POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.
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Entered in Stationers Hall.
POEMS,
CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. II.

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MDCXCII.
POEMS,
CHIEFLY
SCOTTISH.

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 bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor. GRAY.

I.
MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;

Vol. II. A With
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scott'ish 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!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry fugh;
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 labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
( 3 )

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.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelt'r of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noife an' glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie Wifie's smile,

The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

A 2

IV.
IV.

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 fair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs:

The
The social hours, swift-wing’d, unnotic’d fleet;
Each tells the unco’s 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.

VI.

Their Master’s an’ their Mistress’s command,
The younkers a’ are warned to obey;
An’ mind their labours wi’ an eydent hand,
An’ ne’er, the’out o’ fight, to jauk or play;
‘An’ O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
‘An’ mind your duty, duly, morn an’ ‘night!

A 3
‘Left
‘Left in temptation’s path ye gang affray,
   ‘Implore his counsel and afflicting might:
   ‘They never fought in vain that fought the
   ‘Lord aright.’

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
   Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam 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 haffins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas’d the Mother hears, it’s nae wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.
VIII.

Wi’ kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother’s eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit’s no ill ta’en;
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’ an’ sae grave;
Weel pleas’d to think her bairn’s respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
A 4 I’ve
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage Experience bids me this declare—
'If Heav'n a draught of heav'ny pleasure
'spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
'In others arms breathe out the tender
tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'n'ing gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, fly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?

Is
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!

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome Parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weil-hain'd kebbuck, fell,

An'
An' aft he's preft, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those ftrains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with fo-lemn air.
XIII.

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 heav'n-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.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the Friend of God on high;
Or,
Or, Moses bad 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 Isaiab's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
   How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
   Had not on Earth whereon to lay his head:
How His first followers and servants sped;
   That
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 pronounce’d
by Heav’n’s command.

XVI.

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 fight, or shed the bitter tear,

Together

* Pope’s Windsor Forest.
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

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 Pow'r, 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.

XVIII.
XVIII.

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 Heav'n 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.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur  
springs,  
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:  

Princes
Princes and Lords are but the breath of kings,
    'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'
And certes, in fair Virtue's heav'nly 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!

XX.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
    For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
    Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heav'n, their simple lives prevent
    From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!

Then
Then, howe’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*.

**XXI.**

*O Thou!* who pour’d the patriotic tide
That stream’d thro’ *Wallace’s* undaunted 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!

*Vol. II.*
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
   Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth
   Along the banks of Ayr,
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.

II.
II.

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.

III.

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
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the s'way;
Licentious Passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.

But
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.

VI.
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 crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.
Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, Remove, and Shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to Man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

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.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
( 23 )

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?

X.

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 recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!

B 4 Welcome
( 24 )

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 to those
That weary-laden mourn!
A PRAYER, IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.
II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As Something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'ft that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong;
And lift'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepped aside,
( 27 )

Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS
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 Heav'nly Mercy pray,
Who act so counter Heav'nly 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
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'rift assist ev'n me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine.

Lyr."
Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night,  
the Author left the following Verses in the  
room where he slept:—

I.

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.

II.
II.

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.

III.

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 !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
   In manhood's dawning blush ;
Blefs him, Thou God of love and truth, 
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sifter-band, 
With earnest tears I pray, 
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, 
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast, 
O'er life's rough ocean dry'n, 
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, 
A family in Heav'n!

Vol. II. C THE
THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever 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
Cafts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.
(35)

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 toss,
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.
PRAYER,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

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!
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
Before the mountains heav'd their heads
   Beneath Thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous 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'rt the word: Thy creature, man,
   Is to existence brought;
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
   'Return ye into nought!'

\[ \text{C 4} \] Thou
Thou layest them, with all their cares,
   In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood Thou tak'ft 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 A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down, with the Plough, in April 1786.

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 bonnie gem.

Alas!
Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
    Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
    The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
    Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
    Thy tender form.

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 sobble-field,
    Unseen, alane.

Ther
There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy sawnie 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 foil'd, is laid
   Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
   Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
   And whelm him o'er!

Such
Such fate to suffering 
tis 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!

Ey'n thou who mourn'ft 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.

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 fullen welcome, all!

With
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tye,
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.

II.
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 appal'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
    To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Reign Life's joys day;
My weary heart its throbings 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!
( 48 )

to

MISS L—.


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.
EPISTLE

TO A

YOUNG FRIEND.

May — 1786.

I.

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
( 51 )

how the subject theme may gang,
at time and chance determine;
ap's, it may turn out a Sang;
perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Try the world soon, my lad,
Andrew dear, believe me,
find mankind an unco squad,
and muckle they may-grieve ye:
Care and trouble set your thought,
'n when your end's attained;
a' your views may come to nought,
here ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

oS say, men are villains a';
e real, harden'd wicked,

D 2 Wha
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricted;
But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If Self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

IV.
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we would 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.

V.
Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;

But
( 53 )

But still keep something to yourself
Ye scarcely tell to any.
Conceal yourself as well's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd fly inspection.

VI.

The sacred love o' well-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wave the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Affiduous wait upon her;
D 3 And
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 privilege
Of being independent.

VIII.

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 lightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' fide pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
( 55 )

But still the preaching cant forbear,
   And ev'n the rigid feature:
Let ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
   Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
   For Deity offended!

X.

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!

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
   Your heart can ne'er be wanting!

        D 4

May
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 reck the rede,
Than ever did th' Adviser.
ON A

SCOTCH BARD.

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' ye wha live by fowps 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
Lament him a' ye rantin 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 bonnie lasses weel may wis 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 fairly mis his
    That's owre the Sea!

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bumble,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
    'Tweed been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
    That's owre the Sea!
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut 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 Jilet brak his heart at laft,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the moft,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the Sea.

He
He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under biding;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

_Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native foil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
_Now bonnile!_
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea!
FAIR fa' your honest, sonnie 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
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 flight,
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,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent-like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.
Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a few,
Or fricasse wad mak her spew
    Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
    On sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
    As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
    His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
    O how unfit!

But mark the Rustic, baggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
    He'll mak it whisle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sined,
    Like taps o' thrisle.

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

DEDICATION.

to

G***** H*******, Esq.

EXPERCT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,

Vol. II. E Because
Because ye're firnam'd like His Grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,
Wi'mony a fulsome, finfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them w
Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatterin',
Its 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, winna lie, come what will o' me), n' 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; that's no his ain he winna tak it, that aince he says he winna break it; 'ught he can lend he'll no refus't, 'll aft his guidness is abus'd; and rascals whyles that do him wrang, 'n that, he does na mind it lang: as Master, Landlord, Husband, Father, le 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, if our poor, finfu', corrupt Nature:

E 2

Ye'll
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's he's the poor man's friend in need,
The Gentleman in word and deed,
It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;
It's just a carnal inclination,

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Steal thro' a winnock frae a wh-re,
But point the Rake that taks the door ;
Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
And hauld their noses to the grunstane :
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving;  
No matter, stick to found 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 of 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
While o'er the Harp pale Mis'ry 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 still 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 yourself.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say:
or prayin I hae little skill o’t;
In baith dead-sweer, an’ wretched ill o’t;
It I’ll repeat each poor man’s pray’r,
Hat kens or hears about you, Sir—

‘May ne’er Misfortune’s growling 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 fur-honoured name
Hang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H*******, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie Lasses round their table,
And seven braw Fellows, stout an’ able,
To serve their King and Country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
Hine on the ev’ning o’ his days;

E 4

Till
‘Till his wee, curlie John's ier-oe,
‘When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
‘The laft, sad, mournful rites bestow.’

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' 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 mishances,
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
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize 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.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you fairly:
I canna say but ye frunt rarely,
    Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely
    On sic a place.

Ye
Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' dinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
       Sae fine a Lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
       On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haftet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
       In shoals and nations;
Whare born nor bane ne'er dare unfettle
       Your thick plantations.

