

WE BE THREE POOR BARRISTERS

ROUND—“*We be three poor Mariners.*”

WE be three poor Barristers,
With minds but ill at ease,
Because we never are
retained

In any kind of pleas.

We pace the House around, around, around,
Where litigants abound, abound, abound,
Where fees are rife,
Yet for our life

We cannot take a pound, a pound, a pound.

Ah! little do their clients know,
Who trust to legal skill,
What injury their doers do,
Employing whom they will,
And leaving us around, around, around,
No chance to be renowned, renowned,
renowned,
Though we have store
Of wit and lore
That might the world astound, astound,
astound.

We wonder what their agents think—
Or if they think at all—

THREE POOR BARRISTERS

Who still employ these little men,
 With voice so thin and small,
You scarce can hear a sound, a sound, a sound,
While we walk idly round, around, around—
 With lungs to make
 The rafters shake
And vaulted roofs rebound, rebound, rebound.

As for that clerk of evil fame,
 Accursèd let him be,
Who tempteth meaner souls than ours
 To plead for half a fee—
With emphasis profound, profound, profound,
We execrate the hound, the hound, the hound,
 As to and fro
 Each day we go
Across the earthen Mound, a-Mound, a-Mound!

Yet not because we're thus forgot
 Down-hearted shall we be;
The pluckless soul may yield to grief—
We'll live in jollity!
We'll pass the glass around, around, around,
And thus dull care confound, confound, con-
 found,
 Nor heed the fee
 So long as we
With mirth and glee abound, abound, abound.

THE LAWYER'S SUIT

AIR—"For the lack of Gold."

OH why, lady, why, when I come
to your side,
Repulse your poor suitor with
such haughty pride?
That you'll never wed with a Lawyer you
swear—
But why so averse to a Lawyer, my dear?

Can it be, that because I have thought and
have read,
Till my heart to the world and its pleasures is
dead?
Pshaw! my heart may be hard, but then it is
clear
Your triumph's the greater to melt it, my dear!

Can it be that because my eyes have grown dim,
And my colour is wan, and my body is slim?
Pshaw! the husk of the almond as rough does
appear—
But what do you think of the kernel, my dear?

Would you wed with a Fop full of a pish grimace,
Whose antics would call all the blood to your
face?

THE LAWYER'S SUIT

Take me, from confusion you're sure to be clear,
For a Lawyer's ne'er troubled with blushes,
my dear!

Would you wed with a Merchant, who'd curse
and who'd ban

'Cause he's plagued by his conscience for cheat-
ing a man?

Take me, and be sure that my conscience is
clear,

For a Lawyer's ne'er troubled with conscience,
my dear!

Would you wed with a Soldier with brains
made of fuel,

Who, defending his honour, is killed in a duel?

Take me, and such danger you've no need to
fear,

For my honour is not worth defending, my
dear!

Come, wed with a Lawyer! you needn't fear
strife,

For since I have borne with the courts all my
life,

That the devil can't ruffle my temper, I'll
swear—

And I hardly think you could do't either,
my dear!

MY NANNIE

AIR—"Carrickfergus."

MY NANNIE fell sick, an' my
Nannie was deein',
My friends a' advised me for
doctors to send;
But she was saegrievin' me when she was livin',
That, troth, I had little desire she should
mend.

I said I'd nae siller—they wadna come till
her—
Sae I watched her wi' tenderest care by my-
sel';
But whate'er was the matter, the limmer got
better,
And to my great sorrow she soon was quite
well.

Wi' a jorum o' whisky I gat mysel' frisky,
An' said 'twas for joy to see her sae weel:
Says she—"How got ye that when you could-
na buy med'cine?"
An' gied me a thump wad hae murdered the
deil!

Her passion near choked her—I ran for the
doctor—
But she hardly had been a week under his care,

MY NANNIE

When he said—“Your wife’s leavin’ the land
o’ the livin’,—
I’ve done what I could, sir—I canna do mair.”

“O Doctor!” says I, “Sir, you’d much better
stay, sir,
An’ do what ye can for her—till she’s quite
gane!”

He plied her wi’ physic, an that made her sae
sick,
That in less than a month Nannie graned her
last grane!

