Vol I only

BODLEIAN LIBRARY

The gift of

Miss Emma F. I. Dunston
Anne Brown
The gift of her dearest friend, Miss B.
December 1997
POEMS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

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

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL jun. AND W. DAVIES, LONDON;
AND WILLIAM GREECH, EDINBURGH.

MDCC XCVII.
DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH Bard, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service, where shall he so properly look for patronage as to the illustrious names of his native Land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Ge-

Vol. I.
nius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Eliaj did Elisa—at the Plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal Soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired.—She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Song's under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so backneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it.—Nor do I present this Address with the usual soul of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I came to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious...
ous Countrymen; and to tell the world that I glory in the title.—I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that, from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty.—In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social joy await your return! When barred in courts or camps with the jumblings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May corruption shrink at your kindling, indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler,
Ruler, and licentiousness in the People, equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be,

With the sincerest gratitude and highest respect,

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, 7
April 4. 1787.
## CONTENTS

**VOL. I.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Twadogs. A Tale</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scotch Drink</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Representatives in the House of Commons</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Holy Fair</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death and Dr Hornbook</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Brigs of Ayr</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ordination</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Calf</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address to the Deil</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Death and Dying words of Poor Maillie</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Maillie's Elegy</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To J. S****</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Dream</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Vision</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righ-[teous</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tam</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tam Samson's Elegy</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Halloween</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning's Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Mouse</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Winter Night</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle to Davie, A Brother Poet</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lament</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Despondency. An Ode</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter. A Dirge</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**V O L. II.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Cottar's Saturday Night</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man was made to mourn. An Elegy</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer in the prospect of Death</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanzas on the same occasion</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Verfes left at a Friend's House</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Psalm</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Prayer</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The First Six Verfes of the Ninetieth Psalm</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Mountain Daisy</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Ruin</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Miss L——, with Beattie's poems for a New-year's Gift</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle to a Young Friend</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Haggis</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Dedication to G***** H******, Esq.</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To a Loufe, on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Address to Edinburgh</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle to J. L***** an old Scotch Bard</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To the same</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle to W. S***** Ochiltree</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epistle to J. R***** inclosing some poems</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Barleycorn. A Ballad</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Fragment, 'When Guildford good our pilot stood,'</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'It was upon a Lammas-night,'</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'Now Westlin winds and slaughtering guns,'</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'Behind you hills where Stinchar flows,'</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green grow the Rashes. A Fragment</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'Again rejoicing Nature sees,'</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,'</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'From thee, Eliza, I must go,'</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Farewell. To the Brethren of St James's Lodge, Tarbolton</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song, 'No churchman am I for to rail and to write,'</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Written in Friar's Carle Hermitage</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ode</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ode to the memory of Mrs —— of —— 164
Elegy on Captain M—— H—— 168
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots 177
To R*** G*** of F***, Esq; 181
Lament for James Earl of Glencairn 188
Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford with the foregoing 194
Tam O' Shanter. A Tale 195
On seeing a wounded hare a fellow had shot at 209
Address to the Shade of Thomson 211
Epitaph on a celebrated Ruling Elder 213
—— on a Noisy Polemic ibid.
—— on Wee Johnnie 214
—— For the Author's Father ibid.
—— For R. A. Esq; 215
—— For G. H. Esq; 216
A Bard's Epitaph ibid.
On Captain Grose's Peregrinations 219
On Miss C****** 224
On the Death of J—— M'L—— 227
Humble Petition of Bruar Water 229
On scaring some water-foul 235
Written at the Inn at Taymouth 238
—— at the Fall of Fyers 241
On the Birth of a Posthumous Child 243
The Whistle 245
The Glossary 257
'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa' dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.
The first I'll name, they ca'd him Ga'far,
Was keepit for his Honor's pleasure:
His hair, his fize, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar:
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour careassin,
Ev'n wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin:
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er fae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

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

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

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;

* Cuchullin's dog in *Ossian's Fingal.*

* Fingal: a figure from Scottish mythology.
Whyles f’cour’d awa in lang excursion,
An’ worry’d ither in diversion;
Until wi’ daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down;
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o’ the creation.

Caesar.

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

Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a’ his fents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca’s his coach; he ca’s his horse;
He draws a bonie lilken pursé,

As
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the fteeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are ftechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and ficklike trafhtrie,
That's little short o' downright waftrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in à' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't en-
ough;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,

A 3

Wi'
Wi' dirty stanies biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sicklike,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smyrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

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

CAESAR.

But then to see how ye're negleekit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!

L—d,
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an’ fic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

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

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

A 4

LUATH.
LUATH.

They're nae fae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink;
They're fae accustom'd wi' the fight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

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

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

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;

They
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
(10)

The cantie auld folks, crackin crowse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been fae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest fawson't folk,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faister
In favour wi' some gentle Master,
Wha, ablins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his faul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
*For Britain's guid!* guid faith! I doubt it.

Say
Say rather, gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him;
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
To mak a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by *Madrid* he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential forrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

*For*
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUA TH.

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

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

But
But will ye tell me, Master Caifor,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Tho' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae fair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the plough,
His acre's till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' even their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then fowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;

2

But
But hear their absent thoughts o’ ither,
They’re a’ run deils an’ jads thegither.
Whyles, o’er the wee bit cup an’ platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi’ crabbit leuks,
Pore owre the devil’s pictur’d beulks;
Stake on a chance a farmer’s stackyard,
An’ cheat like onie unhang’d blackguard.

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

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

SCOTCH
SCOTCH DRINK.

