroad why will you roam?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good new-year!
 Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
 The sage grave ancient coughed, and bade me say:
 'You're one year older this important day.'
 If wiser, too—he hinted some suggestion,
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
 He bade me on you press this one word—'think!'^{*}

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

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

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

^{*} There is a characteristic variation here in a MS. copy possessed by Mr. Greenshields of Kerse:—

“ Said ‘Sutherland, in one word, bid them THINK!’ ”

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT
THE POET A NEWSPAPER,

AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

[Chambers considers that this jocular rhyming epistle was addressed in Feb., 1790, to Mr. Peter Stuart, editor of *The Star* newspaper, London, to whom the poet had previously "sent various contributions in prose and verse." The closing couplet does not mean that he returns the paper to the sender; but that he gratefully sends back a *rhyming* abstract of the news. The text shews moreover, that he had read the paper to some purpose; for his summary of the history of Europe at that period is most comprehensive and correct.]

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,
And, faith, to me 'twas really new!
How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted?
This mony a day I've graned and gaunted
To ken what French mischief was brewin',
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin';
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt:
If Denmark, anybody spak' o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't;
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin';
How libbet Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:
Or how our merry lads at hame,
In Britain's court, kept up the game;
How Royal George—the Lord leuk o'er him!—
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cesses, stents, and fees were raxed,
Or if bare ——— yet were taxed;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;

If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails;
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,
 And no' a perfect kintra cooser.
 A' this and mair I never heard of,
 And but for you I might despaired of.
 So gratefu', back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' gude things may attend you!

Ellisland, Monday morning, 1790.

ELEGY

ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

[This beautiful young lady, to whom reference is made in the poet's *Address to Edinburgh* (page 181, Vol. I.), died of consumption on 17th June, 1790; and so far onward as the 23rd January, 1791, we find the poet thus writing to Alexander Cunningham:—"I have these several months been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get no farther than the following fragment, on which, please give me your strictures." This is sufficient to prove that Burns did not invariably compose without labour. His high esteem for the deceased seems to have imposed this task on his muse. A few months before her death he thus made reference to her in one of his letters:—"Miss Burnet is not more dear to her guardian angel, nor his Grace of Q—— to the powers of darkness, than my friend Cunningham to me!"]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY,
 ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR, 10TH AUGUST, 1789.

[The favour referred to was the poet's being nominated to the excise district round Ellisland. The date of this beautiful effusion of gratitude is made certain by the postmark on the original letter to Mr. Graham containing it, now in the hands of Mr. Gibson Craig, W.S., of Edinburgh. Therefore this must be reckoned the *second* of four poetical epistles addressed to Mr. Graham, instead of the *fourth*, as arranged by Chambers. The closing couplet is now for the first time printed in connection with the poem.]

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

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
 And all ye many sparkling stars of night;
 If aught that giver from my mind efface;
 If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
 Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
 Only to number out a villain's years!
 [I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
 And grateful would, but cannot speak the rest.]

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE
ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

[At the Dumfries Theatre, under the management of Mr. Sutherland, a pretty young actress—Miss Fontenelle—formed one of the company during the winter of 1792, and also of the year following. The local newspapers announced her benefit-night for 26th November, 1792, and that after the play—*The Country Girl*—she would “deliver an occasional address, written by Mr. Robert Burns, called *The Rights of Woman*.” At that period the government of this country was in great alarm regarding the spread of what were termed liberal or revolutionary opinions. Paine had produced his “Rights of Man,” and Mary Wolstoncroft was advocating the “Rights of Woman,” and many thought that the line,

“Truce with kings, and truce with constitutions”—

the fourth from the end in this Address, was by far too bold, and that the finishing-stroke, *ça ira!* was intolerable.

Chambers records, that a lady with whom he once conversed, “remembered being present in the theatre of Dumfries, during the heat of the Revolution, when Burns entered the pit somewhat affected by liquor. On *God save the King* being struck up by the band, the audience rose as usual—all except the intemperate poet, who cried for *ça ira!* A tumult was the consequence, and Burns was compelled to leave the house.”

Immediately after this, namely in December, 1792, Collector Mitchell confounded him with the information that he had received an order from the Board of Excise to enquire into his political conduct, as one blamed for being disaffected to the government.]

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

First, in the sexes’ intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is—Protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th’ impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate’s the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He’d die before he’d wrong it, ’tis—Decorum.
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time when rough, rude man had naughty ways ;

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet.
 Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
 Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.*

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That Right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear Admiration!
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love!
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares,—
 When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,—
 Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?
 But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
 With bloody armaments and revolutions!
 Let majesty your first attention summon,
 Ah! *ça ira!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN!

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH JANUARY 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF
 THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING
 IN A MORNING WALK.

[The only remark we have to make in connection with this elegantly versified little poem, is to express our surprise that Dr. Currie, with the same before his eyes, giving the date of the author's birthday in its title, could have been so inaccurate as to set down in the first edition of his biography of the poet, the "29th January" as the date! It was corrected in his second edition, but the error has been copied in many editions of Burns, down to the year 1816; aye, even onwards to 1826. In "Dove's English Classics," published in the latter year, the error was reproduced, and down to a comparatively recent period it was not uncommon to hear of the "Burns Anniversary" being celebrated on the 29th of the month.]

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

* An ironical allusion to the annual saturnalia of the Caledonian Hunt at Dumfries.

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

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

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

IMPROMPTU,

ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY, 4TH NOVEMBER, 1793.

[This successful little compliment, to the accomplished Maria Riddel, appears among the poet's productions of this period like sunshine before rain; for very shortly thereafter, a quarrel ensued between these good friends, and Burns' pen seems dipped in gall when he writes of her after this time.]

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

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

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT,
DECEMBER 4TH, 1793.

[In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, which Dr. Currie has erroneously set down as written in 1795, the poet refers to this production as follows:—"24th December. We have had a brilliant theatre here this season; only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—*want of cash*. I mentioned our theatre merely to lug in an occasional address, which I wrote for the benefit-night of one of the actresses, which is as follows." All the poet's biographers, including the accurate Chambers, have accepted Dr. Currie's date, and thereby launched themselves into a labyrinth of difficulty in tracing the course of the poet's illness during the latter part of 1795, and onwards till his death in July, 1796.

The poet's letter to Mrs. Dunlop on 31st January, 1796, intimating that after many weeks of sick-bed he had only once been before his door in the street, is correctly dated. He there complains that "these many months" she had been two packets in his debt. How then could he have written to her only one month before? The slightest examination of the contents of the letter referred to, shew at once that Christmas, 1793, instead of 1795, is its proper date. He begins by referring to the illness of "a sweet little girl—my youngest child." Now, at Christmas, 1795, his youngest child was the boy James Glencairn; for the autumn of that year—as he tells that lady in his letter of 31st January, 1796—"robbed him of his only daughter and darling child." Another proof of the erroneous date is visible in the reference therein made to a MS. book of his letters he was then forming for Riddel of Glenriddel, and Riddel died in April, 1794. His words are—"I have written, and *am writing them out* in a bound MS. for my friend's library."

What seems to have misled Currie and all his followers in regard to the date of this important letter, is the poet's apparent reference to his approaching death: we say *apparent* reference, for, upon closer inspection, it turns out to be no more than one of those foreboding anticipations which he was wont to indulge in. His words are these—"If I am nipt off at the command of fate, *even in all the vigour of manhood as I am*—such things happen every day—Gracious God! what would become of my little flock?"

It is hoped that the reader will pardon this long, and perhaps digressive note, for the sake of its importance in correcting the careless chronology and inexcusable inattention of the poet's editors to the sense and meaning of the writings they undertake to edit.]

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes!
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.
'Ma'am, let me tell you,' quoth my man of rhymes,
'I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears,

With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence ;
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentence ;
 Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land ?'

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
 D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying ?
 I'll laugh, that's poz—nay, more, the world shall know it ;
 And so, your servant ! gloomy Master Poet !
 Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
 That Misery's another word for Grief ;
 I also think—so may I be a bride !
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye ;
 Doomed to that sorest task of man alive—
 To make three guineas do the work of five : *
 Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch !
 Say, you'll be merry, though you can't be rich.
 Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove ;
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest to meditate the healing leap :
 Wouldst thou be cured ? thou silly, moping elf !
 Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself :
 Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

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

* "At present, every guinea has a five-guinea errand with me."—*Letter—Burns to Peter Hill, April, 2, 1789.*

"The task of the superlatively damned—to make one guinea do the business of three."—*Letter, Burns to Maxwell, December 20, 1789.*

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG, NAMED ECHO.

[The date of this versicle is July, 1793. It had its birth during the poet's pleasant tour in Galloway with his friend, Mr. Syme, which that gentleman has so well narrated in a letter to Dr. Currie. At the house of Mr. Gordon, afterwards Viscount Kenmure, the travellers were entertained three days. "Mrs. Gordon's lap-dog, *Echo*, was dead. She would have an epitaph on him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to the distaff. He disliked the subject, but to please the lady, he would try. Here is what he produced:"]—

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore!
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys!
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

 SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD
OFFENDED.

[Mr. Walter Riddel, brother of the Laird of Glenriddel, and husband of Mrs. Maria Riddel, whose birthday the poet had lately celebrated in his own way, is understood to have been the gentleman to whom these lines were sent, as part of an apology for some indiscretion committed by him on the previous evening. The "savage hospitality" of those times was one of the forms of seduction which the poet had not the firmness—indeed, scarcely the inclination to withstand, and, as Mr. Chambers truly observes, "it is to be feared that his friends at Woodley Park were amongst those who took the lead in thus seducing him from the quiet domestic life in which it was his duty, and would otherwise have been his pleasure, to dwell. The details of Burns' misconduct which led to the estrangement betwixt such intimate friends as Mrs. Riddel and him, have not been given, but have often been surmised. In a letter that he addressed to her next day, dated *from the infernal regions*, he speaks of "the impropriety of my conduct yesternight under your roof," and longs to be "reinstated in the good opinion of the fair circle whom my conduct last night so much injured." He adds,—“To the men of the company I will make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt.”]

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way,
The fumes of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray)—
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
 Ah! why should I such scenes outlive?—
 Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
 'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

MONODY.

ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

[Capriciousness, according to Burns, was the ruling foible of Mrs. Maria Riddel (the "Eliza" of this satire.) Another of her sins, he informed Smellie the printer, in a letter of introduction to him, was *want of hypocrisy*. "This failing," he says, "you will easily discover, as she seems rather pleased with indulging in it, and a failing that you will easily pardon, as it is a sin which very much besets yourself; where she dislikes or despises, she is apt to make no more a secret of it than where she esteems and respects."

The poet's letters to Mrs. Riddel, immediately after the disruption between them (about Christmas, 1793), manifest great anxiety to be reinstated in her favour; but, disappointed in this, that "stubborn something in man" which he so dearly cherished, asserted its position, and rendered a reconciliation for a long while hopeless. Thus he wrote to her,—“In a face where I used to meet the kind complacency of friendly confidence, *now* to find cold neglect and contemptuous scorn, is a wrench that my heart can ill bear. It is, however, some kind of miserable good-luck, that while *de-haut-en-bas* rigour may depress an unoffending wretch to the ground, it has a tendency to rouse a stubborn something in his bosom, which though it cannot heal the wounds of his soul, is at least an opiate to blunt their poignancy.”

Shortly after writing the following ill-tempered lampoon, he addressed the last letter to his Clarinda which has been preserved, and he introduces this poem to her notice thus:—"Tell me what you think of the following Monody: the subject is a woman of fashion in this country, with whom I was formerly well acquainted. By some scandalous conduct to me, and two or three other gentlemen here as well as me, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of several ill-natured things. The following epigram struck me the other day as I passed her carriage."

The epigram here referred to, Robert Chambers has declined to print, on the ground of its utter unworthiness of the poet, and its coarse injustice to the lady who was its theme. He notes, however, that the MS. is in the possession of Mr. W. F. Watson, bookseller, Edinburgh.]

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened!
 How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
 How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
 From friendship and dearest affection removed;
 How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
 Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved!

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

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

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

THE EPITAPH.

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

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF FRIARS' CARSE.

[The poet's friend of old-standing—Glenriddel, whose board was "so noted for drowning of sorrow and care," had also become estranged to Burns in consequence of the rupture with his relatives of Woodley Park. He died in April, 1794, unreconciled to the bard of *The Whistle*. The poet, however, to his honour, remembering only the worth of his deceased friend, and former loving-kindness, immediately penned the following elegaic sonnet on the sad event. So promptly was this done, that the verses appeared in the Dumfries newspaper along with the announcement of Glenriddel's death.]

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

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend!
 That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.

* Var. in MS., followed by Currie, verse 1:—

"Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
 Thou young-eyed Spring, thy charms I cannot bear."

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier :
The Man of Worth—and hath not left his peer !
Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet ;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet. *

TO MISS GRAHAM, OF FINTRY,
WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

[In July, 1794, the poet, in a letter to Thomson, transcribed these verses with the remark—"I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine, Mr. Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank side of the title-page the following address to the young lady:"]—

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers joined,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives ;
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant, jar thy bosom-chords among ;
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song :

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

TO DR. MAXWELL,
ON MISS JESSY STAIG'S RECOVERY.

[In November, 1794, in writing to Thomson, the poet asked him thus:—"How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever? Dr. Maxwell was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave; and to him I address the following." The reader will understand that Miss Staig was the *Jessie* of the song given at page 48.]

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny :
You save fair Jessy from the grave!—
An angel could not die!

* Var. in MS., verse 2.—"please" for *charm*, "pours" for *flows*.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTREE,
THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

[This is a compliment to the hero of the poet's Kirkcudbright election ballads of 1795—to be afterwards given.]

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resigned;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,—
Approach this shrine, and worship here!

TO CHLORIS.

[Along with the two last songs which this lady formed the subject of—namely "Bonie was yon rosy brier," and "This is no' my ain lassie"—the poet, in his letter to Thomson, dated 3rd August, 1795, transcribed these beautiful verses, explaining as follows:—"Written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poems, presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris."]

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

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

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;—
And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower:

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

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

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

Une bagatelle de l'amitie.

COILA.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

[This friend the poet names in his "Commonplace Book," April, 1784, to have been William Muir, of Tarbolton Mill. It is one of his very best.]

AN honest man here lies at rest
As e'er God with his image blest !
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth ;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed :
If there's another world, he lives in bliss ;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

["Godliness, with contentment, is great gain," is the maxim illustrated in this prettily turned stanza.]

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent :
And, if it please Thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content. *Amen !*

TO MR. SYME,
WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

[John Syme, who had a country house called Ryedale, on the Galloway side of the Nith, near Dumfries, was distributor of stamps in that town, and had his office on the ground floor of the tenement which the poet occupied in the "Wee Vennel" when he first took up his abode in Dumfries. A very great intimacy sprung up between Syme and the poet, who made his friend the subject of several well-turned compliments, in the form of epigrams, which are usually printed among the poet's works.]

OH, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind,
A gift that even for Syme were fit.

Jerusalem Tavern, Dumfries.

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME.
17TH DECEMBER, 1795.

[This was during the poet's fatal illness, when neither the wine nor the wit of "Stamp Office Johnie" could "med'cine him to the sweet sleep" which he once enjoyed.]

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation ;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS,
WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

[The books and the kind wishes, so well expressed, and so well deserved, formed a present to the warm-hearted friend of Mrs. Burns who attended on the bard so assiduously during his death-bed illness. Other compliments paid to her in verse will be found farther on.]

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer,
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name :
With native worth, and spotless fame,

And wakeful caution, still aware
 Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare ;
 All blameless joys on earth we find,
 And all the treasures of the mind ;—
 These be thy guardian and reward ;
 So prays thy faithful friend, *the Bard*.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

[This gentleman was a superior officer in connection with the poet's excise districts, both at Ellisland and Dumfries. Mr. Chambers records that Burns also looked up to him as a literary friend well qualified to criticise his poetical effusions submitted to him from time to time, having been educated for the church.

The following rhymed epistle, addressed to Mr. Mitchell, appears from its allusions to have been penned about the end of December, 1795, when a temporary favourable turn in the progress of his fatal rheumatic disorder cheered the poet so much that he was induced on the 28th of next month—for some purpose of fancied importance—to attend a Mason Lodge meeting. It was about that time the unhappy circumstance alluded to by Currie took place, which brought back his trouble with increased virulence, and never left him till he was relieved by death. Dr. Currie's account is as follows:—"From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the house. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated." Tradition adds that the poet on his way home sat down on some steps projecting into the street, and, falling asleep there, became fatally chilled. Chambers remarks—"In this little accident, and not in the pressure of poverty or disrepute, or wounded feelings, or a broken heart, truly lay the determining cause of the sadly shortened days of our great national poet."

There can, however, be little doubt that the poet's illness really began to assume its deadly form in the autumn of 1795. He is his own best biographer. In February, 1794, he writes to Cunningham—"My constitution and frame were, *ab origine*, blasted with a deep, incurable taint of hypochondria, which poisons my existence." In June following, he writes to another friend—"I am afraid that I am about to suffer for the follies of my youth: my medical friends threaten me with a *flying gout*; but I trust they are mistaken." From this time, till autumn 1795, we hear nothing of any bodily ailment; then, however, there is a sudden muteness in his lyre, and a total suspension of his recorded correspondence till January, 1796. On 31st of that month, he thus writes to Mrs. Dunlop:—"I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child. I had scarcely begun to recover from that shock, when I became myself the victim of a most severe rheumatic fever, and long the die spun doubtful; until, after many weeks of a sick-bed, it seems to have turned up life, and I am beginning to crawl across my room, and once indeed, have been before my own door in the street." (This exception must have been on the 28th, to attend the Lodge meeting referred to above.) In May following he writes,—"I cannot boast of returning health. I have reason to believe that my complaint is a *flying gout*—a sad business!"]

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

Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld were it,
Would pain and care and sickness spare it;
And fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve!
And aye a rowth roast beef and claret;
Syne, wha wad starve?

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

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches like baudrons by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on—
He's aff like fire.

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

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

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

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives ;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
Horatian fame ;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld! survives
E'en Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus! wha matches?
(They're nae *herd's ballats*—Maro's catches!)
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters!—
I pass by hunders—nameless wretches,
That ape their betters!

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

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

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

CLOSING NOTE TO POEMS IN CURRIE'S EDITION

The success of Dr. Currie's publication was so great, that four editions, of 2000 copies each, were disposed of in the first four years. The subscription or *Liverpool edition*, for the benefit of the poet's family, realized for that end nearly £1400. It was printed in an unusual style of elegance, by John M'Creery of that town, and is even now sought after as a specimen of fine typography.

When the fourteen years' copyright of Currie's edition expired, and other publishers began to reprint it as common property, Messrs. Cadell & Davies endeavoured, by engaging Gilbert Burns to add notes and make such changes on the work as might give it a new and superior character, to maintain a preference for their own impressions in the market. This edition of Gilbert Burns, who received £250 for his labours, appeared in 1820, and produced only disappointment to the public, and failure in so far as the views of the publishers were concerned. No poetical pieces which had been excluded by Currie were admitted; the notes introduced by the editor were few and unimportant; and, instead of something new regarding the poet being given, the readers were furnished with copies of two controversial letters on Burns' character—the one by Mr. Alexander Findlater, supervisor of excise, and the other by the Rev. James Gray. To these were added a formal dissertation from Gilbert's pen, on the effect of the Presbyterian form of religious worship upon the Scottish national character—a fitting companion to Dr. Currie's essay on the character and condition of the Scottish peasantry, and to his own excellent letter on Education in Scotland, which appeared in Currie's second edition (1801.)

Gilbert Burns had struggled on with the farm of Mossgiel till a year after the poet's death, when he removed to the farm of Dinning, at Closeburn, in Nithsdale, where he married a Miss Breckonridge, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters. In 1804, Lady Blantyre appointed him as her factor at Lethington, or *Lennox-Love*, in East Lothian; and to his farm there, called Grant's Braes, he brought his aged mother and three sisters. In 1820, the poet's mother died there, nearly 88 years old; Gilbert himself died in 1827, in his 68th year, five of his children having predeceased him. One of his sons was appointed to succeed him as land-steward on the Lethington estate.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS PUBLISHED BY THOMAS STEWART, 1801.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

At page 82, we referred to the first appearance of the *Jolly Beggars*, in a chap-book form, two years prior to the above date: that famous Cantata was advertised in the following terms on the outside cover of the precious little tract, issued on 3rd August, 1799:—

“Of Stewart & Meikle may be had, THE JOLLY BEGGARS, a Cantata. By Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet. Printed from the author's own manuscript. This piece, now printed for the first time, consists of RECITATIVE and SONGS. It is descriptive of the mirth and hilarity peculiar to the travelling tribe, when, after the fatigues of the day, they assemble in a hedge ale-house, to drink, as the author expresses it, ‘their orra duddies;’ and it will be considered by the admirers of Burns, as one of the happiest efforts of his genius.

“And on Saturday next, will be published, price Twopence, HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, A LETTER TO JOHN GOUDIE, and some other small pieces, by Robert Burns, never before published.”

The contents of these interesting little books, having been collected together, were published in one volume octavo, under the following title:—

“POEMS ASCRIBED TO ROBERT BURNS, THE AYRSHIRE BARD, not contained in any edition of his works hitherto published. Glasgow: printed by Chapman & Lang, for Thomas Stewart, Bookseller and Stationer. 1801.”

The preface, which is well written, refers to the disadvantage the new publication lay under, from the naturally prevailing idea that whatever was omitted in the Liverpool edition, might be reckoned unworthy of the public eye. “But,” says the editor, “let readers judge for themselves. The *Jolly Beggars*, independently of the other poems, would be a sufficient recommendation to any collection. For humorous description, and nice discrimination of character, it is inferior to no poem of the same length, in the whole range of English poetry. The Recitative part is possessed of very considerable merit; but the Songs constitute its chief excellence. They are sufficiently familiar and witty, without falling too low, or rising too much above the simplicity of a song: the measure is judiciously varied, and always adapted to the subject.

“An approach to licentiousness in some pieces, exposed Burns when alive to the scoffs of the illiberal, which still insults his ashes. But let the self-sufficient who asperse the memory of a son of genius for some slight deviations from decorum, remember to appreciate his merit also, and to be more attentive to a declaration sanctioned by greater than human authority, that ‘TO THE PURE, ALL THINGS ARE PURE.’”

So very favourable was the verdict of the public, regarding the poems in that volume, that the edition was speedily exhausted, and another issued—of a smaller size—from the same press, during the same year, by another publisher (William M'Lellan, Glasgow.) And even before the year expired, another Glasgow bookseller—Thomas Duncan, Saltmarket—produced an edition of Burns, embracing the *Jolly Beggars*, and other rare pieces of the poet. In 1802, appeared Stewart's edition of Burns' poems (18mo.), containing all the additional pieces above referred to, with an appendix, consisting of extracts from the poet's correspondence with *Clarinda*. The appendix was afterwards suppressed, in consequence of legal proceedings instituted by the authorized publishers of the poet's works; and hence it is a rare thing to find a copy of Stewart's edition containing the appendix.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

A CANTATA.

[This famous performance appears to have been composed while the author was at Mossgiel in 1785. His early associates, James Smith, John Richmond, and William Hunter, used to tell that in their company, the poet incidentally dropped in, at a late hour, to the humble inn or beggars' lodging-house, kept by Mrs. Gibson, *alias* "Poosie Nancy," at Mauchline, and there witnessed scenes very similar to those described in the poem. The inventive power of the poet is, however, displayed to greater effect here than in all the rest of his works, giving rise to the regret that he had not applied himself more frequently to fictitious writing. Sir Walter Scott observes that in one or two passages of the *Jolly Beggars*, the muse has slightly transgressed on decorum; and it must have been on this account that the poem was never a favourite with the mother and brother of the poet; for we are told that they discouraged him from publishing it. Burns seems to have laid the production aside as unworthy of regard; indeed, throughout his correspondence, there is not a shred of reference to it, except in a passage of one of his letters to George Thomson, which was suppressed from publication: the latter had made some enquiries regarding it, in September, 1793, and the poet replied, "I had forgot the cantata you allude to, as I kept no copy, and, indeed, did not know of its existence; however, I remember that none of the songs pleased myself, except the last, something about

'Courts for cowards, were erected, churches built to please the priest.'

Notwithstanding this, the poet had sent one of these songs to Johnson, for the *Museum*, very slightly modified, which we have given at page 267, Vol. I. One MS. copy of the cantata was for some years in the possession of John Richmond, who remembered having taken with him to Edinburgh that portion of it which contained the song—"Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou;" and this temporary dis-memberment of the piece seems to throw some light on the fact that Stewart, in publishing the *Jolly Beggars* in 1799, omitted this very portion; although he gave it afterwards in a complete form. The part referred to was omitted in many after editions of the author's works.

Two beautiful *fac-simile* prints of the manuscript of the *Jolly Beggars* have been published, the one by Stewart in 1823, and the other in 1838, by James Lumsden & Son, who became owners of the MS. after Stewart's death: the latter was accompanied by an engraving after Sir William Allan's painting of the subject.]

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
 Or, wavering like the bauckie-bird,*
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
 When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest; †
 Ae night at e'en, a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Poosie Nancy's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies:

* The Bat.

† "Cranreuch," a beautiful old word—a great favourite with Scots poets—signifying *hoar-frost*.

Wi' quaffing and laughing,
 They ranted and they sang;
 Wi' jumping and thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

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

AIR.

TUNE—*Soldiers' Joy.*

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

My 'prenticeship I past where my leader breathed his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram; †
 I servèd out my trade when the gallant game was played,
 And the Morro ‡ low was laid at the sound of the drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, § among the floating batteries,
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot to head me, ||
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.
Lal de daudle, &c.

* Alms-dish,—a necessary part of the stock-in-trade of a privileged beggar.

† In front of Quebec, with General Wolfe in 1759.

‡ In 1762, a strong castle at Havannah, in Cuba.

§ At the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782.

|| Lord Heathfield.

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

Lal de daudle, &c.

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

Lal de daudle, &c.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk,
 Aboon the chorus roar ;
 While frighted rattons backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore ;

A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skirled out 'Encore !'
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

TUNE—*Sodger Laddie.*

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;
 Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
 He ventured the soul and I riskèd the body—
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

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

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair;
 His rags regimental they fluttered so gaudy,
 My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup and a song;
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie!

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

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

AIR.

TUNE—*Auld Sir Symon.*

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

* Session means here, a sitting of Judges in a criminal trial.

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

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

I ance was tied up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffin' ;
I ance was abused in the kirk,
For touzling a lass i' my daffin'.

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

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

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

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak' a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterling,
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
And had in mony a well been ducked :
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,—
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie !
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw John Highlandman :—

AIR.

TUNE—*O an ye were dead, gudeman.*

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

CHORUS.

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

With his philabeg and tartan plaid,
And gude claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

We rangèd a' from Tweed to Spey,
And lived like lords and ladies gay;
For a Lawland face he fearèd none,
My gallant, braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

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

But, oh! they caught him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one!—
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman.
Sing, hey, &c.

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

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
 Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy caird,
 As weel as poor gut-scraper ;
 He tak's the fiddler by the beard,
 And draws a rusty rapier—

He swore by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he wad from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastrly e'e, poor Tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 And prayed for grace wi' ruefu' face,
 And sae the quarrel ended.

But though his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinkler prest her,
 He feigned to snirtle in his sleeve,
 When thus the caird addressed her :—

AIR.

TUNE—*Clout the caudron.*

My bonie lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station :
 I've travelled round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation:
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been enrolled
 In many a noble squadron:
 But vain they searched, when off I marched
 To go and clout the caudron.

I've ta'en the gold, &c.

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
 Wi' a' his noise and cap'rin',
 And tak' a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron.

And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Kilbagie,*
 If e'er you want, or meet wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my craigie!
And by that stoup, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevailed—the unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,
 And partly she was drunk.
 Sir Violino, with an air
 That showed a man of spunk,
 Wished unison between the pair,
 And made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night!

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That played a dame a shavie,
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
 Ahint the chicken cavie :
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,
 Though limping wi' the spavie,†
 He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
 And shored them Dainty Davie
 O' boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
 As ever Bacchus listed,
 Though Fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night :—

* Whisky made at Kilbagie Distillery, in Clackmannanshire.

† "But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye, though e'er sae puir,
 Na, even though limpin' wi' the spavie frae door to door."

AIR.

TUNE—*For a' that, and a' that.*

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

CHORUS.

*For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that ;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin'—
I've wives enugh for a' that.*

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

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

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

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, and a' that ;
But clear your decks, and here's—'The Sex !'
I like the jads for a' that.

*For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that ;
My dearest bluid to do them gude,
They're welcome till't for a' that.*

RECITATIVO.

So sang the bard—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook with a thunder of applause,
 Re-echoed from each mouth :
 They toomed their pocks, and pawned their duds,
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,
 To quench their lowin' drouth.
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To loose his pack and wale a sang,
 A ballad o' the best ;
 He rising, rejoicing,
 Between his twa Deborahs,
 Looks round him, and found them,
 Impatient for the chorus :

AIR.

TUNE—*Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Does the train-attended carriage
 Through the country lighter rove?
 Does the sober bed of marriage
 Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
 We regard not how it goes;
 Let them cant about decorum
 Who have characters to lose!
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
 Here's to all the wandering train!
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!
 One and all cry out—Amen!

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

* The most important person in this strange drama is undoubtedly the *Bard*, and there cannot be a doubt that Burns took an inward glance at himself when he sketched the character:

“He was a care-defying blade as ever Bacchus listed,
 Though Fortune sair upon him laid, his heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but—to be glad, nor want but—when he thirsted;
 He hated nought but—to be sad, and thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.”

In January, 1783, he thus wrote to Murdoch:—“If I have to answer for the present hour, I am very easy with regard to anything further. Even the last, worst shift of the unfortunate and wretched does not much terrify me: I know that even then my talent for what country folks call a sensible crack, when once it is sanctified by a hoary head, would procure me so much esteem, that even then I would learn to be happy.” He threw this sentiment into rhyme in his *Epistle to Davie*:—

“‘Mair spier na, nor fear na,’ auld age ne'er mind a feg,
 The last o't, the warst o't, is only but to beg.”

“Yet then content could make us blest;
 Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.”

In March, 1784, he thus wrote regarding such sleight-of-hand vagabonds as he has depicted in the foregoing cantata.—“I have often observed, in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him; though very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason, I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of ‘blackguards,’ sometimes farther than was consistent with the safety of my character. Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes stained with guilt, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues—magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.”

VERSES ADDRESSED TO J. RANKINE,
ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET, THAT A GIRL IN THAT
PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

[If we are to trust to the accuracy of Dr. Chambers who gives us November, 1784, as the date when the poet's "dear-bought Bess" was born, we are brought back to the Lochlea period of his life for the incident which forms the subject of this rhymed note. Precisely nine months prior to the above date, namely, on 13th February, 1784, at Lochlea, the poet lost "the best of fathers."

Rankine's communication was addressed to the poet after his removal to Mossgiel: the girl referred to had been a servant in the house of William Burness at the period of his death, and when the poet's family left Lochlea, shortly after that event, the girl went to her own home at Largieside, in that part of the country where Rankine resided. For some account of John Rankine, see page 120, Vol. I.]

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, altho' not a';
Some people tell me gin I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.*

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say o'er far for thrice,
Yet never met wi' that surprise
 That broke my rest;
But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ADDRESS TO AN ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

[Here we have the foregoing subject carried out to its *illegitimate* conclusion. There is much fine feeling and tenderness in this little poem; but the sentiment in the third verse has been justly denounced by Lockhart and other writers.—(See note, page 260, Vol. I.) It is pleasing to find here that the poet did not despise the "over-confiding maiden" whom he had thus placed "under a cloud" of shame, if not of sorrow. In the last verse he contrasts the failings of the "poor, worthless daddy" with the "person, grace and merit" of the mother. We hear nothing of the after-fate of "Bonie Betty," but the child, who is said to have strongly resembled the poet, was married to John Bishop, overseer at Polkemmet, and died in 1817, at the early age of 33.]

THOU'S welcome, wean, mishanter fa' me,
If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,

* "For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."—JAMES 2, x.

Shall ever daunt me, or awe me,
My sweet wee lady !
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
Ti-ta or daddy.

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

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

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

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

Gude grant that thou may ay inherit
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit,
An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
Without his failin's,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,
Than stocket mailens.

O, sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae negleckit?
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
 To wear the plaid,
But by the brutes themselves eleckit,
 To be their guide!

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank?—
Sae hale and hearty every shank!
Nae poisoned sour Arminian stank
 He let them taste;
Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank—
 Oh sic a feast!

The thummart, wil'-cat, brock, and tod,
Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,
He smelt their ilka hole and road,
 Baith out and in,
And weel he liked to shed their bluid,
 And sell their skin.

What herd like Russell telled his tale?
His voice was heard through muir and dale,
He kenn'd the L—'s sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And New-Light herds could nicely drub,
 Or pay their skin,
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sic twa—Oh do I live to see't?—
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
And names, like villian, hypocrite,
 Ilk ither gi'en;
While New-Light herds wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither's liein'!

Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition,
Waes me! she's in a sad condition;
Fie! bring Black Jock, her state physician,*
To see her water;
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

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

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

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

* *Black Jock*—Rev. John Russell of Kilmarnock, one of the heroes of the preceding poem, and also introduced in the *Holy Fair* and the *Kirk's Alarm*.

† A reference to the practice of giving in the names of dying persons, to be prayed for in church.

‡ In the copy inserted by the author in the Glenriddel MS., two verses are added of no great merit, and these are followed by the two admirable stanzas printed in a detached form at page 274, in praise of "honest nappy."

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

[This village Pharisee was William Fisher, an elder of the parish-kirk at Mauchline, who had been mainly instrumental in prompting Mr. Auld the minister, and his session, to raise proceedings against sundry of the parishioners for habitual neglect of public ordinances—or, in other words, for staying away from church. Among the victims of this prosecution was Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the poet's *laird* and very intimate friend, who not only occasionally absented himself from kirk-meetings, but was even known to dig potatoes from his garden on the Lord's-day. One of the indictments against him was for setting off on a journey to Carrick one Sabbath-day, against the express remonstrance of the minister. The poet very cleverly alludes to this in the following couplet which appears in a MS. copy of the *Dedication to G. H.* :—

“He sometimes gallops on a Sunday,
And pricks his beast as if 'twas Monday!”

Willie Fisher's curse on Hamilton's “basket and his store—kail and potatoes,” may have reference to the other matter of complaint. From the proceedings of his kirk-session, Hamilton appealed to the presbytery, where, by the help of his agent's eloquence, he obtained an order for the erasure of the obnoxious minutes of the session.

The poet thus refers to this bold satire in his autobiography, after mentioning the *Twa Herds* :—“*Holy Willie's Prayer* next made its appearance, and alarmed the kirk-session so much, that they held several meetings to look over their spiritual artillery, if haply any of it might be pointed against profane rhymers.” Although, in the lifetime of the poet, many copies of this poem were handed about in MS., it never appeared in print till Stewart & Meikle brought it out in 1799, among their series of twopenny tracts. The *Epitaph* that follows it was not printed till it was included in Stewart's 8vo. volume, 1801.

Chambers remarks, that “the strength of satire in this piece needs no comment, and that the poet did not misrepresent the man whom he selected for vengeance, is proved by events, for *Holy Willie* was afterwards found guilty of secreting money from the church offerings, and he closed his miserable life in a ditch, into which he had fallen in going home after a debauch.”

The sixth verse of the *Prayer* was omitted by Stewart in 1801, but given in his edition of 1802. The eighth and ninth verses are usually omitted in castrated editions of the poet.]

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

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

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

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

EPITAPH ON A WAG IN MAUCLINE.

[This very witty production is said to have been intended as a *compliment* to the bard's crony, James Smith, to whom he addressed one of his finest poetical epistles—(which see, page 34, Vol. I.) The matrons of Mauchline, however, would not thank the poet for this *jeu d'esprit*.]

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He aften did assist ye ;
 For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye !

Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
 To school in bands thegither ;
 O tread ye lightly on his grass,
 Perhaps he was your father.

LINES ADDRESSED TO JOHN RANKINE.

[These verses would be quite to the taste of the person on whom they were composed.—See *ante*, page 188, also page 120, Vol. I.]

Æ day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
 Was driving to the tither warl
 A mixie-maxie, motley squad,
 And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,
 From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter :
 Ashamed himsel' to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glowrin' at the bitches :

‘By G—, I’ll not be seen behint them,
 Nor ’mang the sp’ritual core present them,
 Without, at least, ae honest man,
 To grace this d— infernal clan.’
 By Adamhill a glance he threw,
 ‘L— G—!’ quoth he, ‘I have it now;
 There’s just the man I want, i’ faith!’
 And quickly stoppit Rankine’s breath.

THREE LINES TO THE SAME,
 SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN WITH DIRECTIONS TO
 BE DELIVERED TO RANKINE AFTER THE POET’S DEATH.

[If this be indeed an authentic production, we have no hesitation in setting it down as a *jeu d’esprit* of 1785. There is no appearance of intercourse between the poet and Rankine after that date. The lines, therefore, must be considered a counterpart to the poet’s elegy on himself, composed that same year, beginning,

‘Now Robin lies in his last lair,
 He’ll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair!’]

HE who of Rankine sang, lies stiff and dead,
 And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
 Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed.

EPITAPH ON JOHN DOVE,
 INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

[This person was “my landlord” of the *Whitefoord Arms*, closely adjoining to the house where Jean Armour’s parents resided. It was the poet’s howff while he was known by the name of “Rob Mossgiel;” and here was held the famous “Court of Equity,” consisting of the poet as *president*, James Smith as *fiscal*, John Richmond as *clerk*, and William Hunter, shoemaker, as *messenger-at-arms*. Its object was to take cognizance of, and discuss the various cases of scandal which were then rife in Mauchline. On 4th June, 1786—King’s Birthday, and Sunday as it was—Burns composed a very curious poem (not to be found in any edition of his works, because fitted for private circulation only), in which are given some rich samples of the discussions referred to. Dr. Chambers observes regarding it, that “unfortunately, though the mock-serious was never carried to a greater pitch of excellence than in this poem, its license of phrase renders it unfit for publication.”]

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon:
 What was his religion,
 Whae’er desires to ken,
 To some other warl
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pigeon had nane.

Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
 A dram was *memento mori*;
But a full flowing bowl,
Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

EPIGRAM ON MISS JEANY SCOTT, OF AYR.

[Annotators seem not to have determined who this beautiful damsel was. Cunningham, in his random way, says that "she belonged to Ecclefechan, although she resided in Ayr, and cheered the poet not only with her sweet looks, but sweet voice."]

OH! had each SCOT of ancient times,
 Been JEANY SCOTT, as thou art ;
The bravest heart on English ground,
 Had yielded like a coward.

ANSWER TO A TRIMMING EPISTLE FROM A TAILOR.

[This appeared first in Stewart & Meikle's tracts, 1799, together with the Tailor's letter, which is understood to have been written by one Thomas Walker, a tailor who lived at Poole, near Ochiltree, and who, possessing some little gift of versification, was a bit of a humourist besides. The first verse of the epistle to which that of the text is a reply, indicates the date to have been 1786:—

“Folks tell me ye're gaun aff this year, out owre the sea,
 And lasses, whom ye lo'e sae dear, will greet for thee!”

The "Answer," independently altogether of its daring freedom of expression, bears indubitable marks of Burns' handiwork; nevertheless, the editor of an excellent work, called, "The Contemporaries of Burns," (1840,) has propounded a most absurd theory, and ventured to make assertions to the effect of fixing its authorship on William Simpson, schoolmaster at Ochiltree. The reasons and arguments he adduces for fathering this poem on Simpson, a quarter of a century after his decease, are quite unsatisfactory, and unworthy of discussion. The date, 1783, which, in the same chapter, he assigns to the composition of the *Twa Herds*, is also an evident error.]

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b——h,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld ;
I did na suffer half sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld.

What tho' at times when I grow crouse,
 I gie their wames a random pouce,
 Is that enough for you to souse
 Your servant sae?
 Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse,
 An' jag-the-flae!

King David, o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
 As fill'd his after life wi' grief
 An' bloody rants,
 An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
 O' lang syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
 I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
 An unco slip yet,
 An' snugly sit amang the saunts,
 At Davie's hip yet!

But, fegs! the Session says I maun
 Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
 Than garrin' lasses cowp the cran,
 Clean heels owre body,
 And sairly thole their mither's ban,
 Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
 How I did wi' the Session sort—
 Auld Clinkum, at the Inner port
 Cry'd three times, 'Robin!
 Come hither lad, an' answer for't—
 Ye're blam'd for jobbin'!

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
 I made an open fair confession—
 I scorn'd to lie;
 An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
 Fell foul o' me.

P R O L O G U E,

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

[The poet after his arrival in Edinburgh was not long in forming an acquaintance with William Woods, styled the *Scottish Roscius*, who had been a crony of Fergusson the poet, some thirteen or fourteen years previously, and was remembered by him in his *Last Will*, thus—

“ To WOODS, whose genius can provoke
His passions to the bowl or sock,
For love to thee, and to the Nine,
Be my immortal *Shakespeare* thine.”

Burns produced this prologue for Woods' benefit-night, when he played the part of “Ford,” in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The poet's original draught of the prologue, possessed by Mr. Greenshields of Kerse, shews numerous interpolations and deletions, proving the fact that Burns did not accomplish his poetical results without labour and polishing.

Woods died in Dec., 1802. His headstone, in the *Old Calton* of Edinburgh, having fallen into decay, was repaired and re-erected in 1866, by old citizens who remembered his fame. He was born in 1751.]

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

Poor is the task to please a barbarous throng,
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
But here an ancient nation famed afar,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear!
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear!
Where every science—every nobler art—
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Is known; as grateful nations oft have found,
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream,
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;
Here History paints with elegance and force
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;

Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan,
 And Harley rouses all the God in man.*
 When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
 With manly lore or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only charm us in the second place),
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here!
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With Decency and Law beneath his feet;
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;—
 Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

Oh thou dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
 Has oft been stretched to shield the honour'd land!
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire!
 May every son be worthy of his sire!
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain
 At Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain!
 Still, self-dependent in her native shore,
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more!

EPIGRAM AT INVERARY.

[On 28th June, 1787, the poet wrote thus, to his friend Robert Ainslie, from Loch Long:—"I write you this on my tour through a country where *savage* streams tumble over *savage* mountains, thinly overspread with *savage* flocks, which starvingly support as *savage* inhabitants." This is the only poetical result that has been preserved of his brief tour in the West Highlands, in the latter part of June, 1787, his diary of which seems to have been lost or suppressed.]

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
 I pity much his case,
 Unless he come to wait upon
 The Lord their God—his Grace.

* In this, and the five preceding lines, reference is made to Dugald Stewart and other philosophers of the Scottish school; to Hume and Robertson, the historians; to Home, author of *Douglas*; and to Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
 And Highland scab and hunger ;
 If Providence has sent me here,
 'Twas surely in an anger.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

[It would appear from the poet's diary of his journey with Nicol, commencing Saturday, 25th August, 1787, that, after passing the night in Falkirk, the travellers visited Carron Works on the Sunday; so that it is little wonder the porter refused admittance. The poet's epigram, like the "Stirling lines," appears to have got into circulation, and one of the clerks at Carron produced the following rejoinder:—

"If you came here to see our works, you should have been more civil
 Than to give a fictitious name, in hopes to cheat the devil:
 Six days a week to you and all—we think it very well,
 The seventh, if you go to church, may keep you out of hell.]