To the Doctor I handed twice what he demand-
ed;

My friends a’ advised me to marry again—
But quo’ I, “I’ll no marry again in a hurry,
For I canna forget my dear Nannie that’s
gane!”

THE HOLY LOCH*

CALM, calm, the blue lake
silent lies,
The sky without a breath
to shake it;

The drowsy clouds nor fall nor rise—
The earth's asleep, and none to wake it.
The sun glares with his fiery eye
Upon the beauteous scene before him,
While green-robed Nature modestly
Shrinks from such outrage of decorum.

The sun has gone, the day is done,
The moon beams o'er the peaceful water,
High up above, looking such love
As mother's o'er an only daughter.
Restless, in vain my ear I strain
To catch the ripple of the billow.
Earth fades, and heaven looms on my sight;
Oh! would some angel smooth my pillow!

* These were the last verses composed by the author.

INSURANCE

AIR—“*What can a Young Lassie.*”

THE premium is ae thing—the
duty's anither,
It comes a' thegither to saxty
pound three,

An' ilk year at Yule it gars us sing dool—

It's a terrible pull on a poor family!

But the gudeman was failin' an' constantly
ailin',

'Twas high time that his life insurèd should
be;

And on ilk occasion it's some consolation

That we'll a' be provided for gin he should
die.

IS THE HOUSE WARM YET?

IT was an old Scottish custom—not yet wholly unknown—that a dinner or supper should be given by the head of the house, to a few choice and intimate friends, on the family entering a new place of residence. Such meetings were always highly convivial. The warmth or mirth of the party was held as a sort of forecast of the future character of the house, so the host did his best to promote the hilarity and enjoyment of his friends, while they showed their kindly sympathy in the warmth of their welcome to his new abode. Toasts of kind words and good wishes were drunk in flowing bumpers, and so the libations to Bacchus were not stinted. *Dulce est desipere in loco* was the joyous feeling. The new house was just the desired *locus*, and as the fun generally “grew fast and furious,” something like the high-jinks of Pleydell and his jolly *confrères* in *Guy Mannerling*, was usually the upshot. Such was a Scottish “house-heating” or “house-warming” three-quarters of a century ago.

The song seems to have been written, either to be sung at such a symposium given by Outram in a new residence, or, at a future convivial meeting in remembrance of it. The scenes described are of course fancy pictures, intended

IS THE HOUSE WARM YET?

possibly to give some indication of each guest's turn of mind when abandoned to mirth and frolic.

IS THE HOUSE WARM YET?

AIR—*“When the house is rinnin’ round about it’s time
enough to flit.”*

When there’s joy in ilka heart, and there’s
mirth in every e’e,
When we’ve burst the bands o’ care and feel
the spirit free,
An’ we canna tell what house it is, we then
may think it fit
To whisper to each other—Is the house warm
yet?
Is the house warm yet? is the house warm
yet?
It aye becomes the cozier the langer that
we sit;
An’ till it’s like an oven we will never steer
a fit,
Though we ask at ane anither—Is the
house warm yet?

When Bell begins to falter in his boisterous
career,¹

IS THE HOUSE WARM YET?

And Mackenzie's merry voice begins to sound
a little queer,²

And Hill's becoming tuneless³—we may the
question pit,

In whispers to each other—Is the house warm
yet?

Chorus—Is the house warm yet? &c.

When Rhind begins, with husky throat, to
overture the chair,⁴

And the joyous-hearted Crutherland seems
quite o'ercome wi' care,⁵

And Ellis seems at sea⁶—we may then the
question pit,

In whispers to each other—Is the house warm
yet?

Chorus—Is the house warm yet? &c.

When Macnee confuses Archie wi' the little
Paisley boy,⁷

And Dunbar's tongue is motionless by sheer
excess of joy,⁸

And Spens calls it doubly hazardous⁹—we then
may think it fit

To inquire at ane anither—Is the house warm
yet?

Chorus—Is the house warm yet? &c.

IS THE HOUSE WARM YET?

When Salmond breaks his glass and seeks to
justify the deed,¹⁰

And the Doctor frae Gartnavel tries to stand
upon his head,¹¹

And the landlord fa's asleep—we may then
the question pit,

In whispers to each other—Is the house warm
yet?

Chorus—Is the house warm yet? &c.