Now hau'd you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'ril, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
       Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
       O' Miss's bonnet.
My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
    Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
    Wad drees your droddum!

I wad na been furpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
    On's wyliecoat;
But Mifs's fine Lunardi! fie,
    How daur ye do't!

O, Jenny, dinna tos your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
    The blastie's makin!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
    Are notice takin!
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselvies as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

ADDRESS
ADDRESS

TO

EDINBURGH.

I.

EDINA! Scotia's darling feat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!

From
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,
    As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And sing'ing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
    I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

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.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
    With open arms the Stranger hail;
    Their
( 80 )

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!

IV.
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!

V.
There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude Fortress gleams afar;

Lik
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 withstand’d assailing War,
   And oft repell’d the Invader’s shock;

VI.

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!

VII.

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!

VIII.

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-scatter'd 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.

EPISTLE
EPISTLE

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Patricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Pouffie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,

This
This freedom, in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun an jokin,
Yea 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 thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae well
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,'
‘Or Beattie’s wark!’

They told me ’twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear’t,
And sae about him there I spier’t,
Then a’ that ken’t him round declar’d,
He had ingenie,
That nane excell’d it, few cam near’t,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An’ either douce 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 and graith,

Or
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 fel,
    Does weel eneugh.

I am nae Poet, in a sense,
But just a Rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
    Yet, what the matter?
Where'er my Mule 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 fang?'
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 fairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
   Or knappin-hammers.

A fet o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in College classes!
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
   Plain truth to speak;
An' fyne they think to climb Parnassus
   By dint o' Greek!
F 4       Gie
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
       At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, though hamely in attire,
       May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's, the bauld and flee,
Or bright L*****k's, my friend to be,
       If I can hit it!
That would be learn eneugh 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 fou,
       I've no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
       I'm on your lift.
I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends and folks 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’tse gie ae night’s discharge to care,
    If we forgather,
An’ hae a swap o’ rhymin-ware
    Wi’ ane anither. The
The four-gill chap, we’re gar him clatter,
An’ kirsen him wi’ reckin water;
Syne we’ll fit down an’ tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An’ faith, we’re 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.

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 brother
( 91. )

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,
   Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whisle,
   Your friend and servant.
TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

WHILE new-ca’d kye rout at the stake,
An’ pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e’enin’s edge I take,
   To own I’m debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L****k,
   For his kind letter.

Forjesket
Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the riggs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours bite,
My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,
I wou'd na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, ' Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
  'This month an' mair,
  'That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
  'An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
  'This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
  'But rhyme it right.
  'Shall
'Shall bauld L*****k, the king o' heart,
'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
'Rooše you fae weel for your deserts,
    'In terms fae friendly,
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
    'An' thank him kindly!'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpyie in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
    'I vow I'll close it;
    'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
    'By Jove I'll profe it!'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or profe, or baith thegether,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
    Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
    Just clean aff-loof.
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could stirrle 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 fax an' twentieth fimmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Fræ year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.
Do ye envy the city Gent,
Behint a kist to lie and sklen,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
    And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
    A Bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd fark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
    But lordly stalks,
While caps and 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.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
The social, friendly, honest man,
'Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
'An none but be!

O Mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While fordid fons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Vol. II. G Tho'
Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' grow.
Their worthless neivefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
   The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
   May shun the light.

Then may L*****k and B***** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
   In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
   Each passing year!
( 99 )

TO

W. S*****N, Ochiltree.

May 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi’ grateful heart I thank you brawlie;
‘ho’ I maun say’t, I wad be silly,
   An’ unco vain,
ould I believe, my coaxin billie,
   Your flatterin strain.
   G 2                  But
(100)

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
I fud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, fidelins fkelented
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-chieł,
A deathless name.

(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts
Ill fuitéd law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad fto'w'd his pantry!

Y
Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screech,
As whiles they're like to be my deed,
    (O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
    It gies me eafe.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiefs wha their chanters winna hain,
    But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
    Her weil-fung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd stile;
She lay like some unkend-of isle
    Befide New-Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
    Befouth Magellan.

G 3       Ramsay
O Nature! a' thy shew an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
   Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
   The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
   An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
   A heart-felt fang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair Nature's face descrire,
   And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
   Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel,
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.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amait forgotten clean,
Ye
Ye bade me write you what they mean.
   By this new-light*,
'Bout which our berds fac aft hae been
   Maaft 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, braidd Lallans,
   Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
   Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done
   They gat a new one.

* See note, p. 91.
This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiefts gat up an' wad confute it,
       An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
       Baith loud an' lang.

Some berds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misfeuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
       An' out o' fight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
       She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The berds an' bissels were alarm'd:
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' form'd,
       That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
       Than their auld daddies.
  Fræ
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Fae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
  Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
  Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the lands
  Wi' nimble shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
  Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-flowe,
Till now amait on ev'ry knowe,
  Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their new-light fair avow,
  Juft quite barefac'd.

Nae
doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin;
zealous *berds* are vex’d an’ sweatin;
I’ve even seen them greetin
  Wi’ girmin spite,
in the *Moon* fae sadly lie’d on
  By word an’ write.

Shortly they will cowe the louns!
*auld-light berds* in neebor towns
ind’t, in things they ca *balloons*.
  To tak a flight,
ay ae month amang the *Moons*
  An’ see them right.

d observation they will gie them;
hen the *auld Moon’s* gaun to lea’e them,
indmost shaird, they’ll fetch it wi’ them,
  Just i’ their pouch,
hen the *new-light* billies see them,
  I think they’ll crouch!
  Sae,
(110)

Sae, ye observe that a’ this clatter
Is naething but a ‘moonshine matter’;
But tho’ dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

EPISTLE
EPISTLE

to

J. R*******,

Inclosing some Poems.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R*******,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
    Your dreams* an' tricks
Will fend you, Korah-like, a-finkin,
    Straught to auld Nick's.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country-side.
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,
Its just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea’e them naithing
    To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen
    Like you or I.

I'v'e
I've sent you here some rhyming 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 bonnie spring,  
    An' danc'd my fill!  
'd better gaen an' fair'd the King,  
    At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,  
  gaed a roving wi' the gun,  
  An' brought a Patrick to the grun',  
    A bonnie hen,

{Vol. II.  H  And,

* A song he had promised the Author.
And, as the twilight was begun,
    Thought none wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt;
I strakit it a wee for spurt,
Ne'er thinkin' they wad fash me for't;
    But, Deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the Poacher-court
    The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
    I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
    An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
y my hen, an' by her tail,
    I vow an' swear!
Sane shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,
    For this, nist year.

oon's the clockin-time is by,
    e wee pouts begun to cry,
I'se hae sportin by an' by,
    For my gowd guinea:
I shoid herd the buckskin kye
    For't, in Virginia.

wth, they had muckle for to blame!
    neither broken wing nor limb,
'a-three draps about the wame
    Scarce thro' the feathers;
ith a yellow George to claim,
    An' thole their blethers!

H 2

It
It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,

When time's expedient:

Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,

Your most obedient.

JOHN
JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A

BALLAD.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song
known by the same name.
II.

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.

III.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry fums of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.
The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.
His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

VII.
They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;

H 4

Then
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.
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.

IX.
They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.
They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
( 121 )

And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XL

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.

XII.

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.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.
'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.

XV.
Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!
A FRAGMENT.

Tune, CILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN Guilford good our Pilot stood,
   An' did our hellim throw, man.
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
   Within America, man:
Then up they gat the mafskin-pat,
   And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
   Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.
II.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
   I wat he was na flaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
   And C-rl-t-n did ca', man:
But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec,
   Montgomery like did fa', man,
Wi' fword in hand, before his band,
   Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage
   Was kept at Boston ba', man;
Till Willie H--e took o'er the knowe
   For Philadelphia, man:
Wi' fword an' gun he thought a sin
   Guid Christian blood to draw, man;
( 125 )

But at New-York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man,

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then loft his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.