We cam' na here to view your warks
 In hopes to be mair wise,
 But only, lest we gang to hell,
 It may be nae surprise:
 But whan we tirl'd at your door,
 Your porter dought na hear us ;
 Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
 Your billy Satan sair us !

E P I G R A M

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

[In January, 1788, Burns gives this in one of his letters to Clarinda, thus:—
 "The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop waiting somebody; he put *Elphinstone* into my hand, and asked my opinion of it: I begged leave to write it on a blank-leaf, which I did."]]

O THOU whom Poetry abhors !
 Whom Prose has turned out of doors !
 Heard'st thou that groan ? proceed no further !
 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder !

THE HENPECK'D HUSBAND.

[This appears to be one of the fragments of the "Poet's Progress," referred to in the note at page 342, Vol. I.; for, in style, it exactly corresponds with the passage—

"Critics!—appalled, I venture on the name," &c.]

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
 The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
 Who has no will but by her high permission;
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
 Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
 Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
 Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
 I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
 I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
 I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

[This piece found its way into the newspapers and from thence was published in the chap-books before it appeared in Stewart's volume. On the same day he composed it, he penned a beautiful letter to Mrs. Dunlop, which has been much admired. He says that he approves of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, and adds, "This day—the first Sunday of May—a breezy, blue-skied noon, sometime about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of Autumn—these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday."]

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

The Spanish Empire's tint a head,
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's dead;
 The tulzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
 And our gudewife's wee birdie cocks;

The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil:
 The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin',
 But better stuff ne'er clawed a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the pu'pit,
 And cry till ye be haerse and roopit,
 For Eighty-eight he wished you weel,
 An' gied ye a' baith gear and meal;
 E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yoursel's, for little feck!

Ye bonie lasses, dight your een,
 For some o' you hae tint a frien';
 In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowte and sheep,
 How dowff and dowie now they creep:
 Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry,
 For Embro' wells are grutten dry.*

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

January 1, 1789.

* The Edinburgh newspapers of that period contain frequent references to the scarcity of water.

† There was considerable public agitation about this time regarding the illness of King George III, and a proposal to appoint the Prince of Wales as Regent.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

[The Ayr presbytery, in Burns' days, was noted for possessing among its members a majority who held liberal or *New-Light* opinions, and Dr. M'Gill, one of the parish ministers in the town of Ayr, had published, in 1786, "A Practical Essay on the Death of Christ," which was thought to be impregnated with Socinian doctrine, and in process of time provoked opposition from the more rigid party in the Church. In particular, Dr. William Peebles of Newton-upon-Ayr ("Peebles frae the Water-fit" of the *Holy Fair*.) on the occasion of delivering a centenary sermon on the Revolution, on 5th November, 1788, referred to Dr. M'Gill's Essay, denouncing it as heretical, and speaking of the author as one who "with one hand received the privileges of the Church, while with the other he was endeavouring to plunge the keenest poniard into her heart." This brought a pamphlet from Dr. M'Gill in reply, and in April, 1789, the case was formally brought into the Church Courts, and created intense public interest. Burns, although residing in Nithsdale, at a distance from the scene of strife, took up the pen in behalf of M'Gill, and produced this fiery satire, which was first published in 1799, by Stewart & Meikle, in their series of chap-books already alluded to.

On 7th August, 1789, the poet wrote thus to an Ayrshire friend on this subject:—"I am going to intrude on your time with a long ballad. I have, as you will shortly see, finished *The Kirk's Alarm*; but, now that it is done, and that I have laughed once or twice at the conceits in some of the stanzas, I am determined not to let it get to the public; so I send you this copy, the first I have sent to Ayrshire (except some few of the stanzas which I wrote off in embryo for Gavin Hamilton), under the express provision and request that you will only read it to a few of us, and do not, on any account, give or permit to be taken any copy of the ballad."

This last provision is referred to in the *postscript* of that copy which was sent to the Laird of Afton, which we mainly adhere to in the text, but preserve a verse from Stewart, which is there omitted, namely, that about *Holy Will*. Other information regarding the *dramatis personæ* of this satire we throw into foot-notes.]

ORTHODOX ! orthodox !—

Wha believe in John Knox—

Let me sound an alarm to your conscience ;

There's a heretic blast

Has been blawn i' the wast,

That what is no' sense must be nonsense—

Orthodox ! that what is no' sense must be nonsense.

Dr Mac ! Dr Mac !

You should stretch on a rack,

To strike evil doers wi' terror ;

To join faith and sense

Upon ony pretence

Is heretic, damnable error—

Dr Mac ! 'tis heretic, damnable error.*

* Rev. William M'Gill, D.D., the hero of this Socinian heresy; but who in the end was constrained to recant, and disappoint his supporters. He died in 1807, aged 76.

Town of Ayr! town of Ayr!
 It was rash, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewin';
 Provost John is still deaf
 To the church's relief,
 And Orator Bob is its ruin—
 Town of Ayr! yes, Orator Bob is its ruin.*

D'rymple mild! D'rymple mild!
 Though your heart's like a child,
 An' your life like the new-driven snaw;
 Yet that winna save ye,
 Auld Satan must have ye,
 For preaching that three's ane and twa—
 D'rymple mild! for preaching that three's ane and twa. †

Rumble John! Rumble John!
 Mount the steps wi' a groan,
 Cry, the book is wi' heresy cramm'd;
 Then lug out your ladle,
 Deal brimstone like adle,
 And roar every note of the damn'd—
 Rumble John! and roar every note of the damn'd. ‡

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

Singet Sawney! Singet Sawney!
 Are ye huidin' the penny,

* Provost John Ballantyne, and Robert Aiken, writer, the latter of whom was M'Gill's agent before the Presbytery, prevailed on the magistrates of Ayr to publish a certificate highly favourable to M'Gill, at the commencement of the prosecution.

† Rev. William Dalrymple, D.D., senior colleague of Dr. M'Gill in the parish church of Ayr. One of his favourite tenets was the divisibility of the Trinity.

‡ Rev. John Russell—the "Black Russell" and "Black Jock" of the poet's other religious satires.

§ Rev. James Mackinlay of Kilmarnock, hero of the *Ordination*. He died in 1841, aged 85.

Unconscious what evils await?
 Wi' a jump, yell, and howl,
 Alarm every soul,
 For the foul thief is just at your gate—
 Singet Sawney! the foul thief is just at your gate.*

Daddie Auld! Daddie Auld!
 There's a tod in the fauld,
 A *tod* meikle waur than the clerk;
 Tho' ye can do little skaith,
 Ye'll be in at the death,
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark—
 Daddie Auld! for gif ye canna bite ye may bark.†

Davie Bluster! Davie Bluster!
 If for a saunt ye do muster,
 The corps is no' nice of recruits;
 Yet to worth let's be just,
 Royal blood ye might boast,
 If the ass were the king of the brutes—
 Davie Bluster! if the ass were the king o' the brutes.‡

Jamie Goose! Jamie Goose!
 Ye hae made but toom roose,
 O' hunting the wicked lieutenant;
 But the Doctor's your mark,
 For the L—'s haly ark,
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't—
 Jamie Goose! he has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.§

Poet Willie! Poet Willie!
 Gie the Doctor a volley,

* Rev. Alexander Moody, one of the *Twa Herds*, and first preacher in the *Holy Fair*: parsimony and lack of charity were his besetting sins.

† Rev. William Auld of Mauchline, before whom the poet had to make "fair confession" on more than one occasion. The allusion to the *tod* in this verse has hitherto been unnoticed by commentators. The Rev. John Tod of Mauchline, was son-in-law of Gavin Hamilton, Esq., here referred to as "the clerk" who had teased Mr. Auld so much.—(See notes to *Epistle to M'Math*, and *Holy Willie's Prayer*.)

‡ Mr. David Grant, of the parish of Ochiltree.

§ Mr. James Young of Cumnock.

Wi' your 'Liberty's Chain' and your wit;
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——
 Poet Willie! ye smelt but the place where he ——.*

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

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

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

Muirland Jock! Muirland Jock!
 When the L— makes a rock

* Rev. William Peebles, D.D., of Newton-upon-Ayr, who figures in the *Holy Fair* to the disgust of "common-sense." He sometimes tried to be a wit, and on one occasion ventured to come out as a poet in a centenary Ode on the Revolution of 1688, which excited much ridicule by one of its lines—

"Bound in *Liberty's* endearing chains!"

† Dr. Andrew Mitchell, minister of Monkton parish.

‡ Rev. Stephen Young of Barr.

§ Rev. George Smith of Galston, whom the poet wished to compliment in two excellent verses of the *Holy Fair*; but the reverend gentleman saw more of the banter than the compliment in them. For this reason, therefore, the poet now has a slap at him in good earnest.

To crush Common Sense for her sins ;
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance—
 Muirland Jock! confound the poor Doctor at ance.*

Holy Will! Holy Will!
 There was wit i' your skull.
 When ye pilfered the alms o' the poor ;
 The timmer is scant,
 When ye're taen for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour—
 Holy Will! ye should swing in a rape for an hour.†

Calvin's sons! Calvin's sons!
 Seize your sp'ritual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need ;
 Your hearts are the stuff,
 Will be powther enough,
 And your skulls are storehouses o' lead—
 Calvin's sons! your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns! Poet Burns!
 Wi' your priest-skelping turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Though your muse is a gipsy,
 E'en tho' she were tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are—
 Poet Burns! ye could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird! Afton's Laird!
 When your pen can be spared,
 A copy o' this I bequeath,
 On the same sicker score
 As I mentioned before,
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith—
 Afton's Laird! to that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.‡

* Rev. John Shepherd of Muirkirk—who was in the habit of saying rude things, mistaking these for wit.

† The poor wretch whom Burns had before chastised so severely under that name.—(See note to *Holy Willie's Prayer*.)

‡ This last verse, first published by Cunningham in 1834, is explained in the head-note.

EPIGRAM ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

[The story goes that one evening at Glenriddel's table, when wine and wit were flowing, Grose, delighted with some of the sallies of Burns, requested the honour of a couplet on himself, and the following was the result. The grotesque figure of Grose, with his unusual corpulency, was occasionally the theme of his own wit and humour, and like Falstaff he might have said: "I am not only witty in myself, but am the cause of wit in others."]

THE devil got notice that GROSE was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor FRANCIS lay moaning,
And saw each bedpost with its burden a-groaning,
Astonished, confounded, cri'd Satan: 'by G—
I'll want him, ere take such a damnable load.'

 LINES

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[This would, no doubt, be inscribed during the horrors of the French Revolution.]

GRANT me, indulgent Heav'n, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

 LINES

WRITTEN AND PRESENTED TO MRS. KEMBLE, ON SEEING
HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO.

[On 21st October, 1794, Mrs. Stephen Kemble made her first appearance in Dumfries as Yarico, in the then favourite opera of *Inkle and Yarico*. Mr. Stephen Kemble was the senior of three famous brothers of that name, and was so very stout that he could play the part of Falstaff without stuffing. He composed a dirge or song on the death of Burns, which has some merit. Allan Cunningham, in his random way, says that the poet wrote this epigram while sitting in Mrs. Biddle's box at the Theatre; but his quarrel with that lady before this date, renders that highly improbable.]

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd.

EPIGRAM ON MISS DAVIES.

ON BEING ASKED WHY GOD MADE MISS DAVIES SO LITTLE
AND MRS. * * * SO LARGE.

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

["No one," says Cunningham. "has apologised so handsomely for *scrimpet stature*."—(For some account of this beautiful young lady, see pp. 292 and 296, Vol. I.) Besides having been written on glass at Moffat, this epigram was inscribed in pencil by the poet in a lady's note-book, along with other versicles, the originals of which we have seen, and take the present opportunity of correcting these lines thus:—

"Ask—why God made the gem so small.
While huge he form'd the granite?—
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it."

This reads much better than it does in the text, where two questions are asked, and only one of these replied to; and, besides, the answer is uncertain, for it may apply to either the granite or the gem. In the proper version the question is about the gem, in *contrast* with the granite, and the answer is quite satisfactory.]

ASK why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?—
Because God meant mankind should set
That higher value on it.

LINES ON RODNEY'S VICTORY.

AT A MEETING OF THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS, HELD TO
COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF RODNEY'S
VICTORY, BURNS WAS CALLED UPON FOR A SONG, INSTEAD
OF WHICH HE DELIVERED THE FOLLOW-
ING LINES EXTEMPORE.

[This meeting must have been held on 12th April, 1795, at which time Burns produced his patriotic ballad, "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" which see, page 123. The language and sentiment of Song and Toast are identical.]

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the 12th that we lost!—
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heav'n, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you—the King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;

And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution;
 And longer with politics not to be crammed,
 Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damned;
 And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

DELIA.

AN ODE.

[This un-Burns-like production was first claimed as his in Stewart's collected edition (1802), after which it disappeared, but was revived by Cunningham in 1834, who was at no loss for an anecdote to accompany it, and even gave the words of a short note said to have been addressed by Burns to the editor of the *London Star*, dated Ellisland, 18th May, 1789, enclosing the verses, and promising farther communications should these be accepted.

In a very excellent edition of the poet, published by William Clark, London (1831,) to which the public is indebted for the preservation of several pieces by Burns which had escaped other collectors, there is a note pointing out some productions that had been claimed for Burns which are not his, and among these "Delia" is named, and pronounced to be "a translation of an anonymous Latin poem."]

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

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

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

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

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT, GLENCONNER.

[This rhyming epistle, written from Ellisland in 1789, is addressed to an old friend of the poet and his family, whose father's advice he had taken before fixing on the farm of Ellisland. Cunningham, who always went *ram-stam* into *blanks*, and filled them up without enquiry, sets the surname down as "Tait." His remarks on the composition are, however, worth quoting:—"Though not at all equal to some of the poet's earlier epistles, it is well worth preserving as a proof of the ease with which he could wind verse round any topic, and conduct the duties and courtesies of life in song. His account of having 'grown sae cursed douse,' and scorching himself at the fire 'perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston,' is archly introduced."

The reference to "gude auld Glen" is very fine. It was he who accompanied the poet to Nithsdale at the end of February, 1788, to inspect and judge of Mr. Miller's farms. On 3rd March following, the poet thus wrote on that matter to Ainslie:—"The friend whom I told you I would take with me was highly pleased with the farm; and he is, without exception, the most intelligent farmer in the country: he has staggered me a good deal."]

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

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

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

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

May ye get mony a merry story ;
 Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
 An' ay enough o' needfu' clink.
 Now fare-ye-weel, and joy be wi' you ;
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Simson a' ye can,
 Ye'll fin' him just an honest man :
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

THE FIVE CARLINES.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

TUNE—*Chevey Chase.*

[This is the principal Ballad of a set of *three*, in connection with the election canvass and contest of 1789-90, for the representation of the five boroughs of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright, which then united in sending a member to Parliament. The other two occasional productions referring to that contest, are "The Laddies by the banks o' Nith," and the lyric addressed to Mr. Graham of Fintry, beginning, "Fintry, my stay in wordly strife," which will be given in their proper place.]

This ballad has been much admired as a triumph of the minstrel's art, and the personifications are considered very happy by all who are acquainted with the localities indicated. Sir Walter Scott was particularly struck with the picture of Lochmaben, as "Marjory o' the Monylocks," and he very often recited the third last verse of the ballad, for its picturesque expressiveness. The two candidates were Patrick Miller, younger of Dalswinton (son and heir of the poet's landlord,) and Sir James Johnston of Westerhall; the former being on the Whig side, backed by the power of the Duke of Queensberry, and the latter being the Tory candidate, whose cause was, in this instance, keenly espoused by Burns.

On 9th December, 1789, the poet enclosed a copy of the present ballad to his patron, Mr. Graham of Fintry, in which he says: "I am too little a man to have any political attachments: I am deeply indebted to, and have the warmest veneration for, individuals of both parties; but a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who [passage regarding Queensberry suppressed by Currie,] is a character that one cannot speak of with patience. Sir James Johnston does 'what man can do,' but yet I doubt his fate."

The election at length took place in July, and was settled in favour of Capt. Miller, so that the poet's pains were in one sense thrown away; but in truth, the poet was a Whig at heart, he merely hated Queensberry, and therefore wished that the Johnstons might "have the guidin' o't."

It is proper to note that the present copy of the ballad—taken from the Afton MS., kindly lent us by its worthy owner—differs from that given by Stewart, in several words.]

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

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

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh ;
And Marjory o' the Monylochs,
A carline auld and tough.

And Blinkin' Bess of Annandale,
That dwelt on Solwayside,
And Brandy Jean that took her gill,
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan frae Chrichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin,—
Five wighter carlines werena found
The south countrie within.

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

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

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

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at London court
Would bid to him gude-day.

* Sir James Johnston.

The niest came in a sodger boy,
And spak' wi' modest grace,
And he wad gang to London town,
If sae their pleasure was.

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

Now wham to choose and wham refuse ;
At strife thir carlines fell ;
For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel'.

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

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

Then started Bess of Annandale ;
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the Border knight,
Tho' she should vote her lane.

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

Says Black Joan frae Chrichton Peel,
A carline stoor and grim,
The auld gudeman or the young gudeman,
For me may sink or swim.

* The reference here is to King George III. and the proposed Regent.—(See *Elegy on the Year 1788*, page 207.)

For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
 While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
 But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
 So he shall bear the horn.

Then Brandy Jean spak' owre her drink :
 Ye weel ken kimmers a',
 The auld gudeman o' London court,
 His back's been at the wa' ;

And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,
 Is now a fremit wight ;
 But it's ne'er be sae wi' Brandy Jean,—
 We'll send the Border knight.

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

There's some great folks set light by me—
 I set as light by them ;
 But I will send to London town
 Whom I like best at hame.

So how this weighty plea may end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell ;
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to themsel'.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,

FOR MR SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT.

[On the 9th of February, 1790, the poet, in a letter to Nicol, tells him that he has given Mr. Sutherland two *Prologues*, "one of which was delivered last week—a worthier or cleverer fellow I have rarely met with." The reader will find at page 151 *ante*, the other prologue referred to. Six lines in the present text—marked off by brackets—appeared first in Cromek's *Reliques*, 1808.]

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
 How this new play and that new sang is comin' ?
 Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted ?
 Does nonsense mend like brandy, when imported ?

Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will bauldly try to gie us plays at hame?
 For comedy, abroad he needna toil,
 A knave an' fool are plants of every soil;
 Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece
 To gather matter for a serious piece;
 There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
 Wad shew the tragic Muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
 How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
 Where are the Muses fled that should produce
 A drama worthy of the name of Bruce;
 How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
 And after many a bloody, deathless doing,
 Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
 O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
 To paint the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
 Vain ev'n the omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad rebellion's arms.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glut that direst foe—a vengful woman:
 A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as wicked as the devil!
 [One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglases were heroes every age:
 And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
 Perhaps if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!]
 As ye have generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
 Not only hear, but patronise, defend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
 Wink hard, and say, 'the folks hae done their best!'
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caition
 Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
 Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And warsle 'Time, and lay him on his back!

For us and for our stage should ony spier,
 ‘Wha’s aught thae chieils mak’s a’ this bustle here?’
 My best leg foremost, I’ll set up my brow,
 We have the honour to belong to you!
 We’re your ain bairns, e’en guide us as ye like,
 But like gude mothers, shore before ye strike.
 And grateful still I trust ye’ll ever find us,
 For gen’rous patronage and meikle kindness
 We’ve got frae a’ professions, sorts, an’ ranks:
 God help us! we’re but poor—ye’se get but thanks.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

[The poet somewhere has recorded that he considered this the best love-song he ever composed. It must, unquestionably, take a high place as an effusion of lyric genius and passion—excluding sentiment, but abounding in sensuality. In April, 1793, he offered it to Thomson as words to suit the Irish air, *Banks of Banna*, observing, however, that “it is not quite a lady’s song; I made it a good while ago.” The date of it may be pretty exactly guessed from the fact recorded by Chambers, that on 31st March, 1791, Anne Park, neice of Mrs. Hyslop of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries was delivered of a daughter, who was named ELIZABETH BURNS. Only nine days thereafter, the poet’s wife, then at Ellisland, was delivered of a son, who was named WILLIAM NICOL BURNS. He died in 1872 at the age of 81.

Mr. Chambers also records that Burns sought an asylum for the helpless infant of Anne Park, at the house of his own brother, Gilbert. The shelter required there was but of short duration, for one night when the poet came home, he was surprised to find his wife with sucklings at each breast, and in answer to his enquiry, she told him that the second baby was one belonging to a sick neighbour which she was taking a temporary charge of! The poet’s own Jean magnanimously brought up her husband’s illegitimate child till she reached womanhood. Of all the poet’s children, she turned out to be the only one strikingly like himself. She was respectably married to a decent tradesman at Pollockshaws, in Renfrewshire, named Thomson, and her children are said to shew remarkable re-productions of the countenance of Burns. Mrs. Thomson survived to 13th June, 1873. As for poor “Anna with the gowden locks,” she is said to have died shortly after giving birth to Burns’ child.

The very free and independent postscript to this song was not given by Stewart. So far as we can discover, it was first included in the edition of William Clark, 1831.]

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

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

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
 Awa', thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna!
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!—
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'—
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

THE kirk and state may join, and tell
 To do such things I maunna:
 The kirk and state may gae to hell,
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
 To live büt her I canna;
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna.

EPITAPH ON D—— C——.

[This very bitter Epitaph, although published by Stewart in 1802, seems to have escaped the attention of the poet's principal editors from that time to the present. Who this "root of Hell" was, or when or where the lines were written, is not likely now to be ever ascertained.]

HERE lies in earth a root of Hell,
 Set by the deil's ain dibble;
 This worthless body d——d himsel',
 To save the L—— the trouble.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER MISS BURNS' PICTURE.

[The only reference in the poet's printed correspondence to this noted "lady of pleasure," is in a letter to Peter Hill, dated 2nd February, 1790. He enquires, "How is the fate of my poor namesake, Mademoiselle Burns, decided? O man! but for thee and thy selfish appetites and dishonest artifices, that beauteous form, and once innocent and still ingenuous mind, might have shone conspicuous and lovely in the faithful wife and the affectionate mother; and shall the unfortunate sacrifice to thy pleasures have no claim on thy humanity!"

The "picture" under which the poet wrote the lines in the text, is understood to have been one of Kay's etchings, dated 1785. Margaret Burns was a native of Durham, and came to Edinburgh a year or two before Burns left the plough to visit that city, where she became the reigning beauty of the *pave*. Suddenly disappearing in 1787, from the midst of her admirers, she went back to England for a time, but in 1789 again made her *debut* in Edinburgh, and set the whole city agog. She soon became the subject of some oppressive magisterial proceedings, and by a sentence pronounced by Baillie Creech, was doomed to banishment forth of the city and liberties for ever, under pain of being drummed through the city—six months' imprisonment—and, again, perpetual banishment. In consequence of a reclaiming petition, in which the Hon. Henry Erskine was her counsel, the proceedings of the court below were quashed, and poor "Willie Creech" was sadly *black-balled*. In the course of these Court of Session proceedings, Lord Braxfield, examining the petitioner's printed papers, asked Mr. Erskine why the name of Mr. Creech was so often put in *italics*, and the wag replied: "Indeed, my lord, I can hardly tell you, unless it is done to show that no person but an *Italian* would have used Miss Burns as Mr. Creech has done!" This was thought to be a clever double *entendre*, referring to Mr. Creech's piping voice, and his notorious disregard of women.

The subject of all this commotion died of decline, in 1792, at Roslin, where she had taken lodgings for change of air. A headstone in the burial ground there, records her name and the date of her death. *Willie Nicol*, the companion of Burns, produced an epitaph on Miss Burns, which has been greatly admired for its classic structure and fine point.]

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
 Lovely Burns has charms—*confess* ;
 True it is, she had one failing,
 Had ae woman ever less?

EPIGRAM ON A GALLOWAY LAIRD.

[This ought to have been given at page 161, along with the posthumous poems first printed by Currie. Like the *Elegy on the Death of a Lady's Lap-Dog*, it was produced in the course of the poet's excursion through Galloway with his friend Syme, in July, 1793. This is recorded in the Glenriddel MS., and stated to be on "John M—r—ne, Laird of Laggan."]

WHEN ———, deceased, to the devil went down,
 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown ;
 Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never
 I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE WINDOWS OF THE GLOBE TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

[The *Globe* was the poet's favourite howff in Dumfries, from 1790 down to nearly the close of his life; for in a letter to Thomson, dated April, 1796, he writes:—"This will be delivered to you by a Mrs. Hyslop, landlady of the Globe Tavern, here, which for these many years has been my howff, and where our friend Clarke and I have had many a merry squeeze."

Writing on window-panes was a favourite practice with Burns: the first *quatrain* here preserved illustrates his cherished motto, *vive la bagatelle*; the double stanza illustrates one of his chief failings; the third inscription illustrates his very saddest failing; and the last is said to have been inscribed on being told by the Excise authorities that his duty was *to act, not to think*.]

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
Tho' glory's name may screen us;
In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Life-giving wars of Venus.
The deities that I adore,
Are social Peace and Plenty,
I'm better pleas'd *to make one more*,
Than be the death of twenty.

MY bottle is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,—
Let great folks hear and see.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN,
DUMFRIES.

[This house was only frequented by the poet when he had business appointments there. It was rather an aristocratic inn; and it is understood that these lines were inscribed on his overhearing some *swells* speaking disrespectfully of excisemen.]

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlords' rent-rolls?—taxing ledgers:
What premiers—what? even monarchs' mighty guagers;
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men!
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

EXTEMPORE.

WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO A CARD FROM AN INTIMATE OF
BURNS', WISHING HIM TO SPEND AN HOUR AT A
TAVERN WITH HIM.

[This production gives us a hint of the temptations to which the bard was so much exposed in the course of his excise avocations. The *King's Arms* would likely be the house where the inviter sent his card from.]

THE King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye;
Or else the deil's be in it.

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

[The first of these will form a very good companion to the "Grace before Dinner," given at page 166. The other is very characteristic of our bard. The *William Hyslop* was husband of the *Globe* hostess, so often mentioned by him.]

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And grateful would adore.

And if it please thee, Pow'r above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

ANOTHER.

LORD, we thank an' thee adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit;
At present we will ask no more,
Let *William Hislop give the spirit.*

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY, DUMFRIES.

[John Bushby, Esq., of Tinwald Downs, was a writer who raised himself from the lowest ranks to the possession of great wealth. About 1793-94, the poet was an occasional guest at his mansion, but he afterwards quarrelled with him, and wrote bitterly against him in the Heron Election Ballads of 1795.]

HERE lies John Bushby, *honest man,*
Cheat him, Devil, if you can.

EPITAPH ON WALTER ———.

[Cromek records that he took a good deal of pains to ascertain who was the subject of this ill-natured epitaph, but could get no satisfactory information. Indeed, he adds, he would not have published the information had he procured it, because the satire is so severe. It is only too probable that the poet's former friend, Walter Riddel, was the gentleman here termed "a reptile." See *ante* page 162.]

Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave,
That the worms ev'n d—d him when laid in his grave.
'In his flesh there's a famine,' a starv'd reptile cries:
'An' his heart is rank poison,' another replies.

EXTEMPORE EPITAPH,

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS, WHO DESIRED
BURNS TO WRITE ONE ON HIM.

[This personage was "mine host" of a respectable public-house in Dumfries, and the little court or alley where the change-house once stood, is still called "The Marquis' Close."]

HERE lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd,
If ever he rise, it will be to be d——d.

FRAGMENTS OF VERSE IN THE LETTERS TO CLARINDA.

This would appear to be the proper place to introduce those odds-and-end bits of verse, found among the selections from the poet's letters to Mrs. M'Lehose, which were (without warrant) published by Stewart in 1801, and although judicially suppressed, continued nevertheless to be reproduced from time to time, until the death of the lady, when the complete correspondence (so far as it had been preserved) was given to the world by her grandson, in 1843. That editor states in his preface, that his grandmother refused Mr. Syme (who collected for Dr. Currie) permission to publish the letters, and declined various similar applications in her latter years—to Allan Cunningham among the rest. This statement is not strictly correct, for there still exists a letter from the lady herself to Mr. Syme, in which she says: "On condition that you send me my letters, I will select such passages from our dear bard's letters as will do honour to his memory, and cannot hurt my own fame, even with the most rigid." She accordingly seems to have written out the promised "Selection," which not being approved of by Currie and his advisers, was returned to the lady, and afterwards borrowed from her by a gentleman of the name of Finlay, for the stated purpose of making "a few extracts, to enrich a Life of the poet which he was then engaged in writing." This was Clarinda's own account, in 1834, to Allan Cunningham, and she added that Finlay was so unfaithful as to make complete copies instead of "extracts;" and he even gave permission to Stewart to publish all the letters entrusted to him, and most falsely alleged, in an advertisement prefixed to the publication, that by the "condescension" of the lady to whom they were addressed, the editor was "vested with the sole power to publish those letters."

It is very remarkable that, in an excellent edition of Burns published in 1831, by William Clark, London (edited by "J. B."), containing a reprint of the "Selection" referred to, we find the following averments in his introductory note:—"It is difficult to imagine how these interesting effusions could incur the censure of the most stubborn pretender to virtue; yet Dr. Currie refused to give them to the world. That timorous worshipper of the aristocracy and clergy, to whose narrow prejudices he was always ready to mutilate or sacrifice the finest passages of Burns, dreaded the publication of his letters to Clarinda.

"It affords us, therefore, the most sincere pleasure, that the liberality of the lady herself has enabled us to lay before the public an additional portion of the writings of our favourite author. Nor is this liberality the effect of vanity, for the letters themselves furnish no clue by which she can be discovered. She is content to be ushered into immortality without any other distinction than that of a fictitious name."

The reader will find some account of Clarinda in the notes at page 71 of this vol., and at pages 228 and 294, Vol. I.

LINES TO CLARINDA.

[It is rather remarkable that, although these impassioned lines were published by Stewart and others, as appearing in the body of one of the poet's letters in the "Selections," they are omitted in the "complete correspondence" of 1843, and also by Chambers, in his edition of 1851, even although the letter itself (No. 32 of the series) is given. They seem to form a portion of a long poem addressed by Burns to Clarinda, the original of which is said by Dr. Waddell to be in the possession of George Manners, Esq., Croydon. The eight lines given at page 233, headed "Prudence," also seem to be part of the same poem. Dr. Waddell gives the opening lines, thus:—

"Mild zephyrs waft thee to life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me or my distresses more,—
Falsehood accurst! No! still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace;
For that dear trace the world I would resign,
Oh let me live, and die, and think it mine!"

'I BURN, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!'
Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night;
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose;
Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes:
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye;
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly:
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire;
Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire:
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone:
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields!

By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear,
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!

INNOCENCE.

[These lines are twice quoted in the "Complete Correspondence," besides being glanced at in the foregoing quotation; once by Clarinda in letter 31, and again by Sylvander in letter 36 of the series; therefore, we reckon that the fragment must be some well-known passage from Milton, or other standard poet. Allan Cunningham gives the lines as by Burns, and extols them highly. The connection in which Clarinda introduces them is as follows:—"Sunday Evening. Last night we were happy beyond what the bulk of mankind can conceive. Perhaps the *line* you had marked was a little infringed—it was really; but, though I disapprove, I have not been unhappy about it. Yet we must guard against going to the verge of danger. Ah! my friend, much need had we to 'watch and pray!' There are two wishes uppermost in my heart—to see you think alike with Clarinda on religion, and to see you settled in some creditable line of business: think not anything but pure, disinterested regard prompts them. They are fond but chimerical ideas, never indulged in but in the hour of tender endearment, when

'Innocence looks gaily-smiling on, while rosy Pleasure,' &c.

The connection in which Sylvander quotes the lines is as follows:—"Saturday Night. What luxury of bliss I was enjoying this time yesternight! Beauty and Grace in the arms of Truth and Honour, in all the luxury of mutual love! Last night, Clarinda, but for one slight shade, was the glorious picture realized:—

'Innocence looked gaily-smiling on, while rosy Pleasure,' &c.

Clarinda, when a poet and poetess of Nature's making—two of Nature's noblest productions!—when they drink together of the same cup of Love and Bliss,—attempt not, ye coarser stuff of human nature! profanely to measure enjoyment ye never can know!"

 Innocence

Looks gaily-smiling on; while rosy pleasure
 Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath,
 And pours her cup luxuriant; mantling high
 The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss!

VERSES TO CLARINDA,

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING GLASSES.

[These verses seem also to have been begged away from the yielding Clarinda by some "vampire bookseller;" for the editor of the "complete correspondence," while he tells us that the pair of glasses referred to are in his possession says nothing more about the verses than that they were presented along with the former; and he prints the three stanzas by themselves in small type—evidently a copy from the version given by Stewart. Allan Cunningham, however, assures us that he saw the original manuscript, and that it contains a fourth verse, which we give, marked off by brackets.]

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
 And Queen of Poetesses;
 Clarinda, take this little boon,
 This humble pair of glasses.—

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

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

[Long may we live! long may we love!
 And long may we be happy!
 And may we never want a glass,
 Well charg’d with generous nappy!]

PRUDENCE.

[These lines occur in the very last letter which is known to have been addressed by the poet to Clarinda—dateless, but evidently written in 1794, while he was suffering under what he deemed the undeserved neglect, if not dislike, of several whom he once reckoned on his list of friends—

“Wrong’d, injur’d, shunn’d, unpitied, unredrest;
 The mock’d quotation of the scorner’s jest.”

The date is incontestably proved by the fact that he appended to the letter, copies of pieces composed in that year—namely, the Monody and Epigram on Mrs. Maria Riddel, and the Epitaph on her husband. These are not given by the editor of the “complete correspondence,” for the very good reason that they also had been sucked out of Clarinda’s possession by the vampires.]

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
 Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
 Above the world on wings of love I rise,
 I know its worst—and can that worst despise.
 ‘Wrong’d, injur’d, shunn’d, unpitied, unredrest;
 The mock’d quotation of the scorner’s jest,’—
 Let Prudence’ direst bodements on me fall,
 Clarinda, rich reward! o’erpays them all!

SONGS FIRST PUBLISHED IN JOHNSON'S SIXTH VOL., JUNE 4, 1803.

The last volume of the *Museum* contains eighteen songs, or scraps of song, by Burns, which had not appeared before its date. There is also given, with Burns' name attached to it, a song which was soon discovered to be the work of Richard Gall, a journeyman printer in Edinburgh, who displayed some lyric genius, but died in 1801, at the early age of 24. Having served his apprenticeship with Mr. David Ramsay, printer and publisher of the *Edinburgh Courant*, and one of Burns' intimate friends and correspondents, young Gall became familiar with the poet's handwriting, and by imitating that in transcribing the song referred to—"Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure"—he not only imposed on Johnson, to whom it was sent after Burns' death, but also deceived Allan Masterton, who was induced to compose the music for it which is allied to the song in the *Museum*. The verses have nothing of the power and pathos of Burns' own *Farewell to Ayrshire*—"The gloomy night is gathering fast;" but the versification is sweet:

"Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare-thee-weel before I gang;
Bonie Doon, where early roaming,
First I weav'd the rustic sang."

In the same volume of Johnson, there is given another song, "Cassillis' Banks," by Richard Gall, which is even superior to the above. No author's name is attached to it, but it has evidently been composed with a view to pass muster as one of Burns' lyrics, the localities and the name of the heroine being what the Ayrshire bard might be supposed to have produced, as a record of his wanderings with Highland Mary. Indeed it is still often quoted as by Burns, and there are many who will not be persuaded that it is the production of another poet.

ALLAN MASTERTON—number *three* of Burns' "three merry boys"—was appointed writing-master of the High School, Edinburgh, in August, 1795, and died in 1799. STEPHEN CLARKE, who has been so often referred to in the course of this work, died on 6th August, 1797. JAMES JOHNSON, the projector and publisher of the *Museum*, died, 26th February, 1811, leaving a widow in very indigent circumstances. It is proper to record that Johnson's name stands in the Edinburgh subscription-list, for Burns' widow and family, for Four Pounds, while George Thomson's name on same list, is set down for Two Guineas.

MY HANDSOME NELL.

[The poet has himself told us that this was his earliest lyric effort. In 1783, he recorded it in his first *Commonplace Book*, with this touching comment:—"The performance is indeed puerile and silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind *those happy days when my heart was yet honest, and my tongue was sincere*. The subject of it was a young girl who really deserved all the praises I have bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her *then*, but I actually think so still, now that the spell is long since broken, and the enchantment at an end. I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts and my blood sallies at the remembrance." In his poem addressed to the *Gudewife of Wauchope House* (page 134), and, again, in his autobiography, he reverts to this subject in beautiful passages, which are so well known that we need only refer to them here. The incident happened in his "fifteenth autumn" at Mount Oliphant, and for a moment lightened "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the unceasing moil of a galley-slave." Nelly Kilpatrick was the name of this "sweet sonsy lass"—a daughter of the neighbouring blacksmith, to whom the boy-bard was indebted for a loan of the *History of Sir William Wallace*. In his after-criticism of this song, the poet points out the 2nd, 5th, and 6th stanzas as the best; skillfully noting, however, that verse 6th is marred in consequence of the second and fourth lines ending with *short* syllables.]

O ONCE I lov'd a bonie lass,
 An' aye I love her still,
 An' whilst that virtue warms my breast,
 I'll love my handsome Nell.

As bonie lasses I hae seen,
 And mony full as braw,
 But, for a modest, gracefu' mein,
 The like I never saw.

A bonie lass, I will confess
 Is pleasant to the e'e;
 But without some better qualities,
 She's no' a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses ay sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait.
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul,
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

[In former editions this song is said to have reference to a part of the poet's early history in connection with Jean Armour, who was an "elder's dochter;" but farther research determines that the application is to some incident in the history of Robert Ainslie, W.S., who belonged to Berrywell, near Dunse. This is in fact the very song enclosed to Ainslie by the bard, in a published letter dated January 6th, 1789, in which he says:—"I have brushed up the following old favourite song a little, with a view to your worship."]

CHORUS.

*Robin shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.*

I GAED up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden;
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cotter,
 Played me sic a trick,
 And me the El'er's dochter?
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promised me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose-feathers and a whittle.
Robin shure, &c.

ROB MOSSGIEL.

[This is an extension of the fragment given at page 116, which see.]

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
 And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

O STEER HER UP AND HAUD HER GAUN.

[The opening four lines are taken from a song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, and the remainder by Burns, proves him to have been an adept at a certain kind of courtship, which he must have been sensible was "not unto edification."]

O STEER her up and haud her gaun—
 Her mither's at the mill, jo;
 An' gin she winna tak' a man,
 E'en let her tak' her will, jo:
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' anither gill, jo;
 And gin she tak' the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
And gin she tak' it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo :
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo,
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

[This nursery ditty was written to supply a lively little tune, called *Wee Totum Fogg*, with a vocal framework.]

WEE Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet,
Peel a willow-wand, to be him boots and jacket ;
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet.

Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet,
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and gravat ;
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flie wad feather up his bonnet.

WE'RE A' NODDIN.

[This is one of the poet's random-flings to furnish words to a favourite rattling air. The 4th and 5th verses, however, are taken from the old words in the *Percy Reliques*, erroneously placed by the learned editor under the title of *John Anderson, my jo*. In 1787, the poet, in a letter to Ainslie, gives a verse of this song, somewhat varied, thus—

“The cats like kitchen, the dogs like broo ;
Lasses like the lads, an' the auld wives too.”]

GUDE'EN to you, kimmer,
And how do ye do ?
Hiccup ! quo' kimmer,
The better that I'm fou.

CHORUS.

*We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin, at our house at hame ;
We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a' noddin, at our house at hame.*

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen-broo ;
Deil tak' Kate
An she be na noddin too !
We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer ?
And how do ye fare ?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.
We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer ?
And how do ye thrive ?
How mony bairns hae ye ?
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.
We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johnny's ?
Eh ! atweel no :
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa' .
We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo ;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin, &c.

O AY MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

[This clever song, put into the mouth of some poor hymeneal victim, illustrates a sentiment frequently uttered in prose in behalf of such, when death kindly steps in to relieve them:—"Poor wretch! he has gone through *his* Purgatory, and is certain of admittance to Paradise at once." This song, and "The Joyful Widower," with "Kellyburn Braes," "Willie Wastle," and "Whistle o'er the lave o't," seem to be the whole stock of Burns' musings that hit hard against the wives; and in prose, we find him jocularly asking poor Cunningham, if the word *conjugal* is not derived from the Latin *con* and *jugum*?]

CHORUS.

*O ay my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.*

ON peace and rest my mind was bent,
And—fool I was—I marry'd;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarry'd.
O ay my wife, &c.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
O ay my wife, &c.

SCROGGAM.

[The present *Laird o' Cockpen* is "the most noble, the Marquis of Dalhousie." The parish, with its pretty kirk, is beautifully situated on the banks of the South Esk, near Edinburgh; and the very popular ballad by Lady Nairne, which records the courtship between a former laird and Mrs. Jean of Claversha' Lea, has almost wiped away the scandal which once attached to this sweet spot in consequence of the traditional story narrated in Burns' song. We are told, however, that the original "Auld Cowl" was a shaven priest of the *Auld Faith*, more than three centuries ago, and not any of the decent presbyters who have officiated in Cockpen Kirk since that remote period.]

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam;
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen,—
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever—

Scroggam!—

The priest o' the parish fell in anither,—

Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,

Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither—

Scroggam!—

That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither,—

Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,

Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum!

GUDE ALE KEEPS THE HEART ABOON.

[The chorus of this song is old, and the remainder, which gives a true picture of a weirdless fellow that habitually allows *the maui* to get aboon the meal in his stomach, is by Burns.]

CHORUS.

O gude ale comes and gude ale goes,

Gude ale gars me sell my hose,

Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,—

Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,

And they drew a' weel enough;

I sell'd them a' just ane by ane,—

Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!

O gude ale comes, &c.

Gude ale hauds me bare and busy,

Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,

Stand i' the stool when I hae done,—

Gude ale keeps my heart aboon!

O gude ale comes, &c.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

[There is much beauty in the language and versification of this lyric, which paints too true a picture of aristocratic life as it prevailed in Burns' days, and which, perhaps, too often found imitators in a lower scale of society. Stenhouse records that "Johnson long hesitated to admit this song into his *Museum*; but, being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place in that work."]

CHORUS.

*My lady's gown there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.*

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonie lass
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to mak' him blest.

My lady's gown, &c.

SWEETEST MAY.

[The pretty air to which these words are set, was communicated by Burns for the *Museum*; but the song is merely the first verse of one by Ramsay, slightly altered to suit the tune. We subjoin the original:—

“ My sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T’ accept a heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant slave regard it,
Syne for its faithfulness reward it:
’Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonie;
Receive it then wi’ kiss and smiley—
There’s my thumb, ’twill ne’er beguile ye! ”]

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee,
Take a heart which he designs thee;
As thy constant slave regard it,
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o’ shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy but the bonie,
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love’s silken band can bind it.

 MEG O’ THE MILL.

[This highly-coloured picture of a drunken wedding, was sent by Burns to Johnson, some time before he composed the beautiful song with the same title for George Thomson’s collection, which the reader will find at page 88, *ante*.]