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

Solomon's Proverbs, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vins, an' wines, an' drunken Bacchus,
An' crabby names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice. Scots bear can mak us,
In glass or jug.

0
O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch Drink!
Whether thro' wimming worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream o'er the brink,
    In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I lisp and wink,
    To sing thy name!

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

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In fouple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
    Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
    There thou shines chief.

*Vol. I.*

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

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

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

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

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reekin on a New-year morning
    In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap sp'r'ital burn in,
    An' guftyucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
    'I' th' lugget caup!
Then Burnewin comes on like death
    At ev'ry chaup.
B 2
Nae
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, bainie, ploughman chiel,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
   The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
   Wi' din'some clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies flight;
   Wae worth the name!
Nae howdie gets a social night,
   Or plack frae them.

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

Alake!
( 21 )

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

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' braish!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, drunken hash,
O' half his days;
An' fends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

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

B 3  May
May gravels round his blather wrench,
An' gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his grumble wi' a glunch
O' four disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whisky punch
Wi' honest men,

O whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a---s!

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

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

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

B 4. THE
THE AUTHOR'S
EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER*

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

PARODY ON MILTON.

Y E Irish Lords, ye Knights an' Squires,
Wha represent our brughs an' shires,
An' doucely manage our affairs
In parliament,

To

* This was wrote before the Act anent the Scotch Distilleries, of session 1786; for which Scotland and the Author return their most grateful thanks.
To you a simple Poet's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas! my roupet Mufe is hearfe!
Your Honors heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her fittin on her a—
Low i' the duft,
An' scriechin out prokaic verse,
An' like to bruft!

Tell them wha hae the chief direc7ion,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
E'er fin' they laid that curft restriction
On Aquavitae;
An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity.

Stand forth, an' tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell
Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
    His servants humble:
The muckle devil blaw ye south,
    If ye dissemble!

Does ony great man glunch an' gloom;
Speak out, an' never fash your thumb!
Let pofts an' pensions fink or loom
    Wi' them wha grant 'em:
If honestly they canna come,
    Far better want 'em.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
    An' hum an' haw;
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
    Before them a'.
Paint Scotland greeting owre her thrissle;
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle;
An' d-mn'd Excisemen in a busle,
Seizin a Stell,
Triumphant crash'n't like a muffel
Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
A blackguard Smugler right behint her,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Colleaguing join,
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter
Qf a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in staves,
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat
By gallows knaves?

Alas!
Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trode i' the mire out o' fight!
But could I like Montgomeries fight,
Or gab like Boswell,
There's some fark-neeks I wad draw tight,
An' tie some hose well.

God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
An' no get warmly to your feet,
     An' gar them hear it,
An' tell them wi' a patriot-heat,
     Ye winna bear it!

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period an' pause,
An' wi' rhetoric clause on clause
     To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
     Auld Scotland's wrangs.
     Dempster,
Dempster, a true blue Scot I've warrant;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerrian;
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
       The Laird o' Graham;
An' ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfernran,
       Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay;
An' Livingstone, the hault Sir Willie;
       An' monie ither,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
       Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys! exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettie;
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
       Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a reekin whittle,
       Anither sang.

This
This while she's been in crankous mood,
Her *lilk* Militia fir'd her bluid;
(Deil na they never mair do guid,
    Play'd her that pliskie!)
An' now she's like to rin red-wud
    About her Whisky.

An' L—d, if ance they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
An' durk an' pistol at her belt,
    She'll tak the streets,
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,
    I' the first she meets!

For G-d sake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,
An' to the muckle house repair,
    Wi' instant speed,
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit and Lear,
    To get remead.

Yon
( 31 )

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

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

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Mauchline, where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of gude auld Scotch Drink.
He need na fear their foul reproach:
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

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

An' now, ye chosen Five-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a Minister grow dory,
An' kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,
Before his face.

God
( 33 )

God bless your Honors a' your days,
Wi' fowps o' kail and brats o' claife,
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes

That haunt St Jamie's!

Your humble Poet sings an' prays

While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,

But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys

Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms and Beauty charms!
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,

The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
   In hungry droves.

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

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

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease
   him;
   Death
( 35 )

Death comes, wi' fearless eye hesees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
    An' when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'ees him
    In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may fleek,
    An' raise a philosophic reek,
An' physically causes seek,
    In clime and season;
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
    I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye fit, on craps o' heather,
    Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
    Tak aff your dram!

C 2       THE
THE HOLY FAIR*

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

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,

* Holy Fair is a common phrase in the West of Scotland for a sacramental occasion.
I walked forth to view the corn,
    An' snuff the caller air,
The rising sun owre Galston muirs,
    Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin' down the furs,
    The lav'rocks they were chantin
        Fu' fweet that day.

II.

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

The twa appear'd like sisters twin,

In feature, form an' claes!

Their visage, wither'd, lang an' thin,

An' four as ony flaes:

The third cam up, hap-step-an'-lowp,

As light as ony lambie,

An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,

As soon as e'er she saw me,

Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, ' Sweet lass,

' I think ye seem to ken me;

' I'm sure I've seen that bonnie face,

' But yet I canna name ye.'

Quo' she, an' laughin as she spak,

An' taks me by the hands,

Ye,
Ye, for my sake, hae gi'en the feck
Of a' the ten commands
A screed some day.

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

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

VII.

Here farmers gash, in ridin graith
   Gaed hoddin by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith
   Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, skelpin barefit, thrang,
   In filks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang,
   An' farls bak'd wi' butter
        Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

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

XI.