And when the house is warmed at last, and
frae it we have gane,

We maun haud a carefu' memory o' the road
back again;

An' o' friendship an' o' kindness we'll often tak
a fit,

An' come rinnin' back to ask—Is the house
warm yet?

Chorus—Is the house warm yet? &c.

AN APPEAL FROM THE SHERIFF *

“ Understood to allude to an appeal from the Sheriff’s decision in a case Mr Outram had with a gasfitter, who undertook to ventilate his house, but made it nearly uninhabitable instead.”

On this case Lord Cockburn wrote the following epigram, the litigation affording much merriment to all Mr Outram’s legal friends:—

Not a room in the house the same climate can boast,
On the one side we freeze, on the other we roast;
And if to the fireside your chair you should pull in,
Your back is in Lapland, your knees in Ben Coolin. †

Sustains the pursuer’s title!
Finds no irregularity in cital,
Therefore repels the defences,
And in respect
The stamp is correct,
Decerns for pursuer, with expenses.

Am I to be ruined by such drivell?
No! I’ll see the pursuer at the devil;
’Tis only Henry Bell’s decision—
’Tis not too late
To advocate,
And avoid this enormous lesion.

* Notes on An Appeal from the Sheriff, see p. 196.

† A dreadfully hot place in Sumatra, East Indies.

AN APPEAL

I'll go to the Court of Session,
And resist this most infamous oppression;
I'll retain both Monro and M'Kenzie,
 Fordyce, Handyside,
 And others true and tried,
And I'll put the pursuer in a frenzy.

But if Fortune in spite of them should fail
 me,
And neither law nor equity avail me,
I'll care not for either Division—
 Though I go to the court
 Of last resort,
I'll upset this preposterous decision.

ON HOPE

SAW ye the snow-wreath,
White on the hill?
Saw ye the wild lily
Bloom by the rill?
Saw ye the star
Light heaven only,
Gleaming afar,
Lovely and lonely?

Hope's like the snow
That falls from the sky:
Beauteous and holy,
It dazzles the eye.
But with manhood comes sorrow,
And hopes disappear;
And the snow-drop to-morrow
Will melt to a tear.

Hope's like the lily
That bloomed in the spring,
Wooing the breeze
With its delicate wing.
Alas! the bright sun,
In which it delighted,
Too powerfully burns,
And the lily is blighted.

ON HOPE

Hope's like the lone star
In Eternity riding,
The trembling mariner
O'er the deep guiding.
A dim earthly vapour
Its glory hath crossed:
Hope has departed—
The sailor is lost.

FORGET NOT ME

FORGET not me, my love,
When others whisper thou art
fair;
With honeyed words their lips may
move,
But love like mine is rare.

Forget not me, my love,
When warmer eyes upon thee rest;
Their fire can ne'er so fervent prove
As that within my breast.

Think not I doubt thy faith;
The wreathy foam upon the sea,
Spread by the zephyr's gentlest breath
Is not more pure than thee.

I well believe thee true,
Thy heart will ne'er deceitful be;
But then that heart is tender too,
For it was kind to me.

May not a tearful eye,
A glowing cheek, and mournful air,
Break from thy friendly heart a sigh,
And waken pity there?

AE DAY I GOT MARRIED

AIR—*“They all take a sup in their turn.”*

AE day I got married—an' so you
see
There of course was an end to
peace wi' me;
Whenever I moved, Kate loosed her tongue,
An' when I replied, she took to the rung;
So what between licking,
An' scolding, an' kicking,
I hoped for rest but in the grave.

My wife was a woman—an' so you see
She was nae great shakes at constancy;
Saea lawyer cam' and skreighed himsel' hoarse,
Persuading at me to get a divorce;
For, says he, if ye dinna,
Ye're a low stupit ninny,
An' ye'll get nae rest but in the grave.

But he was a lawyer—an' so you see
Ilk thing that he said was a great muckle lee;
But the very attempt put my wife in a fever,
An' nought but a muckle-wigged doctor could
save her,
Wha swore by the rood
He wad do what he could
To rescue my spouse frae the grave.

AE DAY I GOT MARRIED

But he was a doctor—an' so you see
My ill-natured Katty began to dee;
So in a few days she was laid in the mool,
An' I was delivered frae a' my dool:

So I fand I was right,
That to do what I might,
My only relief was the grave.