O KEN ye what Meg o’ the mill has gotten?
An’ ken ye what Meg o’ the mill has gotten?
A braw new naig wi’ the tail o’ a ratten,
And that’s what Meg o’ the mill has gotten.
O ken ye what Meg o’ the mill lo’es dearly?
An’ ken ye what Meg o’ the mill lo’es dearly?
A dram o’ gude strunt in a morning early,
And that’s what Meg o’ the mill lo’es dearly.

O ken ye how Meg o’ the mill was married?
An’ ken ye how Meg o’ the mill was married?
The Priest he was oxtter’d, the Clerk he was carried,
And that’s how Meg o’ the mill was married.

O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded?
 An' ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded?
 The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
 And that's how Meg o' the mill was bedded.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

TUNE—*The Shoemakers' March.*

[At page 239, Vol. I., the reader will find words composed by the poet for *The Tailors' March*; at page 242, for *The Gardeners' March*; at page 322, for *The Weavers' March*; and here we have most exquisite stanzas composed for the *Cordwainers' or Shoemakers' March*.

This favourite old tune used formerly to ring through our streets and villages, at the annual processions of the "gentle craft," on *St. Crispin's Day*. A popular song in the west country, called, "My pretty Peggy, O," is sung to this air, and musicians inform us that it forms the groundwork of the much admired melody to which Tannahill's *Gloomy Winter* is set.]

CHORUS.

*O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy sweet hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.*

A SLAVE to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.
O lay thy loof, &c.

BONIE PEGGY RAMSAY.

[These words were supplied by Burns as a peg whereon to hang a pretty old tune of that name. All that is remembered of the original song is as follows:—

“Bonie Peggy Ramsay, as ony man may see,
Has a bonie sweet face, and a gleg wanton e’e.”]

CAULD is the e’enin’ blast
O’ Boreas o’er the pool,
And dawin’ it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

O cauld blaws the e’enin’ blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne’er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o’er the hill;
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

THE BONIE, BONIE LASS.

[This fragment was written as a vehicle for the vocal preservation of a favourite slow march.]

THERE was a bonie lass, and a bonie, bonie lass,
And she lo’ed her bonie laddie dear;
Till war’s loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi’ mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear:
And nocht could him quail, or his bosom assail,
But the bonie lass he lo’ed sac dear.

CROWDIE.

[The chorus of this song is very ancient, and the two stanzas supplied by Burns, are extremely pathetic, and in unison with its beautifully plaintive air. On 15th December, 1793, he quoted a portion of this song in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in relation to his own personal and domestic afflictions. He remarks:—"There had much need be many pleasures annexed to the states of husband and father, for, God knows, they have many peculiar cares. If I am nipt off at the command of fate, even in all the vigour of manhood, as I am—such things happen every day—Gracious God! what would become of my little flock? 'Tis here that I envy your people of fortune. A father on his death-bed, taking an everlasting leave of his children, has indeed woe enough; but the man of competent fortune leaves his sons and daughters independency and friends; while I— But I shall run distracted if I think any longer on the subject!"]

By the blindest editorial remissness on the part of the poet's biographers, the letter above quoted is set down as having been penned at Christmas, 1795, when the poet, so far from being "in all the vigour of manhood," was literally suffering under the death-bed illness, which laid him in the grave in six months thereafter.]

O THAT I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care!
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
An' they cry crowdie ever mair.

CHORUS.

*Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day!
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.*

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowrin' by the hallen-en';
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But ay I'm eerie they come ben.
Ance crowdie, &c.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

[This curious sketch was produced with a view to preserve an old air, the first half of which is now known as the latter part of *Aitkendrum*."]

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Gude news I've to tell,
There's a boat fu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

CHORUS.

*The wean wants a cradle,
An' the cradle wants a cod,
An' I'll no' gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.*

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what ye can,
I'll no' gang to my bed
Till I get a man.
The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane;
And waly fa' the ley-crap
For I maun till'd again.
The wean, &c.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

[This charming song is the last of those composed for *Johnson's Museum*, and very happily closes this section of our work. Some readers might be puzzled to guess what female christian-name "Mally" stands for, as an abbreviate or euphonism. "Tibbie," is used for *Isabel*; "Peggy," for *Margaret*; "Menie," for *Marion*; "Nelly," for *Helen*; but from what name is "Mally" derived? We think it can be a substitute for no other but *Mary*. *Polly* and *Molly* are quite commonly used in England for *Margaret* and *Mary*; so we must conclude that "Mally" and "Mailie" are the Scottish forms of *Molly*.

We are aware of only one other instance of the name *Mally* being used as a heroine of song. It is preserved by Chambers, in his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, and is called, "Mally Lee"—a very pretty ballad, taken from what is termed, "The Mansfield Manuscript Collection of Songs" (circa 1780.) The chorus and one verse are as follows:—

"And we're a' gaun east and wast, we're a' gaun ajee;
We're a' gaun east and wast, courtin' Mally Lee.
A prince cam' out frae 'mang them a', wi' garter at his knee,
And danced a stately rigadoon wi' bonie Mally Lee. "]

CHORUS.

*O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.*

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet ;
 But O the road was very hard
 For that fair maiden's tender feet.
O Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
 Were weel laced up in silken shoon ;
 And 'twere more fit that she should sit
 Within yon chariot gilt aboon.
O Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
 Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck ;
 And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
 Wad keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
O Mally's meek, &c.

CLOSING NOTE ON SONGS IN "JOHNSON'S MUSEUM."

At page 197, Vol. I., the reader will find some account of that remarkable publication, and the share which Burns had in the formation of its body and soul. On counting over the several pieces we have extracted from its pages and presented here as attributable to his pen, the number will be found to be *One Hundred and Ninety-three*. At same time, we have excluded several songs and fragments which we are satisfied Burns had no hand in, although they have been prominently exhibited as his by some of his editors.—(Among these we may mention, *Evan Banks*, by Maria Williams; *Farewell to Ayrshire* and *Cassillis' Banks*, both by Richard Gall; and *The winter it is past*, by some older hand.) Dr. Currie selected only 47 of the poet's songs from the *Museum*, which he introduced with this remark:—"The reader will think many of the songs which follow, among the finest productions of his muse." With regard to the many restorations and emendations of old song in the *Museum* for which we are indebted to Burns, Sir Walter Scott has remarked:—"Few, whether serious or humorous, passed through his hands, without receiving some of those magic touches which, without greatly altering the song, restored its original spirit, or gave it more than it ever possessed. So dexterously are these touches combined with the ancient structure, that the *rifacciamento*, in many instances, could scarcely have been detected, without the avowal of the Bard himself." To the same effect, and in equally happy language, Allan Cunningham says, "Burns possessed the most happy tact of pouring his genius through all the meanderings of music, was unrivalled in the skill of brooding over the rude conceptions of our old poets, and in warming them into grace and life. He could glide like dew into the fading bloom of departing song, and refresh it into beauty and fragrance."

Cromek states in his *Reliques of Burns*, that when in Edinburgh, collecting materials for that work, he saw 180 songs of Burns in the poet's autograph, in the possession of Johnson. We are happy to say that the greater portion of these interesting documents are still preserved. After Johnson's death, they were purchased by William Blackwood & Sons, booksellers, Edinburgh, who afterwards presented them to their relative, the late Archibald Hastie, M.P. for Paisley, elegantly bound up in one folio volume. These were exhibited, from year to year, at the Burns anniversary dinners given by that gentleman—the possessor also of the famous punch-bowl of the poet. The MS. volume is now, we believe, in the British Museum.

PIECES FIRST PUBLISHED BY CROMEK IN 1808.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Robert H. Cromek was a picture-engraver and print-publisher in London, well known in that line, as the producer of an admired print, engraved from Stothard's painting of Chaucer's "Pilgrimage to Canterbury," and also its companion work, "The Procession of the Flitch of Bacon." Shortly after the appearance of Dr. Currie's *Life and Works of Burns*, which Mr. Cromek perused and studied with avidity and delight, he was smitten with an intense desire to visit the localities hallowed by the Scottish Muse, coupled with an earnest wish to become the possessor of some scrap of Burns' handwriting. In the course of a northern tour which he thereafter had the satisfaction to make, he succeeded in gathering fresh materials sufficient to enable him to publish a most interesting volume, which appeared in 1808, under the title, "Reliques of Robert Burns: consisting chiefly of Original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations on Scottish Songs." This was published in London, uniform in size and type with Currie's four volumes, and it immediately took its place in public estimation, as a fitting supplement and *fifth* volume to that standard work.

Of the pieces contained in the *Reliques*, Mr. Cromek says in his preface:—"They are the result of a most diligent search, in which I have used the utmost exertions; often walking to considerable distances, and to obscure cottages, in search of a single letter. Many of them have been obtained from the generous confidence and liberality of their possessors; some from the hands of careless indifference, insensible to their value; others were fast falling to decay, their very existence almost forgotten, though glowing with the vital warmth which is diffused through every line that the hand of the immortal bard ever traced."

Cromek's work called forth interesting *critiques* from the pen of JEFFREY, in the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1809, and of SCOTT, in the *Quarterly Review* for February, same year. A farther contribution by Cromek to the bibliography of Burns was published in 1810, called, "Select Scottish Songs, with Critical Observations. By Robert Burns." 2 vols. This was chiefly compiled from the poet's notes inserted in an interleaved copy of *Johnson's Museum*. Cromek died, March 14, 1812.

SONGS AND LYRIC FRAGMENTS.

The poet's first Commonplace Book, commencing in April, 1783, of which Dr. Currie printed only a few extracts, was given by Cromek in full. It is entitled, "Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, &c., by Robert Burns; a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honesty, and unbounded good-will to every creature, rational and irrational."

Of the scraps therein contained, not heretofore given, the first in order of date appears to be the following:—

RAGING FORTUNE.

[If we are to depend on the poet's own statement, that he composed, at the age of seventeen, the little song, "I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing," given at page 216, Vol. I., then we must hold that this and the two following fragments belong to the same period, namely, the year or two which preceded the abandonment of the farm of Mount Oliphant, for that of Lochlea, at Whitsunday, 1777. It was at the same time also, that he composed the hymn or versified prayer, "O Thou Great Being!" given at page 176, Vol. I. The whole of these he refers to in his first Commonplace Book, as having been composed "at the close of that dreadful period of my life when my spirit was broke by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder."

In this wretched condition, he paid his court to the Muse—"My poor country Muse, all rustic, awkward, and unpolished as she is, has more charms for me than any other of the pleasures of life beside!" These verses are the issue of one of his efforts to "sowth a sang to soothe his misery." He tells us that he then "set about composing an air in the old Scotch style.—I am not musical scholar enough to prick down the tune properly, so it can never see the light, and perhaps it is no matter; but the following were the verses I composed to suit it:"]

O RAGING fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

FICKLE FORTUNE.

[The first four lines of this fragment form the close of the song, "I dreamed I lay," &c., at page 216, Vol. I. The sentiments here thrown into verse were cherished by Burns all his life through—

"Come firm Resolve! take thou the van, thou stalk o' carle-hemp in Man!"
and they are quite in unison with his "Prayer under the Pressure of Violent Anguish"—page 176, Vol. I.—

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

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereav'd me,*
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.—

I'll act with prudence, as far's I'm able,
But if success I must never find;
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome!
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

* This line, as originally written (see song, "I dream'd I lay," &c., page 216, Vol. I.), stands thus:—

"Of many a joy and hope bereaved me;"

but the youthful poet, in recording it in his *Commonplace Book*, after having been jilted by a *belle fille*, and losing all his little "wealth" in an attempt to start in business at Irvine, made the very natural alteration shewn in the text. "This fragment," he says, "was an *extempore*, under the pressure of a very heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether; and though the weather has brightened up a little with me, yet there has always been since, a tempest brewing round me, in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will sometime or other—perhaps ere long—overwhelm me, and drive me into some doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness."

In most editions of the poet, these two verses are preceded by four lines, commencing, "When clouds in skies do come together," which are set down as a part of this "Fragment;" but the poet very distinctly says that these four lines are part of a piece "in imitation of an old Scots song, well known among the country ingle-sides.—I cannot tell the name either of the song or the tune, but I shall here set down one verse to mark the song and tune I mean, and likewise as a debt I owe to the author, as the repeating of that verse has lighted up my flame a thousand times."—(See note to song, "The noble Maxwells," page 304, Vol. I.)

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

[We are indebted to Cromeek for preserving this interesting attempt at dramatic writing, together with the prose note which accompanies it. It does not form part of the poet's first Commonplace Book, as usually printed; or, if it really is a portion of those early memoranda, it has got unaccountably disconnected therefrom; and if the MS. still exists, the sooner this unplaced piece is restored to its connection the better. The stray note which we refer to is as follows:—"In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy forsooth! but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my farther progress. In those days I never wrote down any thing; so, except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character—great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself, as in the words of the fragment,—

'With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction.'

Here we have a glance at "the factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my tale of the *Two Dogs*.—My indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears."

The five concluding lines of this fragment are marked off by the poet as having been "added at a later period of life." They are quite *Byronic*, in so far as we discern the poet himself, as the *person of the drama* who is speaking.

There is a passage in the early memoranda, under date, March, 1784, which bears strong affinity to the pleadings for the vagabond in this fragment:—

"Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity!"

"I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind commonly known by the ordinary phrase of 'blackguards.' Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes stained with guilt, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues, magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even MODESTY.]"

' ALL devil as I am, a damned wretch,
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you!
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
—O! but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,
I had been driven forth, like you, forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!

[O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
 With talents passing most of my compeers,
 Which I in just proportion have abused
 As far surpassing other common villains,
 As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more.]

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

[At Whitsunday, 1777, when the poet had passed into his nineteenth year, the Burness family removed from Mount Oliphant to the farm of Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. In his autobiography he thus remarks regarding this period:—"At the plow, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart." He tells us that, besides being in the secret of half the loves of the parish of Tarbolton, and using his goose-feather to forward the love-adventures of his compeers as well as his own, he engaged in an extensive correspondence with old school-fellows and others, in order to improve himself in literary composition, keeping copies of any of his own letters that pleased him.

The only letters of these days, that have been printed from copies found among his papers after his death, are the four *love-letters*, given by Currie in his first edition, addressed to "E—, written about the year 1780." Motherwell observes of them: "They are, in fact, the only sensible love-letters we have ever seen; yet they have an air of task-work and constraint about them that is far from natural." In the passage of the poet's *Commonplace Book* which records the verses in the text, he tells us that *Montgomerie's Peggy* was his deity for six or eight months, and that he began to lay siege to her merely from a vanity of shewing his parts in courtship, particularly his abilities at a *billet-doux*; but eventually he battered himself into a warm affection for her, and was dreadfully disconcerted when, in the sequel, she told him that her fortress had for some time been the lawful property of another. It "cost him some heart-aches to get rid of the affair."

Several of the poet's editors and annotators, by connecting the information thus derived from separate sources, had assumed the identity of *Montgomerie's Peggy* with the fair one to whom he addressed the four letters referred to; Cromek especially, observing that both in the letters and in the note relating to *Montgomerie's Peggy*, the poet speaks of the fair one as "having been bred in a style of life rather elegant," points out in a foot-note that the passage on *Montgomerie's Peggy* "explains the love-letters to *Peggy*." This theory was overturned about the year 1848, by information from the poet's sister (Mrs. Begg), communicated to Capt. Charles Gray and others. From some memoranda, obligingly sent to the present writer by Mrs. Begg's daughter, Agnes, dated from Bridge-house, Ayr, 22nd February, 1850, the following quotation on the present subject may be interesting:—"How Mr. D— runs into the mistake of saying that Mrs. Begg, in her account of *Ellison Begbie*, represents her as the same with *Montgomerie's Peggy*, is to me incomprehensible: she has ever said the very reverse; they were as distinct as two women with two souls can be. *Peggy* was housekeeper with Archibald Montgomerie, Esq., of Coilsfield. Burns and she had met frequently at Tarbolton Mill—the 'Willie's Mill' of *Dr. Hornbook*: they sat in the same church, and had a good deal of intercourse; but she was engaged to another before ever they met; so, on her part, it was nothing but amusement, and on Burns' part, from the way he speaks of it, little more.]"

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

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

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

THE LASS OF CESSNOCK BANKS.

A SONG OF SIMILIES.

TUNE—*If he be a Butcher neat and trim.*

[The head-note to the preceding song will serve to illustrate this remarkable lyric, of which there are two versions extant—one picked up by Cromek "from the oral communication of a lady residing in Glasgow, whom the bard, in early life, affectionately admired," and the other printed (in Pickering's edition, 1839) "from the poet's own MS.," in which are given two additional verses of great beauty, here marked off by brackets. In the text, we mainly adhere to the latter version, giving Cromek's variations in a foot-note.

Reference has already been made, at pages 87 and 131 of the present volume, to ELLISON BEGBIE, who was the heroine of this *Song of Similies*, to whom also the four love-letters before referred to were addressed. The real date of these was 1781, as is proved by a reference in the last of them, to his intended "removal, in a few days, a little farther off"—namely to Irvine, to learn the trade of flax-dressing. From the memoranda of Mrs. Begg, alluded to in the note to *Montgomerie's Peggy*, we quote as follows regarding the subject of the present song:—"The *belle-fille* who caused the poet's melancholy at Irvine, was the aforesaid Ellison Begbie, for whom he evidently had a most sincere respect, but she declined a nearer connection than friendship with him, for reasons known only to themselves; but, where the fair one was amiable and prudent, the reasons may easily be imagined. She married some years after." Ellison Begbie, we are informed, was the daughter of a small farmer in the parish of Galston. In 1781, she was servant with a family on the banks of the Cessnock Water, about two miles from Lochlea: she was so superior to ordinary girls of her station, that Burns, even after he had seen the belles of Edinburgh, acknowledged to his mother and sisters, that of all the women he had ever seriously admired, Ellison was the one most likely to have formed an agreeable companion to him for life. She was not, in the strict sense of the term, a *beauty*, but there was a fascination about her that attracted the admiration of the young men of her neighbourhood, and the poet in particular. Cromek traced her out, and conversed with her in Glasgow. It is a pity that nothing of her subsequent history is known.]

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells ;
 Could I describe her shape and mein !
 Our lasses a' she far excels,—
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's spotless, like the flow'ring thorn
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

[Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just cpening on its thorny stem,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.]

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen ;
They tempt the taste and charm the sight,—
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
 With fleeces newly washen clean,
 That slowly mount the rising steep,—
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
 That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
 When Phœbus sinks behind the seas,—
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

[Her bosom's like the nightly snow
 When pale the morning rises keen,
 While hid the murmuring streamlets flow,—
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.]

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
 That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush,—
 An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen;
 'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,—
 And chiefly in her rogueish een.*

* The first stanza in Cromek's version is as follows:—

“On Cessnock banks there lives a lass,—
 Could I describe her shape and mein—
 The graces of her weel-faur'd face,
 And the glancin' of her sparklin' een.”

Cromek's fifth verse shews the following variation, the closing line being adhered to throughout the song:—

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

The present editor has, without hesitation, adopted a transposition of one or two of the stanzas, and, in verse third from the end, he has corrected an obvious blunder, by altering a single word: this, he feels certain, every reader of taste will accept as an improved reading. The poet, in the first five stanzas, describes the general *tout ensemble* of his mistress; in the rest of the song, he paints each of her charms in detail. Beginning with the hair of her head, and gradually descending, he devotes a whole stanza to each particular grace—the forehead—the cheeks—the lips—the teeth—the breath—the bosom—the voice, and, lastly, “the mind that shines in every grace.” We consider this lovely *Song of Similies* has not hitherto received the attention its excellence deserves. Verily, it is no boyish production.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE—*The Weaver and his Shuttle, O.*

[“The following song,” says the poet in his Scrap Book, under date, April, 1734, “is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification; but as the sentiments are the genuine feelings of my heart, for that reason I have a particular pleasure in conning it over.” This remark leads us to infer that it must have been a production of earlier years. It is not easy to decide whether its garnered philosophy was recorded before or after the year 1781, when the collapse of his Irvine adventure had added much to his stock of experience of human life and human folly. The fifth stanza finely brings out the proud vaunt he so eloquently introduced in his Edinburgh Dedication—“I was bred to the plough, and am independent !”]

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

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

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

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
 With fortune's vain delusion, O,
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
 And came to this conclusion, O :

The past was bad, and the future hid ;
 Its good or ill untrièd, O ;
 But the present hour was in my pow'r,
 And so I would enjoy it, O.

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

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
 Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
 Till down my weary bones I lay
 In everlasting slumber, O :
 No view nor care, but shun whate'er
 Might breed me pain and sorrow, O ;
 I live to-day as well's I may,
 Regardless of to-morrow, O.

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

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

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

ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my jo.*

[This fragment, introduced in his Scrap Book under date, May, 1785, seems to have been intended as the starting note of a solemn lyric, in the key of "Man was made to mourn."]

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder,
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Aire ran on before me,
And bicker'd to the seas,
A cushat crooded o'er me,
That echoed through the braes.

THE MAUCLINE LADY.

TUNE—*I had a horse, and I had nae mair.*

[This is, in truth, a pretty close parody of one of the stanzas of a very free song, beginning—"I had a horse, and I had nae mair." It seems to have a reference to the entrapping of his heart by Jean Armour.]

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye:
But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreading onie body,
My heart was caught before I thought—
And by a Mauchline lady.

RANTIN', ROVIN' ROBIN.

TUNE—*Daintie Davie.*

[There are few of Burns' songs more popular than this, which is sung in every quarter of the globe, on each recurrence of the day referred to in the second stanza. Currie took notice of the tradition recorded in the same verse, that on the night of the poet's birth a portion of the *auld clay biggin*, erected by William Burns, with his own hands, was blown in by "a blast of Jan'war' win'." It has been often noticed that hurricanes of wind are frequent in this country about the season of Burns' anniversary, and the extraordinary rough state of the weather on the centenary night of 1859 must be well remembered by many.]

The reader will observe that the air to which the poet intended these lively verses to be sung, is that of "Dainty Davie." We cannot say who it was that first set aside that very suitable tune and adapted the words to the air now almost universally allied to them, namely—*O gin ye were dead, gudeman*. In order to effect this it became necessary to make a very silly alteration of the poet's own chorus verse, thus:—

"Robin was a rovin' boy,
A rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
A rantin', rovin' Robin!"]

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

CHORUS.

*Robin was a rovin' boy—
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin'—
Robin was a rovin' boy—
Rantin' rovin' Robin!*

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Jan'war' win'
Blew hanel in on Robin.
Robin was, &c.

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

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

TO THE REV. JOHN M'MATH,
 ENCLOSING A COPY OF "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER," WHICH
 HE HAD REQUESTED.

Sept. 17th, 1785.

[This gentleman was assistant to Dr. Peter Wodrow, parish minister of Tarbolton. He is said to have been an excellent preacher, although of the *New-Light* tendency; but, having fallen into hypochondriacism, he became dissipated, resigned his charge, and enlisted as a common soldier. He died in obscurity, in the Isle of Mull, in 1825. There is reference made in this poem, as well as that immediately preceding, to those "profane rhymes" of Burns', which had then been freely circulating in manuscript, much to the alarm of the kirk-session of Mauchline. The *Twa Herds*, and even *Holy Willie's Prayer*, "with a certain description of the clergy, as well as laity, met with a roar of applause."

The Ettrick Shepherd, in his song, *The Laird of Lamington*, has parodied one of the verses of this epistle, as follows:—

"I like a man to tak' his glass,—toast his friend and bonie lass;
 He that winna is an ass—Deil send him ane to gallop on!"]

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

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

* *Rab the Ranter*.—A title borrowed from the popular song of *Maggie Lauder*. The poet concludes his *Epistle to James Tennant* (p. 217) in the same manner,—

"Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Yours, saint or sinner, RAB THE RANTER."

† *Gulravage*.—Running in a confused, disorderly manner, like boys when leaving school.—*Cromek*.

I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy,
 That I, a simple, country bardie,
 Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, an' half-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

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

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word an' deed,*
 An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
 By worthless skellums,
 An' not a muse erect her head
 To cowe the blellums?

O Pope! had I thy satire's darts
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts,
 An' tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no' the thing I shou'd be,
 Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be,
 But twenty times, I rather wou'd be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

* This couplet is also used in the *Dedication to G. H.*, page 98, Vol. I.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd ;
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd ;
 An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
 (Which gives you honor),
 Even, sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
 An' winning manner.

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 An' if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good sir, in ane
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
 But to his utmost would befriend
 Ought that belang'd ye.

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ., MAUCLINE.

(RECOMMENDING A BOY.)

Mosgaville, May 3, 1786.

[This off-hand effusion bears its own date. Mr. Gavin Hamilton had bespoke the services of one of the poet's servant lads who was about to leave Mossgiel at Whitsunday following, and Burns took this method of notifying to Hamilton that a certain *world's worm*, known in Mauchline as "Maister Tootie," *alias* "Laird M'Gaun," was endeavouring to get the *callan* to engage with him. The reader will observe that in some lines of the second stanza the poet imitates Goldsmith's *Madame Blaise* :—

"Her love was sought, I do aver, by twenty beaux and more ;
 The King himself has followed her—when she has walked before."

Burns' imitation is—

"An' gar him follow to the kirk—aye when ye gang yoursel'."

Laird M'Gaun is characterised as a "snick-drawer," that is, a cattle-dealer who scrapes away from a cow's horn the rings or marks which indicate its true age. In the *Address to the Deil*, the poet terms that sable patriarch a "snick-drawing dog." It may console the *Deil* to be informed that Dr. Chalmers, in his "Daily Scripture Readings," applies the term, "snick-drawer," to old Jacob, who wrestled and prevailed with the Almighty.]

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
 To warn you how that Master Tootie,
 Alias, Laird M'Gaun,
 Was here to hire yon lad away
 'Bout whom ye spak' the tither day,
 An' wad hae done't aff han' :

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

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

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

TO MR. M'ADAM OF CRAIGEN-GILLAN,
IN ANSWER TO AN OBLIGING LETTER HE SENT IN THE
COMMENCEMENT OF MY POETIC CAREER.

[This hasty note, addressed to one of his early patrons, has been much admired for its natural ease, and skill in versification and flowing rhymes. Cunningham tells us that the poet's friend, Woodburn, was factor to Graigen-Gillan, but he forgets to tell us anything about Woodburn. From another source, we learn that Mr. David Woodburn was an early acquaintance of Burns, who, in 1785, presented him with the only known manuscript copy of the *Jolly Beggars*—the same copy which afterwards passed into the possession of Thomas Stewart, of Greenock and Glasgow; and by him was given to the world, both in type and in *fac-simile* printing.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Diogenes.

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

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

[The heroine of this sweet double-stanza is not known; although it is said to have been composed during the poet's residence at Mossgiel. According to Cromek's information, Burns one day had his foot in the stirrup ready to mount his horse to ride from Ayr to Mauchline, when a young lady of great beauty rode up to the inn, and caused some refreshments to be given to her servants. The lines were composed on the spot, merely to keep so much loveliness on his memory.]

HER flowing locks—the raven's wing—
Adown her neck and bosom hing;
How sweet unto that breast to cling,
And round that neck entwine her!
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew!
O what a feast her bonie mou'!
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner!

LINES UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON.

[These lines were written under the frontispiece-head of that poet, in a copy of his poems presented by Burns to a young lady in Edinburgh, and dated March 19, 1787. The beautiful couplet—

“O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses”—

has passed now into a household saying among poets—so familiar has it become by oft quotation.]

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

TO WILLIAM CREECH.

[This epistle to his publisher, then on a visit to London, was hastily penned in the inn at Selkirk, on Sunday, 13th May, 1787, whither he and his fellow-tourist, Ainslie, had been driven, by "stress of weather," away from a contemplated ride up "the braes o' Yarrow." It is an excellent sample of his burlesque manner, but without the finish and tenderness of "Tam Samson's Elegy," which it somewhat reminds one of. The only bit of *landscape* introduced is very exquisite, and happily describes the progress of his tour during the by-past week to the present moment, when from the window he could see—

"Etrick banks now roaring red, while tempests blaw."]

AULD chuckie Reekie's * sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest,
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
Willie's awa'!

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight;
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
And trig an' braw;
But now they'll busk her like a fright—
Willie's awa'!

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law:
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
Willie's awa'!

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw;
He wha could brush them down to mools,
Willie's awa'!

* The epithet, *Auld Reekie*, is said to have been first applied to Edinburgh by King James VI., on beholding it from the Fife coast at early morning, while the citizens were lighting their fires. The term, "chuckie," added by Burns, suggests the figure of the maternal hen and chickens.

The brethern o' the Commerce-Chaumer *
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour;
 He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a';
 I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer—
 Willie's awa'!

Nae mair we see his levee door
 Philosophers and poets pour, †
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody raw!
 The adjutant o' a' the core,
 Willie's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace;
 Mackenzie, Stewart, such a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw;
 They a' maun meet some ither place—
 Willie's awa'!

Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
 He cheeps like some bewildered chicken,
 Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin',
 By hoodie-craw;
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin'—
 Willie's awa'!

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd, girnin' bhellum,
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
 And self-conceited critic skellum
 His quill may draw;
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum,
 Willie's awa'!

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I've sped,
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
 And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw;
 But every joy and pleasure's fled—
 Willie's awa'!

* The Chamber of Commerce, Edinburgh, of which Mr. Creech was Secretary.

† Many literary gentlemen were accustomed to meet at Mr. Creech's house at breakfast. Burns often met with them there when he called, and hence the name of *Levee*.

EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

TUNE—*Gilliecrankie*.

[Here we have two characteristic sketches taken on the spot by the poet during his stay in Edinburgh in 1787. A visit to the Parliament House, to witness proceedings in our supreme courts, is one of those treats which intelligent visitors to the metropolis of Scotland are unwilling to miss. The two leading barristers of that period were Sir Harry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, and Mr. Ilay Campbell (afterwards Lord President), and they are here hit off to the life.]

LORD ADVOCATE.

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

MR. ERSKINE.

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

THERE'S NAETHIN' LIKE THE HONEST NAPPY.

[This fragment was found pencilled in the poet's Edinburgh Commonplace Book. It is impossible to say when it was composed; but at page 108, Vol. I, the reader will find a note quoted from Cunningham, in which it is asserted that these two verses originally formed a part of the first *Epistle to Lapraik*.]

THERE's naethin' like the honest nappy !
 Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
 Or women sonsie, saft, an' sappy,
 'Tween morn an' morn,
 As them wha like to taste the drappie
 In glass or horn ?

I've seen me daez't upon a time ;
 I scarce could wink or see a styme ;
 Just ae hauf-mutchkin does me prime—
 Ought less is little—
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,—
 As gleg's a whittle !

THE BONIE MOOR-HEN.

[Although there is evidence that this song was composed so early as January, 1788, yet it was neither sent to Johnson nor Thomson, but picked up by Cromek among the loose MSS. handed to him by Mrs. Burns. In the *Clarinda Correspondence*, published in 1843, we find a reference to this production in one of her letters dated January 30th, 1788. The poet had sent her some of his poems to read, and had written her a letter on the subject of religion, and she answers,—“ I only wish the world saw you as you appear in your letters to me. Why did you send forth such poems as the *Holy Fair*? Had Clarinda known you, she would have held you in her arms till she had your promise to suppress them. Do not publish the 'Moor Hen.' Do not, for your sake, and for mine.”

The piece is written on the model of a licentious old song, to which the following verse belongs:—

“ I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man ;
 I rede ye beware o' the ripples, young man ;
 Though music be pleasure, tak' music in measure,
 Or sune ye'll want wind i' your whistle, young man.”]

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

CHORUS.

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

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

I rede you beware, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
 In spite, at her plumage attempted his skill:
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay
I rede you beware, &c.

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

* * * *

S K E T C H.

[On 20th January, 1789, the poet enclosed this to Professor Dugald Stewart, along with others of his then recently composed pieces. This he describes as one of a series of "fragments" which he intends ultimately to combine in a poem to be called *The Poet's Progress*; and he adds,—“This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketching; but, lest idle conjecture should pretend to point out the original, please to let it be for your single, sole inspection.”

There can be no doubt, from the poet's remarks regarding Mr. Creech to another correspondent, that the publisher of his Edinburgh poems really was the subject of this rather ill-natured sketch. The name of Mr. Creech stands in the Edinburgh subscription list of August, 1796, for £5 5s., while the name of George Thomson (who was greatly more indebted to the bard) is set down for £2 2s.]

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
 And still his precious self his dear delight;
 Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets.
 A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
 Learn'd *vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour*;
 So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood;—
 Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
 His solid sense—by inches you must tell.
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

[On 3rd February, 1789, the poet thus wrote from Ellisland:—"In the affair of a livelihood, I think myself tolerably secure: I have good hopes from my farm, but should they fail, I have an excise commission, which, on my simple petition, will, at any time, procure me bread. There is a certain stigma affixed to the character of an excise-officer, but I do not pretend to borrow honour from my profession; and, though my salary will be comparatively small, it will be luxury to any thing that the first twenty-five years of my life taught me to expect."

An appointment as an exciseman seems to have been an object of ambition with Burns from his very early years. When only eighteen years old he spent some time at Kirkoswald, a seaport noted for smugglers, and consequently for excisemen, and at a noted school there he studied mensuration, surveying, &c. In 1786, shortly after the publication of his first volume, some efforts were made by his friend and patrons in Ayr to procure such an appointment for him, and thus obviate the necessity of going abroad, as he then contemplated. In the autumn of 1787, his trip to Harvieston and Ochtertyre had something to do with the excise errand, if Robert Chambers' conjectures are right. About the end of same year we find him in Edinburgh a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Nimmo, an officer of excise, who resided in Alison Square, and there, by the way, he first met Clarinda. In January, 1788, he discusses the excise-idea with Clarinda; and on 17th of the following month he tells Miss Chalmers in a letter that he has "entered into the excise," and he adds,—"I stay in the west about three weeks, and then return to Edinburgh for six weeks instructions." Not, however, till about the end of August, 1789, did he actually enter on his duties; so we may be pretty certain that the following *impromptu* was uttered at that period. On the 18th of same month, his second son, Francis Wallace, was born; the second year's crop from his farm looked discouraging, and "these muvin' things ca'd wives and weans," impelled him to look out for some certain means of subsistence for them.]

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels
 Och-hon! the day!
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
 But—what'll ye say!
 These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans
 Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes!

TO CAPTAIN RIDDEL, GLENRIDDEL.

(EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.)

Ellisland, Monday Evening.

[This is a clever note of thanks to his kind neighbour of the Carse, for the use of a newspaper. It is quite likely that the metrical letter on a like occasion, given at page 153, was addressed to the same gentleman.]

YOUR news and review, sir,
 I've read through and through, sir,

With little admiring or blaming :

The papers are barren
Of home-news or foreign,—

No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends, the reviewers,
Those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, sir ;

But of meet, or unmeet,
In a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, sir.

My goose-quill too rude is,
To tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet ;
Would to God I had one
Like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, should know it !

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON.

[This animal belonged to Mr. William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh. Some horse-couper had imposed on the dominie, and palmed a wretched mare on him at an extravagant price; and the poor brute, who soon began to exhibit her ailments, was placed on the poet's farm to be nursed, and thereafter sold for the best price she could bring. Burns, on February 9th, 1790, announced her death in a most humorous letter to Nicol, and appended the present ballad by way of *Drigie*. The "priest who rode her sair" was no other than Nicol himself, who had been bred to holy orders, but took an early dislike to the calling. The farm-servants at Ellisland had christened the mare *Peg Nicholson*—the name of a disloyal fanatic who had attempted to shoot the king.]

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

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

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

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
 And then the Deil he daurna steer ye:
 Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
 While BURNS they ca' me.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

[The breaking out of the French Revolution in 1792, aroused in this and other countries a sympathetic longing after liberty, which, under judicious guidance, is the proper mainspring of national greatness. A number of Societies arose both in Scotland and England, taking the name of "Friends of the People," which soon caused serious alarm to Pitt's government. It does not appear that Burns identified himself with any of these societies; but we know that he was a subscriber to the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*—a publication which was looked on with suspicion, for advocating the reforming views then in agitation all around. The following song—found among the poet's papers after his death—appears to have been thrown off by him about this period to compliment the reform leaders in the House of Commons. Cromek's version is fragmentary; but we give the complete song as printed in the *Scots Magazine* for January, 1818, from an original MS., delivered by Burns to one of his friends.]

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

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

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,†
 That lives at the lug o' the law!

* Charles James Fox. The buff and blue was the Whig livery.

† Hon. Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

Here's freedom to him that wad read,
 Here's freedom to him that wad write!
 There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
 But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 An' here's to them that's awa',
 Here's Maitland and Wycombe, let wha does na like 'em,
 Be built in a hole o' the wa'!
 Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
 Here's fruit that is sound at the core;
 May he that would turn the buff and blue coat,
 Be turned to the back o' the door.*

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,†
 Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,
 And friends on both sides of the Tweed;
 And wha wad betray old Albion's rights,
 May they never eat of her bread!

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

[Dumourier deserted the army of the French Republic, on April 5, 1793, after having gained some great victories. This effusion, in the form of a parody on *Robin Adair*, is said to have been uttered almost extemporaneously by the poet, on overhearing some one expressing joy over the event.]

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

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

* This verse has been omitted in all former editions of the poet.

† M'Leod of Dunvegan, a great Liberal of the day.

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

FRAGMENT ON LIBERTY.*

[In September, 1793, *Bruce's Address* was composed, and in June of the following year the present fragment on his cherished theme was produced. On the 25th of that month, he enclosed the lines to Mrs. Dunlop, with these remarks:—"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is LIBERTY: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me, I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland, thus:"]—

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 Beneath that hallowed turf where WALLACE lies!
 Hear it not, WALLACE, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep;
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward-secret breath.

Is this the power in Freedom's war
 That wont to bid the battle rage?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Blasting the despot's proudest bearing—
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Crushed usurpation's boldest daring:
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking star,
 And *one*—the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

* Unimportant as this little effusion may appear, it has been rendered still less interesting by the carelessness of editors in displacing lines, altering words, and disregarding the author's own structure of the verses. The slightest examination of the rhymes and sense of the last eight lines will shew that these form a distinct stanza from that of the ten lines preceding. From Cromek's time downwards, we here read of the *eye* that *crushes*, and the *arm* that *braves*! Dr. Chambers, in order to escape this inaccuracy, tried to mend matters in his last edition, but made them worse by transposing the third-last and fifth-last lines; whereas, all that was requisite to restore the author's sense, was to transpose the opening words of these lines, as in the text.

THE 'LOYAL NATIVES.'

[A Club of young men in Dumfries existed in 1794, who adopted this title to shew their regard for the dominant party in government, and their detestation of republicanism. The following impromptu was administered by Burns, as a reply and rebuke to them for having ventured to address the poet and a few habitual associates, in a wretched quatrain, wherein they are styled "Sons of Sedition," and consigned to hell for their sentiments.]

YE true 'Loyal Natives,' attend to my song,
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long ;
 From *envy* and *hatred* your corps is exempt ;
 But where is your shield from the *darts of contempt* ?

EPIGRAMS ON THE EARL OF GALLOWAY.

[We learn from Mr. Syme's lively account of the poet's tour along with him through Galloway, in July, 1793, that one at least of these epigrams was uttered in the course of that excursion. The Earl was one of Burns' favourite aversions ; and on his beautiful seat being pointed out, the poet, according to Mr. Syme, "expectorated his spleen, and regained a most agreeable temper."]

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair ?
 Flit, Galloway, and find
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
 The picture of thy mind !

No Stewart art thou, Galloway—
 The Stewarts all were brave ;
 Besides, the Stewarts were but *fools*,
 Not one of them a *knave*.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway
 Thro' many a far-fam'd fire !
 So ran the far-fam'd Roman way—
 So ended—in a *mire*.

TO THE SAME,
ON BEING THREATENED WITH THE EARL'S RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live :
I ask no kindness at thy hand—
For thou hast none to give.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

[Towards the close of 1795, a bad harvest and other causes, contributed to create much popular discontent, and annoyance to the ministry. A public meeting was held in the Adelphi Theatre in Edinburgh, at which the Hon. Harry Erskine, Dean of Faculty presided: this gave great offence to the Tory majority in the Parliament House, and it was resolved to set up a Tory candidate for the office of "Dean" at the next election, and outvote the supporters of the Whig favourite. This election took place on 12th January, 1796, when Robert Dundas of Arniston—by a large majority—supplanted the reigning favourite. Burns could not bear of the degradation of his old friend and patron, without giving vent to his feelings, which he did in the following song:—]

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

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

Squire *Hal*, besides, had in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,—
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ;

So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
 Of a son of Circumcision,
 So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision :
 Nay, *Bobby's* mouth may be open'd yet,
 Till for eloquence you hail him,
 And swear he has the angel met
 That met the ass of Balaam.

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

AMANG THE TREES.

TUNE—*The King o' France, he rade a race.*

[This, and the two following fragments, were found among the poet's papers after his death. The "yell o' foreign squeels" mentioned in the song, seems to refer to the encouragement given in fashionable society to Italian, French, and German music, to the prejudice of that of our own nation. The allusion in the last four lines, is to James I. of Scotland, a royal poet and musician, whose spirit, our bard tells us, had entered into and animated "a fiddler in the north"—thereby meaning Neil Gow, whose strathspeys and reels *dang* the Italians "tapsalteerie, O !"]

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

* This verse, unknown to Cromek, was printed from the poet's own MS., so lately as in 1842, by the son of Allan Cunningham.

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

* * * *

A BOTTLE AND A FRIEND.

[Gilbert Burns, in a letter to Cromek, dated February, 1809, expressed his opinion that these lines are not by his brother. They are, nevertheless, given here, with the addition of a chorus not generally printed along with them.]

CHORUS.

*There's nane that's blest of human kind,
But the cheerful and the gay, man.
Fal lal, &c.*

HERE's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man?
Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man;
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not ay when sought, man.
There's nane, &c.

THE MERRY PLOUGHMAN.

[Although this double stanza exists in Burns' own writing, his brother, Gilbert, assured Cromek that the little song was sung by every ploughman and ploughman's mistress in Ayrshire, before the poet was born.]

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a young ploughman sae sweetly to sing:

And as he was singin', thir words he did say :
There's nae life like the ploughman in the month o' sweet
May.

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

TO THEE, LOV'D NITH.

TUNE—*Marian's Dream.*

[There can be no doubt, from a reference to this song in one of the poet's undated notes to Mrs. Maria Riddel, that it is chiefly the composition of that lady. Internal evidence proves the date of the note to be about January, 1795. He was then, during the illness of his supervisor, doing duty for him, as well as attending to his own: the poet tells her he will "in a week or two again return to his wonted leisure, and he will then pay that attention to Mrs. R.'s beautiful song, *To thee, lov'd Nith*, which it so well deserves."

Robert Chambers, who, in his biography of the poet, seems very anxious to make out a case of complete reconciliation between the friends—estranged since January, 1794 (see note, p. 69)—regards this song as a *fresh* poetical expression of her forgiving disposition towards her ungallant lampooner, whom she asked to criticise and correct her performance, thus contriving "that Burns should in the way of his art, help to polish the shaft of tender reproach aimed at his own bosom."

Mrs. Riddle's song, consisting of three double-stanzas, has been printed in full by some of Burns' editors. We give only the first verse in our text: the sixth line is disfigured by a false rhyme, which Burns corrected as follows:—

"I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Though there Remembrance wakes the tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!"