O happy is that man an' blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear laff, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin' down beside him!
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him;

Which,
Which, by degrees, flips round her neck,
   An's loof upon her bosom
   Unkend that day.

XII.

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

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' faith
   Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
   He's stampin, an' he's jumpin!

3  His
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch squeel and gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
    On sic a day!

XIV.

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

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
    Of moral pow'rs and reason?
    His
His English style, an' gesture fine,
    Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
    Or some auld pagan Heathen,
The moral man he does define,
    But ne'er a word o' faith in
      That's right that day.

XVI.

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

XVII.

* A street so called, which faces the tent in ———.
( 46 )

XVII.

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

XVIII.

Now butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
An' there the pint-fowp clatters;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' Logic, an' wi' scripture,

They
( 47 )

They raise a din, that, in the end,
   Is like to breed a rupture
   O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
   Than either School or College:
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lair,
   It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
   Or ony strogger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
   To kittle up our notion,
   By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
   To mind baith faul an' body,
Sit round the table, weel content,
   An' steer about the toddy.

On
On this ane's drees, an' that ane's leuk,
    They're making observations;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
    An' formin' assignations
          To meet some day.

XXI.

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

XXII.

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.
XXII.

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

XXIII,

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
   How monie stories past,
An' how they crowded to the yill,
   When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
   Amang the furms an' benches;
(50)

An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
   Was dealt about in lunches,
   An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

Waesucks! for him that gets nae lafs,
   Or lasses that hae naething!
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
   Or melvie his braw claithing!
( 51 )

O Wives be mindful, ansee yourself
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day!

XXVI.

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

For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts
O' Sinners and o' Lasses!

D 2 Their
Their hearts o' ftane gin night are gane,
As fast as ony flesh is.
There's some are fou o' love divine;
There's some are fou o' brandy;
An' monie jobs that day begin,
May end in Houghmagandie

Some ither day.

DEATH
DEATH
AND
DOCTOR HORNBOOK,
A
TRUE STORY.

SOME books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
   And nail't wi' Scripture.
But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h−ll
   Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
   'S a muckle pity.

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

The rising Moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
   I fet mysel;
   But
(55)

But whether she had three or four,
     I cou'd na tell.

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

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

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
8

For
For sient a wame it had ava;
    And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sna'
    As cheeks o' branks.

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

It spak right howe,—'My name is Death,
'But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
'Ye're maybe come to flap my breath;
    But tent me billie;
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
    See there's a gully!'
    'Gudeman,'
'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
'I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
'But if I did, I wad be kittle
'   To be mislear'd,
'I wad na mind it, no that spittle
'   Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
'Come, gies your hand, an' fae we're gree't;
'We'll eafe our thanks an' tak a seat,
'   Come, gies your news;
'This while* ye hae been mony a gate,
'   At mony a house,

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
'Sin I began to nick the thread,
'   An' choke the breath:

Folk

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.
'Folk maun do something for their bread,
   'An' fae maun Death.

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

'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
'He's grown fae weel acquaint wi' Buchan †
   'An' ither chaps,

* This gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is, professionally,
a brother of the sovereign Order of the Ferula; but,
by intuition and inspiration, is at once an Apothecary,
Surgeon, and Physician.
† Buchan's Domestic Medicine.
The weans haund out their fingers laughin,
  And pouk my hips.

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

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

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

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

Ev'n them he canna get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Juft —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
  As soon's he smells't,
Baalth their disea'se, and what will mend it,
  At once he tells't.

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

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

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

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

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

Whare I kill’d ane a fair fræe death,
By los’s o’ blood or want of breath,
This night I’m free to tak my aith,
   ‘That Hornbook’s skill
   ‘Has

* The grave-digger.
Has clad a score i' their last clath,
    'By drap an' pill.

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

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

A bonie lass, ye kend her name,
'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;
      'She
She trusts herself to hide the shame;
In Hornbook's care;

Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;

Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt:

But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
As dead's a herrin:

Nieft time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin'!
But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
    Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
    And fae did Death.
THE

BRIGS OF AYR,

A

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B*********, Esq. AYR.

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;

The
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurt in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely fings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.

Still
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When B******** befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive wax-en piles,

Are
(69)

Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
While thick the goffamour waves wanton in the rays.

Twas
'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward rout,
And down by Simpson's * wheel'd the left
about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy Dungeon-clock † had number'd
two,
And Wallace Tow'r † had sworn the fact was
true:
The

* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.
† The two steeples.
The tide-swollen Firth, with fullen founding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam, Crept gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

When, lo! on either hand the lift'ning Bard, The clanging fugh of whistling wings is heard; Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, Swift as the Gos * drives on the wheeling hare; Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears, The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:

* The goshawk, or falcon.
Our warlock Ryder instantly descried
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.
(That Bards are second-fightid is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the spiritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them).
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.

Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had war'tl'd lang,
Yet toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was b'olkit in a braw new coat,
That he, at London, frae ane Adams, got;
In's hand five taper flaves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virils and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was fa'kling round with anxious fear
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'ee,  
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!  
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,  
He, down the water, gies him this guideen—

**AULD BRIG.**

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,  
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank!  
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,  
Tho' faith that day I doubt, ye'll never see;  
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,  
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.
NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but shew your little sense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream*,
Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.
AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm fair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal* draws his feeble source,
Arous'd

* The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland, where those fancy scaring beings, known by the name of Ghais, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an’ spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down the sna-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an’ mills, an’ brigs, a’ to the gate;
And from Glenbuck *, down to the Ratton-Key †,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen’d, tumbling sea;
Then down ye’ll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture’s noble art is lost!