-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man;
But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the ftoure,
The German Chief to throw, man:

For
(126)

For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then R-ck-ngb-m took up the game;
Till Death did on him ca', man;
When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For N-rtb an' F-x united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cart,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
ill the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race
Led him a fair *faux pas*, man:
he Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On *Chatham's Boy* did ca', man;
n' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a' man!'

VIII.

*shind* the throne then *Gr-nv-lle*’s gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
'while flee *D-nd-s* arous’d the clafs
Be-north the Roman wa’, man:
n' *Chatham’s* wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man)
'it' kindling eyes cry’d, 'Willie, rise!
'Would I hae fear’d them a', man!'

IX.

*r*, word an' blow, *N-rib, F-x and Co*,
Gowff’d *Willie* like a ba’, man,

Till
Till Suthren raise, and coost their claife
Behind him in a raw, man:
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man:
An' svoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To mak it guid in law, man.
SONG.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonnie.

I.

'T was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tenteless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

Vol. II.  I  II.
II.

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 lovd her most sincerely;
I kiss’d her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o’ barley.

III.

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 hour so clearly!
She ay shall blefs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.
I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin;
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 bonnie:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

I 2

SONG,
SONG,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune,—I had a horse, I had nae mair.

I.

Now westlin winds, and slaught’ring guns
Bring Autumn’s pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring 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.

II.
II.

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 Cuffhat roves
   The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,
   The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

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 iway,
   Tyrannic man's dominion;

The
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

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.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly press,
Swear how I love thee dearly:

Not
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!
I

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.

II.

The westlin wind blaws 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.

III.
III.

Nanie's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
Y ill befa' the flatterIng tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

: face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotles as she's bonnie, O;
E op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

Country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;

But
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it kannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.
VIII.

some weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
we ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN
GREEN GROW THE RASHES

CHORUS.
Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent among the lasses, O.

I.
THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that pass'd, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c
I.
ly race may riches chafe,
ches still may fly them, O;
at last they catch them fast,
hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

III.

me a canny hour at e'en,
ms about my Dearie, O;
ly cares, an' warly men,
' gae tapsalteerie, O!

Green grow, &c.

IV.

fae doufe, ye sneer at this,
nought but senseless affes, O:

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

Green grow, &c.

V.

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.

* * * * * * *
SONG,

Tune,—Jockey's Grey Breeks.

I.

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.
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!

II.

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.

And maun I still, &

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author.
† Menis is the common abbreviation of Mariam.
III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
but life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of one that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.

And maun I still, &c.

Vol. II. K V.
V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c
VII.

Winter, with thine angry howl,
I raging bend the naked tree;
Loom will soothe my cheerless soul,
En Nature all is sad like me!

Saun I still on Menie doat,
I hear the scorn that's in her e'e!
'S jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
It winna let a body be.
SONG.

Tune,—Rossin Castle.

I.

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, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.
II.

The Autumn mourns her rip’ning corn
Early Winter’s ravage torn;
Cross her placid, azure sky,
He sees the scowling tempest fly:
Hill runs my blood to hear it rave,
Think upon the stormy wave.
There many a danger I must dare,
Or from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

III.

‘is not the surging billow’s roar,
‘is not that fatal, deadly shore;
No’ Death in ev’ry shape appear,
Ne Wretched have no more to fear:
At round my heart the ties are bound,
Hat heart transpierc’d with many a wound;

K 3 These
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

IV.

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 bonnie banks of Ayr!
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:

K 4
II.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!
THE

FAREWELL.

 cử THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES's LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

Tune,—Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd Few,
Companions of my social joy!

Tho'
( 154 )

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'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Prefided 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'!

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite you in the grand Design,
neath th' Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
at you may keep th' unerring line,
still rising by the plummet's law,
1 Order bright completely shine,
shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.
d You farewell! whose merits claim,
'tuffly, that biggest badge to wear!
av'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
'te round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

SONG.
SONG.

Tune,—*Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let’s fly, &c.*

I.

**No** Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
No fly Man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly’d bottle’s the whole of my care.

II.
II.

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 here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

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.

IV.
IV.

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.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

'Life's cares they are comforts*'-a maxim laid down

* Young's Night Thoughts.
the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown;
and faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
or a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of 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;
ay every true brother of th' Compass and Square
ave a big-belly'd bottle when harafs'd with care.
THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in ruffet weed,
Be thou deckt in filken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most, 
prung from night in darkness lost; 
Hope not sunshine, e’ry hour, 
Ear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance, 
esneath thy morning star advance, 
Leasure with her firen air 
May delude the thoughtless pair; 
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment’s cup, 
Then raptur’d sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high, 
Life’s meridian flaming nigh, 
Oft thou spurn the humble vale? 
Life’s proud summits wouldst thou scale? 
Heck thy climbing step, elate, 
Vils lurk in felon wait:

Vol. II. L Dangers,
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each clisby hold;
While cheerfull Peace, with happy song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose,
As life itself becomes disea,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate, with sober thought,
On all thou'seen, and heard, and wrought,
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and found.
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.

(164)
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
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 resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.
ODE,

Sacred to the memory

of

Mrs —— of ——.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,

Noozing
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.**
ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort’ring fiends),
Seeft thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl’d from upper skies;
’Tis thy trusty quondam Mate,
Doom’d to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt’ring pounds a-year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock’ry of the pompous bier,
While
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear
expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.
E L E G Y

on

C A P T .  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 Heav'nly Light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie

Haurl!
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like fock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
   By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
   Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cook your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of failing yearns,
   Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
   My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cufhat kens!
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
   Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' haify stens,
   Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnlie,
   In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
   The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At 'ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
   I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
   Come join my wail.

Mourn,
(171)

n, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Is that crap the heather bud;
Aws calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
urn, ye whirring patrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

n, footy coots, and speckled teals;
Herons, watching eels;
And drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Rns, till the quagmire reels;
Rair for his sake.

n, clam'ring cralks at close o' day;
ields o' flow'ring clover gay;
en ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
e far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye
Ye-houlets, frae your ivy bow’r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow’r,
What time the moon, wi’ silent glower,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro’ the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrisfe morn!

O, rivers, forrests, 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:

Tho
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
    Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
    For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling thr'o' the air,
    The roaring blast,
Wid 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 taen his flight,
    Ne'er to return.

O,
O, H*******! the man! the brother! And art thou gone, and gone for ever! And hast thou crossed 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.
f thou uncommon merit hast,
    Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;
A look of pity higher cast,
    For Matthew was a poor man.

f 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.

f thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
    Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
    For Matthew was a kind man!

If
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 haft wit, and fun and fire,
   And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and fire,
   For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin lot,
   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.

W Nature hangs her mantle green
n every blooming tree,
. spreads her sheets o' daisies white
ut o'er the grassy lea:

OL. II. M

Now
Now Phoebus 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,
Aleft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow’r,
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 flae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang.
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison straung.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign 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 draps 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 flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.
(181)

TO

R***** G***** of F***** Esq.

DARE cripl'd of an arm, and now a leg, about to beg a pass for leave to beg; dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest, Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest; will generous G***** lift to his Poet's wail? it soothes poor Misery, hearkning to her tale),

M 3

And
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour.
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—
Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
The cat and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.

Ev'n
Ev'n sly, 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 op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated flight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn;
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfactor'y, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart.

M 4

Critics
Critics—appall'd, 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 blockhead's daring into madness flung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low-funk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage!

So,
So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd.
For half-starv'd 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 shelter'd 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
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.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
But turns in soaring heav'n, 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 pray'r!
F******, my other stay, long bless and spare!

Thro'
ro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
and bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!