The correction is given by Cunningham, from a MS. of the poet. We give, also, an additional verse from Thomson's collection—in all likelihood, appended by Burns, for its quality seems to excel the other stanzas:—

"Ye shades that echoed to his vows,
And saw me once supremely blest;
Oh, yield me now a peaceful grave,
And give a love-lorn maiden rest!
And should the false one hither stray,
No vengeful Spirit bid him fear;
But tell him, though he broke my heart,
Yet to that heart he still was dear!"

To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
Though prest with care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Though Memory there my bosom tear ;
For there he rov'd that broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah ! still how dear.

TO THE OWL.

(By John M'Creddie.)

[Mr. Cromek considered these verses to have been written by Burns, notwithstanding the poet attributed them to "John M'Creddie," a person quite unknown. Upwards of sixty years have elapsed since Cromek printed this piece, "found among the poet's MSS. in his own handwriting with occasional interlineations, such as occur in all his primitive effusions," and no one has come forward to claim the poem, or give any information as to its nominal author.]

SAD bird of night, what sorrow calls thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour ?
Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
 Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bow'r ?

Is it, sad owl, that autumn strips the shade,
 And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn ?
Or fear that winter will thy nest invade ?
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn ?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,
 To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom ;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
 Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strain,
 And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy song :
Sing on, sad mourner ! to the night complain,
 While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
 Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall ?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break ?
 Less happy he who lists to pity's call ?

Ah no, sad owl ! nor is thy voice less sweet,
 That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there ;
That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou canst repeat ;
 That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair ;

Nor that the treble songsters of the day,
 Are quite estranged, sad bird of night, from thee;
 Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
 When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.

From some old tow'r, thy melancholy dome,
 While the gray walls and desert solitudes
 Return each note, responsive to the gloom
 Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods;

There hooting; I will list more pleas'd to thee,
 Than ever lover to the nightingale;
 Or drooping wretch oppress'd with misery,
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

THE VOWELS.

A TALE.

[This, although found in the poet's handwriting among his papers, cannot be ascertained as his. Some of his rhyming friends were in the habit of submitting their verses to him for his corrections, and in such cases, he sometimes transcribed the whole piece, inserting his own improvements as he proceeded: so that the existence of verses in his MS., is a very inadequate test of their authorship.]

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd,
 The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
 Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
 And cruelty directs the thickening blows;
 Upon a time, Sir A B C the great,
 In all his pedagogic powers elate,
 His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
 And call the trembling vowels to account.—

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
 But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight!
 His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
 And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, *ai!*

Reluctant, E stalk'd in; a piteous case,
 The justling tears ran down his honest face!

That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
 Pale, he surrenders at the tyrant's throne!
 The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
 Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound;
 And next the title following close behind,
 He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y!
 In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd reply:
 The Pedant swung his felon cudgel round,
 And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground!

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
 The wailing minstrel of despairing woe;
 Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert,
 Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art:
 So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering, U,
 His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew!

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
 The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
 In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
 Baptiz'd him *eu*, and kick'd him from his sight.

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

[It is not generally known that this fine ballad, which obtained a prominent place in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, as also "The Lochmaben Harper," were among those picked up by Burns, whose versions are certainly superior to those given by Scott.

Cromek assures us that two verses of *Hughie Graham* are wholly by Burns, and that his corrections are visible in some others. The following seem to be the stanzas he refers to:—

O LOWSE my right hand free, he says,
 And put my braid sword in the same;
 He's no' in Stirling toun this day,
 Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

They've ta'en him to the gallows-knowc,—
 He looket to the gallows-tree;
 Yet never the colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blink his e'e.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be;
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
 I never did disgrace their bluid;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak
 To mak' it shorter by the huid.*

CLOSING NOTE ON CROMEK'S 'RELIQUES.'

This enthusiastic Englishman, and devoted admirer of the Scottish bard, encouraged by the success of the *Reliques*, lost no time in setting about the preparation of two other contributions to Scottish literature. These he produced in 1810: the one entitled, "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," the other, "Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, with Critical Observations and Biographical Notices. By Robert Burns." The former of these is now only remarkable as having been the medium of publishing a series of bare-faced impostures, by Allan Cunningham, in the form of pretended "remains" of old song, which he contrived to palm on the credulous collector, as being the real ore of antiquity, but which the public was too discerning to believe in. The other work (in two vols.) is composed of a judicious selection from the songs in *Johnson's Museum*, with illustrative notes—embracing a reprint of those remarks on Scottish song by Burns, which, two years before, had been published in the *Reliques*.

At the close of the collection is given an excellent reprint of the *Jolly Beggars*, from Stewart's MS., which had been kindly entrusted with him to make that use of; and it appears from Cromek's copy, that John Richmond has been quite right in saying that, in the original MS., a SAILOR had been introduced as one of the characters. At the passage where one of the "twa Deborahs" of the bard retires "behind the chicken cawie," instead of being followed by the *Fiddler*, as in all the copies we know of, Cromek has it thus: "A SAILOR [raked her fore and aft.]" The fidelity of Cromek's copy can easily be tested, for the original and its *fac-simile* still exist: that editor, however, gives us this assurance:—"From such a presumption as the substituting a word of my own in the place of that of the poet (except in a very few instances of evident error), I have most religiously abstained. I have remembered the warning voice which yet seems to issue from the warm ashes of the poet himself—'To mangle the works of the

* Cromek points out that the first verse here quoted, corresponds very closely with a fine stanza in the poet's ballad, called *Macpherson's Farewell*—

"Untie those bands frae aff my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no' a man in all Scotland
 But I'll brave him at a word."

He also requests the reader to compare the third of the foregoing verses with the corresponding one in the *Border Minstrelsy*, which is as follows:—

"O haud your tongue, my father, he says,
 And see that ye dinna weep for me!
 For they may ravish me o' my life,
 But they canna banish me frae heaven hie!"

When would Burns have sanctioned mawkish drivell like this?

poor bard, whose tuneful voice is now mute for ever in the dark and narrow house,—by Heaven! 'twould be sacrilege!"

The most curious part of this last publication of Cromek, is the sensitiveness he has displayed under the strictures of Sir Walter Scott, who, in reviewing the *Reliques*, blames both Currie and him for over fastidiousness in refusing to publish the *Jolly Beggars*, and other pieces of an unusually free character, which might have enriched their books without doing injury to the bard. Scott compliments Stewart for his valuable contribution—the "thin octavo, published at Glasgow in 1801," and thus concludes: "Hoping that other compositions of similar spirit and tenor might yet be recovered, we were induced to think that some of them, at least, had found a place in the collection given to the public by Mr. Cromek. But he has neither risked the censure, nor laid claim to the applause, which might have belonged to such an undertaking."

Cromek replies: "Whatever regard the editor may have for the judgment of Mr. Walter Scott, he has still a greater respect for the good fame of ROBERT BURNS. It is lamentable to observe, that those effusions which the bard himself would have consigned to oblivion, have been drawn into public notice by *his own countrymen only*; and in consequence of the recommendation—here given to this contemptible volume—this 'skimble-skamble stuff,' the editor saw it, with regret, advertised to be printed and republished by the *Ballantynes* of Edinburgh! That the reader may properly appreciate Mr. Scott's recommendation of what he is pleased to term 'brilliant poetry!' the following titles of pieces contained in the volume are inserted.—

"*The Kirk's Alarm*.—A silly satire on some worthy ministers of the gospel in Ayrshire.

"*Burns' Answer to Epistle from a Tailor*.—Beginning in this blackguard language:—

'What ails ye now, ye lousy bitch,
To thrash my back at sic a pitch?'

"*Holy Willie's Prayer*.—Suppressed by Dr. Currie, and by the editor of the *Reliques*, for its open and daring profanity, and the frequent and familiar introduction of the sacred name of the Deity.

"*The Inventory*.—The objectionable passages suppressed by Dr. Currie are here restored; and that the grossness might still be more palpable, they are conspicuously printed, for the benefit of the rising generation, *in italics!*

"*Address to a Bastard Child*.—Rejected by Dr. Currie for its indelicacy.

"*Verses to John Rankine*.—About a girl being with child to him!

"Such are part of the contents of a volume which has been praised in a publication assuming an authority to control the licentiousness of the press, and to direct the taste of the public! But *blasphemy* and *ribaldry* will not be published by the editor of these volumes, though written in an unhallowed moment by ROBERT BURNS, and recommended to public notice, after the most mature deliberation, by *Mr. Walter Scott*."

POSTHUMOUS PIECES,

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES,

DATING CHIEFLY BETWEEN 1808 AND 1834.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

From 1808, when Cromek's *Reliques of Burns* appeared, down to the year 1834, when Allan Cunningham in London, and William Motherwell in Glasgow, were respectively engaged to produce new editions of BURNS, a considerable number of undoubted productions of the poet had been given to the world in the pages of magazines, and other ephemeral publications. The excellent editions that resulted from the labours of these gifted men, not only formed repositories to conserve the stray effusions referred to, but to each of them we are indebted for bringing to light fresh pieces, that hitherto had not reached the public eye. Within the dates above quoted, a few interesting compositions of the bard had been published by the Rev. Hamilton Paul, in 1819, and by J. G. Lockhart, in 1829. Some additions to the general stock were also made, in 1830, by William Pickering, publisher, London (in part of his series of the *Aldine Poets*, reproduced in 1839.) Some fresh contributions were also given, in 1831, by William Clark, publisher, London, in a neat edition of the poet then produced by him.

In bringing our plan of arrangement to completion, it only now remains for us to give in chronological order as regards priority of composition, under the above heading, the several scattered pieces referred to, and these will be followed by the fresh accessions recovered by Cunningham, Motherwell, Chambers, and Dr. Waddell. For distinctness sake, we shall throw into one heap, at the end of each compartment, the numerous little epigrams and epitaphs attributed to Burns: this seems preferable to mixing them up with more important pieces. And, finally, we propose to class together sundry poems that have been printed in former editions as compositions of our bard, but which are now held to have been erroneously attributed to his name.

ADAM ARMOUR'S PRAYER.

[This rather licentious production—first published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for January, 1808—bears unquestionable marks of the characteristic genius of Burns; but it must be classed with the “Court of Equity,” and other wild effusions that resulted from the meetings held in 1785 and 1786, within the house of John Dow, vintner, Mauchline, in which the poet and his jolly companions constituted themselves a kind of *body-politic* to take cognizance of the various cases of scandal then rife in the village, and especially

“To punish contravening truants
At instance of our constituents,
And, under proper regulation,
To purge the lists of forn—n.”

Some reference to this “Court” will be found at page 200 of the present volume. The circumstances alluded to in this poem are as follows:—A constable in Mauchline, named George, had a female servant (or journeywoman, as she is designed in the verses, under the contraction “jurr”) who had been too lavish of her best favours to some of the opposite sex. This brought her into such odium in the village that a number of reckless young persons—among whom Adam Armour, an ill-made little fellow, was a ringleader—violently “rade the stang” on her; that is, placed her astride on a rantle-tree, or other wooden pole, and in this plight, to her personal skaith and scorn, carried her in procession through the streets. The girl’s employers—Geordie and his wife Nanse—or others of her guardians, resented this lawless outrage, and raised a prosecution against the offenders, which caused the principal perpetrator to abscond. While under hiding, Burns met Armour, and commiserating his condition, offered to put up a prayer for him, which he did as follows:—

GUDE pity me, because I’m little,
For though I am an elf o’ mettle,
And can, like ony wabster’s shuttle,
Jink there or here;
Yet, scarce as lang’s a gude kail whittle,
I’m unco queer.

And now thou kens our waefu’ case,
For Geordie’s jurr we’re in disgrace,
Because we’ve stanged her through the place,
And hurt her spleuchan,
For which we daurna show our face
Within the clachan.

And now we’re dern’d in glens and hollows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace
Wi’ constables, those blackguard fallows,
And sodgers baith;
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu’ death?

LINES

WRITTEN ON A COPY OF ONE OF HANNAH MORE'S
WORKS, PRESENTED TO THE POET BY
MRS. C——, 3RD APRIL, 1786.

[Not one of the poet's biographers has ever told the world who this lady was that so kindly patronized the poet in that early stage of his career. The following passage in the poet's *Itinerary*, under date, "Linlithgow, 25th August, 1787," probably applies to the "Mrs. C——" referred to:—"An old lady from Paisley, a Mrs. Lawson, whom I promise to call for in Paisley—very like old Mrs. Wauchope, and still more like Mrs. C——; her conversation is pregnant with strong sense and just remark; but, like them, a certain air of self-importance and a *durezza* in the eye, seem to indicate, as the Ayrshire wife observed of her cow, that '*She had a mind o' her ain.*'"

We believe that this "Mrs. C——" may have been Mrs. Cunninghame of Enterkine—a daughter of Mrs. Stewart of Stair.]

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor;
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour:
She showed her taste refined and just
When she selected thee;
Yet deviating own I must,
For so approving me:
But kind still, I'll mind still,
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her and wiss her
A friend above the lift.

ADDRESS OF BEELZEBUB

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

[The same year (1786) which gave birth to Burns' *Address to the Deil*, produced also the *Deil's own Address* to a body of honourable and right honourable gentlemen in London, united for the ostensible purpose of doing good to the highlands and islands of their native Scotland. The year of the world, 5790, represents, we are told, the year of our Lord, 1786, and on the first day of June of that year, within three weeks after his parting interview with *Highland Mary*, and some three days before he dreamed his famous dream about attending the royal levee at the King's birthday parade, he produced the following curious poem, which was first published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1818.]

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23rd of May last at the Shakspeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the society were informed by Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. M'Donald of Glengarry to the-wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY.

June 1, anno mundi 5790.

LONG life, my lord, an' health be yours,
 Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highlan' boors;
 Lord, grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
 Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
 May twin auld Scotland o' a life
 She likes—as *butchers* like a *knife*!*

Faith, you and Applecross were right
 To keep the Highland hounds in sight;
 I doubt na, they wad bid nae better
 Than, let them ance out owre the water;
 Then up amang thae lakes and seas,
 They'll mak' what rules an' laws they please;
 Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
 May set their Highlan' blude a-ranklin';

* A most extraordinary liberty seems to have been taken by Cunningham with this line, in altering the poet's word "butchers" to *lambkins*, thereby destroying the satire and sense of the original. Burns means that the feudal Scotland of that day loved as her very life—or, "as butchers like a knife"—the power to control the freedom of her "hunger'd Highlan' boors,"—"poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire, who to Patrician rights aspire."

"They!—they be d——d! what right hae they
 To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?"

Motherwell has not followed Cunningham's blunder; but Chambers has, and also the editor of the Aldine editions of the poet.

Some Washington again may head them,
 Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them;
 Till God knows what may be effected,
 When by such heads an' hearts directed;
 Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire
 May to Patrician rights aspire!
 Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
 To watch and premier o'er the pack vile!
 An' whare will ye get Howes aud Clintons,
 To bring them to a right repentance?—
 To cove the rebel generation,
 And save the *honour* o' the nation!

They!—they be d——d! what right hae they
 To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?—
 Far less to riches, pow'r, or freedom,
 But what your lordship's pleased to gie them!

But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
 Your *hand's owre light on them*, I fear;
 Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
 I canna say but they do gaylies;
 They lay aside a' tender mercies,
 An' tirl the hallions to the birses;
 Yet, while they're only poin'd and herriet,
 They'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
 But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
 And rot the dyvors i' the jails!
 The young dogs—swinge them to the labour—
 Let wark and hunger mak' them sober!
 The hizzies, if they're oughtlins fawsont,
 Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
 An' if the wives an' dirty brats
 Come thiggan at your doors an' yetts,
 Flaffan wi' duds, an' gray wi' beas',
 Frightin' awa' your deucks and geese—
 Get out a horsewhip, or a jowler—
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler—
 And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack,
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back!
 Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
 And in my *house at hame* to greet you;

THE FAREWELL.

*The valiant, in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,
 To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, O then! he feels
 The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.
 Such, such am I! undone!*

THOMSON'S *Edward and Eleanora.*

[This affecting poem tells its own tale. It must have been written in August, shortly before his "Jean's heart-rending throe" of 3rd September, 1786, was fully realized. Within small compass the poet here makes affectionate reference to, and takes fond farewell of his "dear-bought Bess;" of his mother, his brothers, and sisters; his Jean, his crouny Smith, and his kind friends and steady patrons—Gavin Hamilton and Robert Aiken.

The piece was first given to the world in the Ayr edition (1819), edited by the Rev. Hamilton Paul.]

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throe!
 Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
 Of my parental care,
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share:
 Adieu too, to you too,
 My Smith, my bosom frien';
 When kindly you mind me,
 O then befriend my Jean!

What bursting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeany, must I part!
 Thou, weeping, answ'rest *no!*
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace,
 I for thy sake must go!
 Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm adieu!
 I, with a much indebted tear,
 Shall still remember you!

All-hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shore!
 It rustles, and whistles
 I'll never see thee more!

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A BANK-NOTE.

[The note is of the Bank of Scotland for *one pound*, and dated 1st March, 1780. These powerful lines first appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, of 27th May, 1814, from which they were reprinted in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for Sept. of same year. Internal evidence shews that they were written about the period referred to in note to *Lines to Kennedy*, p. 298. We can imagine how the newly-made author, on receiving the first fruits of his genius, in the shape of this "cursed leaf, fell source of all his woe and grief," would sit down and write upon it "the poet's malison." We can guess the nature of his feelings from the words he wrote about that time to his friend Richmond:—"My hour is now come—you and I shall never meet in Britain more. Would you believe it? Armour has got a warrant to throw me in jail till I find security for an enormous sum, and I am wandering from one friend's house to another, and, like a true son of the gospel, 'have no where to lay my head.'"]

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

NATURE'S LAW.

A POEM HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO G. H., ESQ.

Great Nature spoke, observant man obeyed.

POPE.

[The day celebrated here is 3rd September, 1786. On the 8th of that month he thus wrote to Robert Muir, Kilmarnock:—"You will have heard that poor Armour has repaid me double. A very fine boy and a girl have awakened a thought and feelings that thrill, some with tender pressure, and some with foreboding anguish, through my soul."

The poet, in his printed correspondence prior to this date, had written with great bitterness regarding Jean's conduct to him. A marked contrast, in that respect, hereafter is apparent. Gilbert Burns has explained that although the Armour family had hounded the beagles of the law at the poet's heels, ostensibly to compel him to find security for the support of Jean's expected child, these proceedings were in reality adopted in order to chase him out of the country, as at that time they dreaded a life-connection between Burns and Miss Armour even more than the scandal which attached to her position as the mother of his child.

The poem was first printed in the Aldine edition of 1830, from a copy in the poet's MS. The thoughts expressed therein, are exceedingly humorous, reminding us of the epigram he afterwards inscribed on one of the panes of glass in the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.—(See page 220.)

"The deities that I adore are social Peace and Plenty;
I'm better pleased to *make one more*, than be the death of twenty."]

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

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

The hero of these artless strains,
A lowly Bard was he,
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With meikle mirth an' glee;

Kind Nature's care had given his share
Large, of the flaming current :
And, all devout, he never sought
To stem the sacred torrent.

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

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

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

ON WILLIE CHALMERS.

[We are indebted to Mr. Lockhart for the preservation of this piece. It was first published in his edition of the *Life and Works of Burns*, 1829. Mr. William Chalmers, writer in Ayr, had drawn up an assignation of the poet's property, at the time he was preparing his poems for the press, with a view to raise the means of emigrating to Jamaica. Burns presented the verses to Lady Harriet Don, sister of his patron, Lord Glencairn, giving the following explanation:— "Mr. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his *dulcinea*. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows."

The reader who is acquainted with old Scottish lyrics, will recognise this as a piece written on the model of an excellent song in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, entitled, "Omnia vincit amor."]

MADAM,

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

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

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

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

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

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

IRVINE'S BAIRNS.

[At page 174, Vol. I., the reader will find the poet's beautiful verses left in his bedroom, after spending a night in the house of the Rev. Dr. Lawrie of Loudoun, in the autumn of 1786. It would appear from the information of some of Dr. Lawrie's children, that music and dancing formed some portion of the evening's entertainment at the manse, and that the present lyric-scrap was composed by Burns, as a descriptive sketch of the festivities enjoyed on that occasion. The old castle of Newmilns was visible from the windows of the manse ; the Irvine water glittered and murmured in the neighbourhood ; and the south horizon was girded by the hills, over which the moon was riding in solemn state. The notes at page 174 and 193, Vol. I., may here be referred to in connection with the present one.]

THE night was still, and o'er the hill
 The moon shone on the castle wa' ;
 The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang
 Around her on the castle wa'.

Sae merrily they danced the ring,
 Frae e'enin' till the cock did craw;
 And aye the o'erword o' the spring,
 Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'.

RUSTICITY'S UNGAINLY FORM.

[This double-stanza, pencilled on a slip of paper, was placed between the leaves of a book which the poet lent to Dr. Lawrie's son, shortly after the visit referred to in the preceding note. It bears reference to some conversation which had taken place between the poet and Mrs. Lawrie on the subject of Miss Peggy Kennedy, who has been introduced to the reader at pages 199 and 310, Vol. I.]

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form
 May cloud the highest mind;
 But when the heart is nobly warm,
 The good excuse will find:
 Propriety's cold, cautious rules
 Warm Fervour may o'erlook;
 But spare poor Sensibility
 The ungentle, harsh rebuke.

IMPROMPTU AT ROSLIN INN.

[The poet, in company with Alexander Nasmyth, who painted the well-known portrait of the bard, had a ramble to the Pentland Hills one fine day in the spring of 1787. They returned by way of Roslin; and having been well entertained in the inn, after their bracing walk, the poet, in gratitude to the hostess, paid her with this double verse—over and above her charges.]

My blessings on you, sonsie wife;
 I ne'er was here before;
 You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,
 Nae heart could wish for more:
 Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
 Till far ayont fourscore;
 And, while I toddle on through life,
 I'll ne'er gang by your door.

EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO AN ARTIST.

[It has been alleged that this advice was given to Mr. Nasmyth, referred to in the preceding note, but neither christian name nor surname of that gentleman will fit into the blank of the opening line; and, besides, he was never addicted to painting angels. A story is told of a marble-cutter who carved an angel's head on a tombstone, and arranged the hair in the form of a three-story wig. A bystander exclaimed: "Wha ever saw an angel wi' a wig on!"—"And who," replied the sculptor, "ever saw an angel without a wig?"

Burns refers to Nasmyth in the following terms, when writing to Beugo the engraver, in September, 1788:—"If you see Mr. Nasmyth, remember me to him most respectfully, as he both loves and deserves respect; though, if he would pay less respect to the *mere carcass of greatness*, I should think him much nearer perfection."]

DEAR ———, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak' it no' uncivil:
You shouldna paint at angels mair,
But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face,
But no sae weel a stranger.

 TO MISS AINSLIE,

WHILE LOOKING FOR A TEXT IN CHURCH.

[This was on Sunday, 6th May, 1787. The poet notes it thus in his *Itinerary*.—"Went to church at Dunse—Dr. Bowmaker a man of strong lungs and pretty judicious remark; but ill-skilled in propriety, and altogether unconscious of his want of it."

Dr. Bowmaker's text contained a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners, and the poet, who sat beside Miss Ainslie, pencilled down this neat compliment on a slip of paper, and handed it to her. In his journal, the poet describes her thus:—"Miss Ainslie—her person a little *embonpoint*, but handsome; her face particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good-humour; she unites three qualities rarely found together—keen, solid penetration; sly, witty observation and remark, and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty. Charming Rachael! may thy bosom never be wrung by the evils of this life of sorrows, or by the villainy of this world's sons!" Miss Ainslie died unmarried, somewhat advanced in life.]

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas guilty *sinners* that he meant—
Not *angels* such as you.

TO A POETASTER.

[In the course of this tour, in May, 1787, a person living near Dunse, called Symon Gray, who wrote silly rhymes, and imagined himself a poet for doing so, sent Burns some of his productions, requesting his opinion of them, and, in a frolicsome moment, the bard wrote to him in the following terms. The opening passage is all that has been preserved, but we are told the piece concludes thus:—

“Such damned bombast, no age that's past
Can shew, nor time to come.”]

SYMON Gray,
You're dull to-day.

Dullness, with redoubled sway,
Has seized the wits of Symon Gray.

DEAR SYMON GRAY,

The other day,
When you sent me some rhyme,
I could not then just ascertain
Its worth, for want of time,
But now, to-day, good Mr. Gray,
I've read it o'er and o'er,
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
Just where I was before.
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,
Solicited or no';
Then of its faults my honest thoughts
I'll give—and here they go.

* * * *

TO MR. RENTON, OF LAMERTON.

[The poet does not notice having visited that gentleman during his Border tour in May, 1787, yet it is certain that Burns was invited to see him at Mordington House, near Berwick, and have a ride out with him. The reply here given, was found, in Burns' handwriting, among Mr. Renton's papers.]

YOUR billet, sir, I grant receipt;
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,

Though 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',
Where birkies march on burning marl:
Then, sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,
And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

ON WINDOW OF CROSS-KEYS INN, FALKIRK.

[These generous sentiments are said to have been scratched with a diamond-pen, by the poet, on a pane of glass at the inn where he and Nicol rested on the night of 25th August, 1787—the date of their starting on their lengthened northern tour.]

SOUND be his sleep, and blythe his morn,
That never did a lassie wrang,—
Who poverty ne'er held in scorn,—
For misery ever tholed a pang.

ON WINDOW OF AN INN AT STIRLING.

[The travellers arrived in Stirling on Sunday afternoon, 26th August, and next morning, Burns, leaving Nicol at the inn, proceeded alone to Harvieston, to visit the relatives of his Mauchline friend, Mr. Gavin Hamilton. He returned to Stirling the same evening; and, on Tuesday morning, the journey northwards was resumed.

The lines of the text—"Here Stuarts," &c.—which eventually caused so much excitement in many quarters, and not a little trouble to their author, are believed to have been inscribed by Burns, on the morning of the 27th, before Nicol was up; and when he returned from Harvieston, the dominie took him to task about the danger of recording such a bold libel against the reigning family. "Well," said the poet, "I shall try to qualify it somewhat, by writing a reproof to the author;" and taking out his diamond, he added these aggravating words:—

RASH mortal, and slanderous Poet! thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says—the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

[About two months after this period, Burns paid a second visit to Harvieston, in company of Dr. Adair, taking Stirling by the way. He proceeded to the room of the inn where the fatal lines were inscribed, and dashed out the pane with the butt-end of his riding-switch; but, meanwhile, the epigrams had been copied into travellers' note-books, and widely circulated. An eccentric character in Paisley, styling himself, "John Maxwell, *Poet*," published, in 1788, the *Stirling*

lines in a tract, entitled, "Animadversions on some Poets and Poetasters of the present age," in which he aims at being very severe on Burns and Lapraik. This *brochure* finds a place, in connection with Burns, in the libraries of the curious in *Burnsiana*.

In the *Paisley Magazine*, for December, 1828—edited by Wm. Motherwell—there is a statement to the effect that the *Stirling lines* were written, not by Burns but Nicol, and that the poet, on finding that they were publicly attributed to him, kindly took the blame of them, in order to screen Nicol from the consequences. This story has little evidence in its favour, and a great deal against it. There exists a MS. collection of pieces by Burns, in his own handwriting, in which the notorious epigram is recorded with the head-line, "Wrote by *Somebody* in an inn at Stirling." But what sets the question of the authorship at rest, is the following admission in a letter of Burns addressed to Clarinda in January, 1788:—"I have almost given up the excise idea. I have been to wait on a great person, and by him been questioned like a child about my matters, and blamed and schooled for my inscription on the Stirling window. Come, Clarinda!—Come, curse me, Jacob; come, defy me, Israel!" Clarinda replied that she was glad he had been schooled about the inscription, and hoped it would be a lesson to him for the future, and she adds: "Clarinda would have lectured you on it before—*had she dared!*"]

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands; *
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost;
Who know them best despise them most!

REPLY TO A REPROOF.

[This is said to have been called forth on perusing some wretched lines written by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton of Gladsmair, by way of reproof to Burns for the Stirling inscription. Another clergyman—the Rev. James Muirhead of Urr—wrote with more pith against Burns, in the following paraphrase from one of Martial's epigrams, which he caused to be printed and circulated, to the serious annoyance of the poet:—

"*Vacerras*, shabby son of whore,
Why do thy patrons keep thee poor?
Bribe-worthy service thou dost boast,
At once their bulwark and their post;
Thou art a sycophant—a traitor—
A liar—a calumniator,
Who conscience (hadst thou that) would sell
For whisky! Eke, most precious imp,
Thou art a rhymster, gauger, pimp:
Whence comes it then, *Vacerras*, that
Thou still art poor as a church-rat?"]

LIKE Æsop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel
All other's scorn—but damn that ass's heel!

* In the Glenriddel MS. two additional lines are here inserted, thus:—

"Fallen indeed, and to the earth,
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth."

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF LORD PRESIDENT DUNDAS.

[Robert Dundas of Arniston, elder brother of Lord Melville, was born in 1713, appointed Lord President in 1760, and died 13th December, 1787, while Burns was in Edinburgh, and just a few days after the poet had the unlucky fall which laid him up with a bruised knee for several weeks.

On a copy of this poem, presented to Bishop Geddes, the author wrote thus:—"It has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound in my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man—the theme of the piece—by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon. When, behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem or me, than I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel. Did the gentleman imagine that I looked for any dirty gratuity?"

The poet had composed it by the suggestion and recommendation of Mr. Charles Hay, advocate, afterwards Lord Newton. In forwarding a copy to him, the poet thus truly wrote:—"These kind of subjects are much hackneyed; and, besides, the wailing of the rhyming tribe over the ashes of the great are cursedly suspicious, and out of all character for sincerity. These ideas damped my muse's fire."

The haste with which the piece was written is proved by the fact that, in eight days after the President's death, the poet sent a copy to Clarinda, telling her that he will not give away more than five or six copies in all, and that he would feel hurt if any friend should give copies without his consent. Clarinda, in her next letter, says: "The lines are very pretty: I like the idea of personifying the Vices rising in the absence of Justice.]"

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

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

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

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

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

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

* The above elegy was first published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for June, 1818. The poet had his revenge on Dundas *junior* for his unmannerly neglect referred to in our head-note.

The Hon. Harry Erskine—a great favourite of Burns and of the public—had been *Dean of Faculty*, by the election of his brethren of the Bar, during several consecutive years; but in January, 1796, a Tory majority in the Parliament House determined to *oust* the Whig favourite and put Dundas in his place, which they managed to accomplish on the 12th of that month, by an overwhelming majority. The liberals throughout the country read the news with a bitterness beyond all common measure; and Burns, who then lay on a sick-bed, from which, it may be said, he never rose, seized his lyre and penned the ballad—bitter against Dundas—which is given at page 284, *ante*.

PASTORAL VERSES TO CLARINDA.

[This piece first appeared in a foot-note of Hogg & Motherwell's third volume (page 130). It does not appear, however—although it is apparently referred to—in the “Clarinda Correspondence,” edited by the lady's grandson, in 1843. The verses seem to bear some marks of authenticity, although certainly they are not in the poet's best style. Clarinda's well-known lines—“Talk not of Love,” &c.—were sent to Burns on 3rd January, 1788, evidently as a reply to some such verses as those in the text, just received by her from the poet. She thus writes:—“I got your lines: they are *in kind!* I can't but laugh at my presumption in pretending to send my poor ones to *you!* but it was to amuse myself. At this season, when others are joyous, I am the reverse. You have put me in a rhyming humour: the moment I read yours, I wrote the following:—‘Talk not of Love,’” &c. The closing idea of the verses in the text is here naturally taken up: she accepts his *friendship*, but—“never talk of Love!”

Some verses, sent previously by Clarinda to the poet, have certainly escaped preservation, and, most unfortunately, among these, the very lines which Dr. Gregory praised so highly, and which the poet enclosed in a letter to his friend Richard Brown, on 30th December, 1787, as a specimen of her wit and wisdom. Cunningham and other editors, who have alleged that these lines were those above spoken of, are evidently mistaken; the piece submitted to Dr. Gregory was of prior date, and, according to Clarinda's own remarks (Letter ix.), it consisted of many stanzas, whereas, in “Talk not of Love,” there are only three, the fourth having been afterwards added by Burns.

We have also to regret the loss of some verses—other than those of the text—composed by Burns in reference to Clarinda. At the beginning of the correspondence (6th Dec., 1787) Burns, addressing *Mrs. M'Lehose* (not “Clarinda”)—for that Arcadian name was not adopted till after she had written several letters in her own name), writes thus:—“Our worthy common friend, Miss Nimmo, in her usual pleasant way, rallied me a good deal on my new acquaintancé; and, in the humour of her ideas, I wrote some lines which I enclose you, as I think they have a good deal of poetic merit; and Miss Nimmo tells me that you are not only a critic, but a poetess. Fiction, you know, is the native region of poetry; and I hope you will pardon my vanity in sending you the bagatelle as a tolerable off-hand *jeu d'esprit.*”

This description of the piece cannot possibly apply to the verses in the text. Those lines of Burns are now either *lost to the world*, or fused into some other composition which we cannot recognise as that which Clarinda thus speaks of in her reply (December 8):—“Your lines are truly poetical. Ten years ago such lines, from such a hand, would have half-turned my head. Perhaps you thought it might have done so even *yet*, and wisely premised that *Fiction is the native region of Poetry.* Read the enclosed, which I have just scrawled after reading yours.”—The verses *then* sent by Clarinda, must have been those which Professor Gregory so much commended, and which are evidently lost.]

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
 My heart was blythe and gay,
 Free as the wind, or feather'd race
 That hop from spray to spray :

But now, dejected I appear,
 Clarinda proves unkind ;
 I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
 But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my lays rehearse
 The woes which fail to move;
 And every tree records a verse
 In praise of her I love :

But she, ungrateful shuns my sight,
 My faithful love disdains,
 My vows and tears her scorn excite,
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks my love betray,
 I envy his success ;
 Yet love to *friendship* shall give way,—
 I cannot wish it less.

WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE.

[FIRST VERSION, 28TH JUNE, 1788.]

[The reader will find the poet's authorised set of this poem at page 331, Vol. I, the head-note to which will also apply to the present version, which appeared first in Dr. Currie's second edition, 1801, and ought to have been inserted at page 141 of this volume. It will be found on comparison that, with the exception of a few lines at the beginning and two at the end, the second version is entirely different from the first.]

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

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;*
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lour ;
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim ;
 Ambition is a meteor-gleam,
 Fame—a restless, airy dream,
 Peace—the tenderest flower in spring,
 Pleasures—insects on the wing ;

* In some copies, here are introduced two lines:—

“Day, how rapid in its flight—day, how few may see the night!”

Those that sip the dew alone,
 Make, like butterflies, thine own :
 Those that would the bloom devour,—
 Crush the locusts! save the flower.
 For the future be prepar'd,
 Guard, wherever thou canst guard;
 But thy utmost duly done,
 Welcome what thou canst not shun :
 Follies past, give thou to air,
 Make their *consequence* thy care.
 Keep the name of man in mind,
 And dishonour not thy kind :
 Reverence with lowly heart
 Him whose wondrous work thou art ;
 Keep His Goodness still in view,
 Thy trust—and thy example too.

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

YOU'RE WELCOME, WILLIE STEWART.

[At page 32 of the present volume, the reader will find a song under the title of "Lovely Polly Stewart," with relative head-note, which will serve to illustrate the present lyric, the original of which, inscribed on a crystal tumbler, is still preserved at Abbotsford. Its date may be about 1789. The verses were first published by Lockhart, in 1829.]

YOU'RE welcome, Willie Stewart,
 You're welcome, Willie Stewart ;
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That's half sae welcome's thou art.

Come, bumpers high, express your joy,
 The bowl we maun renew it ;
 The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
 To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strang, and friends be slack,
 Ilk action may he rue it ;
 May woman on him turn her back,
 That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart !

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH.

TUNE—*Up and waur them a', Willie.*

[This ballad—first published in a work called, "The Spirit of British Song," Glasgow, 1826—belongs to a set of three, which were produced by Burns to help the election of Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, the Tory candidate in the contest for the representation of the Dumfries Burghs in 1790. The head-note at page 219 to the *Five Carlins* will serve to illustrate and explain this ballad also, which is No. 1 of the series—the *Five Carlins* being No. 2, and that addressed to Mr. Graham of Fintry, No. 3.]

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie!
 And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue;
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie!
Up and waur, &c.

BALLAD

ON THE DUMFRIES BURGHS ELECTION, 1790.

[This much-admired production—first published in the May number of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1811—was composed immediately after the close of that exciting contest in which Captain Miller, younger of Dalswinton, backed by the Whig influence of the Duke of Queensberry, beat the Tory party represented by the Knight of Westerhall. The poet affects partiality in his narration, but his detestation of the *Duke*, and leaning towards the opposite faction, is very apparent throughout. The canvass, which lasted for eight months, ended in July, 1790, when the election came off. The copy in the *Edinburgh Magazine* wants the two closing verses. The two stanzas placed in our text within brackets, restored to their proper place, are usually given as a detached fragment. We chiefly follow the copy in the Afton MS., which was kindly lent to us by its possessor, William Allason Cuninghame, Esq., of Logan and Afton.]

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

[How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace? *
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story!
 His forbears' virtues all contrasted,—
 The very name of Douglas blasted,—
 His that inverted glory.]

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
 But he has superadded more,
 And sunk them in contempt;
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,
 But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
 From aught that's good exempt.]

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
 Who left the all-important cares
 Of fiddles, whores, and hunters; †
 And, bent on winning borough touns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
 And kissing barefit bunters. ‡

* The fourth Duke of Queensberry and Drumlanrig, of infamous memory.

† *Var.*—Of princes and their darlings. ‡ *Var.*—And kissing barefit carlins.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled lions ;
 As Queensberry buff and blue unfurled,
 And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurled
 To every Whig, defiance.

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

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig
 Beneath Drumlanrig's banners ;
 Heroes and Heroines commix
 All in the field of politics,
 To win immortal honours.

M'Murdo * and his lovely spouse,
 (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)
 Led on the Loves and Graces ;
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,
 While he, *sub rosa*, play'd his part
 Among their wives and lasses.

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

In either wing two champions fought,
 Redoubted Staig, ‡ who set at nought
 The wildest savage Tory,

* The Duke of Queensberry's factor, a great friend of Burns.

† Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and Riddel of Glenriddel—distinguished in the song of *The Whistle*. Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, M.P. for the county, another *Knight of the Whistle*, is named in the next verse but one.

‡ Provost of Dumfries.

While Welsh,* who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

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

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

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody fate,
Amid this mighty tuilyie !
Grim horror grin'd ; pale terror roar'd
As murder at his thrapple shor'd ;
And hell mix'd in the brulyie.

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle ;
As flames amang a hundred woods,
As headlong foam a hundred floods—
Such is the rage of battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die :
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers.
The Whigs came on like ocean's roar
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers. ‡

* The Sheriff of the county.

† A wine merchant in Dumfries.

‡ The "Bullers of Buchan" are rocky caverns on the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead.

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

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

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

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

What Whig but wails the good Sir James
 Dear to his country by the names,
 Friend, Patron, Benefactor!
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
 And Hopetoun falls, the generous, brave ;
 And Stewart, bold as Hector :

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

* John Scrimgeour, Earl of Dundee, a great Jacobite in Cromwell's time.

† Graham of Claverhouse, and Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

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

‘ Now, for my friends’ and brethren’s sakes,
And for my dear-lov’d Land o’ Cakes,
 I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o’ Hell
O’er a’ wad Scotland buy or sell,
 To grind them in the mire !*’

TO MR. PETER STUART,
PUBLISHER OF ‘ THE STAR,’ LONDON.

[These lines formed part of a letter to Mr. Peter Stuart of *The Star*, in which the poet—apparently a subscriber to that newspaper—complains of its irregular delivery.]

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken ;
For instance, your sheet, man,
(Though glad I’m to see’t, man,)
I get it no’ ae day in ten.—R. B.

EXTEMPORE

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THE POET THOMSON.

[At page 353, Vol. I., the reader will find Burns’ *Address to the Shade of Thomson*—produced in August, 1791, at the request of the Earl of Buchan. Here we have four bitter stanzas on the posthumous celebration referred to. Burns enclosed them to the editor of the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, in which paper they first appeared. The poet refers to them in a letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, dated 5th January, 1793.]

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

* This characteristic closing stanza is not usually given. Cunningham prints it in a note, but it is omitted by Motherwell, by Chambers, and in the Aldine editions

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
 Wi' mickle, mickle toil,
 And claught th' unfading garland there,
 Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.

And wear it there! and call aloud!
 This axiom undoubted—
 Would thou hae nobles' patronage?—
 'First learn to live without it!'

To whom hae much, shall yet be given,
 Is every great man's faith;
 But he, the helpless, needless wretch,
 Shall lose the mite he hath.

LINES ON THE POET FERGUSSON.

[This double stanza is said to have been composed in 1792, and inscribed in a copy of a work called *The World*.—See page 270 of the present volume for other lines on the same poet, composed in 1787.]

ILL-FATED genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson!
 What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
 To think life's sun did set ere well begun
 To shed its influence on thy bright career?
 Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
 While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow!

TO MISS FONTENELLE, ON SEEING HER IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

[At pages 156 and 159 of present volume are given Addresses written for this interesting actress by the poet at Dumfries in 1792 and 1793. This neatly turned compliment may have been produced at either of these times. In a note written by him to that lady, the poet tells her that he pays her such compliments "from the same honest impulse that the sublime in nature excites my admiration, or her beauties give me delight." Cunningham gives his readers to understand that Miss Fontenelle "was young and pretty, and indulged in levities both of speech and action."]

SWEET naïveté of feature,
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
 Spurning nature, torturing art;
 Loves and graces all rejected,
 Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

AH, CHLORIS, SINCE IT MAY NA BE.

TUNE—*Major Graham.*

[This first appeared in the Aldine edition, 1830, printed from the poet's MS. It seems to be the only exception to the long list of lyrics inspired by Chloris that was not forwarded to Thomson or Johnson. Its date may be about the early part of 1793, when Miss Lorimer was induced to form a matrimonial connection with Mr. Whelpdale. In these circumstances, the language of the poet-lover seems appropriate and natural. The first and last verses are especially beautiful.]

AH, Chloris, since it may na be,
 That thou of love wilt hear;
 If from the lover thou maun flee,
 Yet let the *friend* be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
 Than ever tongue could tell;
 My passion I will ne'er declare,
 I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
 And a' my nightly dream,
 I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
 And say it is esteem.

INSCRIPTION AT FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE.

[At page 163 of present volume, the reader will find the poet's beautiful sonnet on the death of Robert Riddel, Esq., of Friars' Carse, who died in April, 1794. The next time Burns had occasion to be up the Nith so far as the Carse, he visited the Hermitage, and inscribed on its window the lines given in the text.

Cromek, in 1810, thus refers to the desecration of the "ivied cot:"—"When the editor visited the Hermitage so much celebrated by Burns, he was shocked to find this little spot, that ought to have been held sacred, *almost gone to decay!* The pane of glass on which the poet had written his well-known 'Lines' was removed; the floor was covered with straw; the door thrown open; and the trees broken down and destroyed by cattle. Such was the late proprietor's (Captain Smith) neglect of a spot, on the window of which ROBERT BURNS had traced, with his own hand, this tender tribute (which still remains,) to the memory of his departed friend *Glenriddel!*"

Sixty years after the foregoing note was penned, we visited the same place, and found it a total ruin, having only a small portion of the east gable standing. Over the lintel of the fireplace was cut, in bold roman letters, the name BURNS.]