* The source of the river of Ayr.
† A small landing place above the large key.
Fine Architecture, 'trowth, I needs must say't o't!
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghast-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices;
O'er-arching mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors, in nameless sculptures drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.

Mansions
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or Cuifs of latter times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Provesses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly Brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gae your burdens to the smilers;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base degenerate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story!

Nae
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gen-
try,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Bar-
bars,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d——d
new Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've faid
enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
As for your Priesthood, I shall fay but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:

To
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wags-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seifs.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense, for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
What fartherclishmaclaver might been
said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to
shed,
No man can tell; but all before their fight:
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they fealty
danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dress'des
glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul ennobling Bards heroic ditties
fung.
O had *M'Lauchlan*\(^*\), thairm-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear *Strathspeys* they bore with Highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;

\[ F 2 \quad \text{Harmonious} \]

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow.

Next
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.
K********* Wabsters fidge an' claw,
An' pour your creeshie nations;
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Of a' denominations;
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a',
An' there tak up your stations;

Then
Then aff to B—gb—'s in a row,
An' pour divine libations
For joy this day.

II.

Curst Common-sense, that lap o' h—ll,
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder*;
But O***** aft made her yell,
An' R***** fair misca'd her;
This day M****** taks the flail,
An' he's the boy will blaud her!
He'll clap a sbangan on her tail,
An' set the bairns to daud her
Wi' dirt this day,

III.

* Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on
the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr
—— to the Laigh Kirk.
III.

Mak haste an' turn king David owre
An' lilt wi' holy clangor;
O' double verse come gie us four,
An' skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her,
For Herefy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day.

IV.

Come, let a proper text be read,
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham* leugh at his Dad,
Which made Canaan a niger;

* Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 22.
Or *Phineas* * drove the murdering blade,
  *Wi’ wh-re-abhorrning rigour ;
Or *Zipporah* †, the *scauldin jad,*
  *Was like a bluidy tiger*
    *I’ th’ inn that day.*

V.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
  And bind him down *wi’ caution,*
That *Stipend* is a carnal weed
  *He taks but for the fashion ;*
And gie him o’er the flock, to feed,
  *And punish each transgression ;*
*Especial, rams* that cross the breed,*
  *Gie them sufficient threshin,*
    *Spare them nae day.*

VI.

* Numbers, ch. xxv. ver. 8.*
† Exodus, ch. iv. ver. 25.
VI.

Now auld K******** cock thy tail,
   And tos thy horns fu' canty;
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,
   Because thy pasture's scanty;
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
   Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
An' runts o' grace the pick and wale,
   No gi'en by way o' dainty,
       But ilka day.

VII.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
   To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
   Like baby-clouts a-dryin:
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
   And o'er the thairms be tryin;
       Oh,
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks whcep,
   And a' like lamb-tails flyin
         Fu' fast this day!

VIII.

Lang Patronage, wi' rod o' airn,
   Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin,
As lately F-nw-ck, fair forfairn,
   Has proven to its ruin;
Our Patron, honest man! Gl********,
   He saw mischief was brewin;
And like a godly elect bairn,
   He's wal'd us quit a true ane,
          And found this day.

IX.

Now R******** harangue nae mair,
   But stiek your gab for ever:
Or try the wicked town of A**,
   For there they'll think you clever;
   Or,
( 92 )

Or nae reflection on your leer,
Ye may commence a Shaver;
Or to the N-th-rt-n repair,
And turn a Carpet-weaver

Aff-hand this day.

X.

M*** and you were just a match,
We never had sic twa drones:
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
Just like a winking baudrons:
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch,
To fry them in his caudrons:
But now his honour maun detach,
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,

Fast, fast, this day.

XI.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
She's swingein thro' the city;

Hark,
( 93 )

Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays!
I vow its unco pretty:
There, Learning, with his Greekisb face,
Grunts out some Latin ditty;
And Common Sense is gaun, she says,
To mak to Jamie Beattie
Her plaint this day.

XII.

But there's Morality himsel,
Embracing all opinions;
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,
Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
As ane were peelin onions!
Now there, they're packed aff to hell,
And banish'd our dominions,
Henceforth this day.

XIII.
XIII.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
Come houfe about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M********, R*****; are the boys
That Herefy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyfe,
And cow her measure shorter
By th' head some day.

XIV.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
And here's, for a conclusion,
To every New-light* mother's son,
From this time forth, Confusion:

If

* New-light is a cant phrase, in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.
If mair they deave us with their din,
Or Patronage intrusion,
We’ll light a spunk, and, ev’ry skin,
We’ll rin them aff in fussion
Like oil, some day.
TO THE REV. MR——

On his Text, Malachi, ch. iv. ver. 2. "And they shall go forth, and grow up like calves of the stall."

RIGHT Sir! your text I'll prove it true,

Though Heretics may laugh;

For instance, there's yourself just now,

God knows, an unco Calf!
And should some Patron be so kind,
    As bliss you wi' a kirk,
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
    Ye're still as great a Stirk.

But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
    Shall ever be your lot,
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
    You e'er should be a Stot!

Tho', when some kind, connubial Dear,
    Your but-and-ben adorns,
The like has been that you may wear
    A noble head of borns.

And in your lug, most reverend J——
    To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
    To rank among the nowte.

Vol. I.                  G                  And
( 98 )

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
   Below a graffy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
   'Here lies a famous Bullock!'

ADDRESS
ADDRESS
TO THE
DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many thronged Pow'rs,
That led th' embattl'd Seraphim to war—

MILTON.