By bliss domestic; smooth his private path;
ve energy to life; and soothe his latest
breath,
ith many a filial tear, circling the bed of
death!
L A M E N T

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

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 craigie steep, a Bard,
    Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
    Whom death had all untimely taen.
He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

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 hold 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 ither 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 alone my lade o' care,
"For silent, low, on beds of duff,
"Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And
"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
"My noble master lies in clay.
"The flow'rz amang our barons bold,
"His country's pride, his country's stay.
"In weary being now I pine,
"For a' 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 evermore!
"And thou, my last, best, only friend,
"That fillest an untimely tomb,
"Accept this tribute from the Bard
"Thou brought from fortune's mirk'zt
"gloom.

"In
"In Poverty's low barren vale,
"Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
"Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
"Nae ray of fame was to be found:
"Thou found'ft 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 grey with time!
"Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, 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
(193)

'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 fae sweetly on her knee;
"But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
"And a' that thou hast done for me!"
THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earth-
ly 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 dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

TAM
TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
and drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
s market-days are wearing late,
'n folk begin to tak the gate;
While we fit bousing at the nappy,
'n getting fou and unco happy,

N 2

We
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, flaps, and styless,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare fits our fulky fullen 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 surpasles,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta’en thy ain wife Kate’s advice!
She tauld thee weil thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blusterling, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi’ the miller,
Thou fat as lang as thou had fill’r;
( 197 )

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd 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;

N 3

Tam
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an 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 fae happy,
E'en drown'd himself 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 flow'r, 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 the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he tacks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blown its last;
The rattling show'rs 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 grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro’ dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whilsts holding fa’st his gude blue bonnet;
Whilsts crooning o’er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whilsts glow’ring round wi’ prudent cares,
Left boggles catch him unawares:
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cros’s the ford,
Whare in the sna’w the chapman smoor’d;
And paft the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* 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_
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
He doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
He lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Ear and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
'irk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
'bro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Vi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Vi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
He swats fae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Air play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
At Maggie stood right fair astonish'd,
Ill, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
Re ventur'd forward on the light;
Nd, vow! Tam saw an unco fight!

Warlocks
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 cantrip flight,
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-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crufted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet flack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and aweful,
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'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 coo'd her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her fark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens,
Their farks, 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 bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),

Hei
Her cutty fark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a laffie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That fark she cost 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 firdg'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
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-fark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion fallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds affail their byke;
As open puffie'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 ìkreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thyfairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woeful woman!

Now,
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
and win the key-stane* of the brig;
there at them thou thy tail may toss,
a running stream they dare na cross.
but ere the key-stane she could make,
the sient a tail she had to shake!
or Nannie, far before the rest,
hard upon noble Maggie prest,
and flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
but little wist the Maggie's mettle——
the spring brought off her master hale,
but left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin clauth her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a flump.

* 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 boggles, whatever anger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.
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.
I seeing a wounded hare limp
by me, which a fellow had just
shot at.

...human man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
    And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
    May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
or never pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

...live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
    The bitter little that of life remains:
    No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
   thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Vol. II.     O     Seek,
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 cheerful 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.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
'Pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Stoops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And seest, 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.

EPITAPHS,
(213)

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

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.

Below thir stanes lies Jamie's banes:
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

O 3
ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

Whoer thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie!
An' here his body lies fu' low——
For saul he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR's FATHER.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and at-
tend!
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

The
(215)

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.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

O 4 FOR

* Goldsmith.
FOR G. H. Esq.

The poor man weeps—here \( G—n \) sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with \( fuch as be, \) where'er he be,
May I be \( s\)av'\( d \) or \( d——d \)!

A BARD's EPITAPHE.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre faft for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this graffy heap fing dool,
And drap a tear.
Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave,

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader,
Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
      In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul,
      Is Wisdom's root.
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.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
    That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco flight
    O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin *,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
    Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleague
    At some black art.—

Ilk ghast that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
    Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
    Ye midnight b——es.

It's

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.
( 221 )

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
    And dog-kin wallet,
And taen the——Antiquarian trade,
    I think they call it.

He has a sough o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets*,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
    A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld faut-backets,
    Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
    That

* Vide his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ait;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' bras.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicked Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding joc' teleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!
Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verfe and Profe!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grofe!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
    They fair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
    Wad say, Shame fa' thee.
TO

MISS C*********, a very young Lady.

Written on the blank leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may’st thou, lovely Flow’r,
Chilly shrink in sleetly show’r!
Never Boreas’ hoary path,
Never Eurus’ pois’rous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!

Never
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry 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.

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 forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.
On reading, in a Newspaper, the Death of J— M'L——, Esq. Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author's.

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.

P 2

Fair
Fair on Isabella’s morn
   The sun propitious smiled;
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
HUMBLE PETITION
OF
BRUAR WATER*

TO THE
NOBLE DUKE OF A THOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er affails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
P 3

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.
How saucy Phoebus' 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 amang,
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:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me;

But,
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' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

P 4
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 clear,
    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 flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,
    From prone-descending flow'rs.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care:
The flow’rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav’n 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
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 dreft
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, Old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band
Spring, like their father's, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

On
On scaring some Water-Fowl in Loch-Turit, a wild scene among the Hills of Oughtertyre.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsale?
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,
Bus'ly feed, or wanton lave;

Or,
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our trace,
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 clifty brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But, Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane——
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring 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 pow'rs 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
Written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece, in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth.

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 covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursu'e,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;

Th'
Th' outstretched lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd 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 ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * * * *
Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here,
Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * * *
Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers near Loch-Ness.

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.

Vol. II. Q Dim-seen,
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
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.

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.

Q 2  
May
May He who gives the rain to pour,
   And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
   The bitter frost and snow.

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 the flourish'd, rooted fast,
   Fair on the summer morn:
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
   Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
   Unscath'd by Russian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
   Arise to deck our land.
THE

WHISTLE.

A

BALLAD.

As the authentic Prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little

Q.3

ebony
ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, 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 in Germany; and challenged the Scots 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 worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table. "And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill."
Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, 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 honours of the field.

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 Whittle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda*, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whittle'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 Whittle his requiem shrill.

* See Offian's Caric-thura.
Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

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
And trusty Glenriddel, so skil'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,"

* See Johnson's tour to the Hebrides.
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, the 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 ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phoebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a score,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.
Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
hen gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
m'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
id swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did,

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
a longer the warfare; ungodly, would wage;
high ruling elder to wallow in wine! e left the foul business to folks less divine.

The
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpes contend?
Though Fate said,—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phoebus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet is drink:
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!
"But if thou would flourish immortal a rhyme,
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy
"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!"

GLOSSARY.
GLOSSARY.

Vol. II.

R
Glossary.

The cb 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 Scottish language, is marked oo, or ui. The a in genuine Scottish 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 Scottish diphthong ae, always, and ea, very often, sound like the French e masculine. The Scottish diphthong ey, sounds like the Latin ei.

A

Abregh, at a shy distance
Abreed, in breadth
Abread, abroad, in sight
Ae, one
Aft, oft

A, all
Aback, away, aloof
Aboon, above, up

R 2

Asten.
Aften, often
Aff, off; Aff loof, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Agley, off the right line, wrong
Abilins, perhaps
Aits, oats
Airn, iron
Aith, an oath
Ain, own
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Alake, alas
Alane, alone
Amang, among
Amaiff, almoost
An', and, if
Ane, one, an
Ance, once
Anither, another
Artfu', artful
Afe, athes
Afeer, 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
Awa’, away
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded
Awfu’, awful

Akwart, awkward
Ayont, beyond

B
A’, ball
Bawf’nt, having a white stripe down the face
Barket, barked
Barkin, barking
Baith, both,
Bane bone
Bainie, having large bones, flout
Bardie, diminutive of bard
Bauld, bold; Baldly, boldly
Barefit, barefooted
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batts, botts
Bade, endured, did stay
Bang, an effort
Bairn, a child
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood
Baudrons, a cat
Barmie, of, or like barm
Bauk, a cross beam; Baulken’, the end of a beam
Bad, did bid
Baggie, the belly
Balhsfu’, bashful
Backlins comin, coming back, returning