To Riddel, much lamented man!
 This ivied cot was dear;
 Wand'rer, dost value matchless worth?—
 This ivied cot revere!

GRACE BEFORE, AND THANKS AFTER DINNER.

ON BEING PRESSED TO OFFICIATE.

[The dinner, on this occasion, was at the poet's favourite howff—the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, where the "wether-head," which formed the principal dish, would derive additional relish from being served up by the fair hands of "Pretty Peg," *alias* "Meg," who succeeded *Anna wi' the gowden locks* as waiting-maid there. "William Hislop," who "gave the spirit" on the occasion when the poet said grace, as printed at page 229 of this volume, appears at this later date to have gone to the world of spirits himself, and left a substitute named "Jock" to act as *Ganymede*, or cup-bearer, to the inferior deities of *The Globe*.]

BEFORE DINNER.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore.
 Do thou stand us in stead,
 And send us from thy bounteous store
 A tup or wether head!

Amen.

AFTER DINNER.

O LORD, since we have feasted thus,
 Which we so little merit,
 Let Meg now take away the flesh,
 And Jock bring in the spirit!

Amen.

PRETTY PEG.

[This lyric—whither authentic or not we cannot say—was first printed in the January number of the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1808. Besides the three good stanzas we give in the text, it consists *there* of six verses, one half of which are of so base a quality that we are fain to throw them into a foot-note. It is explained that the locality indicated in our third verse is the shore by the Nith at Dumfries. We presume the heroine who so well could “tip the sidelin’s wink” would be the “Meg” of the preceding piece.

It is a curious fact that the song—restricted to three verses only—is again inserted in the January number of the same magazine for 1818, communicated by a correspondent, who sends along with it a fragment of a suspicious character, beginning, “Yon wand’ring rill,” given farther on, and who makes the doubtful statement, that both of these are copied from the bard’s own MS.]

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,
 When day was waxing weary,
 Wha did I meet come down the street,
 But pretty Peg, my dearie ?

Her air so sweet, her shape complete,
 Wi’ nae proportion wanting,
 The Queen of Love could never move
 Wi’ motion mair enchanting.

With linkèd hands we took the sands,
 Down by yon winding river ;
 And oh ! that hour, and shady bow’r,
 Can I forget it ?—Never ! *

* The three stanzas which have been rejected by almost every editor of Burns, are the following:—

“The music of her pretty foot
 Upon my heart did play so ;
 For ay she tipp’d the sidelin’s wink,—
 ‘Come, kiss me at your leisure ?’

Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,
 Adown her neck did stray so ;
 And Love said, laughing in her looks,—
 ‘Come, kiss me at your leisure !’

The conscious sun, out o’er yon hill,
 Rejoicin’ closed the day so ;
 Clasp’d in my arms, she murmured still,—
 ‘Come, kiss me at your leisure !’”

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

[We find that this fragment is printed in the Aldine edition, and also by Allan Cunningham, although rejected by Chambers. No son of Burns died during the father's lifetime; therefore, it has become necessary to change the word "him," in the last line, to *her*. On this same subject, we may mention that some verses have been given in several standard editions of Burns, entitled, "Epitaph for the Poet's Daughter," commencing—"Here lies a rose, a budding rose," that are really the composition of Shenstone !]

Now health forsakes that angel face,
 Nae mair my dearie smiles ;
 Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
 And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel powers reject the prayer
 I hourly mak' for thee ;
 Ye Heavens ! how great is my despair !
 How can I see [her] dee !

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD.

[We have no doubt that this lugubrious effusion—like some others that we have yet to refer to—is a forgery got up to simulate a production of Burns, and made to pass muster by being based on some incident in his history. The poem was first printed in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for July, 1814, to which it was forwarded by "J. P. J., Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh," and heralded in this suspicious manner:—"These stanzas have been long preserved by me as a *relique* of the immortal Burns, which will tend to show the world that his writings, had he written often thus, were *morally sublime, and irresistibly pathetic!*"

The poet's favourite child, Elizabeth Riddel—so named after Mrs. Robert Riddel of Glenriddel—born 21st November, 1792, was delicate from her birth. In December, 1793, we find the poet thus writing of her to Mrs. Dunlop:—"These four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest child, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence." The child lived for nearly two years after that period. She died and was buried at Mauchline during the harvest-time of 1795, whither she had been sent to be nursed by the poet's relatives there. On 31st January, 1796, in writing to Mrs. Dunlop, he says:—"I have lately drunk deep of the cup of affliction. The autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child, and that at a distance, too, and so rapidly, as to put it out of my power to pay the last duties to her."

No one acquainted with the condition of the poet, mental and physical, and his general style of thought and expression, between September, 1795, and the period of his own death, in July, 1796, could accept these verses as Burns' composition.]

O SWEET be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
 My dear little angel, for ever—
 For ever?—Oh no ! let not man be a slave,
 His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,
 In the dark silent mansions of sorrow ;
 The spring shall return to thy low, narrow bed,
 Like the beam of the day-star to morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
 Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
 When thou shrank frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
 And nestled thee close to that bosom.

O still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
 Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
 When the tear-trickle bright—when the short stifled breath,
 Told how dear ye were ay to each other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
 Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
 Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
 Through an endless existence shall charm thee !

While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
 Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
 O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
 And sigh for this life's latest morrow.

TO A KISS.

[Some doubt hangs over the authorship of these very soft verses. We find the piece printed in a book published at Edinburgh in 1826 by the Rev. W. Robb, entitled, "Address to my Alma Mater," and there it is attributed to Burns, and said to have been composed not long before his death, on seeing a gentleman gallantly salute a lady at a watering-place on the Solway Frith. It is included in Chambers's editions of the poet, 1838 and 1851. We gladly embrace the opportunity to correct the rhythm of the closing stanza, which, in former copies, is marred by redundant syllables.]

HUMID seal of soft affections,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connexions,
 Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss !

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infants' play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
Ling'ring lips—that *must* untwine!
Words can never speak affection
Thrilling and sincere as thine!

THERE'S DEATH IN THE CUP.

[The reader will find, at page 167, two good epigrams, complimentary to the poet's particular friend, John Syme of Ryedale. Here we have another one as good as either. On one of the last occasions of a social meeting between the friends, the poet inscribed the following lines on a crystal goblet, and presented it to Syme before taking leave:]-

THERE'S death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, ETC.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Although Burns, during the last ten years of his life, was much inclined to write and give utterance to impromptu versicles in this form—and these usually of a satiric character—he did not himself consider that such *bagatelles* deserved the consideration of public attention. Some seventy, or upwards, of these unpremeditated effusions are usually included in the poet's printed works; yet it ought to be borne in mind that he himself never sanctioned the publication of more than half-a-dozen of such things,—and these are to be found in our first volume, at pages 123 to 131. Dr. Currie and other critics have remarked, that the epigrams of Burns are strikingly inferior to his other writings, and Dr. Robert Chambers observes, that “few will be inclined to dissent from this opinion; for, indeed, they often are totally without point.” We do not pretend to be more easily pleased than our neighbours in such matters, and readily allow that several of Burns' epigrams are wanting in the acute sharpness and *razor-polish* which

“Wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen;”

but we are persuaded that Burns did not much affect that nice kind of wit: he did not deal in subtilities which would escape the apprehension of average minds, and could only be weighed and appreciated by schoolmen whose province it is to define what sterling *wit* is composed of. There is a characteristic force about the most trifling couplet or quatrain that ever Burns really uttered, which at once commends itself as something beyond the common crop of would-be smart sayings. True, many silly or stale things have been raked together from *Joe Miller* jest-books and other sources, and crammed into editions of the poet's works, to satisfy a morbid craving for something from Burns—“hitherto inedited;” but the attention of thoughtful readers will not long be distracted by the impertinent introduction of such rubbish, for they will soon learn to distinguish the corn from the chaff.

A lady of great wit and high literary attainments, who was personally intimate with Burns, has expressed the strong opinion, that Poetry was really not his *forte*. “Many others,” she argues, “have ascended to prouder heights in the region of Parnassus; but none ever outshone Burns in the charms—the sorcery of fascinating conversation, the spontaneous eloquence of social argument, and the unstudied poignancy of brilliant repartee. The keenness of satire was, I am almost at a loss whether to say his *forte* or his *foible*; for though nature had endowed him with a portion of the most pointed excellence in that dangerous talent, he suffered it too often to be the vehicle of personal, and sometimes unfounded animosities. His wit had always the start of his judgment, and would lead him to the indulgence of raillery uniformly acute, but often unaccompanied with the least desire to wound. The suppression of an arch and full-pointed *bon-mot*, is properly classed as a virtue *only to be sought for in the calendar of saints*. Burns was no saint, and he was deficient in that virtue; but he paid for his mischievous wit as dearly as any one could do; for it is no extravagant arithmetic to say of him, as of Yorick the jester, that *for every ten jokes, he got a hundred enemies*.”

Let these extemporaneous effusions, then, be considered, not as studied efforts of the muse of Burns, but as fragments of his conversation, not to be tried by too severe a standard.

EPIGRAM PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

[Mrs. Maria Riddel of Woodlee Park, whose generous remarks we have so fully quoted in the foregoing introductory note, was the victim of this ill-natured effusion. The reader will find, at page 162 of the present volume, a note which will sufficiently illustrate the lines now given. They were written only two years before Burns' death, before which event, a reconciliation betwixt these parted friends was happily effected. In the preceding article, she kindly says: "Burns was candid and manly in the avowal of his errors, and *his* avowal was a *reparation*."]]

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
 Your speed will out-rival the dart;
 But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
 If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

[We first find this published in Morison's Perth edition of 1811. Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness is the person thus satirized—not through any ill-feeling existing between the poet and the baronet, but simply because they took opposite sides in politics. It is remarkable that both this epigram and the preceding one are inscribed in the last page of the Glenriddel MS., in the poet's handwriting.]

BLESS Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,
 With grateful lifted eyes,
 Who said that not the *soul* alone,
 But *body* too must rise;
 For had he said 'the soul alone
 From death I will deliver,'
 Alas, alas! O Cardoness,
 Then thou hadst slept for ever!

ON HEARING SERMON IN LAMINGTON KIRK.

[This first appeared in Lockhart's Life of the poet, 1839. It is too characteristic, to be doubted as a production of Burns.]

As cauld a wind as ever blew;
 A cauld kirk, and in't but few;
 As cauld a minister's ever spak';
 Ye'se a' be het 'or I come back.

ON AN EMPTY FELLOW.

[This was first published by Lockhart, in 1829. No other epigram of the poet's has been subjected to so many variations as the present one; thus showing how long it had been borne on the wings of tradition before being confined to a printed page, and proving also that it is a favourite one for retailing. It tells its own story well; nevertheless, Allan Cunningham, who must have something to say to shew that he has been behind the scenes, gives it under the title of *The Toad-eater*, and tells us that "at the table of Maxwell of Terraughty, where it was the pleasure of one of the guests to talk only of Dukes with whom he had drank, and of Earls with whom he had dined, Burns silenced him with this epigram:—

'What of Earls with whom you have supt?
And of Dukes that you dined with yestreen?
Lord! a louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Though it crawl on the curls of a queen.'

Chambers, again, gives us another version, as follows:—

"No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And what nobles and gentles you've seen:
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the curl of a queen!"

OF lordly acquaintance you boast,
And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
Yet an insect's an insect at most,
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

[Of this, the origin is thus given:—The poet, on a visit to a nobleman, was shewn into a library where stood a *Shakespeare* splendidly bound, but unread, and much worm-eaten. Long after the poet's death, some one happened to open the neglected book, and found the epigram in the easily recognised handwriting of Burns.

This appears to have also been one of the *bon-mots* of the poet which was often retailed, and subject to variation accordingly. Chambers, in his edition of 1838, gives it thus:—

"ON AN ILLITERATE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN WHO HAD A FINE LIBRARY.

Free through the leaves, ye maggots, make your windings;
But, for the owner's sake, oh spare the bindings!"

THROUGH and through the inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots make your windings;
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings.

EPITAPH ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

[The poet included this in the volume of unpublished poems presented by him to Mr. Riddel. He points out that the object of his satire was "W. Graham, Esq., of Mossknowe."]

STOP Thief! dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again?

EPITAPH ON CAPT. WM. RODDICK.

[This also is recorded in the Glenriddel MS., in the poet's own hand. It had hitherto been assumed that the object of his ridicule was the above "coxcomb."]

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast—
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His scull will prop it under.

EPITAPH

FOR WILLIAM NICOL, HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

[Motherwell, who is very sparing of his annotations, gives the following most absurd note in regard to this highly flattering compliment, delivered by Burns to his friend, in 1787:—"Burns, paying a visit to the narrow house of Mr. Wm. Nicol, and hanging in reverential awe over the ashes of his dearly-remembered friend, wrote these lines, which are truly characteristic of our national melodist." Poor Motherwell must have taken to himself a soothing draught of his favourite "Pap-in," before penning this lugubrious note. He styles Burns our "national melodist," and he forgets that Nicol survived the poet some years!]

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,
For few sic feasts you've gotten;
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
For deil a bit o't's rotten.

EPITAPH

FOR WILLIAM CRUICKSHANK, HIGH SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

[This is a happy companion to the preceding. The reader will recollect that Burns resided in Mr. Cruickshank's house, in James' Square, Edinburgh, during the whole winter of 1787-88. Before setting out on his northern tour, in August, 1787, he had lived in Nicol's house; and according to Peter Williamson's Directory, published June, 1786, Nicol resided in Crosscauseway, and not in Buccleuch Pend as stated by Chambers. In the same Directory, published June, 1790, "Chapel of Ease, Buccleuch Street," is set down as Nicol's residence.]

HONEST Will to Heaven is gane,
 And mony shall lament him;
 His faults they a' in Latin lay,
 In English nane e'er kent them.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

[This epigram was copied by Chambers from the poet's MS., on the blank-leaf of a copy of his own poems, in possession of Mrs. Lindsay, Albany Street, Edinburgh. No annotator has ventured to explain where and when Burns came in contact with this thick-headed functionary; but we now remedy that omission, by stating that Commissary Goldie of Dumfries was president of that "Club of Loyal Natives" referred to in the poet's epigram, given at page 233 of this volume.]

LORD, to account who dares thee call,
 Or e'er dispute thy pleasure?
 Else why within so thick a wall
 Enclose so poor a treasure?

HOWLET-FACE.

[This is to be understood as addressed to one of the Lords of Justiciary, who, during circuit at Dumfries, dined with his relative, Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, On entering the drawing-room, after his libations, in the dusk of the evening, he was attracted by the reflection of his own face in a mirror, at the side of which Miss Miller was placed, in a window recess, knitting. His Lordship, rubbing his eyes, put the question to his host, "Whatna howlet-faced thing's yon i' the corner?"

Burns, happening to be at Dalswinton soon thereafter, was told the joke by some one of the family, when he took out his pencil and wrote down this epigram, telling Miss Miller to transcribe and send it to the blind old carle who dared to *lightlily* her beauty by such a comparison.]

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
 Ye ugly glow'rin spectre?
 My face was but the keekin' glass—
 And there ye saw your picture.

ON A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

[This epigram is not likely to have been produced on the same occasion as the lines given at page 215 on *Lord Rodney's Victory*, as the contrast between them in sentiment is very striking.]

YE hypocrites ! are these your pranks ?
To murder men, and gie God thanks !
For shame ! gie o'er—proceed no further—
God wont accept your thanks for murther !

TAM THE CHAPMAN.

[This was first published in *Cobbett's Magazine*. The hero, Thomas Kennedy, himself communicated it to Cobbett, who printed it with some anecdotes about Burns and Jean Armour, in 1786, which have a doubtful aspect, as the facts narrated do not harmonize with the statements in the poet's letters at the same period. Be that as it may, we are told that *Tam* was one of the poet's earliest acquaintances, and his boyhood was passed in the labours of the farm; but in later years he became a travelling merchant, and, happening to be seized with an illness, from which he recovered, he was afterwards rallied by Burns on his narrow escape from death, and the following lines were extemporaneously scrawled out by the poet, and handed to him for his consolation.]

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleas'd, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack :
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part ;
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

SWEARING BURTON.

[This was an English *swell*, who had a constant practice of using such imprecations as those marked in *italics* in the text. Like many other strangers about Dumfries, nothing less would satisfy him than "a night with Burns," and a sample of his ready wit in the form of an epitaph or epigram. The following was the result:—]

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or '*Dem my eyes!*'
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were '*Dem my blood!*'

ANDREW TURNER.

[This is somewhat parallel to the preceding. He also would see and hear the "world's wonder," and would stand *glasses all round* as his admission-fee. He solicited a line or two about himself, to carry to his friends in England as a trophy of his travels. The poet asked his name and the year of his birth, and immediately handed round the following, to the infinite amusement of the company, and astonishment of "the travelled monkey."]

IN seventeen hunder forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
And cuist it in a corner ;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,

BREWER, DUMFRIES.

[This gentleman was the father of Sir John Richardson, the Arctic traveller and eminent naturalist, who died in 1865. The compliment was inscribed by the poet on a crystal goblet at an after-dinner sederunt in Mr. Richardson's house. The point of the epigram would be greatly cleared by transposition of two words in line third. Gabriel did not *drink* good morals: he *brewed* them, and now in heaven drinks the *broust*.]

"Here brewer Gabriel's fire's subdued, and empty all his barrels:
In bliss, his drink be as he brew'd—in upright, virtuous morals."

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels :
He's blest, if as *he* brew'd he drink,
In upright, virtuous morals.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

[Allan Cunningham records that this very characteristic "Grace before meat" was uttered at the table of the Earl of Selkirk, while on his tour through Galloway with his friend Syme in July, 1793. If so, it is strange that Syme, who, in his account of that journey, gives sundry epigrams produced by Burns in the course of it, has omitted this.]

SOME hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it ;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

EPIGRAM ON MR. JAMES GRACIE,
BANKER AND DEAN OF GUILD, DUMFRIES.

[This production—now for the first time embraced in a full edition of the poet's works—we copy from an excellent little book, by William M'Dowall, entitled, "Burns in Dumfriesshire," 1870. Mr. Gracie, a kind-hearted friend of the poet, learning that he was not gaining strength at Brow, made an offer of his carriage to bring him back to his home. Burns' answer, dated only eight days before his death, appears in the bard's printed correspondence.]

GRACIE, thou art a man of worth,
Oh be thou Dean for ever !
May he be damn'd to hell henceforth
Who faut's thy weight or measure !

THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

[The history of the four lines in the text is as follows:—In the churchyard of the parish of Balmahagie, Kirkcudbright, are seen the grave-stones, with rude metrical inscriptions, placed in former days over the remains of some Covenanters who were killed during times of State persecution for religion. The reverend clergyman who compiled the description of this parish for the 13th vol. of the Statistical Account of Scotland in 1794, quoted some of these inscriptions, and in reference to them makes this unfeeling remark,—“The author of these, no doubt, supposed himself writing poetry.” Burns' attention was called to this matter, and he borrowed the volume out of the Dumfries subscription library, and rebuked the narrator by writing these lines on the margin of the book, opposite the deplorably silly passage. The volume still exists, and the pencilled words, in the poet's well-known hand, are distinctly visible: it is now the property of the Mechanics' Institution, there.]

THE solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile—now brings a tear ;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs,—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.*

* Allan Cunningham, in his edition of Burns, gives another version of this quatrain, together with a different story of its origin: no doubt, the alterations—or improvements, as some may hold—were Allan's own, and the connecting story drawn from his own imagination, under lack of knowledge of the real 'ncident above narrated. His version is as follows:—

“ The solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears ;
But it sealèd Freedom's sacred cause,—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.”

GRIZEL GRIM.

[This is one of the very poorest of such trifles attributed to Burns. It is by no means equal to the epitaph on James Humphrey, which it resembles in character,—

“Below thir stanes lie Jamie’s banes: O Death, it’s my opinion,
Thou ne’er took such a bleth’rin b—tch into thy dark dominion!”

Jamie, who was a bit of a wag himself, although a “bleth’rin bitch” when he took to theology like the parson’s parrot, long out-lived Burns, and latterly was so poor and so mean as to solicit scraps of charity from strangers, on the ground that he was “Burns’ bleth’rin bitch!” It must be confessed that such things as *Grizel Grim* and the *Bleth’rin Bitch*, however tolerable as *jest*s, have little of wit to recommend them.]

HERE lies with death auld Grizel Grim,
Lincluden’s ugly witch;
O Death, how horrid is thy taste,
To lie with such a b——!

 COMPLIMENTS TO JESSY LEWARS.*

[At pages 80, 125, and 167 of present volume, the reader will find the grateful benedictions of the dying bard to this faithful ministering angel. A menagerie of wild beasts was exhibiting at Dumfries, in the spring of 1796, and the subject was spoken of by some visitors, by the bedside of the sinking patient. Burns, lifted a hand-bill which described the *Show*, and smiling towards Miss Lewars, wrote down the following double stanza—assuming *the lover*, as he invariably did when he was desirous of extolling female worth:—

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric’s burning sun;
No savage e’er could rend my heart,
As, Jessy, thou hast done:
But Jessy’s lovely hand in mine—
A mutual faith to plight—
Not ev’n to view the Heavenly choir,
Would be so blest a sight.

* Miss Lewars was afterwards married to Mr. James Thomson, writer, Dumfries. She died in 1855, at the age of 77, and lies interred under the shadow of Burns’ mausoleum.

THE TOAST.

INSCRIBED ON A GOBLET.

[A crystal goblet, containing wine and water, stood on a small table by the poet's bedside, and while Jessy moved softly about, in discharge of her kindly offices, he took his diamond-pen, and inscribed on it the following words, in the character of a *Toast*, and requested her to keep the goblet for his sake :]—

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine ;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

EPITAPH FOR JESSY LEWARS.

[She was suffering under some slight indisposition: the poet rallied her a little about it, and at length he said: "In case of the worst, Jessy, let me provide you with an epitaph." He immediately wrote down and handed to her the following :]—

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON HER RECOVERY.

[A little repose brought back health to his kind attendant. The poet said: "Let me add a postscript to your epitaph; I find there is a poetic reason for your recovery." He then appended the following lines :]—

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth—
The natives of the sky ;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

ON BURNS' HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED, AND HIS MASTER BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAYOR.

[This epigram is of doubtful authenticity, for we do not hear of the poet ever having been at Carlisle except once—namely, on 31st May, 1787, and the day following, while on his Border tour. Had such an incident as that referred to in the text really occurred, he must have recorded it, for his diary is so minute as to mention the following circumstance, which is so racy, that we feel constrained to introduce it here:—"I come to Carlisle. Meet a strange enough romantic adventure by the way, in falling in with a girl and her married sister. The girl, after some overtures of gallantry on my side, sees me a little cut with the bottle, and offers to take me in for a Gretna-green affair. I, not being such a gull as she imagines, make an appointment with her, by way of *vive la bagatelle*, to hold a conference on it when we reach town. I meet her in town, and give her a brush of caressing and a bottle of cider; but finding herself *un peu trompée* in her man, she sheers off."]

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted,
 The maister drunk—the horse committed
 Puir harmless beast! tak' thee nae care,
 Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor.)

WHY ALWAYS BACON?

[Brownhill Inn, of which the reader will find something noted at page 32 of this volume, was a favourite howff of the poet while he resided at Ellisland, from June, 1788, to December, 1791. The landlord's name was Bacon, and he appears to have been a favourite with Burns, who presented him with his own snuff-mull of horn, silver-mounted, bearing the inscription, "ROBT. BURNS, OFFICER OF THE EXCISE." It was a common custom in those days, for landlords of country inns, to dine along with their customers, unless when privacy was specially demanded. An English traveller, who communicated this epigram, and its explanation, to Robert Chambers, in 1826, happened to dine there one day with a remarkable fellow-traveller, the principal dish being fried bacon and beans. The landlord, or some other one present, whispered in the Englishman's ear that he was then in the company of BURNS, THE POET, and in order to satisfy himself of this fact, he begged to be favoured with an impromptu, such as he was famous for producing. The landlord—who seemed to give his guests more of his own company than was agreeable—had retired for a little, to "keep the kettle boiling," and Burns immediately said: "Well, then, here goes!" and gave forth the following riddle:—

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
 And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
 We've a' thing that's nice, and mostly in season,
 But why always *Bacon*—come, give me a reason?

BURNS AT BROWNHILL.

Anticipatory of a very delicate branch of our subject, about to be entered on, we hope to be excused for introducing here the following excerpts from a timely article on "Burns' friendly Annotators," which appeared on 3rd Sept., 1870, in a well-known weekly serial—*The Ladies' own Journal*, Edinburgh and Glasgow—referring to some memoranda regarding Burns, then recently published in *Notes and Queries*, London.

The writer says: "The present memorandum opens with a gross calumny against the poet whose character and history it affects to illustrate; and if I did not think it improper to suffer such an infamous passage as the following to go uncontradicted, I would have allowed it to whistle its own self down the wind, like its predecessors, into the obscurity it cannot fail to reach. The passage I refer to is as follows:—

" 'Here (at Brownhill Inn) Burns, as is well known, was only too often found in the evenings, and here, it is also known, he allowed his muse a licence which we can believe he regretted at the close of his life. The panes of glass in the window, contained proofs of moral obliquity, of which his best friends were ashamed!'

"The correspondent goes on to say that those impure panes were afterwards cut out, and carefully packed away into a box, by Sir Charles D. Stuart-Menteith, Bart., of Closeburn, whose son, Sir James, on examining the contents, after his father's death, was so shocked that, in his respect for Burns' reputation, he destroyed the glass, in order to prevent the possibility of exposing the bard's weakness or criminality, by their publication!

"Burns had little or no intercourse with Brownhill after he left Ellisland in December, 1791, which date he survived four and a half years; and we know that both before and after the poet's death, every versicle and scrap of rhyme from his hand were anxiously gathered, not only from the window-panes of the Globe Tavern and his other social haunts, but from every quarter where such things had been scattered. Upwards of eighty of such *impromptus* are now printed among his collected works: only one of these—an innocent jest—hails from Brownhill, while none of the others are very shocking to our moral senses. Not even the bitterest of our bard's calumniators has ever laid to his charge that he became so lost to all sense of public decorum, and so possessed with the vulgar demon of wantonness, as to take pleasure in scratching indecent and obscene verses on the window-glass of inns and other public thoroughfares. Enough, certainly, we have heard of his daring imprudence in so writing the notorious 'Stirling Inscription;' and few of his readers are unware that, in his confidential letters to Peter Hill of Edinburgh, and other very intimate friends of the social class, he was prone to indulge in little sensuous embellishments, by far too warm to bear the light of print; but these *morceaux* were never intended for the public stomach: they were doled out as rare dainties and lolly-pops, either to be sucked in solitude by the recipients, or served up to a select *quorum*, like the 'Crochallan Fencibles,' at the witching hour, when they 'pushed about the jorum' and remembered 'the bard that's far awa'.' No, no! Burns was not the gross and vulgar libertine which this correspondent would have his London readers to believe! 'Moral obliquity,' forsooth! A fiendish squint certainly must have directed the pen which could communicate such rotten stuff to a respectable public reservoir of intelligence! The only man who could have contradicted this story concerning the box and glass, was Sir James Stuart-Menteith, and he died on 27th Feb., 1870. Dead men tell no tales. How has this rummager among broken glass reserved his communication till the precise time when it might be uttered without chance of contradiction?"

MEMORANDA OF FABRICATED FRAGMENTS

AND

SPURIOUS STANZAS ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It is unhappily notorious that several songs and poetical pieces were, from time to time, composed by Burns, which are too gross in subject and language to be allowed admission into a collection of his works intended for general perusal. These productions were never meant by the poet for the public eye, but dashed off unguardedly, while in "a merry pin," and exhibited only to a select coterie of his like-minded associates. In the affecting interview which took place betwixt Mrs. Maria Riddel and the poet, about a fortnight before he died, he said "he was well aware that his death would occasion some noise, and that every scrap of his writing would be revived against him, to the injury of his reputation; and that letters and verses written with unguarded and improper freedom, instead of being, as he earnestly wished, buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence to blast his fame, when no dread of his resentment could restrain them."

In Allan Cunningham's edition of Burns (1834, &c.), a number of wretchedly unmeaning "fragments of song" are introduced, which are admittedly his own fabrication, as may be inferred from the following passage. Speaking of some prose extracts from the poet's Edinburgh Commonplace Book, and the poetical fragments alluded to, he says:—"The prose portion has been copied from Currie and from Cromek, with some slight additions, and the verses *from another source*. In several places *small but necessary liberties have been taken with the language, which would have offended many, had they appeared as they stand in the originals.*"

In order that our readers may know by head-mark, and give the go-by to such "fragments" as Cunningham here refers to, we purpose, instead of printing them in this edition, to record a table of their opening lines, accompanied

by such remarks as may seem requisite. We could, *if we would*, give the "originals" alluded to; and if we dared do so, the reader would be surprised to find that the liberties taken by honest Allan are neither *small* nor *necessary*, for indeed, every thing that is characteristic of Burns seems to have been rejected, and only the dry husks retained.

In December, 1793, we find from a letter in the poet's printed correspondence, that he lent to his friend John M'Murdo, Esq., Drumlanrig, for a few days, a MS. collection of merry songs, which for some years he had been making. "A very few of them," says Burns, "are my own: there is not another copy of the collection in the world." Chambers records (at page 54, Vol. IV. of his *Life and Works of Burns*, 1851), that, "unluckily, Burns' collection of these *facetia*, including his own essays in the same walk, fell after his death into the hands of one of those publishers who would sacrifice the highest interests of humanity to put an additional penny into their own purses; and, to the lasting grief of all friends of our poet, they were allowed the honours of the press. The mean-looking volume which resulted, should be a warning to all honourable men of letters, against the slightest connection with clandestine literature, much more the degradation of contributing to it."

The 'mean-looking volume' referred to, contains—in 128 pages, 18mo.—about ninety "Scots songs, ancient and modern, selected for the use of the Crochallan Fencibles." About one-third of them are certainly by Burns, in whole or in part, and of these, the following seven are to be found—printed *verbatim*—in all modern editions of the poet's works:—

- "Yestreen I had a pint o' wine," (with Postscript.)
- "We'll hide the cooper ahint the door."
- "Wha is that at my bower door?"
- "Oh wha my babie-clouts will buy?"
- "I am a bard of no regard."
- "Let me ryke up to dight that tear."
- "I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when."

It is proper here to caution the curious, who may desire to become acquainted with the *Crochallan Song Book*, against being imposed on by a spurious, or pretended edition of it, which used to be hawked about by pedlars. This latter is merely a compilation of obscene rubbish, taken from Irish and other collections, and contains only a sprinkling from the work referred to.

FABRICATED FRAGMENTS AND SPURIOUS STANZAS.

I.—YE HAE LIEN A' WRANG, LASSIE.

[This is the chorus, and last of three verses—with considerable verbal alterations—of a song at page 18 of the *Crochallan* volume.]

II.—O GIE MY LOVE BROSE, BROSE.

[This is the chorus, and one of five verses—greatly altered—of a song at page 38 of said work.]

III.—LASS, WHEN YOUR MOTHER IS FRAE HAME.

[This is a silly paraphrase of a song of two double-verses, at page 14 of the "mean-looking volume."]

IV.—I MET A LASS, A BONIE LASS.

[This is made up from two verses of a song at page 37 of the said volume verse second is almost verbatim with the original.]

V.—O WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

[This is almost every word Allan's own. It is suggested by one verse of a very wild song at page 65 of the *odd volume*.]

VI.—O CAN YE LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN?

[This is a near approach to a verbatim copy of part of a song in the "mean-looking volume," at page 75 thereof.]

VII.—JENNY M'CRAW SHE HAS TA'EN TO THE HEATHER.

[The original song, at page 102 of the *Crochallan* volume, consists of three verses, to the tune of *The bonie moor-hen*, of which, Allan's six lines are a weak travesty.]

VIII.—THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL I WAS AT.

[This is, in thought, word, and deed, another of Allan's own—and what is the worth of it? It would seem to have been suggested by a clever song at page 95 of "the volume."]

IX.—THERE CAM' A PIPER OUT O' FIFE.

[This dirty little "fragment" will stand no comparison with the "original" at page 84 of "the book," beginning, "There cam' a cadger out o' Fife."]

X.—THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE.

[This is simply a verbatim copy of one verse of a clever political song by Burns, of eight bold verses, at page 80 of "our book." The poet, in a letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, dated 5th January, 1793, enclosed him a copy of it, with the following remarks:—"A tippling ballad which I made on the Prince of Brunswick breaking up his camp, and sung one convivial evening, I shall likewise send to you, *seated up*, as it is not for every body's reading."]

XI.—DONALD BRODIE MET A LASS.

[This is an extended version of fragment No. 4, from page 37 of the "volume." It first appeared in Motherwell's edition of Burns.]

XII.—YOUR ROSY CHEEKS ARE TURNED SAE WAN.

[This is an extended version of fragment No. 1, from page 18 of "the book." It first appeared in Motherwell's edition.]

XIII.—COME REDE ME, DAME.

[This is a wretched parody of a naughty song at p. 32 of the same collection.]

XIV.—THE RUINED MAID'S COMPLAINT.

[This is a delicate version by Motherwell of a very pathetic but indelicate song, bearing the impress of Burns' genius. Verses 1, 4, and 5 are entirely Motherwell's work.]

O MEIKLE do I rue, fause love,
O sairly do I rue,
That e'er I heard your flattering tongue,
That e'er your face I knew.

O I hae tint my rosy cheeks,
Likewise my waist sae sma';
And I hae lost my lightsome heart
That little wist a fa'.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a saucy quine;
When gin the truth were a' but kent,
Her life's been waur than mine.

Whene'er my father thinks on me
 He stares into the wa';
 My mither, she has ta'en the bed
 Wi' thinking on my fa'.

Whene'er I hear my father's foot,
 My heart wad burst wi' pain;
 Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
 My tears rin down like rain.

Alake! sae sweet a tree as love
 Sic bitter fruit should bear!
 Alake! that e'er a merry heart
 Should draw a sauty tear!

But Heaven's curse will blast the man
 Denies the bairn he got,
 Or leaves the merry lass he lo'ed,
 To wear a ragged coat.

XV.—DAMON AND SYLVIA.

TUNE—*Push about the jorum.*

[This pretty double-verse appears to have been first published, in its present *modified* form, in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for January, 1818. It is the middle one of three double verses of a very warm character, which narrate the exploits of Damon and Sylvia on a *Summer morn*—this latter being the title of the piece in the Crochallan volume, page 49.

As this "fragment" has been received into almost every edition of Burns during the last forty years, and as only one word in the last line—a very important word certainly—has been changed from the original, we see no harm in re-producing it here.]

YON wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
 And glances o'er the brae, Sir,
 Slides by a bower where mony a shower
 Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir :
 There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
 To love they thought nae crime, Sir ;
 The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
 While Damon's heart beat time, Sir.

MEMORANDA OF PIECES FREQUENTLY PRINTED AS COMPOSITIONS OF BURNS,

But of which the proper Authors have been ascertained.

I.—BURNS' LAMENT FOR MARY.

[These elegant verses, beginning—"O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying," are the composition of John Burtt, who, in 1814, was a schoolmaster in Kilmarnock. He presented the MS., with the name of "Burns" attached, to Mr. Mathie, publisher, Kilmarnock, by whom it was sent to the *Ayr Advertiser*, and from which paper it was reprinted as a composition of Burns, first in the *Dumfries Weekly Journal*, and then in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for August, 1814. It took its place in almost every edition of the poet as an authentic work; but Mr. James Paterson, editor of a valuable work called "The Contemporaries of Burns," 1840, set the question of the authorship of the verses at rest, in an excellent memoir of Burtt, who was born about 1790, emigrated in 1813, and in 1835 was Professor in a Divinity College at Philadelphia, U.S. of America.]

The verses represent Burns as in the knowledge of Mary's death while he was yet resolved to proceed to the West Indies. The light which has, since 1814, been cast on the history of this remarkable episode in the history of Burns, would have shewn the spuriousness of the verses; for it is now known that the poet had abandoned his purpose to emigrate, before he heard of his Mary's death.]

II.—EVAN BANKS.—"SLOW SPREADS THE GLOOM," &c.

[This sweetly composed lyric—a production of Helen Maria Williams, a friend of Dr. Moore, a correspondent of Burns, and a noted contributor to popular literature during the last fifteen years of the eighteenth century—has had the distinction of being printed as one of Burns' songs in many editions of his works, down to a recent period. Both Johnson (in his 5th vol.) and Dr. Currie (in his first edition) committed the mistake of printing it as a composition of Burns', in consequence of finding it in the poet's handwriting. Cromek included it as a *relique* of Burns in 1808, and Sir Walter Scott, in the *Quarterly Review*, rebuked Cromek for so doing, in these words:—"Mr. Cromek ought to have known that this beautiful song was published by Dr. Currie in his first edition of Burns' works, and omitted in all those which followed, because it was ascertained to be the composition of Helen Maria Williams, who wrote it at the request of Dr. Wood. Its being found in the handwriting of Burns occasioned the first mistake, but the correction of that mistake leaves no apology for a second."]

As an instance how far editorial carelessness will go, we have Allan Cunningham, in 1834, remarking thus of the same lyric:—"The poet imagines himself in India, and his allusion to Mary in Heaven is extremely pathetic!"]

III.—CASSILLIS' BANKS.—"NOW BANK AND BRAE," &c.

[Here we have another song which, down to the present day, passed muster as a composition of Burns, bearing reference, like the two former, to his *Highland Mary*. It was composed by Richard Gall, who died at Edinburgh in 1801, at the early age of 25. A neat edition of his poetical works was printed in 1819, by Oliver & Boyd, and the song in question is found there, as also the one we are to note as No. 4 of this list.]

Cunningham, in 1834, keeps up his readers in the hallucination that this piece

is by Burns, who here "recalled a favourite haunt of his youth, and a form dear to his heart. One of the lines is both a history and a landscape,—

'Girvan's fairy-haunted stream.'

Robert Chambers, also, so recently as 1840, in describing a "Scene on the Girvan" in Blackie's *Land of Burns*, quotes four opening lines of Gall's song, keeping up the same notion in his own mind and that of his readers, whom he tells that "Burns, in one of his songs, has this verse:—

'Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.'

IV.—FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.—"SCENES OF WOE," &c.

[This lyric, also by Richard Gall, was composed and sent to Johnson, with Burns' name attached to it, purposely that it might pass—which for many years it did—as an authentic companion-song to Burns' own pathetic lyric, "The gloomy night is gathering fast."

In a memoir of Gall, printed in the *Biographia Scotica*, at Edinburgh, in 1805, the contributor, Mr. Stark, says, on the subject of this deception,—“In publishing the song in this manner, Mr. Gall probably thought that, under the sanction of a name known to the world, it might acquire that notice, which, in other circumstances, it might never have obtained, but have been doomed 'to waste its sweetness on the desert air.'”]

V.—O BLAW, YE WESTLIN WINDS, BLAW SAFT.

[This very successful addendum to Burns' popular honeymoon song—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw"—is contained in our head-note to the principal song, at page 248. Vol. I. The author, John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, who composed the words of several sheet-songs published about the close of last, and early part of the present century, appears to have taken Burns' song from the *Museum* (Vol. III.—1790), and having added several stanzas to it, produced it as a sheet-song, thereby greatly extending its circulation. The song, thus enlarged by Hamilton, is printed in No. 3 of Stewart & Meikle's Tracts, 1799, and contains, besides Burns' verses and the two double-stanzas under consideration, two others of less merit, beginning, respectively—

"Upon the banks of flowing Clyde, the lasses busk them braw,"

and "The gamesome lamb that sucks his dam, mair harmless canna be."

Hamilton, besides his own additions to Burns' song, very considerably altered the poet's words; and these alterations (which some have regarded as improvements) have given rise to a little controversy among recent editors, who have traced the alterations no farther back than to *Wood's Songs of Scotland* (1848.) In giving the text of Burns, at page 248, Vol. I., we noted some of these alterations, and now take the opportunity to point out that the changes were made by Hamilton, and not by the poet himself.

Hamilton's lines, beginning, "O blaw, ye westlin' winds," &c., have the high honour to be quoted *in extenso*, as part and parcel of Burns' own song, in Professor Wilson's famous *Essay on Burns*, and in popular concerts, they are usually sung in connection with the poet's own words. These additional verses, however, when critically examined, are found not to carry out the poet's idea of addressing his wife in song from his solitary home at Ellisland, while she still remained, far west, at Mossiel. The expressions—

"Bring the lassie back to me that's aye sae neat and clean,"

and "How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gaed awa',"

are faulty on the ground that Jean did not go away from Burns, but *vice versa*, and she could not be brought "back" to a place where she had never been before. The phrase "she's aye sae neat and clean," has likewise been properly

objected to as un-Burns-like; for the word "clean" has not *there* the same meaning as in Burns' own line—"Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae *clean*."

We subjoin a copy of Hamilton's alterations on the poet's song, followed by a more *consistent* version of Hamilton's additions than has hitherto appeared:—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw, I dearly lo'e the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives—the lassie I lo'e best;
Though wild-woods grow, and rivers row, wi' mony a hill between,
Baith day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers—sae lovely, sweet, and fair,
I hear her voice in ilka bird, wi' music charm the air!
There's not a bonie flower that springs, by fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonie bird that sings, but minds me o' my Jean."

"O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft, among the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle breath frae muir and dale, bring hame the laden bees;
And bring me her can cheer my saul, and brighten every scene,—
Ae blink o' her can banish care,—sae charming is my Jean!
What sighs and vows among the knowes, atween us twa hae past!
How fain to meet, how wae to part, when partin' cam' at last!
The Powers aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,
That dearer than my deathless soul, I love my darling Jean!"]

VI.—THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

[This very pathetic composition, in the form of a dying address by Burns to his wife, was, for nearly half a century, popularly believed to be an authentic production of Burns, and even yet, when it is known to have been an early lyric by Caroline, Baroness Nairne, composed without reference to Burns or his Jean, the public cling with fondness to the old legend of the heart, and refuse to hear it sung in the form the authoress had sent it—*anonymously*—to the press, upwards of seventy years ago:—

"I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw in a thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal." &c.

The worthy lady in her latter years, finding that her lyric had taken such a fast hold on the Scottish heart, tried to throw a little of the *Gospel* into it, as it seemed to savor too much of the New-Light heresy for a dying wife to console her husband with a picture of "the joy that's ay to last in the land o' the leal," without "giving a reason for the hope that is in her," so she marred her lyric by introducing the following well-intended, but incongruous verse:—

"Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal."

John Wilson, the vocalist—under whose singing of *The Land o' the Leal*, an audience of 2000 people have been hushed into such a reverent stillness that a pin might have been heard fall to the ground—would not have relished Lady Nairne's corrections of her own song.

As this beautiful lyric, modified and moulded into a form which suits the public taste, will be sung in connection with the name of Burns as long as his own songs shall be appreciated, we consider it would be a defect if we neglected to record it in our text.]

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal:

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
 There's neither could nor care, Jean,
 The day's ay fair
 I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean ;
 And, oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal :
 But dry thy tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 Frae sin and sorrow free, Jean,
 We'll meet a' three
 I' the land o' the leal.