THE SWINE

A SKETCH

MY twa swine on the midden,
Wi' very fat their een are hid-
den,
Their wames are swelled be-
yond dimension,
Their shapes!—ye hae nae comprehension.

Sic a sicht!—their tails sae curly,
Their houghs sae round, their necks sae burly;
In the world there's naething bigger
Than the tane—except the tither!

FRAGMENTS

THE BARLEY-FEVER

Oh the Barley-fever!
The Barley-fever, the Barley-fever!
It sticks like a burr, or a plough in a fur,
An' it fells a man like a cleaver.
Yer beard turns lang, an' yer head turns bald,
An' yer face grows as white as the lipo' a scauld;
Yer tae end is het, and the tither is cauld,
Like a rat wi' its tail in a siever.

Oh the Barley-fever!
The Barley-fever, the Barley-fever!
It gars the best soul grow as toom as a bowl,
An' as flat as the doup o' a weaver.
The Typhus tak's folk that are no very clean,
The Scarlet's content wi' a fat fozy wean;
But the Barley tak's rich, poor, clean, dirty,
fat, lean,
The infidel and the believer.

THE MILLER

THE Miller's rung did deeds o' weir,
For mortal fray it aye was ready;
The Miller kent neither sloth nor fear
When he fought for king or bonnie leddy!

FRAGMENTS

His head was pruif o' stane or steel,
His skin was teugher than bend-leather;
He could pu' against his ain mill-wheel,
Or snap in bits his horse's tether.

THE FULE'S SANG

LEDDIES they sing leddies' sangs,
An' men they sing men's,
An' fules they sing foolish sangs,
As a' the world kens;
But a' the fule's foolish sangs
That e'er cam' frae the moon,
Were naething to a sang I heard,
To a very foolish tune,
That a fule sang to me.

THE ALEHOUSE

A' HUMAN joys come to an end
Some time or ither:
The songsters had nae mair to spend,
An' though the weather
Was maist enough to kill a brute,
Auld Luckie cam' an' drave them out.

FRAGMENTS

WOMAN

LIKE a clear rippling stream
Glancing in the sunny beam
So artless pure does woman seem—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't!
She's like (as we in beuks may read)
The daisy blooming on the mead,
A helpless, sweet, bit bonny weed—
 Whistle o'er the lave o't!

EPIGRAMS

ON HEARING A LADY PRAISE A CERTAIN
REV. DOCTOR'S EYES

I CANNOT praise the Doctor's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
He always shuts them when he prays,
And when he preaches he shuts mine.

A' THINGS created have their uses;
This truth will bear nae doots,
As far as hauds to fleas an' louses,
An' ither bitin' brutes:
I ken the use o' crawlin' clocks,
An' bugs upon you creepin';
But what's the use o' Barbara Fox?
By Jingo! that's a deep ane.

ON MISS GRACE C——

IN days of yore the saints oft prayed
For grace to keep them from all evil;
Sure sinners now for grace may hope,
Since Grace is going to the devil.

EPIGRAMS

ON DAVID —, AN EGOTIST

A GRECIAN Sage one day found out
That all he ever knew was nought,
Which made a wondrous noise;
But greater praise is David's due,
Who found out more than others knew,
Namely—that he was wise!

'TWIXT Joan and Chloe who'll decide
The precedence in evil?
Fair Chloe could corrupt a saint,
Joan could corrupt the devil.

EPITAPHS

HERE LIES

HERE lies, of sense bereft—
 But sense he never had;
Here lies, by feeling left—
 But that is just as bad;
Here lies, reduced to dirt—
 That's what he always was;
Here lies, without a heart—
 He ne'er had one, alas!

Here lies
 He did so ere he died;
Then simply to begin,—Here lies—
 But all his life he lied.
Death is a change, they say,—
 Ye powers that rule the sky,
What change is here, I pray?
 For surely he did die.

AN EPITAPH AND RETROSPECT

BENEATH this rude and little honoured urn
 The bones of one still little loved repose:
Few know or care what cause he had to mourn,
 And fewer still could sorrow for his woes.

EPITAPHS

Nor cold nor hunger cursed his lowly fate ;
Nor faithlessness of friends, nor scorn of
men ;
Nor vain ambitious dreams, found false too
late ;
Nor rude oppression caused his bosom's
pain.