Be,
'et be, to give over, 
safe
a book
or bein', behind 
it
to the s\textit{pence} or par-

, by and by
\emph{add fuel to fire}
dimin. of beast
\emph{ond, a noted moun-
Dumbartonshire
x', belly-full
sit, the grace after
o befall
a brother, a young
n
build; \textit{Biggit}, build-

building, a house
a kind of wooden
a short race
a clever fellow
heap of grain, po-
s, &c.
bull
bufle, to buzz
, the noise of par-
es, &c. when they

is, nick of time
\emph{wealthy, plentiful
bi ld, shelter
blasted
a shrivelled dwarf,
\emph{n of contempt

Blink, a little while, a smil-
ing look; to look kindly,
to shine by fits
Blinker a term of contempt
Blinkin, smirking
Bluid, blood; \textit{Bludy}, bloody
Blather, bladder
Blaw, to blow, boast
Blether, to talk idly; non-
sense
Bleth'ren, talking idly
Blaud, a flat piece of any
thing; to flap
Blate, bafthful, sheepish
Bleezing, blazing
Bleffin, blessing
Bluftt, did bluft
\textit{Blype}, a shred, a large
piece
Bleatin, bleating
Blue-gown, one of those
beggars who get annu-
ally, on the King's birth-
day, a blue cloak or
gown with a badge
Bonnie, or bonny, hand-
some, beautiful
Bonnile, handsomely,
beautifully
Bonnock, a kind of thick
cake of bread
Bother, to pother
Bodle, a small old coin
Boortree, the shrub elder,
planted much of old in
hedges of barn-yards, &c.
Boord, a board

R 3

Botch,
Botch, an angry tumor
Boostr, behaved, must needs
Bowlk, cabbage
Bowl't, bended, crooked
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittenly
Bucked, gushed, vomited
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie, very well, finely, heartily
Breakin, breaking
Brawnies, stout, brawny
Brie, juice, liquid
Brash, a sudden illness
Briftane, brimstone
Breeks, breeches
Brigh, a burgh
Bruist, to burst
Brither, a brother
Braid, broad
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
Brak, broke, made insolvent
Breif, an invulnerable or irresistible spell
Brunt, did burn
Brac, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill
Brachens, fern
Broose, a race at country weedings, who shall first reach the bridegroom
house on returning church
Brattle, a short race, a fury
Brainedge, to run rashly
ward
Brain'dgt, reeled forward
Brisket, the breast, the fom
Breast, did spring forward
Breastie, dimin. of breast
Braik, a kind of harrow
Braxie, a morkin (sheep)
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
Buirdly, stout-made, built
Burn-clock, a horse that flies in summer evenings
Bummin, humming a
Burn, water, a rivulet
Burnie, dimin. of burn
Burnewin, i.e., burn wind, a blacksmith
Busle, a bustle; to bust
But an' ben, the co
kitchen and parlour
Buskit, dressed
Bummie, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
But, without
Bure, did hear
a cow-stable
naef, lunatic, distrac-

G

to call, to name, to
driv
cad, called, driven
en, carressing
cold.
, or canty, chearful,
ry
a wooden drinking
e
a stout old woman
z, gentle, mild, dex-
s
e, dextrously, gently
or caddie, a person,
ng fellow
freh, found
id come.
cannot
n, carrying
ridian, made of can-
des
ard, a small inclosure
aves
a loose heap of stones
on, a caldron
ip, a charm, spell
one, cope stone, key-

Caff, caff
Careerin, cheerfully
Cartes, cards
Cadger, a carrier
Callan, a boy
Chap, a perfon, a fellow, a
blow
Chiel, or cheel, a young
fellow
Chow, to chew; chew for
show, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced
Chantin, chanting
Chanter, a part of a bag-
pipe
Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
Chockin, choking
Chearful, cheerful
Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-
grate
Chimla-lug, the fire side
Checkit, checked
Chittering, shivering, trem-
bling
Clash, an idle tale, the story
of the day
Claw, to scratch
Claise or claes, clothes
Claithe, cloth, claithe, cloathing
Clinkin, jerking, clinkig
Clinkumbell, who rings the
church bell
Clachan, a small village a-
bout a church, a hamlet
Clifhmaclavers, idle conver-
fation

R 4

Cloot,
Clout, the hoof of a cow; sheep, &c.
Cloutie, an old name for the devil.
Clips, sheers
Claut, to clean, to scrape
Clauted, scraped
Clarkit, wro e
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
Cotter, the inhabitant of a cot-house or cottage
Cood, the cud
Cog, a wooden dish
Coggie, dimin. of cog
Cow, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Comaun, command
Cozie, snug; cosily, snugly
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over; a gang
Cowpit, tumbled
Cove, a cave
Cootie, wooden kitchen dish, also those fowls, whose legs are clad with feathers, an said to be cootie
Coof, did cauf
Cowte, a colt
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
Core, corps, party, clan
Couthie, kind, loving
Cookit, appeared and appeared by fits
Coble, a fishing boat
Corn't, fed with oats
Cowrin, cowering
Coaxin, wheeling
COILA, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire, to called, faith tradition, from Coil or Coilus, a Fidhist monarch
Crack, conversation; to converse
Crackin, conversing
Crabbit, crabb'd fretful
Croufe, cheerfully, courageous
Croulfly, cheerfully, courageously
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
Cranks, fretful, captious
Crushin, crushing, crushed
Crab, a crop, to top
Cronie, cronie
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crump, hard and brittle, spoken of bread
Crow,
Cuñhat, the dove or wood pigeon

D

DAFT, merry, giddy, foolish
Daffin, merryment, foolishness
Daurg, or daurk, a day’s labour
Dawd, a large piece
Daud, to thrash, to abuse
Dawtit or dawtret, fondled, carrefled
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
Dancin, dancing
Darklins, darkling
Daur, to dare, daur’t dared
Daplt, dappled
Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen-icker, an ear of corn now an then
Daddie, a father
Dearies, dimin. of dears
Dearthfu’, dear
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deave, to deafen
Devle, a stunning blow
Deleeret, delirious
Deservin, deserving
Delvin, delving
Descriue, to describe
Disrepecket, disrespected

Dizzen,
Dizzen, or dizn, a dozen
Dirl, a slight tremulous
stroke or pain
Ding, to wors't, 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
Dolt, stupified, crazed
Douce or douse, sober, wise, prudent
Doucely, soberly, prudent-
ly
Dorty, faucy, nice
Dow, am or are able, to
can
Downa, am or are not able, cannot
Dought, was or were able
Doleful' doleful
Doure, stout, durable, stub-
born, fallen
Dowie, worn with grief, fa-
tigue, &c.
Don'te, unlucky
Down'd, pithless, wanting
force
Dool, sorrow; to sing dool,
to lament, to mourn
Drap, a drop; to drop
Drapping; dropping
Drumbly, muddy
Drucken, drunken
Drouth, thirst, drought
Drinkin, drinking
Dryin, drying
Dreep, to ooze, to drop
Dreeping, oozing, dropin
Drift, a drove
Drunt, pet, four humour
Dreadfu', dreadful
Drop-rumpl't, that drop at the crupper
Dribble, drizzling, slave
Drummock, meal and wa-
ter mixed raw
Droodum, the breech
Dub, a small pond
Duds, rags, clothes
Duddee, ragged
Dung, worl'ded, pushed, even
Duh, to push as a ram, &c.
Duhth, pushed by a
ox, &c.