Sweet helpmate through my toil, Jean,
 I aft hae thocht thy smile, Jean,
 An angel might beguile
 Frae the land o' the leal!
 But, fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
 This warld's love is vain, Jean,
 Its loss—eternal gain
 I' the land o' the leal.*

VII.—EPITAPH ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

[The beautiful lines—"Here lies a rose, a blooming rose"—which have been included in most editions of Burns since 1830, are found to be the composition of Shenstone.]

* There is a fourth verse, which we must throw into a foot-note, for we think the lyric is better without it, and singers invariably omit it:—

“But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, Jean—
 The joy that's ay to last,
 I' the land o' the leal.
 A' our freens are gane, Jean,
 We've lang been left alane, Jean ;
 We'll a' meet again
 I' the land o' the leal.”

We must note that in the original the concluding lines of verse second read thus:—

“My saul lang's to be free, Jean ;
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.”

To our taste, the alterations in the text are improvements; but the reader can please himself.

VIII.—THE SPRIG OF SLOE-THORN.

[The lines printed by Cromek as an impromptu of Burns, beginning, "From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested," is the first verse of a once popular song by Charles Dibdin.]

IX.—SHELAH O'NEIL.

[The clever epigrammatic song, printed by Cunningham in 1834, beginning, "When first I began for to sigh and to woo her," is by Sir Alexander Boswell. In a subsequent edition (1842) Cunningham noticed this error, and withheld the song.]

X.—ADDRESS TO A POTATOE.

[These verses, beginning, "Gude-e'en, myauld acquaintance cronie," were dug up from oblivion a few years ago, by a correspondent in the *Notes and Queries*, and not a little noise was created about the *pomme du terre*, till some one skilled in old books, shewed that a collection of "Poems on various subjects, by Alexander Clerk, in Caulside, parish of Glencairn," published in Dumfries in 1801, contains the newly-discovered poem.]

XI.—MEDITATIONS AT LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

[This poem, given at page 380 of present volume, has nothing of the style of Burns about it. In the head-note attached to it we have named its author.]

XII.—TO THEE, LOV'D NITH.

[This fine song is by the poet's friend, Mrs. Maria Riddel.—See page 287, *ante*.]

XIII.—POWERS CELESTIAL.—A PRAYER FOR MARY.

[This fine composition (page 28, Vol. II.), has passed for a production of Burns since the beginning of the present century; but, in 1871, Mr. James Christie, librarian of Dollar Institution, announced to the world that he had discovered the verses in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1774, where they are inserted as a translation from the Greek of Euripides. Burns had no doubt been struck with the beauty of the lyric, so applicable to his own position in 1786, and transcribed it for preservation, and forwarded the piece to Johnson, or his fifth volume.]

XIV.—COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

[This is another of the lyrics hitherto understood to have been composed by Burns in praise of his Mary; but, as in the case (No. XIII.) above referred to, Mr. Christie found it *verbatim* in the same old magazine, the only difference being the substitution of "Mary" for "Delia"]

NOTE OF OLD SONGS, &c., ERRONEOUSLY ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS,

And of which the Authors are unknown.

I.—GALA WATER.—“SAE FAIR HER HAIR,” &c.

[This is in Johnson's second vol., p. 131, copied *verbatim* from Herd's collection, 1776 (Vol. II., page 202), so that it is quite an error to include it in Burns' works as some editors have done. Burns, in his notes, records a “concluding verse,” which appears very like his own manufacture:—

“And ay she cam' at e'ening fa',
Amang the yellow broom, sae eerie,
To seek the snood o' silk she tint,—
She fand na that, but met her dearie.”]

II.—WILL YE GO AND MARRY, KATIE?

[At page 27 of the present volume, we have referred to a common error of including this song among those of Burns. It was a favourite song before he was born.]

III.—THERE GROWS A BONIE BRIER BUSH.

[We have noticed this song at page 37, and given three verses of it. There can be no doubt that it is older than the period of Burns. The public is indebted to Lady Nairne for the improved version, now so popular.]

IV.—AS I WAS WAND'RING ON A MIDSUMMER EVENING

[At page 295, Vol. I., we have pointed out that this song is not by Burns, but taken from Herd's collection—Vol. II., page 165.]

V.—THE AULD MAN HE CAM' OVER THE LEA.

[This is in Johnson's fifth vol., page 429, and although picked up and transmitted by Burns, shews not a single mark of his hand.]

VI.—WHEN CLOUDS IN SKIES DO COME TOGETHER.

[This fragment of four lines has been again and again given as Burns' own; but he particularly marks it as a quotation from a long ballad in imitation of the old poets, well known among the country ingle-sides. Cromek, in printing it as part of the poet's first commonplace book, has very correctly marked it by inverted commas.]

VII.—EPIGRAM—JOHNNY PEEP.

[This poor joke, which is taken from “Joe Miller,” has been inserted as *something new by Burns* in the poet's works, by some editors who ought to have known better.]

VIII.—VERSES—TO MY BED.

[“Thou bed in which I first began.”—First given as Burns' in Chambers's edition, 1838; but, as they are found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1759 (before the poet was six months old), it is absurd to suppose them his!]

MEMORANDA OF OLD BALLADS RECOVERED BY BURNS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No fewer than sixteen old ballads, which seem never to have been previously printed, were picked up by Burns, and published in *Johnson's Museum*. Of these we consider it proper, at this stage of our labours, to record a list, with such remarks concerning them as may appear necessary. Cromek, in 1810, printed six fragments of old ballads, which the bard had enclosed in a letter to old Tytler of Woodhouselee, which letter and fragments, although preserved by Hogg and Motherwell, have mysteriously disappeared from other standard editions of Burns. Cromek has misdated this letter—"August, 1790," instead of 1787. The poet never was in Edinburgh during the month of *August* of any year, excepting that of 1787, and he was not in that city during any part of the year 1790. As a further corroboration of the erroneous date, it need only be stated that No. 3 of the pieces enclosed, was the old fragment of *Bonie Dnndee* with a stanza added by himself, as inserted in the first volume of the *Museum*, published in 1787, which he could never have thought of sending to Tytler in 1790, as *something new*. The letter referred to is short, and therefore we give it here entire:—

"To William Tytler, Esq., of Woodhouselee.

"SIR,—Inclosed I have sent you a sample of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the West. I had once a great many of such fragments, and some of these entire; but as I had no idea then that anybody cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it sacrilege to add anything of my own to help out the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions; but they have many various readings. If you have not seen these before, I know they will flatter your true old-style Caledonian feelings; at any rate, I am truly happy to have an opportunity of assuring you how sincerely I am, revered Sir, your gratefully indebted, humble servant,

"ROBERT BURNS.

"LAWMARKET, *August, 1787.*"

Those who feel interested in this species of literature will find, on comparing Burns' versions of popular ballads with those given by the most noted collectors, that his copies are generally of a superior and more readable cast; and, notwithstanding what he says in the foregoing letter, about the "sacrilege" of helping out the shattered wrecks of ancient minstrelsy with his own additions or alterations, we suspect that Cromek is right when he tells us that "Burns did not chuse to be quite correct in stating that his copies of ballads, such as *Hughie Graham*, were given altogether from oral tradition;" and, moreover, we consider that he was not, in this particular, one whit less faithful to tradition and coarsely printed broadsides, than the best of those collectors who affect so much veneration for *pure rubbish*, simply because it is said to be ancient.

BALLADS FROM JOHNSON'S FOURTH VOLUME.

I.—HUGHIE GRAHAM.

[See extracts given with remarks, at page 290, *ante*.]

II.—FINE FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY.

[In Herd's collection, a ballad is given having the same title; but, otherwise, it is quite a different subject from that recovered by Burns, which is exquisitely pathetic and powerful in its mystery. Omitting the refrain, it is short, and therefore we shall thus print it. Herd gives a fragment in another part of his work, which is evidently a portion of this ballad.

"She sat her down, below a thorn,
And there she has her sweet babe born.

'Smile na sae sweet, my bonie babe,
'An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead.'

She's taen out her little penknife,
And twined the sweet babe o' its life.

She's howket a grave by the light o' the moon,
And there she's buried her sweet babe in.

As she was going to the church,
She saw a sweet babe in the porch.

'O sweet babe, 'an thou wert mine,
I'd cleed thee in the silk sae fine.'

'O mother dear, when I was thine,
You didna prove to me sae kind.'"

(Addition by Motherwell.)

"O mother, Heaven is very high!
And that's where thou wilt never win nigh.

And oh, mother, Hell is deep!
And there thou'll enter, step by step.'"

III.—LORD RONALD, MY SON.

[Sir Walter Scott, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, printed an extension of this fragment, under the title of "Lord Randal," with historic notes, the aim of which is to prove that the ballad commemorated the death of Randolph, Earl of Murray, at Pinkie House, in 1332, said by tradition to have been caused by poison. Burns more usefully records that the simple old air to which it is sung, is evidently the progenitor of *Lochaber no more*.]

IV.—AS I CAM' DOUN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

[This antique little piece is stated by the poet to be a very popular song in Ayrshire.]

V.—GEORDIE.

[This beautiful and complete ballad was too tempting to be let alone by Peter Buchan, who manufactured from it a composition which he called "Gight's Lady," and produced it as the veritable original.]

VI.—THE POOR THRESHER.

[In the note accompanying this piece, the poet says: "It is rather too long, but it is very pretty, and never, that I know of, was printed before." It is written in pure English, and has evidently travelled from south of the Tweed. Cromek rejected it from the *Reliques*, and from his *Select Scottish Songs*.]

VII.—LADY MARY ANN.

[We have printed this pretty ballad at page 313, Vol. I.]

VIII.—AS I WENT OUT AE MAY MORNING.

[This ballad—rather indelicate in subject—is very like *The Lass that made the bed to me*, in several parts. Stenhouse remarks: "Some of the verses seem to have been retouched by our bard; but it would have been better had he altered a little more of it."]

BALLADS FROM JOHNSON'S FIFTH VOLUME.

IX.—TAM LIN.

[This is far superior to the version printed in the *Border Minstrelsy* under the title of "The Young Tamlane," which, however, is especially valuable for the elaborate essay on fairy superstition which is appended to it. Stenhouse observes that "many of the stanzas in Sir Walter Scott's version, if not by himself, are evidently the work of a modern hand. The language itself betrays the era of the writer." A fragment of this ballad, under the title of "Kerton Ha'; or, the Fairy Court," appears in David Herd's collection.]

X.—THE LORD O' GORDON HAS THREE DAUGHTERS.

[Johnson has omitted 18 verses of this ballad, for want of room on the page but the whole of it is printed in *Ritson's Scottish Songs*. The incidents are historical, and belong to the middle or latter part of the 16th century.]

XI.—THE ROWIN'T IN HER APRON.

[The scene of this ballad is laid in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The old Castle of Terreagles stood on the banks of the Nith, near its junction with the Cluden.—(See page 304, Vol. I.) The piece, although rather indelicate in subject, ends well, thus:—

"Young Terreagles he is nae clown, he is the toss o' Edinburgh town,
And he'll buy me a braw new gown, for the rowin't in my apron."

'It's I hae castles, I hae towers, I hae barns and I hae bowers,—
A' that is mine it sall be thine, for the rowin't in thine apron.'"]

XII.—LEEZIE LINDSAY.

[We have inserted this at page 16 of present volume.]

XIII.—AND WE DAURNA GAE DOUN TO THE BROOM ONY MAIR.

[This records a tragical story of an incestuous intrigue betwixt "Lady Margaret and Sir Richard her brother," and its sad results: Motherwell has added some stanzas to it, in order to complete the ballad.]

XIV.—THE RANTIN LADDIE.

[This is a ballad concerning the Earl of Aboyne, which the poet picked up during his northern tour. It is of no great interest.]

XV.—GUDE WALLACE.

[This is a lyrical version of an incident described by Blind Harry.]

XVI.—THE LOCHMABEN HARPER.

[This appeared in Johnson's sixth vol., and therefore was not published till Scott had produced his version in the *Border Minstrelsy*. Sir Walter does not state from what source he obtained it. It varies considerably from that in the *Museum*.]

XVII.—KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

[These verses first appeared in the *Aldine* edition, 1839, taken from the poet's MS.: they are merely the first four verses of a long ballad which was published in the *Border Minstrelsy*—first edition under the title of "The Laird of Lamington;" enlarged in after editions, and called "Katherine Jaufarie." Motherwell published a version of the same ballad under the title of "Katherine Johnstone." This piece of old minstrelsy is interesting, as having formed the foundation of Sir Walter Scott's much admired ballad of "Lochinvar,"—the main difference in the plot being that, in the original, *Lochinvar* loses the bride, while in the ballad from *Marmion*, he wins her.]

XVIII.—THE BRAES O' YARROW.

[This is one of those fragments already referred to as having been sent by the poet to Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee in 1787. It contains ten verses, apparently taken from several distinct ballads, some of these being part of the beautiful love-story in the fragment preserved in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*,—"Rare Willie drowned in Yarrow," which theme has been so pathetically followed out by Logan, and more recently by Wordsworth; and the other verses forming part of a fragment preserved by Herd, beginning—"I dream'd a dreary dream last night," which is apparently a portion of the old ballad that suggested the one by Hamilton of Bangour, and was afterwards dressed up into the tragic ballad published by Scott in the *Border Minstrelsy*, called "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." Besides these, Burns' Yarrow fragment contains some verses which clearly belong to a ballad called "The Duke of Athol's Nurse,"—to be found in the collections of Kinloch and Professor Ayton. Beyond all this it contains a verse or two belonging to "Sir James the Rose." Nevertheless, mongrel in character as Burns' contribution to the Yarrow minstrelsy undoubtedly is, two of the stanzas are transcendently beautiful, and never were seen before, therefore we give them a place here.]

"Nae birdies sang the mirky hour,
Amang the braes o' Yarrow;
But slumber'd on the dewy boughs
To wait the waukening morrow."

[The preceding verse, beyond all controversy, is Burns' own: the other stanza seems to bear the impress of antiquity, yet may be his too, notwithstanding.]

“She’s taen three links o’ her gowden hair,
That hung down lang and yellow;
And she’s tied them round sweet Willie’s waist,
And drawn him out o’ Yarrow.”

XIX.—YOUNG ROB ROY.

[This forms *number two* of the fragments sent to Tytler, and consists of nine verses of four lines each. We have examined the same ballad as printed in the best collections, and are persuaded that any thing which has been added to the piece since it came from Burns' hand is modern, and wretchedly executed. Yet, how few are there that could succeed in piecing up a fragment like this?—

“Be content, O be content, be content to stay, leddie;
For thou art my wedded wife, until thy dying day, leddie,
Rob Roy was my father ca’d, Macgregor was his name, leddie,
He led a band o’ heroes bauld, and I am here the same, leddie.

He was a hedge about his freends—a heckle to his foes, leddie,
Every one that durst him wrang, he took him by the nose, leddie.
I’m as bold, I’m as bold, I’m as bold, and more, leddie;
He that daurs dispute my word, shall feel my gude claymore, leddie.”]

XX.—BONIE DUNDEE.

[Already given in Vol. I., page 202. The first four lines of verse second are, however, thus varied:—

“May blessings light on thy sweet wee lippie!
May blessings light on thy bonie ee-bree!
Thou smiles sae like my sodger laddie,
Thou’s dearer—dearer ay to me!”]

XXI.—YOUNG HYNHORN.

[This is a compact little romantic ballad, which afterwards, in the hands of Motherwell and Peter Buchan, was dragged out into a tedious jingle, three times as long. The former observes that Cromek, in recording it without a single remark, seems not to have been aware of the jewel he had picked up.]

XXII.—AY WAUKIN, O.

[Here the poet introduces the chorus and two verses of the song given at page 240, Vol. I.]

XXIII.—YE’RE LIKE TO THE TIMMER.

[Here he sets down as ancient, the last four lines of his own favourite song, given at page 277, Vol. I., beginning, “O meikle thinks my luve o’ my beauty.”]

MEMORANDA OF LYRICAL FRAGMENTS AND NOTES INSERTED BY BURNS

In the Glenriddel Copy of the "Museum."

I.—THE BLATHRIE O'T.

[The poet remarks: "The following is a set of this song, which is the very earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing:—

'O Willie, weel I mind, I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you then did demand;
But my memory's so bad, I had amais't forgot
That you call'd it *The gear and the blathrie o't.*

I sing na of confusion, delusion, or pride;
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time'll never rot,
And far afore the gear and the blathrie o't.

Tho' my lassie hasna scarlets and silks to put on,
We envy not the great ones that hang about the throne;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she cam' but in her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear and 'he blathrie o't.

Altho' we haena horses and menzie at command,
We will toil on our fit, and we'll work wi' our hand;
For when wearied, we get rest that is sweet in any spot,
And we value not the gear and the blathrie o't.

If we hae onie babies, we'll count them a' as lent;
Hae we less—hae we mair—we sall ay be content;
We've mair o' warld's pleasure in the winnin' o' a groat
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blathrie o't.

We fash na the affairs o' the Kirk or the Queen;
They're nae matters for a sang—let them sink, let them swim:
On your kirk we'll ne'er encroach, but we'll hold it still remote,—
Tak' ye this for *The gear and the blathrie o't!*'"]

II.—THE BEDS O' SWEET ROSES.

[The poet says: "This song, so far as I know, for the first time appears here in print. When I was a boy, it was very popular in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard the Buchanites sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of *hymns*, to this air." As this song is little known, we here insert a copy of it:—

"As I was a-walking one morning in May,
The little birds were singing delightful and gay,
Where I and my true love would often sport and play
Down among the beds o' sweet roses.

My daddie and my mammie, I've often heard them say
That I was a naughty boy, I was so fond of play;
But I never liked in all my life a girl that would say 'Nay!
Down among the beds o' sweet roses.

If I had gold and silver in bags running o'er,
I'd part with all my money to the girl that I adore,
I'd part with all my money to meet my girl once more
Down among the beds o' sweet roses."]

III.—O'ER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.

[The poet says,—“This song is a composition of Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a whore, but also a thief; and in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West. She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock. I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country with a sleight-of-hand blackguard.”

The editor of *The Contemporaries of Burns* gives 31st October, 1758, as the date of her birth, and she survived Burns about six years. The song is to be found in all Scots Collections.]

IV.—CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

[Burns observes,—“The song in the *Museum* (No. 162) is by the Duke of Gordon. The old words are these:—

‘There’s cauld kail in Aberdeen, and castocks in Strathbogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass, then, fye! gie me my coggie.

*My coggie, sirs, my coggie, sirs, I canna want my coggie;
I wadna gie my three-gird caup, for a’ the queans on Bogie.*

There’s Johnie Smith has got a wife, that scrimps him o’ his coggie,
If she were mine, upon my life, I’d douk her in a boggie!

My coggie, sirs,” &c.

A very happy continuation of this subject was written by William Reid, of the firm of Brash & Reid, printers, Glasgow.]

V.—THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER.

[Burns has inserted a note relative to this *title* of an old tune, which we think worth quoting here, to shew that Ritson and he have adopted quite opposite opinions regarding it. Ritson’s note is as follows:—“King James VII. was undoubtedly, both before and after his succession, a popular character in Scotland, and *The Fourteenth of October* (his birth-day) is still a favourite tune.”—*Scottish Songs*, 1794.

Burns, on the other hand, writes:—“The title of this air shows that it alludes to the famous King Crispian, the patron of the honourable corporation of shoemakers. St. Crispian’s day falls on the 14th of October, old style, as the proverb tells.

‘On the fourteenth of October was ne’er a sutor sober.’”

The air called the *Shoemakers’ March*, for which the poet wrote words given at page 244 of this vol., is quite a different tune from *The Fourteenth of October*.]

VI.—THE COLLIER’S BONIE LASSIE.

[Burns notes thus:—“The first half-stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay. The old words began as follows:—

‘The collier has a dochter, and O she’s wonder bonie;
A laird he was that socht her, rich baith in lands and money;
She wadna hae a laird, she wadna be a ledly,
But she wad hae a collier lad, the colour o’ her deddie.’”]

VII.—BLINK OWRE THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

[The poet says of this ancient ditty:—"The old words—all that I remember—are:—

'Blink owre the burn, sweet Betty, it's a cauld winter night;
It rains, it hails, and it thunders,—the moon she gies nae light:
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty, that ever I tint my way;
O sweet! let me lie ayont thee, until it be break o' day!

It's Betty will bake my bread, and Betty will brew my ale,
And Betty will be my love, when I come owre the dale:
Blink owre the burn, sweet Betty, blink owre the burn to me,
And while I hae life, dear lassie, mý ain sweet Betty thou's be!"

Burns has omitted to point out that one of the lines of this song is quoted in *King Lear*, act iii., scene 6. Edgar, during his pretended raving while the storm was howling around the head of the frantic old king, cries out:—"The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale—

'Come o'er the burn, Bessie, to me.'"

It is very remarkable that in this same scene Edgar chants a couplet which at once suggests to us the opening lines of Burns' beautiful lyric, called, "The poet's morning salutation to his mistress"—*Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, fairest creature*,—given at page 101, present volume. Edgar's couplet is—

"Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep lie in the corn."

"The pelting of the pitiless storm" on this occasion, would naturally recall to Edgar's mind the words of the old song of *Sweet Betty*, given above—"It rains, it hails, and it thunders.]"

VIII.—POMPEY'S GHOST.

[Burns, in referring to the pathetic ballad of "Mary's Dream," by John Lowe, adds: "He likewise wrote another beautiful song, called *Pompey's Ghost*." This song (if such it can be called) used to be sung, or recited, by an early friend of the poet—Mr. James Candlish, who carried off the wittiest of the "six proper young belles" of Mauchline. In November, 1787, the poet wrote thus to Candlish, from Edinburgh, concerning this poem:—"I am engaged in assisting an honest Scotch enthusiast—a friend of mine who is an engraver, and has taken it into his head to publish a collection of all our songs, set to music, of which the words and music are done by Scotchmen. This, you will easily guess, is an undertaking exactly to my taste. I have collected, begged, borrowed, and stolen all the songs I could meet with. POMPEY'S GHOST, words and music, I beg from you immediately, to go into the second number,—the first is already published." Candlish sent the words to the poet, but the music he was unable to give in consequence of his want of musical skill to note it down. The piece, therefore, is not to be found in the *Museum*.

The poet, in common with all writers who have referred to this beautiful poem, is mistaken in assigning its composition to Lowe. The editor is in possession of a collection of songs, published at Edinburgh in 1764, entitled, "The Blackbird," in which this production is inserted, without note regarding its authorship. Lowe was born in 1750, so, at the date of that publication, he was barely fourteen years old. He attended Edinburgh College for one session in 1771, and was engaged as a tutor during the following year by Mr. M'Ghie of Airds: while there, he composed "Mary's Dream," and in 1773 he emigrated to America. It would appear, then, that Lowe had picked up this poem in Edinburgh—admired it—set it to music (for he was a musical amateur, and

composed the air to his own "Mary's Dream") and in this way he would enjoy the credit of being the author of *Pompey's Ghost*, which, however, is of a higher order of poetry than anything he was ever known to compose, and never could be the work of any school-boy. All other copies of *Pompey's Ghost* which the editor is aware of, want not only the closing verse, but also the second line of each stanza, the hiatus being supplied by a repetition of line third,—rendered necessary to make it suit the music. In the Berean and Glassite hymn-books, printed during the latter portion of the eighteenth century, several of the hymns composed in this peculiar measure, are directed to be sung "to the tune of *Pompey's Ghost*."

A complete copy of a lyric which Burns felt so much interest in, and which, on its own merits, is so worthy of preservation, is here recorded for the benefit of the reader.]

FROM perfect and unclouded day,
 [Where Phœbus sheds no parching ray;]
 From joys complete without allay
 And from a spring without decay
 I come, by Cynthia's borrowed beams,
 To visit my Cornelia's dreams,
 And give them still sublimer themes.

I am the man you loved before
 [He crossed the stream to yonder shore,]—
 The streams have washed away my gore,
 And Pompey now can bleed no more!
 Yet vengeance shall not be withstood,
 Nor unattended by a flood
 Of Roman and Egyptian blood!

Cæsar himself it shall pursue
 [With cares which Pompey never knew;]
 His days shall troubled be and few,
 And he shall fall by treason too!
 He, by a sentence all divine,
 Shall fall a victim to my shrine,—
 As I was *his*, he shall be *mine*!

[Thy stormy life regret no more,
 For Fate shall waft thee soon on shore,—
 Yes, Fate shall waft thee gently o'er,
 And to thy Pompey thee restore:
 There guilty heads no crowns shall wear,
 Nor my Cornelia shed one tear,
 Nor Cæsar be Dictator there!]

POETICAL PIECES

FIRST PRODUCED IN

CUNNINGHAM'S AND HOGG & MOTHERWELL'S EDITIONS.

(1834 TO 1839.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Dr. Josiah Walker in 1811, Alexander Peterkin in 1814, the Rev. Hamilton Paul in 1819, and, best of all, J. G. Lockhart in 1828, had each produced independent memoirs of our poet, and freshly arranged editions of his poetry; yet although, during all these years, reprint after reprint of Dr. Currie's *Life and Works of Burns*, from time to time, were proceeding from the press, the public seemed not to be satiated; for, in 1833, announcements were now and again made in the *Athenæum*, and other literary organs, that no less than three poetically gifted men—namely, Allan Cunningham, James Hogg, and William Motherwell, were busied in preparing new biographies and editions of the great Scottish bard. The notion that a great poet can most effectively be edited and illustrated by another poet, even of less note, had been demonstrated to be a pure mistake, more than a century before that period, when the works of Shakespeare, edited by Alexander Pope, were given to a disappointed public. Cunningham's labours, comprising eight volumes, were, in 1834, published in London in a splendid style, followed by numerous reprints in various forms. Hogg and Motherwell's edition, in five volumes, appeared in Glasgow in monthly parts, commencing in 1834. Each of these editions contained sundry productions of Burns which had not previously been given in any collected volume of the poet's works, and these we now proceed to print in chronological order.

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood, in Nithside, Dumfriesshire, in December, 1784. During his boyhood he lived in the vicinity of Burns' farm of Ellisland, his father being land-steward to the poet's landlord. He was in his twelfth year when Burns died in Dumfries; yet he speaks of his presence at the poet's funeral as if he had then been a full-grown citizen. When about

twenty-five years of age, and working as a common stone-mason, he showed considerable genius for lyric poetry, which was marred, however, by a defective musical ear, and which defect he never afterwards overcame. In 1809 he got acquainted with Cromek, who had just earned great reputation by his able editorship of *The Reliques of Burns*, and he deceived that kindly gentleman by foisting on his credulity a vast number of his own puerile compositions, which Cromek was induced to give to the world as genuine *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. He followed Cromek to London, and eventually got employment as an assistant of Chantrey, the great sculptor. He married early, begat sons and daughters, and after living there for thirty years in an enviable atmosphere of literature and the fine arts, was cut off by an attack of apoplexy, on 29th October, 1842.

It is a striking fact that James Hogg and his coadjutor, William Motherwell, died in the same month of the same year—November, 1835, and that too, before their edition of Burns was completed. The publishers had to call in the aid of other hands to finish what they had begun, and it must be admitted that this edition is by no means satisfactory as regards editorial treatment.

Hogg was born at Ettrick about the 1st of December, 1770, and died at the head of Yarrow on the 21st of the month, and in the year above stated, aged 64. Motherwell was born in Glasgow on 13th October, 1797; in 1827 he produced his "Minstrelsy, ancient and modern;" in 1832 he published a volume of his own lyrics; and in 1835 died suddenly, at the age of 33.

EPISTLE TO JOHN KENNEDY.

Mossgiel, 3rd March, 1786.

[This early friend of the poet was factor to Patrick, last Earl of Dumfries, resident at Dumfries House, situated about half-way between Auchinleck and Ochiltree. He appears to have become acquainted with Burns through Gavin Hamilton, and it is very probable that he was also well acquainted with Jean Armour's family, for Dumfries House had been built by Jean's grandfather.

At the date of this epistle the poet was evidently engaged in the preparation of his poems with a view to publication, although he did not embark in that enterprise till a month later. With the utmost frankness, he entrusted Kennedy with a loan of his most important poem, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*—his only copy. Kennedy was two years older than Burns, as we learn from his tombstone in the Old Calton Burying-ground in Edinburgh, in which city he died, 19th June, 1812, aged 55. The record bears that he was 13 years factor to the Earl of Dumfries, and 18 years to the Earl of Breadalbane. At page 299, *ante*, will be found a rhymed note addressed to Kennedy.]

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
E'er bring you in by Mauchline corss,
L—, man, there's lasses there wad force
 A hermit's fancy ;
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
Till some bit callan bring me news
 That you are there ;
And if we dinna haud a bouze,
 I'se ne'er drink mair.

It's no' I like to sit an' swallow,
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow ;
But gie me just a true good fallow,
 Wi' right ingine ;
And spunkie ance to make us mellow,
 And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warl's folk,
 Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,
 An' sklent on poverty their joke,
 Wi' bitter sneer ;
 Wi' you no friendship I will troke,
 Nor cheap nor dear.

But if, as I'm informèd weel,
 Ye hate as ill's the very de'il,
 The flinty heart that canna feel,—
 Come sir, here's to you !
 Hae, there's my haun, I wiss you weel,
 And gude be wi' you !

R. B.

YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—*Shawnboy*.

[Major William Parker of Assloss, Kilmarnock, is the "Willie" of this song, which was addressed to the brethren of St. John's Lodge, No. 22, of which Mr. Parker was, in 1786, *Right Worshipful Master*, and Burns an honorary member, the date of his affiliation being 26th October of that year. The poet, in writing to his own Lodge—*St. James', Tarbolton*—from Edinburgh, on 23rd August, 1787, quotes the concluding four lines of this song.]

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

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

The melancholious, lazy croon
O' cankrie care!

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

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

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

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

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

Och-on for poor Castalian drinkers,
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers!
The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers
Hae put me hyte,
And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,
Wi' girmn spite.

But by yon moon!—and that's high swearin'—
An' every star within my hearin'!

An' by her een wha was a dear ane!

I'll ne'er forget;

I hope to gie the jads a clearin'

In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it;

I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it;

Ance to the Indies I were wonted,

Some cantraip hour,

By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted—

Then, *vive l'amour!*

Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,

To sentimental sister Susie,

An' honest Lucky; no' to roose you,

Ye may be proud,

That sic a couple Fate allows ye

To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,

An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure;

But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,

Be't light, be't dark,

Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure

To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

Mossgiel, 30th October, 1786.

V E R S E S

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

[The manuscript of these lines is preserved at Dumfries, in the house so long possessed by Burns and his family. The poet, in the month of February, 1787, while in Edinburgh preparing for his grand edition, wrote to the Earl, his patron, requesting his permission to allow the verses to be included among his printed poems, which, it appears, his lordship disapproved of.—See page 345, Vol. I., for the poet's "Lament for Glencairn."]

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless, brow?

And whose that eye of fire?

And whose that generous princely mien

Even rooted foes admire?

Stranger! to justly shew that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take *His* hand, whose vernal tints
 His other works admire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
 With stately port he moves;
 His guardian Seraph eyes with awe
 The noble ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons
 That chief thou may'st discern;
 Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
 It dwells upon Glencairn.

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

[None of the poet's editors have told us anything more of this friend of Burns, beyond the fact that he belonged to Kilmarnock; and he is not even mentioned by Mr. Archd. M'Kay, the worthy historian of *Auld Kiltie*. Nevertheless, this lively production appears to be the very first fruits of the poet's Muse on Nithside. On the 13th of June, 1788, he took up his abode at Ellisland, in very uncomfortable temporary quarters, and there he waited till the end of November following, before he could bring his wife and household to the new farm. On the 14th of June, he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop describing himself as the "solitary inmate of an old, smoky spence; far from every object I love, or by whom I am beloved; with no acquaintance older than yesterday, except Jenny Geddes, the old mare I ride on." In these circumstances, he penned the present epistle, the opening part of which accords with his words to Beugo, written a month or two later:—"The only things that are to be found in this country, in any degree of perfection, are stupidity and canting. Prose they only know in graces, prayers, &c., and the value of these they estimate, as they do their plaiding webs—by the ell! As for the Muses, they have as much an idea of a rhinoceros as of a poet." A little farther on in the *Epistle* we find the first thought of his world-renowned song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," composed about this very period:—

"Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kenn'd face but *Jenny Geddes*,—
 Jenny—my Pegasean pride!—
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!"

He tells Parker that he will meet him at "Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June," and he kept his word, for his next letter is dated on the 23rd, from Mauchline, "I am generally"—so he wrote to a correspondent in September thereafter—"about half my time in Ayrshire with my 'darling Jean;' and then, at lucid intervals, I throw my horny fist across my be-cobwebbed lyre, much in the same manner as an old wife throws her hand across the spokes of her spinning-wheel." And what did the lyre next produce?—That finest of his love-lyrics, "O were I on Parnassus' hill!"

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme;
 Where words ne'er crost the Muse's heckles,
 Nor limpet in poetic shackles:

A land that Prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusked by a fog infernal:
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters;
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence—
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes.
 Jenny—my Pegasean pride!—
 Dowie she saunters down Nithside,
 And ay a westlin leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!
 Was it for this, wi' canna care,
 Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled?—
 O, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze thee up a constellation,
 To canter with the Sagitarre,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut up' thy tail!—
 Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peat reek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read?—
 Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune;
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak' this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

TUNE—*Killicrankie*.

[During one of the poet's visits to Ayrshire in the course of the autumn of 1788, his attention was called to a circumstance he could not otherwise than feel some interest in. The eldest daughter of his patron, Mrs. Stewart of Stair, was the wife of Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin, a considerable proprietor on the banks of the Ayr, in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton. In order to be near her daughter, Mrs. Stewart had parted with her estates on Afton Water and at Stair, and purchased from Mr. Cunninghame some forty acres of ground, on which she built "Afton Lodge"—so called to preserve the name of her old hereditary possessions, and resided there, with her two unmarried daughters, at the period of Burns' correspondence with her. In the year 1788, according to the narrative of Gilbert Burns (1820), Mr. Cunninghame's two mansions of Enterkin and Annbank underwent some repairs, and while these operations went on, he being desirous to ingratiate himself with the gentry in the county, got temporary erections made on the banks of Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, and gave a grand supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was thought at the time that his object was to pave the way for standing as a candidate in an expected county election, and among the guests at the *fête*, this subject was discussed. *James Boswell*, who "led o'er Scotland a', the meikle *Ursa-Major*," was spoken of by some; Sir John Whitefoord, then of Glencaird, was mentioned by others; and, finally, the question was asked: "What say ye to Annbank himsel'?" Politics however, according to the poet's closing verse in the ballad, were voted down by Love and Beauty at the *Fête Champêtre*.]

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

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

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay greenwoods amang, man;
 Where, gathering flowers and busking bowers,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man:

A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

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

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

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

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man ?
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man ;
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

VERSES TO JOHN TAYLOR.

[The poet, in company of a gentleman named Sloan, during one of his excise journeys, in the winter of 1789-90, on arriving at Wanlockhead, felt the necessity of getting his horse's shoes sharpened, to enable him to proceed over the frosty ground. They put up at *Ramage's Inn*, and sent the horses to the village blacksmith to have their feet rectified; but he being over busy, told the messenger to wait his turn; whereupon the poet's friend addressed a note to John Taylor, a person who, as he was informed, had complete influence over the smith, and by Taylor's intercession, the job was speedily executed. The poet paid the smith both in money and in drink, but above all, he paid him with these verses, addressed to Taylor, of which the smith boasted all his life thereafter.]

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

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

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

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

Ramage's, 3 o'clock.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

[This gentleman was chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, and resided at Drumlanrig. He and his wife are celebrated in the election ballad (page 317) —“ M'Murdo, and his lovely spouse:” his eldest daughter was the *Bonie Jean* of the lovely ballad, “There was a lass and she was fair,” given at page 91, present volume, and the second daughter, *Phillis*, was celebrated in the songs given at pages 93, 94, 100, and 105.]

O, COULD I give thee India's wealth—
 As I this trifle send;
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend!

But golden sands did never grace
 The Heliconian stream ;
 Then take what gold could never buy—
 An honest Bard's esteem.

ON MR. M'MURDO.

INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS IN HIS HOUSE.

[These warm and well-expressed wishes, as well as the numerous lyrics composed in honour of the Misses M'Murdo, shew that the poet was a familiar guest at the chamberlain's house for several years, particularly in 1793 and 1794.]

BLEST be M'Murdo to his latest day !
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray ;
 No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care,
 Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair !
 O may no son the father's honour stain,
 Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

[At page 162, present vol., the reader will find a "Monody on a Lady famed for her caprice," which, together with its head-note, will help to explain the present very bitter satire on the same lady—the beautiful and accomplished Maria Riddel—with whom he had quarrelled about Christmas, 1793. The "Esopus" here imagined, is understood to be Williamson the actor, who had been patronized in Dumfries by Mrs. Riddel, and even shared in the festivities of Woodley Park. A little before the date of this lampoon, Williamson, with his whole company, while attempting to get up theatricals in a country town in England, had been apprehended, and imprisoned as vagrants, under a warrant from the Earl of Lonsdale.

This piece, the writing of which Burns lived to regret, is a professed parody of the opening portion of Pope's well-known *Epistle from Eloise to Abelard*.]

FROM those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
 Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells ;
 Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
 And deal from iron hands the spare repast ;
 Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
 Blush at the curious stranger peeping in ;
 Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
 Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more ;

Where tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing,
 Beat hemp for others, riper for the string :
 From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
 To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

' Alas! I feel I am no actor here!
 'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
 Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
 Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale—
 Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled,
 By barber woven, and by barber sold,
 Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
 Like hoary bristles to erect and stare!
 The hero of the mimic scene, no more
 I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
 Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
 In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
 While *sans-culottes* stoop up the mountain high,
 And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
 Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
 Now, prouder still, Maria's temples press :
 I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
 And call each coxcomb to the wordy war :
 I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,*
 And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze.
 The crafty Colonel † leaves the tartan'd lines,
 For other wars, where he a hero shines :
 The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
 Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head, ‡
 Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
 That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way.
 The shrinking Bard adown an alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks ;
 Though there, his heresies in Church and State
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (*What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger*
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger ?

* Captain Gillespie. † M'Dowall of Logan. ‡ This idea repeated, p. 384.

Whose spleen—e'en worse than BURNS' venom, when
 He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen,
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,—
 Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even th' abuse of Poesy abused?
 Who called her verse, a *Parish Workhouse* made
 For motley foundling Fancies, stolen or strayed?

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

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

Maria! send me too thy griefs and cares,—
 In all of thee, sure thy Esopus shares:
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls
 Who on my fair one Satire's vengeance hurls—
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit—
 Who says, that *fool* alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true!

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

INVITATION TO DR. M'KENZIE
TO ATTEND A MASONIC MEETING AT TARBOLTON.

[This rhymed note to his friend and brother-mason, Mr. M'Kenzie, surgeon, Mauchline, was written in June, 1786, at the time the poet was pushing forward the printing of his Kilmarnock volume. On the 12th of that month, he wrote thus to Brice:—"To-morrow my works go to the press. I expect it will be a volume of 200 pages (240 it turned out to be): it is just the last foolish thing I intend to do; and then turn a wise man as fast as possible." In Tarbolton, the St. James' Lodge then held its stated meetings, in a small back-room of a public-house kept by one Manson, and on the approach of St. John's Day—the 24th of June—when it was customary to have a grand procession of the Lodge, Burns took the following method of reminding Dr. M'Kenzie of the occasion.]

FRIDAY first's the day appointed,
By our Right Worshipful anointed,
To hold our grand procession;
To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals,
And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels,
I' the way of our profession.
Our Master and the Brotherhood
Wad a' be glad to see you;
For me I would be mair than proud
To share the mercies wi' you.
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Some mortal heart is hechtin,
Inform him, and storm him,
That Saturday ye'll fecht him.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE HERMIT OF ABERFELDY.

[Very few readers of Burns can be persuaded that these verses were composed by him. They were furnished to Motherwell by Peter Buchan of Peterhead. The poet reached Aberfeldy towards evening, on 30th August, 1787, stayed half-an-hour, and was back to Dunkeld for supper. He described the Falls in undying song, as all the world knows; but when were these heavy lines composed? The term, "desert drear," used in the opening verse, shews that this *Hermit* belonged to some other quarter than Aberfeldy, where all is as "light-some" as the poet's song.]

WHOE'ER thou art, these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,

Let me in this belief expire,—
 To God I fly.'

Stranger! if full of youth and riot,
 And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet,
 Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
 The hermit's prayer ;
 But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
 Thy fault or care—

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
 Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
 Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
 And makes thee pine,
 Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
 And envy mine!

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

[Allan Cunningham has expressed his doubts as to the authenticity of this powerful poem; but his remarks were made after its appearance in Hogg & Motherwell's edition. The Duke's object in felling the trees around his beautiful estates—for the woods around Neidpath, in Peeblesshire, shared the same fate—is said to have been to raise money to provide a dowry for the Countess of Yarmouth, his *supposed* natural daughter. That lady appears to have had more than one string to her bow, for we are informed she levied similar *black-mail* on another member of the aristocracy who was induced to believe himself her father.

Although the VERSES were *first collected* in Hogg & Motherwell's edition, they appeared in a newspaper—long before their day—introduced by the following note:—"Though the beauty of the following Verses cannot be adequately estimated by those who are unacquainted with the scenery which it was their object to celebrate, yet, it is presumed, they possess merit sufficient, independently of all adventitious circumstances, to recommend them to the notice of every true lover of the simple and sublime in Nature. They were found written on the window-shutter of a small inn on the Banks of the Nith, soon after the beauty of the finest scenes that were perhaps to be met with in the South of Scotland, had been sacrificed to *sordid avarice*. Burns is supposed to have been the author; and by his most ardent admirers, we believe, they will not be thought unworthy the pen of that immortal Bard."

We were kindly favoured with the old clipping, from Hugh F. Weir, Esq., of Kirkhall, Ardrossan, which we reprinted *verbatim*, in our Fac-simile Edition (1869), to which we refer our readers. At present we give Motherwell's version, as being, on the whole, an improvement on the older text; preserving, however, some expressions in the latter, for their superiority.]

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

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

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

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

'When, glinting through the trees, appeared
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
 That, slowly curling, clamb the hill;
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,—
 And scarce a stinted birk is left
 To shiver in the blast its lane.'

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

' Nae eastlin blast,' the sprite replied ;
 ' It blows na here sae fierce and fell ;
 And on my dry and halesome banks,
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell :
 Man ! cruel man !' the genius sigh'd,—
 As through the cliffs he sank him down,—
 ' The worm that gnaw'd my bonie trees—
 That reptile wears a DUCAL CROWN !'

MEDITATIONS AT LINCLUDEN ABBEY.

[This was a favourite evening retreat of Burns ; but we are assured that these verses were composed about the year 1813, by Mr. W. Joseph Walter, tutor in the family of Maxwell of Terregles. It seems apparent that the writer of the poem must have been familiar with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.]

YE holy walls, that, still sublime,
 Resist the crumbling touch of time ;
 How strongly still your view displays
 The piety of ancient days,
 As through your ruins, hoar and grey,—
 Ruins yet beauteous in decay,—
 The silver moonbeams trembling play !
 The forms of ages long gone by
 Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye,
 And wake the soul to musings high.
 E'en now, as lost in thought profound,
 I view the solemn scene around,
 And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes,
 The past returns, the present flies ;
 Again the dome, in pristine pride,
 Lifts high its roof and arches wide,
 That, knit with curious tracery,
 The Gothic ornaments display.
 The high-arched windows, painted fair,
 Show many a saint and martyr there :
 As on their slender forms I gaze,
 Methinks they brighten to a blaze !
 With noiseless step and taper bright,
 What are yon forms that meet my sight ?