O Thou! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' footie,

Clos'd under hatches,

Spairges
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Here me, auld *Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*;
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;

1

Whyles,
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
    Tirling the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin',
    Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Graunie say,
In laney glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
    Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
    Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin',
    Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin', thro' the boortries comin',
    Wi' heavy groan.
Ae dreary, windy, winter night
The stars shot down wi' skelentin light.
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bufs, stood in fight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When, wi' an eldritch, floor quaick, quaick,
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd bags,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence
Thence constra wyes, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain;
For, Oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twa-pint Hawkie's gae
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak' great ahuls,
On young Guidmen, sound, keep, an' crowd;
When the best work-lume's the hause,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no-worth a houfe,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy hoord,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the hoord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Travellers are allur'd
To their destruction.
An' aft your moss-travering. Spunkie
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The blezzit, cursed, mischievous monkey.
Dehade his eyes,
Till in some miry flough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Mafins mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop;

Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip-
Aff straight to h—ll.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they hae'd,

The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swa'ird,

In shady bow'rs: Then
Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant world a shog,
'Majst ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reekit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' skletaed on the man of Uzz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scowl,
Was worst ava?

But
But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin' fierce,
Sin' that day Michael * did you pierce,
     Down to this time,
Wad ding a' Lallan tongwe; or Erse,
     In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Clapt, then ye're thinkin',
A certain Bardie's raving, drinkin',
Some luckless hour will send him jokin',
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jokin',
     An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men!

Ye

* Vide Milton, Book VI.
(107)

Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
    Ev'n for your sake!
THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF POOR MAILIE,
THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFUL TALE.

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre the warrl'd in the ditch:

There,
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc* he cam doytin by.

Wi’ glowrin een, an’ lifted han’s,
Poor Hughoc like a statute stan’s;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaping wide, but naething spak;
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

‘O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu’ cafe!
My dying words attentive hear,
An’ bear them to my Master dear.

‘Tell him, if e’er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi’ wicked strings o’ hemp or hair!

* A neibor herd-callan.

But
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woot!

"Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to send themsel';
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' ripps o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile, wanreffu' pets!"
To slink thro' flaps, an' reave an' fleal,
At stacks o' peafe, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns gree for them when they're dead.

' My poor toop-lamb; my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menfeless, graceless, brutes.

' An' niest my yowie, filly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' any blastit, moorland toop;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mells,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself!

'And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

'Now, honest Hughie, dinna fail
To tell my Master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blether.'

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead.
POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our Bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Mailie dead.

Vol. I. H Thro'
(114)

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' sense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the Spence
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She
She was nae get o' moorland tips,  
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;  
For her forbears were brought in ships  
Fae yont the Tweed:  
A bonier steeb ne'er cross'd the clips  
Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth the man wha firft did shape  
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!  
It maks guid fellows girk an' gape,  
Wi' chokin dread;  
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,  
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon!  
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!  
Come, join the melancholious croon  
O' Robin's reed!  
His heart will never get aboon!  
His Mailie's dead!
Dear S****, the fleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted theft or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
   O wre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was grief
   Against your arts,
For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
    Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that's done,
    Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you off, a human creature
    On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
    She's wrote, the Man.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noodle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
    Wi' hafty summon:
Hae ye a leisur-e-moment's time
    To hear what's comin?

H 3 Some
Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the rufflet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sk lent,
To try my fate in guid, black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, 'Hoolie!
'I red you, honest man, tak tent!
'Ye'll shaw your folly.
'There's
There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had enfur'd their debtors,
  'A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
  'Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
  Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
  My rustic fang,

I'll wander on with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
  Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
  Forgot and gone!
H 4

But
But why o' Death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave Care o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, fae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic Wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For, ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyles Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When
When once life's day draws near the gloamin,
Then farewell vacant careless roamin;
An farewell cheerfu' tankards foamin,
   An' social noise;
An farewell dear, deluding woman,
   The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
   We fritk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
   To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
   Among the leaves;

And
And tho' the puny wound appear,
    Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
    But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
    With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry finew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
    And seize the prey:
Then canie, in some cozlie place,
    They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,'  
They zig zag on;  
Till curt' with age, obscure an’ starvin',  
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an’ straining—  
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!  
Is Fortune’s fickle Luna waning?  
E’en let her gang!

Beneath what light she has remaining,  
Let’s sing our fang.

My pen I here fling to the door,  
And kneel, ‘Ye Pow’rs!’ and warm implore,  
‘Tho’ I should wander Terra o’er,  
In all her climes,  
Grant me but this, I ask no more,  
‘Ay rowth o’ rhymes.

Gie
'Gie dreeping roafts to countra Lairds,
' Till icicles hing frae their beards;
' Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,
   ' And Maids of Honor;
' And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds,
   ' Until they sconner.

' A Title, Dempster merits it;
' A Garter gie to Willie Pitt;
' Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
   ' In cent. per cent.
' But give me real, sterling Wit,
   ' And I'm content.

' While Ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
' I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
' Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
   ' Wi' cheerfu' face,
' As lang's the Muses dinna fail
   ' To say the grace.'

An
An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tidelefs-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In arioso trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But gravissimo, solemn baffes
Ye hum away.

Ye
Ye are fae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-fcairum, ram-flam boys,
    The rattlin squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
    —Ye ken the road.—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony wher—
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
    But quat my fang.
Content wi' You to mak a pair,
    Whare'er I gang.
A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4. 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birth-day Levee; and in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address.]