E

E the eye, een,
eyes
Eerie, frightened, dreams
spirits
E'erin, evening
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Eldritch, ghastly, fright
En', end
ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH
Eneugh, enough
Enfuin, enfuining
Espec
F

fall, lot; to fall
Fae, a foe,
fu', faithful
trouble, care; to
ubie, to care for
t, troubled
ont, decent, seemly
foam
a cake of bread
a, a fairing, a present
veel, farewell
w, fellow
fault
om't, fathomed
faced
vals, ribbon ends, &c.
en-en, Faitens Even
, did find
l, a fold; to fold
ling, folding
or ferly, to wonder;
wonder, a term of con-
apt
, to fight; fechtin,
ting
, to live comfortably
, feud, enmity
neat, spruce
t, frightened
u', frightful
, to pull by fits

Fetch't, pulled intermit-
tently
Feg, a fig
Feckfu', large, brany, stout
Feckles, puny, weak, silly
Fell kneen, bitting: the flesh
immediately under the
skin; a field pretty level
on the side or top of a
hill
Fient, fiend, a petty oath
Fizz, to make a hissing
noise like fermentation
Fit, a foot
Fittie-lan', the near horse of
the hindmost pair in the
plough
Fier, found, healthy; a bro-
ther, a friend
Fidge, to fidget
Fidgin, fidgeting
File, to make a ruffling
noise, to fidget; a busile
Flatterin', flattering
Fleg, a kick, a random
blow
Flunkie, a servant in livery
Fley, to scare, to frighten
Fley'd, frightened, scared
Flyin, flying
Fleeth, a fleece
Flingin-tree, a piece of tim-
ber hung by way of par-
tition between two horses
in a stable, a stall
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Fliskit, fretted

Flichter,
Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings when their dam approaches
Flictherin, flattering
Flinders, herds, broken pieces
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
Fleechin, supplicating
Flainen, flannel
Fleather, to decoy by fair words
Fleatherin, flattering
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
Forgetheer, to meet, to encounter with
Fou', full, drunk
Foughten, troubled, harrowed
Formin, forming
Forbye, besides
Forfainn, distressed, worn out, jaded
Foord, a ford
Forbears, forefathers
Foamin, foaming
Fow, a bushel, &c.
Forgie, to forgive
Forjecket, jaded with fatigue
Frae, from
Freath, froth
Frienc', friend
Fu', full

Fur, a furrow
Furm, a form, bench
Fud, the scut of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently
Fuff't, did blow
Funnin, full of merriment
Fyle, to soil, to dirty
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied
Fifteen, fifteen
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles

G

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or partly
Gang, to go, to walk
Gash, wife, lascivious, licentious; to converse
Gathin, converging
Gaucy, jolly, large
Gae, to go, gaed, went, gan or gane, gone, gaus, going
Gaet or gate, way, manner, road
Gather, gathering
Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Geordie, a guinea
r, riches, goods of any
nd
bles, great folks
a child, a young one
k, to tos the head in
sthes or scorn
, a pike
to give, Gied, gave,
'en, given
mer, a eeye from one
two years old
if, against
, a periwig
, to grin, to twift the
atures in rage, agony,
c.
ring, grinning,
ey, a young girl
e, dimin. of gill
e, dimin. of gift
ift, a ghost
min, the twilight
uch, a frown; to frown
-gabbet, that speaks
oothly and readily
it, to peep; Glinted,
ped; Glintin, peep-

t, to flare, to look; a
re, a look
rd, looked, flared
ring, flaring
kit, inattentive, foolish
, th rp, ready
zie, glittering, smooth,
ke a glafs
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, fruck.
Grane or grain, a groan;
to groan
Grain'd, groaned
Graining, groaning
Grushie, thick, of thriving
growth
Great, intimate, familiar
Grieve, grieving
Grath, accoutrements, fur-
niture, dres
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunt-
ing noife
Gracefu', graceful
Greet, to shed tears, to
weep
Greetin, crying, weeping
Gree't, agreed
Grannie, a grandmother
Gracein', graceful
Grape, to grope, grapit,
groaped
Grippet, caught, seized
Griap,
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Grumphie, a low
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
Grousome, loathsome, grim
Gruntfane, a grindstone
Grozet, a gooseberry
Grizzle, grizzle
Greatful', 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
Gufty, 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, guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law
Gumlie, muddy

HA', hall
Hae, to have
Hean, had, the particij
Hame, home, Home
homeward
Hamely, homely, ellow
Han' or haun', hand
Haith, a petty oath
Haet, fient haet, a petty of negation, nothing
Haughs, low-lying, lands, valleys
Hah, a lot,
Haud, to hold
Hale, whole, tight, hea
Hap, hop an-lowp, hop and leap
Hap, an outer gar mantle, plaid, &c
Happing, hopping
Haffins, nearly half, p
Hain, to spare, to bain'd, spared
Hawkie, a cow, proper
with a white face
Hal' or hald, an ab
place
Havins, good manners
corum, good senfe
Harkit, harkened
Happer, a hopper
Hag, a scar or gulf in fes and moors
erel, a half-witted per-
n; half-witted
ft, harvest
rl, to drag, to peel
clin, peeling
it, hastened
an', a particular parti-
on wall in a cottage
bible, the great bible
at lies in the hall
st, the temple, the side
the head
gis, a kind of pudding
bled in the stomach of
cow or sheep
1! Oh! Strange
he, hoarse
hot
el, herself
in, a herring
y, to plunder, most pro-
early to plunder birds
yment, plundering, de-
silation
gh, a crag, a coal-pit
ze, to elevate, to raise
ther, heath
it, to foretell something
at is to be got or gi-
g; foretold; the thing
retold
pit, peaped
1, to tend flocks; one
no tends flocks
some, healthful, whole-
m.
't, hear it
Helim, the rudder or helm
Himself, himself
Hizzie, hussy, a young girl
Hirple, to walk crazily, to
creep; Hirplin, creeping
Hing, to hang
Hitch, a loop, a knot
Hilch, to hobble, to halt
Hilchin, halting
Hissle, dry, chaplet, barren
Hissel, so many cattle as one
person can attend
Howk, to dig; Howkit, dig-
ged, Howkin, digging
Howdie, a midwife
Hoddin, the motion of a
fage country man riding
on a cart horse
Hornie, one of the many
names of the devil
Houghmagandie, fornic-
ation
Howe, hollow; a hollow,
or dell
Howe-backit, sunk in the
back, spoken of a horse,
&c.
Hove, to heave, swell
Hoy'd, heaved, swelled
Hoyse, a pull upwards
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
Hoordet, hoarded
Hooch, slowly, leisurely;
Hooche! take leisure!
stop!
Hoist, or hoist, to cough;
Hoistin, coughing
Hog-
Hog-score, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the rink
Hoy, to urge; Hoy't, urged
Hool, outer skin or case
Hoyte, to amble crazily
Housie, dimin. of house
Horn, a spoon made of horn
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play by jousting with the shoulder; to juttle
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh

I

I'er-oë, a great grandchild
Icker, an ear of corn
Ilk or ilka, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Indentin, indenting
Ingle, fire, fire place
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
I'le, 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, to trifle
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out, to spurt, to jerk at 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
Jo'teleg, a kind of knife
Jokin, joking
Joyfu', joyful
Jundie, to juttle

Jumpit,
Jumpit, did jump
Jumpin, jumping

K

KAE, a daw
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer
Kail, colewort, a kind of broth
Kail-runt, the stem of the colewort
Kebbuck, a cheese
Ken, to know, bend 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
Kirl, the harvest supper, a churn; to churn
Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for foup, 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
Kiuttle, to cuddle
Kiuilin, cuddling
Kiangh, carking anxiety
Kirfen, to christen
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip
Kilt, chest, a shop counter
Knagge, like knags or points of rocks
Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones
Knawe, a small round hilllock
Kye, cows
Kythe, to discover, to show one's self
KYLE, a district of Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly

LAN, land, estate
Lang, long, to think
Lap, did leap
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
Layerock, the lark
Lambie, dimin. of lamb
Laughin, laughing