Slowly they move, while every eye
 Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy.
 'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train,
 That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane.
 And, hark! what more than mortal sound
 Of music breathes the pile around?
 'Tis the soft chanted choral song,
 Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong;
 Till, thence returned, they softly stray
 O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay,—
 Now on the rising gale swell high,
 And now in fainting murmurs die!
 The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream,
 That glistens on the pale moonbeam,
 Suspend their dashing oars to hear
 The holy anthem loud and clear,—
 Each worldly thought a while forbear,
 And mutter forth a half-heard prayer.
 But as I gaze the vision fails,
 Like frost-work touched by southern gales,
 The altar sinks, the tapers fade,
 And all the splendid scene's decayed!
 In window fair, the painted pane
 No longer glows with holy stain;
 But through the broken space, the gale
 Blows chilly from the misty vale;
 The bird of eve flits sullen by—
 Her home these aisles and arches high;
 The choral hymn, that erst so clear
 Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,
 Is drowned amid the mournful scream
 That breaks the magic of my dream:—
 Roused by the sound, I start and see
 The ruined sad reality!

HERON ELECTION BALLADS.

BALLAD FIRST.

TUNE—*For a' that, and a' that.*

[A vacancy occurred, during the early part of the year 1795, in the parliamentary representation of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. The Tories set up Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, backed by the wealth and influence of his uncle, Mr. Murray of Broughton, and the support of the Earl of Galloway. The Whig candidate, with whom our poet sided, was Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, in whose honour he penned the *Inscription for an Altar of Independence*, given at page 165, present volume. Chambers remarks, in reference to the part which Burns took in this conflict, that "he saw some of his favourite aversions, such as the Earl of Galloway and John Bushby of Tinwald Downs, ranged on one side, while on the other stood a really worthy man, who had shewn him some kindness, and whose political prepossessions accorded with his own; therefore, with characteristic recklessness, he threw off several ballads, and even caused them to be circulated in print; effusions which must now be deemed of secondary importance in the roll of his works, but which yet are well worthy of preservation for the traits of a keen satiric spirit which mingle with their local and scarcely intelligible allusions."

The poet, in the third verse, pays a compliment to the Earl of Selkirk and his family, with whom he was on friendly terms; but in respect of their league with the Earl of Galloway in these election matters, he dashes into a tirade against nobles in the next verse, which clearly is intended to apply to the latter magnate.]

WHOM will ye send to London town,
 To Parliament and a' that?
 Or whom in a' the country roun',
 The best deserves to fa' that?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Through Galloway and a' that;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that?

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

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,
 St Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

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

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that;
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels',
A man we ken, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
We are na to be bought or sold
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that.

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

BALLAD SECOND.

TUNE—*Fy, let us a' to the bridal.*

[This ballad, to the rattling tune, *Fy, let us a' to the bridal*, has various readings, and the verses are differently arranged in some copies. Cf Kerroughtree, one copy sings as follows:—

“An' strong and respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons
Whase property's paper—not land!”

Other remarks on this ballad, we throw into foot-notes.]

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

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

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

* Gordon, the Tory candidate, and Murray of Broughton, his uncle.

† John Bushby—"honest man, cheat him devil, if you can."

‡ William Bushby, brother of *John* of Tinwald Downs.

§ Bushby Maitland, son of *John*.

|| See same idea, p. 374.

¶ David Maxwell of Cardoness.

And there will be Douglasses doughty,*
 New-christening towns o' the shere;
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissin' the a— of a peer.
 And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous! †
 Wha's honour is proof to the storm;
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name to the *firm*.

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

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead, § wha's as gude as he's true;
 And there will be Buittle's apostle, ||
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
 And there will be folk frae St. Mary's, ¶
 A house of great merit and note;
 The deil ane but honours them highly,
 The deil ane will give them his vote.

And there will be wealthy young Richard,**
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck
 For prodigal thoughtless bestowing
 That worth had else won him respect.
 And there will be rich brother Nabobs,
 Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first;
 And there will be Collieston's whiskers, ††
 And Quentin †† o' lads not the worst.

* Messrs. Douglas, who changed the name *Carlinwark* to "Castle Douglas."

† Gordon of Kenmure, afterwards restored Viscount Kenmure.

‡ W. S. Lawrie of Redcastle.

§ Rev. Mr. Muirhead of Urr.

|| Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle.

¶ Earl of Selkirk family.

** Richard Oswald of Auchincruive.

†† Mr. Copland of Collieston.

†† Quentin M^r Adam of Craigengillan.

And there will be stamp-office Johnie,*
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ;
 And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.†
 And there will be trusty Kerroughtree, ‡
 Wha's honour was ever his law ;
 If the virtues were pack't in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a.'

And can we forget the auld Major, †
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither,
 Him 'tis only justice to praise.
 And there will be maiden Kilkerran, §
 And also Barskimmin's || gude knight ;
 And there will be roaring Birtwhistle, ¶
 Yet luckily roars in the right.

And there frae the Nidsdale border,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,
 Tough Johnie,** staunch Geordie and Wallie, ††
 That griens for their fishes and loaves.
 And there will be Logan M'Dowall ; ††
 Sculduddry and he will be there ;
 And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. §§

Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton !
 And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring !
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,—
 In Sodom 'twould make him a King !
 And hey for the sanctified Murray !
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stored !
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gied his auld naig to the Lord.

* John Syme, Esq., distributor of stamps. † Colonel Goldie of Goldielea.

† Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate, and Major Heron, his brother.

§ Sir Adam Ferguson.

|| Miller of Glenlee.

¶ Mr. A. Birtwhistle of Kirkeudbright.

** Old Maxwell of Terroughty.—(See Epistle to do., page 279 ante.)

†† George Maxwell and Wellwood Maxwell.

‡‡ Col. M'Dowall of Logan, infamous for his treatment of Peggy Kennedy.

§§ Mr. Blair of Dunskey.

BALLAD THIRD.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

[This was composed after the election was decided in Mr. Heron's favour, and the bard ingeniously puts his own song of triumph into the mouth of "Black-nebbit Johnie" in the form of a Lament.

In verse sixth there is a sly allusion to an intrigue in which Murray of Broughton was involved. He left his wife and eloped with a lady of fortune of the family of Johnstone, whose well-known crest is *the winged-spur*. The two concluding verses, placed within brackets, are given from Chambers's edition, 1851. The characters in this are the same as those in the preceding ballad, the foot-notes to which may be consulted.]

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
Of Christ and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
Of ony man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth day,
The sun rose clear and bright;
But O! I was a waefu' man
Ere toofa' o' the night.

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal *right* and *fame*,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd
The Murray's noble name!

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonie Dee,
Beside Kirkcu'brie's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld grey yaud,
Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An there had been the Yerl himsel',
 O there had been nae play;
 But Garlies was to London gane,
 And sae the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
 In the front rank he wad shine!
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came unto our aid
 A chief o' doughty deed;
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmure we had need.

And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness
 Look'd on till a' was done;
 Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
 A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bushby's a';
 My gamesome billie Will;
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
 We set nought to their score:
 The Douglas and the Heron's name
 Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
 A pair o' trusty lairds,
 For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
 And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
 And Buittle was na slack;
 Whase holy priesthood nane can stain,
 For wha can dye the black?

[And there Redcastle drew his sword,
 That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
 Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
 To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping Collieston,
 Was mair in fear than wrath ;
 Ae knave was constant in his mind,
 To keep that knave frae scaith.]

BALLAD FOURTH.

WHA'LL BUY MY TROGGIN ?

TUNE—*Buy Broom Besoms.*

[A dissolution of Parliament in May, 1796, caused a new election for the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in which Mr. Heron was opposed by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway.

Burns, although then fast sinking into the grave, and within a few weeks of his last hours, could not allow the occasion to pass without indulging his old satiric vein in a fresh attack on Heron's opponents. Mr. Heron was again successful, but the bard did not survive to learn the issue. Heron was, however, soon unseated by the judgement of a committee of the House of Commons, and the unhappy candidate died on his way back to Scotland.

In this ballad the words are sung in the character of a *trogger* or dealer in scraps of metal, old clothes, &c., who thus cries off his stock, consisting entirely of the various supporters of the Earl of Galloway's cause.

Verse ninth, within brackets, is from Chambers's edition, 1851. Verse seventh refers to the Rev. Mr. Muirhead, who was very vain in respect of his real or imaginary descent from a long line of *Muirheads*. He is said to have been the author of the fine old-fashioned song, "Bess the Gawkie."

The foot-notes to Ballad Second may be consulted as applicable to the persons named in both productions.]

WHA will buy my troggin?—
 Gude election ware ;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.

CHORUS.

*Buy braw troggin
 Frae the banks o' Dee ;
 Wha wants troggin
 Let him come to me.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Here's the font where Douglas
Stane and mortar names;
Lately used at Caily,
Christening Murray's crimes.]
Buy braw troggin, &c.

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

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

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman,—
 He'll buy a' the pack.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

S T A N Z A S

COMPOSED BY BURNS IN EARLY LIFE, BETWEEN THE STILTS
 OF THE PLOUGH.

[These three verses were introduced by James Hogg into his "Memoir of Burns," 1835. We are not aware that they were seen in print before, and they have not been included in any edition of the poet's works till now. They were known to Dr. Currie, for they are inserted, in Burns' autograph, among the manuscript poems presented by him to Mr. Riddel of Friars' Carse. They are described as being a paraphrase of the Scripture verse, Jeremiah xv. 10; and they well illustrate that passage in his Autobiography where he says—"At those years I was by no means a favourite with anybody. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot-piety."]

AH! woe is me, my Mother dear!
 A man of strife ye've born me:
 For sair contention I maun bear,
 They hate, revile, and scorn me.

I ne'er could lend on bill or band,
 That five per cent might blest me;
 And borrowing, on the tither hand—
 The deil a ane wad trust me.

Yet I, a coin-denièd wight,
 By Fortune quite discarded,
 Ye see how I am, day and night,
 By lad and lass blackguarded!

FRAGMENT OF A REVOLUTION SONG.

[We overlooked this while giving the group of Burns' pieces first collected by Cunningham. Chambers, in his edition of 1838, introduces it in a foot-note, thus:—"Burns unquestionably felt as a zealous partisan of the French Revolution. That such was the case, his *Tree of Liberty*, his *Vision*, and *Inscription for an Altar of Independence*, are sufficient proof, and more may be found in some specimens of an unpublished poem given by Mr. Cunningham,—'Why should we idly waste our prime,' &c."

The present editor has little doubt that this production, and also the *Tree of Liberty*, if really taken from Burns' MS., have been merely transcribed by him from the pages of some wild *Magazine* of the period.

WHY should we idly waste our prime
 Repeating our oppressions?
 Come, rouse to arms, 'tis now the time
 To punish past transgressions.
 'Tis said that Kings can do no wrong—
 Their murderous deeds deny it;
 And, since from us their power is sprung,
 We have a right to try it.
 Now each true patriot's song shall be,
 'Welcome Death or Libertie!'

Proud Priests and Bishops we'll translate,
 And canonize as Martyrs.
 The guillotine on Peers shall wait,
 And Knights shall hang in garters:
 Those despots long have trode us down,
 And Judges are their engines;
 Such wretched minions of a Crown
 Demand the people's vengeance.
 To-day 'tis *theirs*,—to-morrow, we
 Shall don the Cap of Libertie!

The golden age we'll then revive,—
 Each man will be a brother;
 In harmony we all shall live,
 And share the earth together.
 In virtue trained, enlightened youth
 Will love each fellow-creature;
 And future years shall prove the truth
 That Man is good by nature.
 Then let us toast, with three times three,
 The reign of Peace and Libertie!

POETICAL PIECES

FIRST COLLECTED

IN ROBERT CHAMBERS' EDITIONS, 1838, 1851, 1856

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

To no living literary man, and to very few dead ones, is the world of Burns' admirers more indebted than to ROBERT CHAMBERS, now verging on the ripe age of threescore and ten years, and living in honourable retirement at the ancient University town of Saint Andrews in Fife, with the honourable degree of LL.D. appended to his familiar name. So early as 1827, we find that name on the title-page of a topographical work, full of freshness and interest of no evanescent kind, called, *The Picture of Scotland*. In this racy production, the result of a pedestrian tour embracing 2026 miles of earnest journey and research, and occupying nearly five consecutive months of the early summer and autumn of 1826, we find the first fruits of his editorial labours in relation to the *Life and Works of Burns*, as the following excerpt from his *Index* will shew:—

“BURNS—his native district—his birthplace—his monument—his residence at Irvine—his visit to Carron—his favourite haunt on the Cluden Water—his farm of Ellisland—with anecdotes, and impromptu by—his *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*—his residence in Dumfries—his burial-place.”

Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*—projected and started in 1832, and still flourishing—contained, from time to time, interesting articles and original information concerning Burns. In 1838 appeared his *People's Edition of Burns*, embracing not only the result of the labours of former editors, but a large supplement of original materials, and some posthumous pieces of the poet, both in prose and verse, never till then published. His crowning effort in illustration of the life and works of our national poet was produced in 1851-52, in the form of a *chronological* edition, in four volumes, presenting the Biography, Poetical Works, and Correspondence of the poet in finely arranged consecutive order, according to the date of each event or production. In his preface to that work he says:—“I should vainly endeavour to convey an adequate idea of the confusion and inaccuracy which I now behold in the many editions of Burns,

including, of course, that in which I had myself some concern." And he tells us that, "without undervaluing the labours of Currie, Lockhart, and Cunningham, he entered upon a minute examination of all the materials which existed for a biography of the poet, and collected new and authentic particulars from all available sources, including the memory of the poet's youngest sister, Mrs. Begg," who then still survived.*

* The sheet containing the group of pieces first collected by Chambers, and these introductory remarks, was in type, and ready for the stereotyper, when the morning journals of 18th March, 1871, announced the death, on the previous day, of that distinguished labourer in the fields of literature and science.

A considerable amount of friendly intercourse and correspondence took place in 1849 and 1850, betwixt the deceased and the present editor, who had just then announced some curious discoveries made by him in the course of arranging a chronological table of the earlier productions of Burns, and the events of his life from infancy to his appearance in Edinburgh. Thus, apparently, was suggested to Chambers the idea of his new edition, in 1851, of the *Life and Works* of the poet, wherein due prominence is given to the fresh revelations, and the same plan of arrangement is adopted.

Dr. Chambers, since 1864—when the results of that over-exertion involved in the production of his latest work, *The Book of Days*, compelled him to lay down the literary pen for ever—betook himself to his well-earned retirement at St. Andrews. When the present edition of Burns was started, we took the risk of disturbing him by submitting our project, while forwarding to him some *memoranda* of a correspondence (then just acquired by Mr. M'Kie) which had passed between him and a grandson of a Kilmarnock preacher noticed by Burns in *The Ordination*. This person had taken Chambers to task about his annotations on the passage, in his edition of 1838, and wildly charged him with having "deseccated the memory of departed worth." In returning our notes, the kindly veteran thus wrote:—"I have been much diverted with your amusing revival of this curious affair. Between Mr. M'Kie's clever management and your own vivid perspicacity in matters relating to Burns, I am sure that a successful book will be the result. As for me, I calculate on very soon becoming a specimen of 'departed worth' myself."

The memory of Dr. Chambers' worth shall not speedily depart; and the name which he has left imprinted on many a fair title-page, future generations of men in all parts of the globe shall not willingly let die.

THE RUINED FARMER.

TUNE—*Go from my window, Love, go.*

[These roughly measured, but exceedingly pathetic stanzas, intended to be sung to a very plaintive air of the olden time, were inserted by Burns in the MS. collection which he presented to Mrs. Stewart of Stair, in 1786. This piece seems to have been one of the author's very earliest attempts on the lyre, and the references appear to apply to old William Burness, at Mount Oliphant, when "the scoundrel factor's letters" used to set the whole household in tears, the poet being then in his seventeenth or eighteenth year. Compare with this, the fragment, "O Raging Fortune," with relative note, at page 250 of present vol.]

THE sun he is sunk in the west—
All creatures retired to rest ;
While here I sit—all sore beset
With sorrow, grief, and wo :
And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

The prosperous man is asleep,
Nor hears he how the whirlwinds sweep ;
But Misery and I must watch
The surly tempest blow :
And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

There lies the dear partner of my breast,
Her cares for a moment at rest :
And must I see my youthful pride
Thus brought so very low !
And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

There lie my sweet babes in her arms,
No fear each little heart alarms ;
But for their sake my heart doth ache,
With many a bitter throe :
And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

I once was by Fortune carest,
 I once could relieve the distrest ;
 But now life's poor support hard-earn'd,
 My fate will scarce bestow :
 And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

No comfort—no comfort I have !
 How welcome to me were the grave !
 But then my wife and children dear—
 O whither would they go ?
 And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

O whither—O whither shall I turn !—
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn !
 In this wide world, sweet rest or peace
 I never more shall know !
 And it's—' O, fickle Fortune,' oh !

THE TARBOLTON LASSES.

[This is one of the poet's early Lochlea performances: his first efforts in courtship of the Tarbolton lasses appear to have been unsuccessful, if we are to judge from the satirical spirit of these verses. At this stage he seems not yet to have been acquainted with the *Ronalds of the Bennals*, who are celebrated in the next piece, and who were undoubtedly the *Belles* of the district. *The Bennals* is a farm several miles west of Lochlea, and near Afton Lodge.]

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

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

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

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

And should ye ride by yon hill-side,
 Speer in for bonie Bessy ;
 She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,
 And handsomely address ye.

There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,
 In a' King George' dominion ;
 The truth o' this ye needna doubt—
 It's Bessy's ain opinion !

THE RONALDS OF THE BENNALS.

[Miss Jean, the elder of the two ladies referred to in this lively production, is said to have been a *flame* of Gilbert Burns. The poet expatiates chiefly on her mental qualities, and hints that any wooer of hers must encounter dangerous rivals, in the shape of three neighbouring *lairds*, who were doing their utmost to obtain her affections. He acknowledges that Annie Ronald is his own favourite, as well as "the boast of our bachelors a'." There seems to be an allusion here to the *Bachelors' Club* of Tarbolton, established in 1782.

The poet, in a letter dated 10th November, 1789, addressed to his brother William, announces the bankruptcy of Mr. Ronald. He says:—"You will easily guess, that from his insolent vanity in his sunshine of life, he will now feel a little retaliation from those who thought themselves eclipsed by him."

Miss Jean was married to a Mr. Wm. Reid, resident at a place called Burn. It has been affirmed that Jean possessed several letters addressed to her by Burns on religious subjects: but as these are *non est*, little weight can be given to the assertion.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * *

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF.

[We have little faith in the authenticity of this production, which is said to have first been printed in the *Sun* newspaper, in April, 1823. It is supposed to have been originally written on a presentation copy of his *Kilmarnock* volume, in the summer of 1786.]

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

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

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

* *Twal-hunder linen* is coarse in fabric, compared to the "snaw-white seven-teen-hunder linen" referred to in *Tam o' Shanter*, which was woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.

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

TO MISS FERRIER.

[These lines were indited to a daughter of Mr. John Ferrier, writer to the signet, resident in George Street, Edinburgh. The "mournfu' sang" enclosed was the *Elegy on Sir J. H. Blair*, in the month of August, 1787. A sister of Miss Ferrier became distinguished as a writer of novels.]

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

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

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

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

The mornfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you ;
And pray in rhyme as weel as prose,—
May a' that's gude attend you !

THE BONIE LASS OF ALBANY.

TUNE—*Mary's Dream.*

[In the month of September, 1787, Prince Charles Edward Stuart—then himself about to sink into a dishonoured grave—made public declaration of the legitimacy of his hitherto supposed natural daughter, styled *Duchess of Albany*; and it is supposed by Robert Chambers that Burns about this period, “led by the intelligence into a reverie of those politics of the heart by which he did not disdain to admit he was animated,” composed the following verses, in the old ballad manner.]

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

This lovely maid's of royal blood
 That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three,
 But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
 They've wrangèd the Lass of Albany.

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

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

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

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

* Rothesay.

† George, Prince of Wales.

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE.

TUNE—*Maggy Lauder.*

[Not much can be said in favour of the assured authenticity of this production, which first appeared in the *New York Mirror*, 1846. We are informed that Miss Jean Jeffrey, the pretty blue-eyed daughter of the minister of Lochmaben, who was the heroine of the exquisite song, *I gaed a wae fu' gate yestreen*, was married to a gentleman named Renwick, of New York, and emigrated there with her husband, carrying with her this song—a second poetical tribute to her beauty from the Muse of Burns. It must be confessed there is a fine rolling lyric-flow about the lines, although not quite in the manner of Burns. On the other hand, a note to this song, given in Alexander Smith's edition, 1868, says: "The text has been collated with a copy in the poet's handwriting."]

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
 I couldna tell what ailed me,
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
 My een they almost failed me.
 She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
 All grace does round her hover,
 Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
 And I became a lover.

CHORUS.

*She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,
 She's aye sae blythe and cheerie;
 She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay,
 O gin I were her dearie!*

Had I Dundas' whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humbler bays entwining—
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
 Could I but hope to move her,
 And prouder than a belted knight,
 I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
 Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour:
 If so, may every bliss be hers,
 Though I maun never have her.

But gang she east, or gang she west,
 'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
 While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
 She'll always find a lover.

She's aye, &c.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE—*The Peacock.*

[We suppose the public is indebted to the refined taste of Mr. Robert Chambers for this delicately executed alteration of Burns' admired song, given at page 21 of present volume. Chambers has not printed the poet's version; but at page 270 of his fourth volume, he gives the following seven stanzas as one of the "Old Songs improved by Burns for *Johnson's Museum*." His remarks regarding it are as follow:—"Burns had found a rude and licentious old ballad under this title—had put it through his refining alembic, and brought it out a fine rich narrative song, but still too warm in its colouring for modern delicacy. He afterwards still further purified it, as follows." The kindly editor fails to point out *when* Burns made this purification, and from what source it was obtained. We have traced it to Alexander Whitelaw's "Book of Scottish Song," 1844, where it appears, *verbatim*, as Chambers has given it.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

[Had we not been assured that this piece was printed, in 1838, from Burns' own manuscript, in the possession of a Mr. James Duncan, Mosesfield, Glasgow, we should have been disposed to say that Burns had no hand in the composition. We have seen, however, in several notable instances, that poetical effusions do exist in the handwriting of Burns which are known to have been the work of other versifiers; indeed, it would appear that he took pleasure in helping poetical aspirants, by transcribing and improving their productions as he proceeded; for the thoughts and expressions of others could not pass through the alembic of his mind without being enriched in the process. The reader will find, at page 171 of present volume, the opinion expressed by Mr. Allan Cunningham regarding this piece; but we do not send the reader there as to a final court of appeal: Allan himself has included in his own edition several things as the compositions of Burns which the bard would have blushed to own, and which we are certain he never had an opportunity of blushing at, for he never saw them. But even in the author's own edition, we find a political piece of nine double verses—*When Guildford gude, &c.*—written in the very same measure as the *Tree of Liberty*, which will stand a pretty fair comparison with the latter in respect of dulness and want of point. Nevertheless, leaving lyrical execution out of the question, the sentiments inculcated in the *Tree of Liberty* are so crude and unreasonable, that we would rejoice to be informed, some of these days, that the *Mosesfield manuscript*, on being more closely examined, turns out to be *not Burns' penmanship after all*.]

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

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
 It's virtues a' can tell, man ;
 It raises man aboon the brute,
 It mak's him ken himsel', man.

Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
 He's greater than a lord, man,
 And wi' the beggar shares a mite
 O' a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man :
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 And mak' us a' content, man.
 It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
 Mak's high and low gude friends, man
 And he wha acts the traitor's part,
 It to perdition sends, man.

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

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

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

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

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
 Her poplar and her pine, man,
 Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbours shine, man :
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree can not be found
 'Twixt London and the 'Tweed, man.

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

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

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
 Sic haesome, dainty cheer, man ;
 I'd gie the shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste the fruit o't here, man.

Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sure plant this far-famed tree, man ;
 And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.

THE ROBIN'S YULE SANG.

Taken from the recitation of Mrs. Begg, the sister of Burns. The poet was in the habit of telling the story to the younger members of his father's household at Mount Oliphant, and Mrs. Begg's impression was, that he *made* it for their amusement.

[This little nursery tale was published by Robert Chambers in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*. We insert it here through a desire to omit nothing in these volumes that can, more or less, be claimed as a production of Burns. It was also printed and published by itself, in a thin quarto form, beautifully illustrated by appropriate etchings from designs furnished by the younger members of the family of Fairlie of Coodham.

The *Robin* was one of the poet's favourites among our song-birds. Not often, indeed, has he referred to him in verse; but where he has introduced him, this has been done *con amore*, thus:—

“Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings;
 Except perhaps the ROBIN's whistling glee—
 Proud o' the height of some bit half-lang tree.”

And, better still, the poet has adopted the name, and his countrymen are fain to use it as an endearing diminutive of their own bard's christian designation,—

“We'll a' be proud o' ROBIN!”

In his brilliant Election Ballad (page 317), addressed to Graham of Fintry, the poet winds up, and hushes the din of party strife with this fine image:—

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

ROBIN AND POUSSIE BAUDRONS.

THERE was an auld grey Poussie Baudrons, and she gaed awa' down by a waterside, and there she saw a wee Robin-Redbreast happin on a brier; and Poussie Baudrons says, ‘Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?’ and wee Robin says, ‘I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:’ and Poussie Baudrons says, ‘Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let you see a bonie white ring round my neck.’ But wee Robin says, ‘Na, na! Grey Poussie Baudrons; na, na! ye worry't the wee Mousie; but ye'se no' worry me.’

ROBIN AND GREY GREEDY GLED.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to a fail fauld dyke, and there he saw a Grey Greedy Gled sitting; and Grey Greedy Gled says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' and wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:' and Grey Greedy Gled says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let ye see a bonie feather in my wing.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! Grey Greedy Gled; na, na! ye pookit a' the wee Lintie, but ye'se no' pook me.'

ROBIN AND SLEE TOD LOWRIE.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to the cleuch o' a craig, and there he saw Slee Tod Lowrie sitting; and Slee Tod Lowrie says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' and wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:' and Slee Tod Lowrie says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll let ye see a bonie spot on the tap o' my tail.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! Slee Tod Lowrie; na, na! ye worry't the wee Lamie, but ye'se no' worry me.'

ROBIN AND THE WEE CALLANT.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to a bonie burnside, and there he saw a wee Callant sitting; and the wee Callant says, 'Where's tu gaun, wee Robin?' and wee Robin says, 'I'm gaun awa' to the King, to sing him a sang this gude Yule morning:' and the wee Callant says, 'Come here, wee Robin, and I'll gie ye a wheen grand moolins out o' my pooch.' But wee Robin says, 'Na, na! wee Callant; na, na! ye speldert the gowdspink, but ye'se no' spelder me.'

ROBIN SINGING HIS YULE SANG.

So wee Robin flew awa' till he came to the King, and there he sat on a winnock sole, and sang the King a bonie sang. And the King says to the Queen, 'What'll we gie to wee Robin for singing us this bonie sang?' And the Queen says to the King, 'I think we'll gie him the wee Wran to be his wife.' So wee Robin and the wee Wran were married; and the King and the Queen, and a' the Court, danced at the Wadding.

ROBIN'S AIN WATER SIDE.

SYNE he flew awa' hame to his ain Water Side, wi' his wee Wife, and happit on a brier.*

* Burns communicated to Johnson, for the fifth volume of the *Museum*, the following fragment of a nursery ballad on the loves of Robin and the Wren, taken from Jean Armour's singing. It appears to be part of another fragment on same subject, preserved by David Herd. We subjoin both of these, distinguishing *Bonnie Jean's* words as *Part First*, and Herd's as *Part Second*. The last stanza has been added since Herd's time.

THE ROBIN AND THE WREN.—A NURSERY BALLAD.

PART FIRST.

The Robin to the Wren's nest, cam' keekin in,—cam' keekin in;
 'O weel's me on your auld pow! wad ye be in?—wad ye be in?—
 Thou'se ne'er get leave to lie without,—and I within,—and I within,
 As lang's I hae an auld clout to rowe ye in—to rowe ye in!'

PART SECOND.

The Wren, she lies in Care's bed,—in Care's bed,—in Care's bed;
 The Wren, she lies in Care's bed, in meikle dule and pyne, jo;
 When in cam' Robin Redbreast,—redbreast,—redbreast;
 When in cam' Robin Redbreast, wi' succar-saps and wine, jo.

Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?—taste o' this,—taste o' this?
 Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this?—it's succar-saps and wine, jo!
 Na! ne'er a drap, Robin!—Robin!—Robin!—
 Na! ne'er a drap, Robin,—though it were ne'er sae fine, jo!

Then whare's the ring that I gied ye?—that I gied ye,—that I gied ye?
 Then whare's the ring that I gied ye,—ye little cuttie quean, jo?
 I gied it to a sodger,—a sodger, a sodger,
 I gied it till a sodger—a dear sweetheart o' mine, jo!

He promis'd he'd be back in Spring, to wed his little Jenny Wren;
 But Spring and Simmer baith are gane, and here am I my lane, jo!
 The Winter winds'll chill me through,—chill me through,—chill me through;
 Ye'll think upon your broken vow, when I am dead and gane, jo!

PSALMODY

ON KING GEORGE THIRD'S RESTORATION FROM ILLNESS.

APRIL, 1789.

[The illness of the King was made publicly known to his subjects on 12th October, 1788, and before the close of March 1789, his complete recovery was announced. The 23rd of April, 1789, was solemnly set apart as a day of national thanksgiving, on which occasion the King himself attended public worship in St. Paul's Cathedral.

So early as 4th April, Burns, in a letter from Ellisland to Mrs. Dunlop—only partially given by Currie—transcribed a copy of the following *jeu d'esprit* along with part of his *Fragment inscribed to Charles James Fox*, (given at p. 144, present volume.) He wrote thus:—"As I am not devoutly attached to a certain monarch, I cannot say that my heart run any risk of bursting on Thursday was so'ennight, with the struggling emotions of gratitude. God forgive me for speaking evil of dignities! but I must say that I look on the whole business as a solemn farce of pageant mummery. The following are a few stanzas of new psalmody for that 'joyful solemnity,' which I sent to a London newspaper, with the date and preface following:—

"Kilmarnock, 25th April.—Mr. Printer,—In a certain chapel, not fifty leagues from the market-cross of this good town, the following STANZAS OF PSALMODY, it is said, were composed for, and devoutly sung on the late joyful solemnity of the 23rd:"]—

O SING a new song to the L—,
 Make, all and every one,
 A joyful noise, even for the king
 His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the Land
 Did set their heads together ;
 Come, let us sweep them off, said they,
 Like an o'erflowing river.

They set their heads together, I say,
 They set their heads together ;
 On right, on left, and every hand,
 We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
 To quell the Wicked's pride;
 That Young Man great in Issachar—
 The burden-bearing tribe.

And him—among the Princes chief
 In our Jerusalem—
 The Judge that's mighty in thy law—
 The man that fears thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,
For so thou hadst appointed;
That thou might'st greater glory give
Unto thine own anointed.

And now thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off thy holy hill;
And in thy fury burn the book—
Even of that man M'Gill.

Now hear our pray'r, accept our song,
And fight thy chosen's battle;
We seek but little, L—, from thee;
Thou kens we get as little.*

* The original letter is in the possession of George Manners, Esq., F.A.S., Fleet Street, London, who permitted Dr. P. Hatley Waddell, to give it in his magnificent edition of Burns, 1867. The rev. editor refers with pleasure to the judiciousness of Dr. Currie in suppressing such portions of the letter as might have given offence in high places after the poet's death, and thrown obstacles in the way of the public subscription for the benefit of his family, and he notes with regard to the verses, that "the only references which seem to require explanation are these:—

'That young man, great in Issachar—the burden-bearing tribe.'

This means Pitt, in the House of Commons; and

'The Judge that's mighty in thy law—the man that fears thy name,'

may either be 'Old MANSFIELD, who writes like the bible,' or THURLOW, whose habit of profane swearing may be glanced at, as suggested by Dr. Caruthers of the *Inverness Courier*."

STANZAS ON "NAETHING."

EXTEMPORE, TO MR. GAVIN HAMILTON.

[The authenticity of this curious poem—first published by Alexander Smith in 1863—is now placed beyond dispute, as it is found in the collection made by Burns for Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel. Internal evidence proves it to have been composed in the autumn of 1786, when he intended emigrating to Jamaica. Alexander Smith observes that "the dialect, the turn of phrase, the glittering surface of sarcasm, with the strong under-current of sense, and the peculiar off-hand impetuosity of idea and illustration, unmistakeably indicate Burns' hand, and his only."]

To you, Sir, this summons I've sent,
 Pray whip till the pownie is fraething;
 But if you demand what I want,
 I honestly answer you, naething.

Ne'er scorn a poor Poet like me,
 For idly just living and breathing,
 While people of every degree
 Are busily employed about—naething.

Poor Centum-per-centum may fast,
 And grumble his hurdies their claithing;
 He'll find, when the balance is cast,
 He's gane to the devil for—naething.

The courtier cringes and bows,
 Ambition has likewise its plaything;
 A coronet beams on his brows:
 And what is a coronet?—naething.

Some quarrel the Presbyter gown,
 Some quarrel Episcopal graithing,
 But every good fellow will own
 Their quarrel is all about—naething.

The lover may sparkle and glow,
 Approaching his bonie bit gay thing:
 But marriage will soon let him know
 He's gotten a buskit up naething.

The Poet may jingle and rhyme
In hopes of a laureate wreathing,
And when he has wasted his time
He's kindly rewarded with naething.

The thundering bully may rage,
And swagger and swear like a heathen;
But collar him fast, I'll engage,
You'll find that his courage is naething.

Last night with a feminine whig,
A Poet she could na put faith in,
But soon we grew lovingly big,
I taught her, her terrors were naething.

Her whigship was wonderful pleased,
But charmingly fickled wi' ae thing;
Her fingers I lovingly squeezed,
And kissed her and promised her—naething.

The priest anathèmas may threat,—
Predicament, Sir, that we're baith in;
But when honour's reveillé is beat,
The holy artillery 's naething.

And now, I must mount on the wave,
My voyage perhaps there is death in;
But what of a watery grave?
The drowning a Poet is naething.

And now, as grim death's in my thought,
To you, Sir, I make this bequeathing:
My service as long as ye've aught,
And my friendship, by G—, when ye've
naething.*

* This closing stanza is almost identical in thought and expression with the characteristic "wind-up" of the famous *Dedication to Gavin Hamilton*, (i. 98) composed at same period.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

FOR INSCRIPTION ON ROBERT FERGUSSON'S TOMBSTONE.

[At page 136, we have given the four lines that are actually inscribed on Fergusson the Poet's headstone, placed by Burns over his remains in the Canongate Burying-ground, at Edinburgh. In a manuscript copy of the Inscription, contained in a collection of unpublished pieces, transcribed by the Poet for his friend Mrs. Dunlop, these two stanzas are added. They were first published in Alexander Smith's edition, 1868.]

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
 "No storied urn nor animated bust:"
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
 To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

SHE mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate,
 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,
 Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,
 And thankless starved what they so much admired.
 This humble tribute with a tear now gives
 A brother Bard—he can no more bestow:
 But dear to fame thy song immortal lives,
 A nobler monument than Art can show.

VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS.

[These trifles appear among the pieces transcribed by Burns in 1787 for Mrs. Dunlop, and were first published in the "Globe Edition" of Burns, 1868. The poet introduces them with the following remarks:—"The everlasting surliness of a lion, Saracen's head, &c., or the unchanging blandness of the landlord welcoming a traveller, on some sign-posts, would be no bad similes of the constant affected fierceness of a Bully, or the eternal simper of a Frenchman or fiddler."]

He looked
 Just as your sign-post lions do,
 As fierce, and quite as harmless too.

PATIENT STUPIDITY.

So heavy, passive to the tempests' shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid Ox.

His face with smile eternal drest,
 Just like the Landlord to his guest,
 High as they hang with creaking din,
 To index out the Country Inn.

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul,
 The very image of a Barber's Poll;
 It shows a human face and wears a wig,
 And looks, when well preserved, amazing big.

E L E G Y.

[Among the poems transcribed by Burns for Mrs. Dunlop, in 1787—referred to in headnotes to the pieces immediately preceding—is an Elegy of twenty stanzas, here abridged, for we are doubtful if Burns was its author. However, as the poet thought it worthy of being copied into a book devoted almost exclusively to his own compositions, he must have felt a strong personal interest in it. Perhaps, like the lyrics, printed at pages 28 and 33, it may have been transcribed by him in a slightly altered state, from the pages of some old Magazine, as somehow applicable to the “Highland Mary” episode in his life. He introduces the Elegy into the Dunlop MSS., with these remarks.—“The following poem is the work of some hapless unknown son of the Muses, who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of the ‘Voice of Cona’ in his solitary mournful notes.” The locality sketched in these verses irresistibly suggests to the reader the West Churchyard of Greenock.]

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod,
 From whence my sorrows flow,
 And soundly sleeps the ever dear
 Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,
 While o'er thy turf I bow ;
 Thy earthly house is circumscribed,
 And solitary now.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,
 Or make thy virtues known ;
 But what avails to thee or me
 The sculpture of a stone ?

From thy lov'd friends, when first thy heart
 Was taught by Love to glow,
 Far, far removed, the ruthless stroke
 Surprised and laid thee low.

At the last limit of our isle,
 Washed by the western wave,
 Touched by thy fate, a thoughtful bard
 Sits by thy lonely grave :

Pensive he eyes, before him spread
 The deep, outstretch'd and vast ;
 His mourning notes are borne away
 Along the rapid blast.

Him, too, the stern impulse of fate
Resistless bears along ;
And the same rapid tide shall whelm
The Poet and the song.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,
Shall meet the welcome shock ;
His airy harp shall lie unstrung,
And silent as the rock.

O my dear maid, my [Mary,*] when
Shall this sick period close,
And lead the solitary bard
To his beloved repose ?

EPIGRAM ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

[We cannot ascertain as a fact that this epigram has ever been included in any collected edition of the poet's works : we are inclined to believe it has not. It is, however, very familiarly quoted in Ayshire, as a stray impromptu of Burns', and an impression exists that the highways or byways referred to are those between Kilmarnock and Stewarton, which the poet had to travel on foot in the autumn of 1786, to collect the sale-proceeds of his Kilmarnock volume. His uncle Robert resided then in Stewarton.]

I'm now arrived—thanks to the gods!—
Through pathways rough and muddy ;
A certain sign that makin' roads
Is no' this people's study :
Yet though I'm no' wi' Scripture cram'd,
I'm sure the Bible says
That heedless sinners shall be damn'd
Who do not mend their *ways*.

* In the MS. the poet has inserted the inauspicious name—"Stella."

PICKINGS FROM THE PICKERING MSS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WITH the object of obtaining materials for the *Aldine* editions of the Poems of Burns (1830-1839), the late Mr. Pickering, Publisher, London, purchased from time to time, every scrap of the poet's handwriting that he could acquire at a reasonable rate. Many of these manuscripts were of considerable value, while others were merely early drafts of poems or prose memoranda, afterwards carefully recast by the author; besides which, that collection included not a few of those mirthful bagatelles usually reckoned too indecent for publication. Eventually the whole collection was brought under the auctioneer's hammer, and the several pieces were scattered as promiscuously as the various channels from which they were originally procured. Dr. Carruthers of Inverness, writing on this subject in 1866, thus observed:—"What a grief it is that out of 78 lots of the Pickering Collection of Burns' MSS., only 10 should have been purchased for the British Museum! Some of the best went to America."

A goodly lot of the more objectionable of those manuscripts were procured by Mr. Greenshields of Kerse, Lesmahago, who kindly favoured us with transcripts of some, and interesting information regarding others, with a view of helping the completeness of this edition. Many will consider it greatly to the credit of that gentleman that on our pressing him for the privilege of an inspection of the MSS. he not only declined to let them be seen, but afterwards (on 9th June, 1871) wrote to us as follows:—"How much is it to be regretted that Burns prostituted his genius! On broad moral ground, I have just finished a bonfire of them;—so here ends the matter!" We assume that only the more offensive portions would be thus dealt with; but for our part we cannot sympathise with the exceeding "breadth" of Mr. Greenshields' moral sense. Boggles are generally harmless, and not very frightful objects when dragged into daylight, and witchcraft has become defunct since it ceased to be the fashion to burn witches.

ELECTION BALLAD, 1790—Page 317, Vol. II.

[The MS of this admired poem addressed to Mr. Graham of Fintray, which Mr. Greenshields owns, shews several variations, and also a few stanzas which the poet suppressed when he came to extend it as a finished production. These are interesting as proving the established rule that perfection in poetry is not attained without labour and pruning. For connection's sake we here repeat some portions already given.]

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

But where shall I go rin a ride,
 That I may splatter nane beside?
 I wadna be uncivil:
 In manhood's various paths and ways
 There's ay some doytin body strays,
 And *I* ride like the devil.

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr,
 An' doun yon dark, deep alley spur,
 Where Theologies daunder:
 Alas! curst wi' eternal fogs,
 And damn'd in everlasting bogs,
 As sure's the creed I'll blunder †

I'll stain a *band*, or jaup a *gown*,
 Or rin my reckless guilty crown
 Against the haly door,—
 Sair do I rue my luckless fate
 When, as the Muse and Deil wad hae't,
 I rade that road before.

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix
Among the wilds o' Politics—
Elector and Elected—
Where dogs at Court (sad sons o' bitches !)
Septennially a madness touches,
Till all the land's infected.

All hail ! Drumlanrig's haughty Grace,
Discarded remnant of a race
Ance godlike—great in story :
Thy forbears' virtues all contrasted,
The very name of Douglas blasted—
Thine that inverted glory !

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore,
But thou hast superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt ;
Follies and crime have stained the name,
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught of good exempt !

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears
Who left the all-important cares
Of fiddles, whores, and hunters.
And, bent on buying borough-towns,
Came shakin' hands wi' wabster louns,
And kissing barefit bunters.

Combustion through our boroughs rode,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad, &c.

THE CONTRABAND MARAUDER.

[This early production of Burns, although not hitherto admitted into any collected edition of his poems, betrays its own parentage. Under a different title (which, together with the closing line of each verse, had to be altered to make it fit for publication), it is particularly known to the curious in such matters as being one of Burns' grosser songs. In that respect, however, we consider that it compares favourably with some of its fellows, admitted without scruple to this and other more circumspect editions.

The circumstance specially referred to in the song is the public admonition which the poet had to submit to receive in the kirk of Mauchline about the close of 1784, following on the birth of his "dear-bought Bess," so named after her mother, Fetsy Paton. This must have been the same occasion spoken of in Dr. Adair's account of his tour with the poet in October, 1787, when on visiting Dunfermline the doctor mounted the cutty-stool, and Burns from the pulpit administered to him a rebuke in imitation of the style in which he, along with seven other defaulters, had been admonished in Mauchline kirk three years before.