He loved mankind—he still was just and
true—
Still he brought succour to the weak and
poor ;
He wished to make each mourner glad—but
few,
Few were his means the bleeding soul to cure.

If you have ever grieved, he grieved for you—
For every woe his sympathy could claim ;
He wept for all, while yet his tears could flow—
Now he is gone!—and who will weep for
him?

ADDITIONAL PIECES
HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

D. O. HILL *

AIR—"Ar hyd de nos."

HARK! what means that catter-
wauling,
Wild, harsh, and shrill?
'Tis the voice of Paxton † calling,
D. O. Hill,
Bring back, bring back, the public to me,
It must be you that stole them from me,
Is't thus you pay the love you owe me,
D. O. Hill!

Where's M'Kenzie, Rhind, and Ellis,
D. O. Hill?

Say where Outram, say where Bell is,
D. O. Hill;

Wile them here with song and story,
Well you know how they adore you,
Give me back my former glory,
D. O. Hill.

Will you evermore forget me,
D. O. Hill?

I would love you would you let me,
D. O. Hill:

How oft I wish that I could be
A crane, a castle, or a tree,
That I might win one thought from thee,
D. O. Hill.

* See note, p. 193.

† Paxton was landlord of the famous Beef-steak Club and Marrowbone Tavern in Fleshmarket Close, Edinburgh.

THE COLLECTOR

THERE is wailing and woe 'mong
the high and the low,
From the peer to the ten-pound
elector,

And the Board of Excise wipe the tears from
their eyes

As they sympathise with the collector.

Oh! oh! the Collector!

He's fallen away past conjecture!

He's fast growing green, and the change may
be seen

By the most superficial inspector.

He hates all mankind—to his own wants he's
blind—

He's become a complete self-neglector:

But speak of a kettle—that rouses his mettle!

I red you beware the Collector!

Oh! oh! the Collector!

He swears he will be my dissector!

Or if the Fates' will is that I were Achilles,

He only would ask to be Hector!

He believed it his own till his last card was
thrown,

And then he grew pale as a spectre:

THE COLLECTOR

He abandon'd all hope, and gave up Johnnie
Cope—

A wretched man was the Collector.

Oh! oh! the Collector!

He had been so long an expector,
His dreams every night were of kettles so
bright,
Overflowing with oceans of nectar!

The blow was too great—he sank 'neath the
weight—

I fear he'll soon need a protector:

For he's sadly declined both in body and
mind—

You scarcely would know the Collector!

Oh! oh! the Collector!

When he sees his face in a reflector,
He is ready to swear 'tis the lion so rare
Of the Customhouse architecture!

WHEN WINDS WHISTLED SHRILL

WHEN winds whistled shrill
Over mountain and hill,
And the sea-mew shriek'd
in the skerry.

When the lightnings flash'd,
And the hoarse waves dash'd
And moan'd o'er the dreary ferry :
Though the thunder growl'd,
And the tempest howl'd,
And the rowan sobb'd in the rain.
“ Oh! 'twas merry in the hall,
When the beards wagg'd all—
May we soon see the like again.”

With the fire blazing high,
While the quick jest did fly,
And the punch-bowl smiled in its glory.
Who so happy then as we,
When we listen'd to the glee
Time about with the merry story!
Each, his arm round his lass,
And his hand on his glass,
Join'd the chorus with might and main—

“ Oh! 'twas merry in the hall,” &c.

WHEN WINDS WHISTLED

Our cares and our sorrow
Laid past till to-morrow,
 The evening was all before us:
Though the walls began to rock
To the tempest's shock,
 We join'd in the ready chorus:
For each took a pull
At the jolly punch-bowl,
 And who could his joy restrain?
 " Oh! 'twas merry in the hall," &c.

WILL YE GANG WI' ME

TUNE—"Morag."

OH! will ye gang wi' me, lassie,
In the silent gloaming,
And the maukins see, lassie,
Through the heather roaming,
Amang the bells sae blooming?

Chorus—Oh! come awa wi' me, my love,
For there is nought to fear ye:
I'll clasp ye i' my arms, my love,
Nae danger shall come near ye.

We'll see the moon sae bright, lassie,
Leaning on the rushes,
Streaming its pale light, lassie,
Through the dewy bushes,
That hide thy bonnie blushes.
Oh! come awa, &c.