Vol. II.
Lawfu' lawful
Lapfu', lapful
Laigh, low
Lane, lone, my lane, thy lane,
&c. myself alone, &c.
y'self alone, &c.
Lanely; lonely
Lawlan, Lowland; Lallans,
Scottish dialect
Laggen, the angle between
the side and bottom of a
wooden dish
Lave, the rest; the remainder, the others
Laith, loath
Laithfu', bathful, sheepith,
Lairing, wading, and sinking
in snow, mud, &c.
Ladder; ainm, of lad
Lee-lang, live long
Leuk, look, to look
Leeze me, a phrase of con-
gratulatory endearment
Lear, pronounce lare, learning
Lea'e, to leave
Leifer, a three pronged
dart for striking fish
Leugh, did laugh
Leal, loyal, true, faithful
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at
Limmer, a kept mistress; a
trumpet
Livin, living

Link, to trip along
Linkin, tripping
Limp't, limp'd, hobbing
Linn, a water-fall
Lint, flax, lint is't in
flax in floor
Lilt, a ballad, a twangling
Lintwhite, a linnet
Loan, the place of m
Loof, the palm of the
Looves, plural of loo
Lowe, a flame
Lowin, flaming
Lowse, to loose
Low'd, loosed
Loot, did let
Loun, a fellow, a rawfin, a woman of
flame
Lowrie, abbreviation
Lug, the ear, a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, a small wood
with a handle
Lunt, a column of fire
Smoke
Luntin, smoking
Lunch, a large pit
cheese, flesh, &c.
Lum, the chimney
Lyrt, of a mixed grey
M

A.E. more
Maɪst, moɪst, almᴏst
ly, moɪly
mɪst
more
to make; mɑɪn, mɑɪng
um, mɛlɪn, mixed
n
gele, a mantle
to mow; mawɪn, wing
in, a hare
t, Molly
year, the Rebellion
D. 1715
marks, tɪs ɪnd ʃeʃer nouns, ʃɪβ, ɪn ʃiʃ, rɐɪk巨人 tʊ the plural, ɑre ɪn
like the wound sheep,
the same in both ռʊm-

to ɻɑɪn, ɻɑɪn, c+c, ɻɪn pɪt, a tea-pot
among
the thrush
to meddle
to amend
a small dog
to foil with meal
good manners, deco-
Mensfolk, ɪlɻ-brɛd, rude,
impudɛnt
Melancholɪəʊs, mʊnəʊfʊl
Meer, a mare
Mɪther, a mother
Mixtɛ-ˈmɑɪtɛ, ɛnʃʊltɛl
mixed
Mɪm, prim, əfɛktɛdly,
meek
Mɪndfu’, mindful
Mɪʃlɛrd, ɪmʃɪɛvʊs, un-
mannerly
Mɪʃɑ’, to abuse, to call
names
Mɪʃɑ’d, abused
Min’, mind, remembrance
Mind’t, mind it, resolved,
intending
Mɪddin, a dunghill
Mɪddin-hole, a gutter at
the bottom of the dung-
hill
Mɪnnɪe, mother, dam
Mɪʃtɛʊk, mɪʃtʊk
Mɒrn, the next day, to-mor-
row
Moundwort, a mole
Mɒnɪ, ɔr monɪ, many
Mʊɪlfɪfɪ, to moɪʃen
Mʊrnɪfʊ’, mʊrnfʊl
Mʊɒp, to nibble as a ʃeɛp
Mʊttɪ, full of motes
Mou, the mouth
Mʊʃɪ, dimɪn. of mouse

Moorlan,
Moorlan, of or belonging to moors
Muckle or mickle, great, big, much
Mutchkin, an English pint
Mußlin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley and greens
Mufle, dimin. of muse
Myself, myself

N

A, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not, any
Nane, none
Naething, or naething, nothing
Naig, a horse
Neebor, a neighbour
Needfu', needful
Negleckt, neglected
Neuk, nook
Niest, next
Niveau, the silt
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

O

O', of
Observin, observing
Ony, or onie, any
Or, is often used for ever before
O't, of it
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
Outler, not housed
Owre, over, too,
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with a hammer over the arm

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; twelves fancies of wool
Painch, paunch
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish
Pang, to cram
Paukie, cunning, fly
Paughty, proud, haughty
Partrick, a partridge
put; a pot
ad, beat
pettle, a plough-

fetch the breath
as in an asbma
the orop, the flo-

cherish; a plough-

omesticated sheep,

eeing
e, penively
fair speeches, flat-
to flatter
flattery

rt
n, uneasiness
small quantity
min. of plate
old Scotch coin
pennyle

trick
pleugh, a plow
id plump

public proclama-

poverty
or pouther, pow-

y, like powder
pluck
ull

d pull
hare or cat

Pownie, a little horse
Pow, the head, the skull
Pout, a poult, a chicken
Prayin, praying
Pridefu', proud, saucy
Proveles, provoils
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
Priggin, cheapening
Pryin, prying
Prief, proof
Prent, printing
Propone, to lay down, to
propole
Primfie, demure, poise
Prie, to taste
Prie'd, tasted
Preen, a pin
Pund, pound, pounds
Puddin, pudding
Pyle, a pyle o' cafl, a single
grain of chaff

Q,

QUAT, to quitt
Quak, to quake
Quakin, quaking
Quey, a cow from one year
to two years old

R

RAM-feezl'd, fatigued,
overspread
Rantin, ranting
Ramblin,
Ramblin, rambling
Rattlin, rattling
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless
Raw, a row
Rabile, to rattle nonsense
Rair, to roar; rair't, roaring
Rax, to stretch
Rash, a ruth; rash busb, a buss of rushes
Ram-ram, forward, thoughtful
Rarely, excellent, very well
Ragweed, the plant ragwort
Ratton, a rat
Raught, reached
Raize, to madden, to inflame
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
Rest, to stand restive
Restit, stood restive, shunt-ed, withered
Requite, requitted
Restrickled, restricted
Reck, to heed
Rede, counsel, to counsel
Refus't, refused

Rin, to run, to melt; run running
Ridin, riding
Rip, a handful of unthresh corn, &c.
Rink, the course of th stones, a term in curling
Riskit, made a noise like tearing of roots
Rig, a ridge
Rowte, to low, to bellow
Rowtin, lowing
Rowth, plenty
Roupet, hoarse as with cold
Row, to roll, to wrap
Row't, rolled, wrapped
Roamin, roaming
Rood stands likewise for t plural roods
Roun', round, in the circ of neighbourhood
Roofe, to praise, to commend
Rozet, rofin
Roon, a shred
Rung, a cudgel
Runkl'd, wrinkled
Runt, the stem of cole or cabbage
Rafflin, rustling
Rhymin, rhyming
Sconner, a loftying; to lothe
Scraich, to scream as a hen, 
partridge, &c.
Scraichin, screaming
Sel, self; a body's sel, one's 
sel alone
Sets, sets of, goes away 
See'd, did see
Settin, settling; to get a 
settlin, to be frightened in-
to quietness
Sell't, did sell
Seizin, seizing
Servan', servant
Sen', to send; sen't send it 
Shaw, to shew; 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 humourous wag, 
a barber
Shog, a shock
Sheen, bright, shining