The Rev. Hamilton Paul, in the memoir prefixed to his edition of Burns (1819), makes these remarks on this subject:—"Another practice in the Church of Scotland susceptible of great abuse, but now getting fast into disrepute, is that of placing transgressors, who are perhaps less guilty than nine-tenths of the congregation, on the stool of repentance, and giving them a rebuke—often couched in the most indecent language—in the presence of youth, beauty, and innocence. Several of Burns' happiest effusions are adapted to display this part of ecclesiastical discipline in all its abominable colours, and will, no doubt, co-operate with the improvements of the age to accomplish its disuetude."]

YE jovial boys who love the joys—
 The blissful joys of lovers,
 And dare avow wi' dauntless brow
 Whate'er the lass discovers ;
 I pray draw near, and you shall hear,
 And welcome in a *frater*
 Who's lately been on quarantine—
 A contraband marauder !
 Fa, la, la, la ! &c.

Before the congregation wide
 I pass'd the muster fairly ;
 My handsome Betsy by my side,
 We gat our ditty rarely :
 My down cast eye by chance did spy
 What made my mouth to water—
 Those hills of snow that wyled me so
 At first to be a fau'ter.
 Fa, la, la, la ! &c.

Wi' ruefu' face and signs o' grace,
 I paid the kirk its hire :
 The night was dark, and through the park
 I couldna but convoy her :
 A parting kiss—what could I less ?
 My vows began to scatter !
 She was na' shy—nae mair was I,
 A kirk-condemned defau'ter !
 Fa, la, la, la ! &c.

But by the sun and moon I swear—
 And I'll fulfil ilk hair o't—
 That while I own a single crown
 She's welcome to a share o't :
 My sweet wee girl, her mother's pearl,
 And darling o' her *pater*,
 For her dear sake the name I'll take—
 A kirk-condemned defau'ter !
 Fa, la, la, la ! &c.

AUNTIE JEANIE'S BED.

[The Solan geese that roost on Ailsa Craig furnish feathers sufficient to supply beds for all the West of Scotland. The poet's uncle, Samuel Brown, seems to have carried on a strong trade during the season of Ailsa fowling. In one of Burns' letters, dated 4th May, 1780, when preparing to leave Ayrshire for Ellisland, he commissions his uncle to procure for him three or four stoncs of feathers to make beds for his new farmhouse. As for the heroine of the present off-hand snatch of song, she seems to have been of the same class with a Forfarshire virago—

"Jenny Picken 's on the shore,
 She has written on her door,
 'Ony man a sixpence more'—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't!"]

MY auntie Jean held to the shore
 As Ailsa boats cam' back,
 And she has coft a feather-bed
 For twenty and a plack :

O' sic a noble bargain
 Was auntie Jeanie's bed ;
 The feathers gained her fifty merk
 Before a towmond sped !

THE JOLLY GAUGER.

[This parody of the well-known song—*The Jolly Beggar*, whose authorship is attributed to one of the kings of Scotland, is here applied to some of the poet's adventures, while mounted on horseback pursuing his avocations among the hills and vales of Nithsdale, "his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and muttering his wayward fancies as he moved along."]

THERE was a jolly gauger,
 And a gauging he did ride,
 He met a bonie beggar lass,
 Doun by yon river side :
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving
 Wi' ladies to the wine :
 A kintra lass without a plack
 Can play the lady fine,—
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving.

Amang the broom they set them doun,
 Amang the broom sae green,
 As he had been a belted knight,
 And she had been a queen.
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

My blessings on thee, gauger lad !—
 I like thy manners weel:
 Wilt thou accept—its a' my wealth—
 My pock and pickle meal.
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

Sae blyth the beggar took the bent,
 Like ony bird in spring,
 Sae blyth the beggar took the bent,
 And merrily did sing—
 O we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

My blessings on thee, gauger lad,
 O' gaugers thou'rt the wale !
 Wi' thee, the beggar's benison
 I trow will never fail.
 And we'll gang nae mair a roving, &c.

FRAGMENTS OF VERSE

FROM THE POET'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

(First Published in 1872 from the Original MS.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ALTHOUGH fresh pickings from this source are exceedingly scanty—for they consist only of one Epigram of four lines, an additional verse to a song, already too long, and one lyric fragment, not very witty, but indecent enough—we feel constrained to say a few words on the very unique MS. of which they form part. A few years ago, John Adam, Esq., Town Chamberlain of Greenock, purchased this valuable relic of the poet from a London dealer, in whose catalogue it had been described and advertised for sale. Nothing has transpired regarding its prior history, but at same time, no fact can be more certain than that in it we have the veritable “MS. of my early years” referred to by Burns in the introduction to his own abridged copy thereof, made in 1790 for his friend Mr. Riddel. This MS. begins and ends precisely as in the abridged copy, first published by Cromek in 1808; it contains a prose passage occupying about 13 lines of MS., and many pieces of verse not inserted in the abridgement. The poetical omissions in the latter are accounted for by the circumstance that the bulk of them had already appeared in the early editions of the author's poems, at the date of the Glenriddel copy,

In 1872, the fortunate possessor of this MS. sanctioned its publication in a thin 8vo. volume which was privately printed, and pretty widely circulated. That well-executed re-production was given “as a tribute to the memory of Burns, and with the design of preserving authentic copies should any unforeseen accident befall the original.” The poet's orthography and punctuation is retained with scrupulous exactness: no single word has been added or altered, and not one word has been omitted, except in a solitary instance where the poet's language could not bear the light of publication. With allowable complacency, therefore, does its editor assure us that this interesting record of the dawnings of Burns' literary efforts is “given absolutely as he himself left it.”

In an appreciative preface the original MS. is described as consisting of eleven sheets, or 22 folio leaves, coarsely stitched: from page 3 to page 42 it is inscribed on both sides, and its *paging* and *catchwords*, and marginal dates are all in the poet's handwriting. Only page 2 (back of title-page), and page 44 (the last in the book) are entirely blank. The title-page is elaborately careful, evidently the penmanship of Burns, but of juvenile cast, followed by the double motto from Shenstone—all as given in Cromek's abridged copy. There is scarcely a blot, and not one erasure from end to end of the MS. On our own part we may state that the world-famous song "Green grow the rushes, O," inserted under date August, 1784, wants the crowning stanza, "Auld Nature swears," &c., which seems to have been added in Edinburgh; and the *Second Epistle to Lapraik*—recorded in June, 1785—is without the excellent verse beginning "Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer."

EPITAPH ON JAMES GRIEVE,

LAIRD OF BOGHEAD, TARBOLTON.

[This is inserted under date April, 1784, among others which were printed by the poet in his first edition. He apparently did not include the present one for the very good reason that he had travestied the satire on *Boghead* into a happy compliment for his friend Gavin Hamilton—see page 131, vol. 1.]

HERE lies Boghead amang the dead,
 In hopes to get salvation;
 But if such as he in Heaven may be,
 Then welcome—hail, damnation!

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

[We have at page 235, vol. I., given the song as published by the author. It is lengthy enough, but at same time these four lines, entered under date Sept., 1784, are too characteristic to be thrown away. They rank as verse second, not including the chorus.]

WHEN comin' hame on Sunday last,
 Upon the road as I cam past,
 Ye snuff't and gae your head a cast,
 But trowth I caretna by.

SONG.—MY GIRL SHE'S AIRY.

TUNE—*Black Joke.*

[This fragment is entered under date, September, 1784. It might well be spared from any collection of the poet's works, for its lyric merits are of a very common order, and near its close it is disfigured by some indecent expressions which render it unfit to be published as the poet has inscribed it. The Greenock editor has accordingly left blank that portion here marked off in brackets; and by way of excuse, he appends, in a foot-note, the fictitious plea that "Here the manuscript is defective." Our conjectural *rifacimento* is introduced, not by way of helping the reader to form an idea of the poet's words, but simply to fill up the measure innocuously, and with some kind of connected sense.]

My girl she's airy, she's buxom and gay,
 Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms in May;
 A touch of her lips, it ravishes quite:
 She's always good natured, good humor'd and free,
 She dances, she glances, she smiles upon me;
 I never am happy when out of her sight:
 Her slender neck, her handsome waist,
 Her hair well curled, her stays well laced;
 Her taper white leg, with [the rest of her charms,
 An angel from heaven might tempt to her arms;]
 And O for the joys of a long winter night! *

* Notwithstanding the apparent completeness of the Greenock MS. when examined in its consecutive entries, it is a very note-worthy fact that hereabout, on comparing it with the Glenriddel abridgement, an inexplicable *hiatus* occurs. There is no entry of any kind between Sept., 1784, and June, 1785; whereas, in the avowed *abridgement*, we find very interesting insertions, dated "May" (1785 must be the year, from the allusion to "Jean" in one of the pieces). The prose passage wanting in the Greenock MS. is the one headed "EGOTISMS FROM MY OWN SENSATIONS," which (in the Glenriddel copy) is followed by these now well-known, but then unpublished, pieces of verse—"Though cruel Fate," "One night as I did wander," "There was a lad was born in Kyle," and "Elegy on Robert Ruisseau." The editor of the published Greenock MS. makes no attempt to account for the absence of these important items—indeed he nowhere notices the remarkable discrepancy here pointed out. Burns, in closing his abridged copy, thus wrote—"This is all worth quoting in my MS., and more than all.—R. B." Words like these imply abridgement certainly, but not *interpolated additions* inserted in the professed copy. Moreover, no other instance of such alleged "interpolation" is found in collating the abridgement with the original MS.

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

[At page 282 is given the fragment of this Ode, which Dr. Currie published as contained in a letter addressed by Burns to Mrs Dunlop, in 1794. It does not appear that Dr. Currie was acquainted with the rest of the Ode, the fate of which, from the date of the poet's death down to the year 1872, has not been made public. In November of that year it was advertised for sale in a London catalogue, and purchased for Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. It was described as being "The original autograph MS. of the *Ode on the American War*, in 62 lines, in 3 leaves, written on one side only; in good condition, bound in red morocco cover by Pratt, and lettered, 'The American War, by Robert Burns.'"]

A letter addressed by Burns to P. Miller, junr., of Dalswinton, M. P., dated Nov., 1794, manifestly refers to this noble Ode. The Member for the Dumfries Burghs had recommended Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* to engage Burns to write weekly contributions to that newspaper. The poet from prudential motives declined the offer made to him by Mr. Perry. Burns wrote thus:—"They are most welcome to my Ode; only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me. Nay, if Mr. Perry—whose honour, after your character of him, I cannot doubt—will give me an address safe from spies, I will now and then send him any bagatelle that I may write."

For connection's sake, we repeat the portion given at page 282, and the reader, on comparing the two versions, will observe some happy variations in the completed poem.]

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Æolian I awake;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring,
And dash it in a tyrant's face,
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
They shout, a people freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold?—
That eye that can unmoved behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm
That e'er created fury dared to raise?
Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,

That tremblest at a despot's nod,
 Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
 Canst laud the arm that struck the insulting blow!
 Art thou of man's imperial line?
 Dost boast that countenance divine?
 Each skulking feature answers, No!
 But come, ye sons of Liberty,
 Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
 In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
 Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man!

Alfred, on thy starry throne,
 Surrounded by the tuneful choir—
 The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
 And roused the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
 No more thy England own!
 Dare injured nations form the great design
 To make detested tyrants bleed?—
 Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
 Beneath her hostile banners waving,
 Every pang of honour braving,
 England in thunder calls—"The tyrant's cause
 is mine!"
 That hour accurst, how did the fiends rejoice,
 And hell, through all her confines, raise the exulting
 voice—
 That hour which saw the generous English name
 Link't with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Famed for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?—
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies?
 Hear it not, WALLACE, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath!

Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
 Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm ?
 Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Blasting the despot's proudest bearing ;
 Show me that arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Crushed usurpation's boldest daring !
 Dark-quenched as yonder sinking star,
 No more that glance lightens afar ;
 That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.

SONG—" I MURDER HATE, &c."

[In the Glenriddel MS. of his unpublished poems, Burns inserted the eight lines thus commencing, which we have printed at page 227: these are followed, however, by other eight lines, and the production is entitled a "Song." By way of explaining any obscurity in the closing couplet of this very characteristic lyric, the poet has appended a footnote directing his reader to "Numbers, xxv., 8-15."]

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
 Though glory's name may screen us ;
 In wars at hame I'll spend my blood—
 Life-giving wars of Venus.
 The deities that I adore
 Are social Peace and Plenty ;
 I'm better pleased to *make one more*
 Than be the death of twenty

I would not die like Socrates,
 For all the fuss of Plato ;
 Nor would I with Leonidas,
 Nor yet would I with Cato :
 The zealots of the Church and State
 Shall ne'er my mortal foes be,
 But let me have bold Zimri's fate,
 Within the arms of Cozbi.

POEMS FROM THE GLENRIDDEL MSS.,

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1874.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

AN elegant little Quarto volume issued in October, 1874, was privately printed at the expense of Henry A. Bright, Esq., Liverpool, and by him liberally distributed in literary circles, and presented to public libraries. It is entitled—“SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GLENRIDDELL MSS. OF BURNS'S POEMS: WITH SEVERAL POEMS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.” It would appear that the poet in 1739 commenced transcribing for the library of his friend and neighbour, Mr. Robert Riddel, of Friar's Carse, into a strongly bound blank volume, a select number of his unprinted poems. This, together with a twin-volume of the poet's letters similarly transcribed and bestowed, appears to have been re-delivered to Burns, on his own solicitation sometime after Mr. Riddel's death, which happened in April, 1794. After the poet's own decease, the volumes referred to, along with other MSS. were placed in the hands of Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, as materials for the Biography and Works of Burns, which that distinguished editor produced in 1800. The ownership of the Glenriddel volumes appears to have been bestowed on Dr. Currie, and to have descended to his son, Mr. Wallace Currie, whose widow, in 1853, presented them to the Athenæum Library, Liverpool. For twenty years thereafter these volumes were so carefully laid aside under lock and key, that very few even of the proprietors of the Athenæum knew of their existence. On the motion of Mr Bright they were brought from their hiding place, and displayed under a glass case in the library, where they may at any time be examined, on application to the librarian.

In the published excerpts from the MS. volume of poetical pieces, Mr. Bright, as editor, has executed his labour of love with rare taste and modesty. He prints in full only those poems that hitherto had not appeared in any edition of the bard's works; but he gives a complete table of the contents of the MS. Book, with the poet's own notes, and a few by himself, and that is not the least valuable portion of the printed work. Taking advantage of Mr. Bright's polite permission to make free use of his labours to impart value to the present edition, we now present the reader with the following—

CATALOGUE OF PIECES INSCRIBED IN THE POETICAL VOL.

1. The Belles of Mauchline (ii. 116).
2. Song—Anna, thy charms (i. 364).
3. Epistle to John Goldie, in Kilmarnock, author of "The Gospel Recovered" (ii. 193 and 437.)
4. Beauteous Rosebud, young and gay (i. 363).
5. Thou whom chance may hither lead—1st version (ii. 314).
6. Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots (i. 360).
7. Ode to the departed Regency Bill, 1789 (ii. 439.)
8. Thou whom chance may hither lead—2nd version (i. 331).
9. Song—Yestreen I had a pint o' wine [2 verses only] (ii. 224.)
10. Song—I murder hate by field or flood (ii. 428.)
11. Holy Willie's Prayer (ii. 195 and 437.)
12. Epigram on Capt. F. Grose (ii. 214.)
13. Additional stanza to Song, No. 9 (ii. 224.)
14. Copy of the Poet's Autobiographical letter to Moore.
15. Tam o' Shanter.—A Tale (i. 350.)
16. On the death of Sir James Hunter Blair (ii. 139.)
17. Inscription—Once fondly loved and still remembered (ii. 131.)
18. On the death of J. M'Leod, Esq. (i. 365.)
19. Epitaph on Wm. Muir, Tarbolton Mill (ii. 166.)
20. Humble petition of Bruar Water (i. 367.)
21. Extempore to Mr. M'Adam, of Craigengillan [wrote in Nanse Tironock's] (ii. 269.)
22. On scaring waterfowl on Loch Turit (i. 370.)
23. Written in the Hermitage at Taymouth (i. 371.)
24. Lines written at the Fall of Fyers (i. 373.)
25. Written by Somebody on a window at Stirling (ii. 310.)
26. Epistle to Graham of Fintray, 1790, "Fintray, my stay" (ii. 317 and 413.)*
27. A Poet's welcome to his love-begotten daughter (ii. 188 and 436.) *
28. The five Carlins—a Ballad (ii. 219.) *
29. Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love (i. 374.) *
30. Chevalier's Birthday Ode—31st Decr., 1787 (ii. 434.)
31. Ode on Mrs Oswald of Auchencruive (i. 333.)
32. Extempore stanzas on "Naething" (ii. 412.)
33. Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots (i. 340.)
34. Epistle to Graham of Fintray—"When Nature," &c. (ii. 141.)
35. Paraphrase of Jeremiah xv. 10 (ii. 391.)
36. From Clarinda, on Burns saying he had "nothing else to do" (ii. 431.)
37. Answer to the foregoing, Extempore (ii. 432.)
38. On the death of Lord President Dundas (ii. 311.)
39. The Whistle—A Ballad (i. 280.)
40. A new psalm for the Chapel of Kilmarnock, April, 1789 (ii. 410.)
41. The Kirk's Alarm (ii. 209 and 438.)
42. Lines to Graham of Fintray—"I call no goddess" (ii. 155.)
43. Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? (ii. 149.)
44. On Glenriddel's fox breaking his chain (ii. 441.)
45. Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn (i. 345.)
46. Epistle to Graham of Fintray—"Late crippled," &c. (i. 342.)
47. Lines to Sir John Whitefoord (i. 348.)
48. Grace before Dinner—"Oh Thou, who kindly," &c. (ii. 166.)

EPIGRAMS.

49. Ask why God made the gem so small (ii. 215.)
50. That there is falsehood in his looks (ii. 273.)
51. Light lay the earth on Billy's breast (ii. 332.)
52. Stop thief! dame Nature called to Death (ii. 332.)
53. When L—sc—lls thought fit from this world to depart (ii. 443.)
54. If you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue (ii. 330.)
55. Here lies John Bushby, honest man (ii. 229.)
56. When M—r—ne deceased, to the devil went down (ii. 226.)
57. Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardonness! (ii. 330.)

The entries down to and including No. 13 are in Burns' autograph, and thence to No. 34, they are (except those in our list marked by a *) inserted by an

amanuensis. From No. 35 downwards the entries are all the poet's own. Following No. 48, there is a noticeable blank, and the 9 remaining entries, headed "Epigrams" appear, from the colour of the ink and fainter penmanship, to have been inserted at a later period. The fact of the very ill-natured one (54) against Mrs Walter Riddel being recorded there, is presumptive evidence of these entries having been made after Glenriddel's death (April, 1794), and implies that the poetry volume was surrendered to Burns on his application to that effect, as found in his printed correspondence.

VERSES BY CLARINDA TO BURNS, AND HIS REPLY THERETO.

ON BURNS SAYING HE HAD "NOTHING ELSE TO DO."

[Clarinda's lines are dated Christmas Eve, 1787. The expression "I have nothing else to do" occurs in a letter addressed by the then lame poet to Mrs Maclehose, dated Thursday, Decr. 20. She had, in a letter of the Sunday previous, been chiding Burns for writing to her in his "romantic style." "Do you remember (she added) that she whom you address is a married woman? or, would you, Jacob-like, wait seven years, and even then, perhaps, be disappointed, as he was?" The poet in a long answer, closes thus:—"I won't tell you what reply my heart made to your raillery of 'seven years'; but I will give what a brother of my trade says on the same allusion:—

"The Patriarch, to gain a wife, chaste, beautiful, and young,
Served fourteen years a painful life, and never thought it long:
O were you to reward such cares, and life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years, would seem but as one day!"

I have written you this scrawl because I have nothing else to do," &c.

Here then we are let into the secret how the correspondents came to adopt the pastoral appellations, "Clarinda" and "Sylvander." On Christmas eve, the lady composed the verses in the text and forwarded them to Burns, with the signature "Clarinda," and the poet in his next letter (Dec. 28) addressed her as his dear "Clarinda"—writing the name within inverted commas. He adds, "I like the idea of Arcadian names in a commerce of this kind," and subscribes his letter "Sylvander." These adopted names seem to have been almost uniformly used in their after correspondence. It appears certain, however, from their letters at this period, that Clarinda's poem contained at least three verses more than Burns has preserved in the Glenriddel MS. The poet shewed the lines to Dr. Gregory who began to criticise them, till he was arrested by the information that they were the work of a young lady in town. On 1st Jan'y, 1788, Clarinda wrote thus:—"No wonder Dr. Gregory criticised my lines. I saw several defects in them myself; but neither had time nor patience (nor ability, perhaps) to correct them. The last three verses were longer than the former; and in the conclusion, I saw a vile tautology which I could not get rid of." This production of Clarinda is evidently the one which the poet inclosed to his friend Richard Brown on 30th Decr., 1787, as the composition of "a young Edinburgh widow for whom he was then ready to hang himself"—"you may guess of her wit by the following verses which she sent me the other day."]

WHEN first you saw *Clarinda's* charms,
What raptures in your bosom grew!
Her heart was shut to love's alarms,
But then—you'd nothing else to do.

Apollo oft had lent his harp,
 But now 'twas strung from Cupid's bow ;
 You sung—it reached Clarinda's heart,
 She wish'd—you'd nothing else to do.

Fair Venus smil'd, Minerva frown'd,
 Cupid observ'd, the arrow flew :
 Indifference (ere a week went round)
 Shew'd—you'd had nothing else to do.

* * * * *

CLARINDA.

Christmas Eve.

BURNS' REPLY TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

EXTEMPORE.

[This poetical reply must have been almost immediate, for Clarinda in her letter of Friday evening, Dec. 28, quotes one of its expressions, marking it by inverted commas thus:—"Good night! for Clarinda's 'heavenly eyes' need the earthly aid of sleep. Adieu!" These verses by Burns are occupied in painting the struggle between *Love* and *Friendship*, and they gave birth to Clarinda's well-known lines—"Talk not of Love! it gives me pain" (l. 228), which were produced on Jan. 3, 1788. In her letter of that date she writes—"You have put me in a rhyming humour. The moment I read yours, I wrote the following lines—*Talk not of Love, &c.*"]

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,
 First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,
 He gaz'd, he listen'd to despair,
 Alas ! 't was all he dar'd to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,
 Transfix'd his bosom thro' and thro' ;
 But still in Friendship's guarded guise,
 For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,
 The imp beleaguer'd all perdué ;
 For frowning Honor kept his post,
 To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew :
But Anguish wrung th' unweeting groan—
Who blames what frantic Pain must do ?

That heart, where motely follies blend,
Was sternly still to Honor true :
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,
Was what a Lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employ'd,
No dearer bliss he could pursue ;
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd,—
“Send word by Charles how you do !”

The chill behest disarm'd his muse
Till Passion all impatient grew :
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,
“'Twas 'cause he 'd nothing else to do.”

But by those hopes I have above !
And by those faults I dearly rue !
The deed, the boldest mark of love,
For thee that deed I dare to do !

O, could the Fates but name the price
Would bless me with your charms and you !
With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,
If human art and power could do !

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,
(Friendship, at least, I may avow ;))
And lay no more your chill command,
I 'll write, whatever I 've to do.

SYLVANDER.

BIRTHDAY ODE—31ST DECEMBER, 1787.

[The above title, with date, is that given by the poet himself in the Glenriddel volume, so that Dr. Chambers was wrong in concluding that because Burns was then laid up in Edinburgh, at Mr. Cruickshanks' house, by an accident, the composition must have been produced twelve months previously. Chambers, who had warm Jacobite leanings of his own, thus writes under date, 31st December, 1786—"A few generous souls, perhaps none of them of high standing in society, kept Prince Charles Edward's memory alive by an annual symposium on his birthday. On the present occasion, they were favoured with the attendance of Burns in the capacity of their poet-laureate, and he accordingly produced an Ode, of which Dr. Currie has preserved a few stanzas" (ii. 133). The passages thus printed by Dr. Currie are, in the present text, enclosed in square brackets. In a footnote, Currie makes the following remarks:—"In the first part of the Ode there is some beautiful imagery which the poet afterwards interwove in a happier manner in the Chevalier's Lament (ii. 72). But if there were no other reasons for omitting to print the entire poem, the want of originality is sufficient. A considerable part of it is a kind of rant, for which indeed precedent may be cited in various birthday odes, but with which it is impossible to go along."]

I.

AFAR the illustrious exile roams
 Whom kingdoms on this day should hail :
 An inmate in the casual shed,
 On transient pity's bounty fed,
 Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale !
 Beasts of the forest have their savage homes ;
 But he who should the imperial purple wear
 Owns not the lap of earth where rests the royal head !
 His wretched refuge, dark despair,
 While ravening wrongs and woes pursue ;
 And distant far the faithful few
 Who would his sorrows share.

II.

[False flatterer, Hope, away !
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore :
 We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, *
 To prove our loyal truth—we can no more ;
 And, owning Heaven's mysterious sway,
 Submissive, low, adore.
 Ye honored, mighty Dead
 Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
 Your King, your Country and her Laws,

* Prince Charles Stuart died at Rome, precisely a month thereafter.

From great DUNDEE, who smiling Victory led,
 And fell a martyr in her arms—
 What breast of northern mould but warms?—
 To bold Balmerino's undying name,
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim:
 Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,
 It only lags, the fatal hour ;
 Your blood shall with incessant cry
 Awake at last the unsparing Power :
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,
 The snowy ruin smokes along
 With doubling speed, and gathering force,
 Till, crashing deep, it whelms the cottage in the vale ;
 So Vengeance'] arm, ensanguined, strong,
 Shall with resistless might assail—
 Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lowly lay,
 And STUART'S wrongs and yours, with tenfold weight
 repay.

III.

Perdition ! baleful child of Night,
 Rise and revenge the injured right
 Of STUART'S royal race :
 Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,
 Till all the frightened echoes tell
 The blood-notes of the chase :
 Full on the quarry point their view,
 Full on the base usurping crew,
 The tools of faction, and the nation's curse !
 Hark, how the cry grows on the wind ;
 They leave the lagging gale behind ;
 Their savage fury pitiless they pour ;
 With murderous eyes already they devour :
 See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,
 His life one poor despairing day,
 Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse !
 Such havock, howling all abroad,
 Their utter ruin bring ;
 The base apostates to their God,
 Or rebels to their King.

VARIATIONS AND ADDITIONAL VERSES TO PUBLISHED POEMS.

A POET'S WELCOME TO HIS LOVE-BEGOTTEN
DAUGHTER,

WHO FIRST ENTITLED HIM TO THE VENERABLE APPELLATION
OF FATHER.

[The version of this poem which we give at page 188, we consider, on the whole, to be superior to the Glenriddel copy, which has nothing to correspond with the fine closing stanza in the former, although it contains *seven* instead of only six verses, and two of these are entirely new. The order of the stanzas is as follows:—i. "Thou's welcome, wean," etc.; ii. "What tho' they ca' me," etc.; iii. New stanza, given below; iv. "Wee image o' my" etc.; v. "Sweet fruit," etc.; vi. New stanza, given below; vii. "For if thou be what," etc., which corresponds with our verse 5th, and concludes the poem.]

VER. 3—

WELCOME! my bonie, sweet, wee dochter,
Tho' ye come here a wee unsought for,
And tho' your comin' I hae fought for—
 Baith Kirk and Queir;
Yet, by my faith, ye're no unwrought for,
 That I shall swear!

VER. 6—

Tho' I should be the waur bestead,
Thou's be as braw and bienly clad,
And thy young years as nicely bred
 Wi' education,
As ony brat o' Wedlock's bed,
 In a' thy station.

VER. 7—

For if thou be what I wad hae thee,
And tak' the counsel I shall gie thee,
I'll never rue my trouble wi' thee,
 The cost nor shame o't,
But be a loving father to thee,
 And brag the name o't.

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOLDIE, AUG., 1785.

[The version at p. 193, printed from Stewart has hitherto seemed complete enough, and so far as it goes, its readings are superior to the variations in the Glenriddel MS. We now give two additional stanzas, which are followed in the MS. by the two excellent verses in praise of "Honest Nappy" (printed at p. 274), and which henceforth must be held as forming part of this epistle.]

FOR me my skill's but very sma',
 And skill in prose I've nane ava;
 But quietlenwise, between us twa,
 Weel may ye speed!
 And tho' they sud ye sair misca',
 Ne'er fash your head.

Ee'n swinge the dogs, and thresh them sicker;
 The mair they squeel ay chap the thicker;
 And still 'mang hands a hearty bicker
 O' something stout,
 It gars an owther's pulse beat quicker,
 And helps his wit.

There's naething like the honest nappy,
 &c., &c., &c.

 HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

[There are no important variations from the *Stewart* version which we have printed at p. 195, but it has the motto from Pope—"And send the godly in a pet to pray"—evidently an after-touch introduced when the author had extended his reading among the poets. The present editor recently inspected a "Dumfries copy" of this famous satire, which was offered for sale by an Edinburgh dealer at the modest price of £25. It also was adorned with the motto, and appended to it was a certificate by Robert Burns, junior, to the effect that the foregoing was in his father's handwriting and contained his latest corrections. The variations from the *Stewart* version were anything but improvements. In particular, we noticed a serious change for the worse in the third last verse of the prayer, and we presume the Glenriddel copy will correspond with it,—although on that point we cannot be positive. It is as follows:—]

"O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongued Aiken—
 My very heart and flesh are quakin
 To think how I sat sweatin, shakin,
 And p—d wi' dread,
 While Auld, wi' hingin lip, gaed snakin',
 And hid his head."

It seems to us that the Bard had latterly been induced to alter—and in our humble opinion, spoil—this stanza, by the importunity of Dumfriesshire friends who could not form an intelligible idea of the word "snakin" as used in the original Ayrshire copies. There it is not AULD but "Orator Bob" who is pic-

tured "wi' hingin lip and snakin"—and *there* we are also told the orator "held up his head"—not "hid his head," as Auld, in the Dumfries copy, is consistently made to do, where the word "snakin" is merely the English word "sneaking." Not so, however, in the Ayrshire copies where "snakin" has the very opposite meaning, namely *exulting*. The picture in the early version is thus truly grand. The orator observes the effect of his eloquence on his client's persecutors, and rears his head like a leopard after hitting a damaging blow with his fore-paw: the under jaw firmly lowers itself, while the nostrils distend, and from the palate of the speaker escapes a sound of defiance and contempt for his opponent. This is what Burns calls "snakin'." It may not be found in any Scotch Dictionary; but every Ayrshire man, and hundreds in other lowland and even highland counties of Scotland, understand the word so, when read in the connection referred to.]

THE KIRK'S ALARM.

[The Glenriddel copy contains only 15 verses, and wants those commencing "Town of Ayr," "Singet Sawney," and "Holy Will." On the whole, we consider that it is inferior to other versions we have examined. The powerful verse "Davie Bluster" (ii. 209) appears there in the following form:—]

Davie Rant ! Davie Rant !
 In a face like a saunt,
 And a heart that would poison a hog,
 Raise an impudent roar,
 Like a breaker lee-shore,
 Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog.

Like our version at p. 209, a copy in the Burns-monument at Edinburgh has a *postscript* appended to it, addressed to the recipient of the MS., who in this instance may have been John Kennedy, factor at Dumfries House. if not John M'Murdo, Esq., Chamberlain at Drumlanrig. It is as follows:—]

Factor John ! Factor John !
 Whom the Lord made alone,
 And ne'er made another thy peer ;
 Thy poor servant, the bard,
 In respectful regard,
 Presents thee this token sincere.—R. B.

[The monument copy also has the *repeat* of the last line in each verse, and although it wants the stanza devoted to "Holy Will," it has some important variations of other verses, for instance:—]

Muirland Jock ! Muirland Jock !
 When the L—d gave a stock,
 That would set up a tinkler in brass ;
 If ill-manners were wit,
 There's nae mortal sae fit
 To prove the poor doctoran ass.

[We have only to add that the title of that copy is "The Kirk's Alarm," a Ballad. Tune—*Come rouse, brother sportsmen.*]

ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL—1789.

[In October, 1788, King George III. having shewn symptoms of unsound mind, the political atmosphere was soon agitated by discussions as to the choice of a Regent. This was slyly alluded to by Burns in his "Elegy on the year 1788," which was sent to a London Newspaper in January, 1789:—

"O Eighty-nine, thou'st but a bairn,
And no' owre auld, I hope, to learn:
Thou beardless boy, I pray, take care,
Now thou has got thy daddy's chair—
Nae hand-cuffed, muzzled, shackled Regent,
But, like himsel', a full, free agent—
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man,—
As muckle better as ye can."

The convalescence and complete recovery of the king, however, was officially announced before the close of March, 1789, and that put an end to the political squabbles created by the introduction of the Regency Bill.

"Dread Thurlow's powers to awe,
His rhetoric, blasphemy, and law."

are also touched upon in a piece of "New Psalmody," (ii. 410) produced by Burns in April following. King George III. retained his throne till January, 1811, when, his reason again giving way, the Prince of Wales was appointed Regent—a position he occupied till the old King's death in 1820]

I.

DAUGHTER of Chaos' dotting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,
Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade
(The rites of sepulture now duly paid,)
Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage,
Factions wild with factions wage;
Or underground,
Deep sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth,
With groans that make
The mountains shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-starred, blighted birth;
Or in the uncreated void,
Where seeds of future being fight,
With lightened step thou wander wide,
To greet thy mother, ancient Night,
And as each jarring, monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast:
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!

II.

By a Monarch's heaven-struck-fate !
By a disunited State !
By a generous Prince's wrongs !
By a Senate's strife of tongues !
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide !
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
Rhetoric, blasphemy and law !
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion
By the harlot-caresses
Of borough addresses !
By days few and evil—
Thy portion, poor devil !
By power, wealth, show—the gods by men adored !
By nameless Poverty—their hell abhorred !
By all they hope ! By all they fear !
Hear !!! And Appear !!!

III.

Stare not on me, thou ghastly power !
Nor, grim with chained defiance, lour :
No Babel-structure would I build
Where—order exiled from his native sway—
Confusion may the Regent-sceptre wield,
While all would rule and none obey :
Go, to the world of *Man* relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate ;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear,
And bid him check his blind career,
And tell the sore-prest sons of Care,
Never, never to despair !

IV.

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand :
Paint all the triumph of the Portland band :

Mark how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
 And how their numerous creditors rejoice ;
 But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
 Cry, *Convalescence!* and the vision flies.

V.

Then next pourtray a darkening twilight gloom,
 Eclipsing sad a gay rejoicing morn,
 While proud Ambition to the untimely tomb,
 By gnashing grim, despairing fiends is borne;
 Paint ruin, in the shape of high D[undas],
 Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow ;
 In vain he struggles, the fates behind him press,
 And clamorous hell yawns for her prey below.
 How fallen *That* whose pride late scaled the skies !
 And *This*, like Lucifer, no more to rise !
 Again pronounce the powerful word,—
 See Day, triumphant from the Night, restored !
 Then know this truth, ye sons of men !—
 Thus ends thy moral tale—
 Your darkest terrors may be vain,
 Your brightest hopes may fail.

ON GLENRIDDEL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN.

A FRAGMENT.

[The date of this happy effusion is nowhere indicated; but we may infer from its late insertion in the MS. volume, and certain allusions in the poem, that it was composed in 1791, shortly before Burns left Ellisland to reside in the town of Dumfries. The reader, after the irregular measure adopted in the preceding Odes, will find it a relief to return here to the poet's primitive style—that of the *Twa Dogs*, *Tam o'Shanter*, &c.]

THOU, Liberty, thou art my theme ;
 Not such as idle Poets dream,
 Who trick thee up a Heathen goddess
 That a fantastic cap and rod has ;
 Such stale conceits are poor and silly ;
 I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
 A sturdy, stubborn, handsome dapple,
 As sleek 's a mouse, as round 's an apple,

That when thou pleasest can do wonders ;
 But when thy luckless rider blunders,
 Or if thy fancy should demur there,
 Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premis'd, I sing, a fox
 Was caught among his native rocks,
 And to a dirty kennel chained,
 How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddel, a Whig without a stain,
 A Whig in principle and grain,
 Couldst thou enslave a free-born creature,
 A native denizen of nature ?
 How couldst thou, with a heart so good,
 (A better ne'er was sluiced with blood)
 Nail a poor devil to a tree,
 That ne'er did harm to thine or thee ?

The staunchest Whig Glenriddel was,
 Quite frantic in his Country's cause ;
 And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
 And with his brother Whigs canvassing
 The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
 With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
 Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates ;
 With many rueful, bloody stories
 Of tyrants, Jacobites, and Tories :
 From liberty how angels fell,
 That now are galley-slaves in hell ;
 How Nimrod first the trade began
 Of binding Slavery's chains on man ;
 How fell Semiramis, (G-d d-mn her !)
 Did first with sacrilegious hammer,
 For Man dethroned forge hen-peck fetters ;
 (All ills till then were trivial matters)
 How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
 Thought cutting throats was reaping glory,
 Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
 Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta ;

How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd,
 Resistless o'er a bowing world,
 And kinder than they did desire,
 Polished mankind with sword and fire:
 With much too tedious to relate,
 Of ancient and of modern date,
 But ending, still, how Billy Pitt,
 (Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,
 Has gagg'd old Britain, drained her coffer,
 As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.—
 Thus wily Reynard by degrees,
 In kennel listening at his ease,
 Suck'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
 As much as some folks at a college.—
 Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
 Her aggrandisement, diminution,
 How fortune wrought us good from evil;
 Let no man, then, despise the devil,
 As who should say, I ne'er can need him;
 Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.—

EPITAPH ON CAPT. LASCELLS.

[This very bitter bit of satire, is among the last of the poet's entries into the Glenriddel volume, and in all probability was inserted after the book was returned to him, on his solicitation, subsequent to the Laird's death, (April, 1794.) It is a fit companion to—or rather, only another form of the equally savage Epitaph on Walter Riddel, printed at page 229, vol. ii. It is conceived in the spirit of the following epigram by Demodocus, a poet of ancient Greece.

“A noxious viper once a Cappadocian bit;
 But soon the reptile died—his blood had poisoned it!”]

WHEN *Lascells* thought fit from this world to depart,*
 Some friends warmly spoke of embalming his heart:
 A bystander whispers, pray don't make so much o't,
 The subject is poison—no reptile will touch it.

* When Burns hit upon this line, the following happy effusion by Matthew Prior, must have been humming in his ear:—

When Bibo thought fit from this world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
 He waked in the boat, and to CHARON he said,
 He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead:
 “Trim the boat, and sit quiet!” stern Charon replied,
 “You may have forgot—you were drunk when you died.”

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20.—THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

[We feel that we cannot consistently close our volume without giving the words of this favourite song, with which the name of Burns has been so long associated. Cromek found the first two verses, in the poet's handwriting, among his manuscripts, and included them as a *Relique of Burns*. Stenhouse and other editors have expressed their belief that the song is of older date than Burns' time; and although such may be the case, no one has pointed to any collection prior to the date of Johnson's second volume, where it is to be found. The present editor is in possession of a wretchedly printed broadside of uncertain antiquity, containing with other perilous stuff, a piece called, "The Curragh of Kildare," a ballad of eight verses, into which every stanza of the song in our text, except the *second*, is introduced, with little apparent connection. From this fact we draw the inference that Burns picked out for the *Museum*, three verses of the *Curragh of Kildare*, and inserted as verse *second*, those truly beautiful lines. "The Rose upon the breer," &c., which, without fear of challenge, we now claim as his own composition. We proceed to treat the reader with all the rejected stanzas of this strange ballad:—

"I'll put on my cap of black, and my fringe about my neck,
 And rings on my fingers I'll wear;
 All this I'll undertake for my true lover's sake,
 Who rides at the Curragh of Kildare.

Bright Livery I shall wear, and I'll comb my brown hair
 And I'll dress in the velvets of green;
 Straightway I will repair to the Curragh of Kildare,
 And 'tis there I'll get tidings of him.

They were running for *The Plate*, and with patience I did wait
 Thinking there my young Johnston I'd see,
 But Fortune, so unkind, made my sweetheart stay behind,
 Far away in the *Lorgans* from me.

Farewell, my joy and heart! if thou and I must part—
 Tho' they tell me thou'rt below my degree;
 Yet, thou fairest of mankind, I will never change my mind—
 I'll ne'er love man but thee!"

The reader will be puzzled to understand how the verses in the text could get mixed up with matter like the foregoing. There is a fifth verse, of some merit, which we transfer from the ballad to the song, because it seems to harmonize better with the latter.

We have only farther to record, that the song—as in the *Museum*, was, during the regency and royalty of the fourth George, brought into notice through the vocalism of the renowned Braham, who delighted to give effect to its fine melody and tender sentiments. We put Burns' four lines in brackets: the rest of the song is by some older hand.]

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
 And the little birds, they sing on every tree;
 The hearts of these are glad, while mine is very sad,
 For my lover is parted from me.

[The rose upon the breer, by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
 But my lover is parted from me.]

My love, like yonder sun, in the firmament doth run
 Ever bright, ever constant and true;
 But his is like the moon that wanders up and down,
 And every month it is new.

O do not think it strange that the world I would range
 To secure for my soul its delight;
 For, bound as with a chain, Love's captive I remain,
 And my tears are the dew-drops of Night.

Ye maidens cross'd in love—and the cross will not remove—
 Take my pity for the pangs ye endure!
 When true-love's unreturn'd, let the poor heart break un-
 mourn'd—
 In the kind grave Love hath its cure!

BEHOLD THE FATAL HOUR.

[At page 350, under the heading "Memoranda of pieces erroneously printed as compositions of Burns," the reader will find (Articles xiii. and xiv.) special reference to a literary discovery made a few years ago, by which the number of Burns' lyrics were lessened by *two*. Just as we are closing the *Text* of the present volume, we are favoured with a polite communication from the gentleman who made that discovery—Mr. James Christie, librarian of Dollar Institution—which tells the interesting fact that, in the same old periodical in which he found the two pieces alluded to, (*Edinburgh Magazine* for 1774.) Mr. Christie has culled out of a straggling poem of 16 stanzas, inserted in its "poet's corner," the following beautiful verses. These are undoubtedly the original of the song—"Behold the hour, the boat arrive," given at page 95 of this volume. Burns was just 15 years old when that volume of the Magazine was published: he must have obtained possession of it, and it is surprising to find him appropriating so very freely, in three of his lyrics, the ideas and words of the nameless minstrels who contributed them to that old repository. The copy of the song "Behold the hour," sent by Burns to Clarinda in 1791, approaches even closer to the original than the verses supplied to Thomson in 1793.]

BEHOLD the fatal hour arrive,
 Nicé, my Nicé, ah farewell !
 Severed from thee can I survive—
 From thee whom I have loved so well ?
 Endless and deep shall be my woes,
 No ray of comfort shall I see :
 Sweet Hope ! O soothe me to repose,
 By whispering she remembers me !

Along the solitary shore
 I'll wander, pensive and alone,
 And wild re-echoing rocks implore
 To tell me where my nymph is gone !
 Of Nicé, wheresoe'er she goes,
 The fond attendant I would be,
 And give my longing soul repose
 By proof that she remembers me.

UNITED GENERAL INDEX.

* * * To enable the reader to find with ease any poem or song required, this UNITED GENERAL INDEX is furnished upon a plan not exactly adopted by any former Editor. *The Titles of the pieces are given in ITALIC, while the First Lines, and First Lines of Choruses, are in ROMAN letters*—the whole being rendered together, alphabetically.

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