We'll press the banks sae green, lassie,
By the burnie rowing,
Glancing wi' siller sheen, lassie,
Sweetly, kindly flowing
To quench my bosom's lowing.
Oh! come awa, &c.

WILL YE GANG WI' ME

I'll kiss thy bonnie mou', lassie,
Tho' ye sair should wyte me;
I'll grip an' squeeze ye, too, lassie;
Your anger winna fright me,
Although you sair should flyte me.
Then come awa, &c.

THE RUINED FORT

ISAT me down upon the stile,
For I had wandered many a mile,
And thought I'd like to gaze awhile
On all that I could see:
An ancient fort—a moorland wild—
A blasted tree.

Bleak relics of an age bygone,
Ye tell of battles lost and won—
Of tourney, fête, and ring-race won—
By men of ancestry.
Who built that fort—rode o'er that heath—
Sat by that tree?

How dead—how dumb—how desolate—
What late was deemed so rich and great;
Is there not something in my fate
That's like to all the three?
That ruined fort—that fruitless heath—
That blasted tree!

THE SONG OF MEMORY

WHEN life's dark clouds obscure
my way,
And pour their sorrows o'er
my head—

When hope's last feeble scattered ray
Has yielded to the storm and fled,
I heave a sigh
To memory,
And ask a tale of times gone by ;
Around the bed
Where sorrow's laid
Sad is the song of memory.

She tells me of life's morning dream,
Ah! never, never to prove true;
She tells me of the sparkling stream:
Where fancy's short-liv'd roses grew ;
She sings of days
When pleasure's ways
Seemed open to my tearless eye ;
Of grief's wide wave,
And friendship's grave—
Sad is the song of memory.

She sings—but ah! from her wan lip
No soothing sounds are heard to flow,

THE SONG OF MEMORY

While down the diapason deep
She ceaseless rolls the note of woe;
 An awful tale
 Of sorrows pale
Is chorus'd by her wailing cry.
 Around the bed
 Where sorrow's laid
Sad is the song of memory.

BONNIE MARY

Gaelic Air.

HER cheek is like the rose,
An' her lips like the cherry,
Her een are glancin' blue,
An' her name's bonnie Mary.

My father's unco' dour,
An' my mither is camstary;
I ken the lassie's puir,
But she's aye bonnie Mary.

They say I'll ever rue
The day that I sought her;
They'll hae me gang an' woo
The rich miller's dochter.
But let them glower an' bann
At my ae only dearie,
Sae a' the ill ye can,
Yet she's aye bonnie Mary.

Oh! were she herdin' nowt
In an auld rotten plaidie,
It's I would find her out
An she'd ca' me her laddie.
On an empty barn floor
She dances like a fairy,
In a shielin' on a muir,
Oh! she's aye bonnie Mary.

A LINNET WARBLLED

A LINNET warbled in the shade
Upon a summer's morn;
Blythe rang her carol through
the glade—

I laugh'd at her in scorn;
She thought she would be happy long,
And cheerfully chirp'd out her song.

Upon that summer's eve,
The linnet sate—silent—alone;
The hour was past that heaven gave,
The day of bliss was done;
She sate upon a waving bough,
The miniature of human woe.

Her mate was dead—murder'd, to prove
The skill that hits a mark so small;
The linnet look'd upon her love,
And saw him fall.
Her melody was o'er—
She whistled now no more.

She felt she was alone,
Friendless among a thousand foes;
In the wide world there was not one
To sorrow for her woes;
Her little heart was swell'd with grief,
She knew that there was no relief.

A LINNET WARBLER

Art thou, poor bird! forlorn as I?

Hast learn'd so soon all I have known—
That joy is but a summer fly,
Scarce seen e'er it has flown?
Thou'st learn'd the truth while young—
Thou wast not cheated long.

But not without a hope

Thy wreck of life remains to thee;
The fowler's aim, the falcon's swoop,
Alike may set thee free—
May bid thy sorrows cease,
And let thee be at peace.

Nor at thy lot repine—

“The young, the beautiful, the brave,”
Have sunk 'neath sorrows such as thine,
And sought an early grave,
Where the broken heart is blest,
And the weary are at rest!