S 4
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, "the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A.D. 1715
Shool, a shovel
Shaird, a shred, a shard
Shill, thrill
Si, feuch
Simmer, summer
Siller, silver, money
Sittin, sitting
Sin', since
Sin, a son
Sicker, sure, steady
Sinfu', sinful
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
Sinkin, sinking
Skreigh, a scream; to scream
Skiath, to damage, to injure, injury
Sklen'nt, flant; to run at, to deviate from truth
Sklented, ran or hit in an oblique direction
Sklentin, flanting
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding
Skiegh, proud, nice, high-mettled
Skirl, to skrick, to cry shrilly
Skirld, shrieked
Skirling, shrieked
Skirkling, shrieking, crying
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
Skelpin', flappin', walking smartly
Slaw, slow
Slae, sloe
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence
Slade, did slide
Slee, fly; fleece, flyest
Slype, to fall over, as a furrow from the plough
Slypet, fell
Sleekit, sleek
Sliddery, slippery
Sma', small
Smiddy, smithy
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Smoor, to smother; smoord, smothered
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, senfe
Snae, snow; to snow
Snawie, snowie
Snae-broo, melted snow
Snahe, abuse, Billingsgate
Sneeshin, snuff; snuffing-mill, snuff-box
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, borse, &c.
Snowkit, scented, sniffed
Snick,
Snick, drawing, trick-contriving
Snick, the latchet of a door
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak
Snoov'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
Sonsoie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly
Sowther, folder; to folder, to cement
Souple, flexible, swift
Soom, to swim
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid
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' wisps, or ignis fatu-us
Sportin, sporting
Spak, did speak
Springin, springing
Speel, climb
Splanchan, a tobacco-pouch
Speat, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw
Spairge, to dash, to foil as with mirr
Spitefu', spiteful
Spence, the country parlour
Spae, to prophesy, to divine
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes
Sprittie, full of spirits
Sprattle, to scramble
Sparin, sparing
Spaviet, having the spavin
Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noife
Slpatter, a splutter; to sputter
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish 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 pifs
Stroan't, spouted, piffed
Stents,
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
Steek, to shut; a stitch
Steck, to cram the belly
Stecken, cramming
Startle, to run as cattle flung by the gadfly
Steer, to molest, to stir
Sture, 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; striaik, stroked
Stampin, stamping
Stacher, to stagger
Stap, stop
Strae, straw; to die a fair-streath, to die in bed
Strack, did strike
Statk, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Streek, stretched, to stretch; streekit, stretched
Staumrel, halfwitted
Stoure, duft, more particularly duft in motion
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
Stot, an ox
Stoor, founding 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
Stowlins, by stealth
Stuff, corn, or pulse of any kind
Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper, in harvest, who takes the lead
Strunt, spiritous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily
Staggie, dimin. of stag
Steeve, firm, compacted
Stank, a pool of standing water
Stark, stout
Stey, steep; styeist, steepest
Sten, to rear as a horse
Stent, 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, dimin. of stump
Striddle, to straddle

Stick
Stick an' slow, totally, altogether
Sucker, sugar
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water
Suthron, souther, 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, flately, jolly
Swankie or swarder, a tight strapping young fellow or girl
Swatch, a sample
Swath! get away
Swinge, to beat, to whip
Swingein, beaten, whipping
Swaard, sward
Swait, did sweat
Swervin, swerving
Swoor, swore, did swear
Swall'd, swelled
Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse
Sweaten, sweating
Syne, since ago, then

T

TAE, a toe; three tae'd, having three prongs
Tauted, or tautie, matted together, spoken of hair or wool
Tak, to take; takin, taking
Tangle, a sea weed
Tauld, or tald, told
Tarrow, to murmer at one's allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Talkin, talking
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled, spoken of a borse, cow, &c.
Tap, the top
Taurie, a foolish, thoughtless young person
Tapetlefs, heedles, foolish
Tarry-brecks, a sailor
Tent, a field pulpit, head, caution; to take heed
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentlefs, heedless
Teugh, tough; toughly
Teat, a small quantity
Tearfu', tearful

Ten
Ten hours bite, a flight feed
to the horses while in the
yoke in the forenoon
Thack, thatch; *thack an' 
*rape, clothing, necessaries
Thrang, throng, a crowd
Thegither, together
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thole, to suffer, to endure
Thae, these
Thistle, thistle
Throuther, pell-mell, con-
fusedly
Thinkin, thinking
Thumpit, thumped
Thumpin, thumping
Thievelefs, cold, dry, spited,
spoken of a person's de-
meanour.
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
Thankit, thanked
Through, to go on with, to
make out
Threthin, thrashing
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
strings
Themsel, themselves
Thyfel, thyself
Thud, to make a loud, in-
termittent, noise
Thraw, to sprain, to twit,
to contradict
Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
contradicted
Thrawin, twitting, &c.
Thirteen, thirteen

Thankfu' thankful
Thirl, to thrill
Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
Thowless, slack, lazy
Threap, to maintain by dint
of assertion
Thir, these
Tither, the other
Timmer, timber; *timber-
propt, propped with tim-
ber
Till't, to it
Tinklet, a tinker
Tine, to lose; *tint, lost
Tippence, two pence
Tittle, to whisper
Tittlin, whispering
Tirl, to make a slight noise,
to uncover
Tirlin, uncovering,
Tip, a ram
Towzie, rough, flaggy
Toom, empty
Tout, the blast of a horn or
trumpet; to blow a horn,
&c.
Tow, a rop
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,
Towmond, a twelvemonth
Toy, a very old fashion of female head dress
Traihtrie, trash
Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Tryin, trying
Trow, to believe
Transmugrify’d, transmigrated, metamorphosed
Trig, spruce, neat
Trimly, excellently
Trottin, trotting
Trickie, full of tricks
Try’t, tried
Tuneful, 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; Twalpennie-worth, a small quantity, a penny-worth
Twin, to part
’Twad, it would
Tyke, a dog

Undoin, undoing
Unkith’d, undamaged, unhurt
Uncaring, disregarding
Unkenn’d, unknown
Upo’, upon

V

VAP’RIN, vapouring
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a column, &c.

W

W A’, wall; Wa’, walls
Wae, woe; sorrowful
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
Wadna, would not
Waftrie, prodigality
Warl, or warld, world
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth
Wark, work
Wark-lume, a tool to work with
Warkst, worst
Wale, choice; to chuse
Wald, chose, chosen
Wame, the belly; wamefou’ a bellyfull

Warran,
Warrant, a warrant; to warrant
Wabster, a weaver,
Waukin, to awake
Waeiucks! or waes me!
    alas! O the pity
Waur, worse; to worst
Waur't worsted
Warlock, a wizzard
Warfl'd or warfl'd, wrestled
Warnerestful', restless
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know
Wanchorance, unlucky
Water-brofe, brofe made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloths
Wauble, to swing, to reel
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wair to lay out, to expend
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress
Waft, the woof
Waifu', wailing
Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a small matter
Weel, well; weelfare, welfare
Wean or weanie, a child
Weasom, weasand
We'fe, we shall
Wearie, or weary; moose a wearie body, many a different person
Weet, rain, witness
Wha, who
Whafe, whose
Whare, where; whar's, wherever
Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Whistle, a whistle, to whistle
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; penny wheep, small beer
Whun-stane, a whin-stone
Whirlygigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets
Whift! silence! to hold one's whist, to be silent
Whazle, to wheeze
Whift, to sweep, to lash
Whiskit, lashed
Whid, the motion of a hare runnig but not frighted, a lie
Whiddin, running as a hare or coney
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
Whatreck, nevertheless
Whalpit, whelped
Wi', with
wind; wind's, winds
able, to meander
al't, meandered
alin, waving, mean-
ing
a, will not
ock, a window
in, winking
, to strike a stone in
oblique direction, a
in curling
button, without
to wind, to winnow
, winded, as a bottom
worn
ae, a staggering mo-
; to stagger, to reel
an oath
a small whirlpool
, a diminutive or en-
ing term for wife
nd, hide bound, dry-
hunk
to wish
ome, gay, hearty,
anted
ul, woeful
ner, a wonder, a con-
spicious appellation
derful, wonderful, won-
fully
, wool
er-bab, the garter knot-
below the knee with
ouple of loops
et, worsted
ly, worthy

Wrack, to tease, to vex
Wrang, wrong; to wrong
Wreath, a drifted heap of
snow
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost;
an apparition exactly like
a living person, whose ap-
pearance is said to forbid
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
sing. and plur. years
Yell, barren, that gives no
milk
Yerk, to lash, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, lashed
Yestreen, yesternight
Yealings, born in the same
year, coevals
Ye, this pronoun is frequent-
ly used for Thou
Yill, ale
Yird, earth
Yourself, yourself
Yont, beyond
Youthful, youthful
Yokin, yoking, a bout
Yowe, a ewe
Yowie, dimin. of yowe
Yule, Christmas