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your Majesty!
May heav'n augment your blisses,
(128)

On ev’ry new Birth-day ye see,
   A humble Poet wishes!
My Bardship here, at your Levee,
   On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth fight to see,
   Amang thae Birth-day dressies
    Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye’re complimented thrang,
   By mony a lord and lady;
‘ God save the King!’ ’s a cuckoo sang
   That’s unco easy said ay;
The Poets, too, a venal gang,
   Wi’ rhymes weel-turn’d and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne’er do wrang,
   But ay unerring steady,
    On sic a day.

I

III.
III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
   Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
   Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on Your Grace,
   Your Kingship to bespatter;
There's monie waur been o' the Race,
   And aiblins aiblins been better
   Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign King,
   My skill may weel be doubted:
But Facts are cheels that winna ding,
   An' downa be disputed:

Vol. I.    I    Your
Your Royal Nest, beneath Your wing,
Is e'en right rest an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your Legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
Ye've trusted Ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Wad better fill'd their station
Than courts yon day.

VI.
VI.

And now ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
    Her broken shins to plaister;
Your fair taxation does her fleece,
    Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
    Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
    I shortly boost to pasture
    I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pitt*,
    When taxes he enlarges,
(An' *Will*'s a true guid fallow's Get,
    A Name not Envy spairges),
    I 2
    That
That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G-d-fake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonie Barges
An' Boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your Queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great Birth-day.

IX.
IX.

Hail, *Majesty Most Excellent!*

While Nobles strive to please Ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple Poet gies Ye?
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Still higher may they heeze Ye
In blis, till Fate some day is sent,
For ever to release Ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W——,
I tell your *Highness* fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling fails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly fairly,

That
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known
To mak a noble Aiver;
So, ye may doucely fill a Throne,
For a' their clish-ma-claver:
There, Him* at Agincourt wha fhone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John †,
He was an unco shaver

For monie a day.

XII.

* King Henry V.

† Sir John Falstaff; Vide Shakespeare.
XII.

For you, right rev'rend O———,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Altho' a ribban at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the Keys of Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre
Some luckles day.

XIII.

Young, royal Tarry Breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious Galley*, ftem an' stern,
'Veel rigg'd for Venus barter;

But

* Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain Royal Sailor's amour.
But first hang out, that she’ll discern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple a’rn,
An’, large upo’ her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonie blossoms a’,
Ye royal Lasses dainty,
Heav’n mak you guid as weel as braw,
An’ gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer na Britis’h boys awa’,
For Kings are unco Scots’ay;
An’ German Gentles are but sma’,
They’re better just than want ay
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a’! consider now,
Ye’re unco muckle dautet;

But
But ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter fautet:
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.
THE

VISION.

DUAN FIRST*.

THE fun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way
To kail-yards green,

While

* Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive Poem. See his Catb-Loda, vol. 2. of M'Pherson's Translation.
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
        Whar she has been.

The Thresher's weary _flingin-tree_
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the Day had clos'd his e'e,
        Far i' the West,
Ben i' the _Spence_, right pensivelie,
        I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
        The auld, clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
        About the riggin.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mus'd on wasted time,
        How
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
    An' done nae-thing,
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
    For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a Bank an' clarkit
    My cash-account:
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
    Is a' th' amount.

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
    Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
    Till my last breath—
When
When click! the string the snick did draw:
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,

Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht;

In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest Wirth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse;

By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A
A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace'
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with Honor.

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

Her Mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
A luftre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well known Land.

Here
Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were toft:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
    With surging foam;
There, distant shone Art's lofty boast,
    The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
    On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
    With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spreed,
An ancient Borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
    She boasts a Race,

2 To
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
   And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'rs or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
   I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
   With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a Race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steed
   In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
   Their Sutherland foes.

* The Wallaces.
His Country's Saviour*, mark him well!

Bold Richardson's† heroic swell;
The chief on Sark‡ who glorious fell,
    In high command;
And He whom ruthless Fates expell
    His native land.

* William Wallace.

† Adam Wallace of Richardson, cousin to the immortal Preserver of Scottish Independence.

‡ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.
There, where a scept'rd Pittish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
In musing mood)
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With

Collins, King of the Ficts, from whom the district
of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition
says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Com-
field, where his burial place is still known.

† Barskimming, the seat of the Lord Justice-Clerk.
* With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned Sire and Son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
   They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
   That, to adore.

Brydon's brave Ward † I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
   To hand him on,
Where many a Patriot-name on high
   And Hero shone.

K 2 DUAN

* Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor, and present
Professor Stewart.

† Colonel Fullarton.
DUAN SECON.

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

All hail! my own inspired Bard!
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow,

Know, the great Genius of this Land
Has many a light, aerial band,

Who,
· Who, all beneath his high command,
   'Harmoniously,
· As Arts or Arms they understand,
   'Their labours ply.

   'They *Scotia*’s race among them share;
· Some fire the Soldier on to dare;
· Some rouse the Patriot up to bare
   'Corruption’s heart:
· Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
   'The tuneful art.

   'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
· They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
· Or, mid the venal Senate’s roar,
   'They, fightless, stand,
· To mend the honest Patriot-lore,
   'And grace the hand.

K 3 'And
"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild, Poetic rage:
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung:
His "Minstrel lays;"
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The Sceptic's bays.

To lower orders are assign'd,
The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
The rustick Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan;
All chuse, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

When
When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threatening storm some, strongly, rain;
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
   With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,
   Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
Some soothing the Lab'rer's weary toil,
   For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
   His cares and pains.

Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large Man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
   Of rustic Bard;
And careful note each op'ning grace,
   A guide and guard.
Of these am I—Goila my name;
And this district as mine I claim;
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays,
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove thro' the sky,
I saw grim Nature's violet hoar
Struck thy young eye.

Or
' Or when the deep green-mantled Earth
    Warm cherish'd ev'ry flow'ret's birth,
    And joy and music pouring forth
      In ev'ry grove,
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
      With boundless love.

' When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
' Call'd forth the Reapers' rustling noise,
' I saw thee leave their ev'n ing joys,
      And lonely stalk,
'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
      In pensive walk.

' When youthful Love, warm-blushing strong,
' Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
' Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
      Th' adored Name,
'I taught thee how to pour in song,
      To soothe thy flame.
'I saw thy pulse's maddening play;
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet
Yet all beneath the unrivall'd Rose,
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor King's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.

To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the Dignity of Man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

And
'And wear thou this'—the solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.
ADDRESS
TO THE
UNCOUTH,
OR THE
RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these Maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wife anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
May bae some pyle o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature flight
For randon fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON.—Eclef. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O YE wha are fae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and fae holy,

Ye've
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your Neebour'sFault and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happier's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear-me, ye venerable Core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pafs douce Wisdom's door
For glaikit Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless fakes,
Would here propose defences,
Their donifie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' their's compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,
But
But cast a moment's fair regard,
   What makes the mighty differ;
Discount what scant occasion gave,
   That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mall than a' the lave)
   Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when you're castigated, pulle
   Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
   That still eternal gallop :
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
   Right on yescud your sea-way ;
But in the teeth o' baith to fail,
   It makes an unco lee-way.

V.

See Social-life and Glee fit down,
   All joyous and unthinking,

Till,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,
D-mnation of expences!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Faidly names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother Man,
Still gentler sister Woman;
Tho'
Tho' they may gang a kennis wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving Why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
HAS auld K******** seen the Deil?
Or great M********† thrown his heel!

* When this worthy old Sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Offian's phrase, 'the last of his fields;' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the Author composed his Elegy and Epitaph.

† A certain Preacher, a great favourite with the Million. Vide the Ordination, p. 85.
Or R********† again grown weel,
    To preach an' read?
'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,
    'Tam Samfon's dead!

K******** lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
    In mourning weed;
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane,
    Tam Samfon's dead!

The Brethren of the mystic level
May hing their head in wofu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
    Like ony bead;
              L 2  Death's

† Another Preacher, an equal favourite with the Few, who was at that time ailing. For him see also the Ordination, stanza IX.
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead!

When Winter muffes up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the Curlers flock,
Wi' glesome speed,
What will they station at the cock;
Tam Samson's dead?

He was the king o' a' the Core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like jebu roar
In time of need;
But now he lags on Death's bog-score,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately Sawmont fail,
And Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And Eels well ken'd for foupble tail,
And Geds for greed,
Since
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice ye birring Patricks a';
Ye cootie Moorcocks, crouselly craw;
Ye Maukins, cock your yid fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal Fate is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

That woeful morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
While Pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain Auld-age his body batters;
In vain the Gout his ankles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
   An' acre-braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatters,
   Tam Samson's dead!

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,
   An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
   Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
   Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
   Wi' weel-aim'd heed;
' L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
   Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
Tam Samson's dead!

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

When August winds the heather wave,
And Sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three pollies let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead,
Till Echo answar frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

L 4
Heav'n
Heav'n rest his soul, where'er he be!
Is th' wish o' many man, than me?
He had two faults, or may be three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man, want we?
Tam Samson's dead!

THE E P I T A P H.

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay, here lies,
Ye canting Zealots, spare him!
If Honest Worth in Heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.
PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie*,
Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

* Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the West.
THE following POEM will, by many Readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, Notes are added, to give some account of the principal Charms and Spells of that Night, so big with Prophecy to the Peasantry in the West of Scotland. The passion of prying into Futurity makes a striking part of the history of Human Nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the Author with a perusal, to see the remains of it, among the more unenlightened in our own.
HALLOWEEN.

Yes! let the Rich deride, the Proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when Fairies light,
   On Cassilis Downans + dance,

Or

• Is thought to be a night when Witches, Devils,
  and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on
  their baneful, midnight errands; particularly, those
  aerial people, the Fairies, are said, on that night, to
  hold a grand Anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the
  neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
   On sprightly courfers prance;
Or for Colean the rout is ta'en,
   Beneath the Moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove*, to stray an' rove
   Amang the rocks an' streams
      To  sport that night.

II.

Amang the bony, winding banks,
   Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
Where Bruce † ance rul'd the martial ranks,
   An' shook his Carrick spear,

* A noted cavern near Colean-house; called the Cove of Colean; which, as well as Caffilis Downans, is famed, in country story, for being a favourite haunt of Fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert the great Deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*

Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The laffes feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads fae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar laffes hearts gang startin

Whilees faft at night.

IV.
Then first and foremost, thro' the kail,
Their stocks* maun a' be sought ane;
They steer their e'en, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes and straught anes.

Poor

* The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a Stock, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root, that is tocher, or fortune; and the taste of the cuilloc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a fow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.
Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther ;
The vera wee-things, todlin, rin
Wi' flocks out-owre their shouther ;
An' gif the custoc's sweet or four,
Wi' joctelegs they tafte them ;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lie that night.

VI.
VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' corn *;
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
When kiutlin in the Faufe-house †
Wi' him that night.

VII.

* They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of Oats. If the third stalk wants the tap-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a Maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old tim-
VII.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits*
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads and lasses futes
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' faucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Vol. I. M VIII.

ber, &c. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an
opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind:
this he calls a Fause-bouse.

* Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name
the lad and lafs to each particular nut, as they lay them
in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly toge-
ther, or start from beside one another, the course and
issue of the Courtship will be.
VIII.

Jean utils in twa wi' tentie e'e;
   Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me;
   She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
   As they wad never mair part,
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
   An' Jean had e'en a fair heart
   To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
   Was brunt wi' primfie Mallie;
An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
   To be compar'd to Willie:

Mall's
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridifu' fling,
     An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
     'Twas just the way he wanted
     To be that night.

X.

Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
     She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving breeze they sweetly join,
     Till white in ase they're fobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
     She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, ftownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
     Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
     Unseen that night.

M 2       XI.
XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
    Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'ès them gashin at their cracks,
    And flips out by hersef:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
    An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklings grapit for the bauks,
    And in the blue-clue* throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must
strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to
the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot, a clue of
blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and,
towards the latter end, something will hold the thread;
demand, wba bauds? i. e. who holds; and answer will
be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian
and Surname of your future Spouse.
XII.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
But whether 'twas the Deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin

To spier that night.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
' Will ye go wi' me, Graunie ?
' I'll eat the apple * at the gla's,
' I gat frae uncle Johnie: '

M 3

She

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking gla's; eat
an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb
(182)

She buff’t her pipe wi’ sic a lunt,
   In wrath she was fae vap’rin,
She notic’t na, an aizle brunt
   Her braw new worsen apron
      Out thro’ that night.

XIV.

‘ Ye little Skelpie-limmer’s face!
‘ I daur you try sic sportin,
‘ As seek the foul Thief ony place,
‘ For him to spae your fortune:
‘ Nae doubt but ye may get a fight!
‘ Great cause ye hae to fear it;
‘ For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
‘ An’ liv’d an’ di’d deleeret
   ‘ On sic a night.

XV.

comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.
XV.

'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
'I mind't as weel's yestreen,
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
'I was na past fuyteen:
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
'An' stuff was unco green;
'An' ay a rantin kirk we gat,
'And just on Halloween
'  It fell that night.

XVI.

Our Stibble-rig was Rab Mc'Graen,
'A clever, sturdy fallow;
'His Sin gat Eppie Sim' wi' wean,
'That liv'd in Achmacalla:

M 4

'He
(184)

' He gat hemp-seed*, I mind it wel,
' An' he made unco light o't;
' But monie a day was by himsel,
' He was fa fairly frightened
' That vera night.'

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he fwoor by his conscience,

That

* Steal out, unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee, Hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case, it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me, and harrow thee.'
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense;
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handful gied him;
Syne bad him flip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

XVIII.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something flurtin';
The graip he for a barrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:
An' ev'ry now an' then, he says,
' Hemp-seed I saw thee,
' An' her that is to be my lafs,
' Come after me, and draw thee
' As fast this night.'

XIX.
XIX.

He whistl'd up Lord Lenox' march,
   To keep his courage cheary;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
   He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
   An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
   An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
   Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
   In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
   An' hear the sad narration:

He
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till ftop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Afteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
To winn three wechts o' naething*;

* This charm must likewise be performed, unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger, that the being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a wecht; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
    She pat but little faith in:
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
    An’ twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
    In hopes to see Tam Kipples
    That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi’ cannie thaw,
    An’ owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies ‘a ca’,
    Syne bauldly in she enters:
A ratton rattl’d up the wa’,
    An’ she cry’d, L—d preserve her!

An’

out at the other, having both the figure in question, and
the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or
station in life.
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
   Fu' fait that night.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' fair advice;
   They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice*,
   Was timmer-propt for thrawin;
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
   For some black, grousome Carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a strocke,
   Till skin in blypes came haurlin
   Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear-
   Stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fa-
   thom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the
   appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.
XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
   As canty as a kitten;
But, Och! that night, among the shaws,
   She gat a fearfu' settlin'!
She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
   An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,'
Where three Lairds' lands met at a burn*,
   To dip her left fark-sleeve in,
      Was bent that night.

XXV.

* You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to
a south running spring or rivulet, where 'three Lairds'
'lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in
fight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry.
Lie awake; and, some time near midnight, an apparition,
having the exact figure of the grand object in question,
will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other
side of it.
XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle,
    Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
    Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outlier Quey,
    Gat up an' gae a croon:

    Poor
Poor Leezie's heart maift lap the hool;
   Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
   Out-owre the lug's she plumpit,
   Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
   The Luggies three* are ranged,
And ev'ry time great care is ta'en,
   To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
   Sin Mar's-year did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
   He heav'd them on the fire
   In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

* Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person
Wi' merry fangs, an' friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheary;
Till butter'd So'ns *, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-stererin;

Syne

perisone, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of Matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times; and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween Supper.
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.
THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE, On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn to Hansel in the New-year.

A Guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie! Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: Tho' thou's Howe-backit, now, an' knaggie, I've seen the day,

N 2 Thou
Thou could hae gaen like onie ftaggie
   Out-owre the lay.

   Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
   A bonny gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
   Ance in a day.

   Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' Iwank,
An' fet weil down a shapely shank,
   As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
   Like ony bird.

   It's now some nine-an-twenty year,
Sin thou was my Guid-father's Meere;
   He
( 197 )

He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
   An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
   An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin wi' your Minnie:
Tho' ye was trickie, flee, an' funnie,
   Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
   An' unco donsie.

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonny Bride:
An' sweet an' gracefu' the did ride,
   Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
   For sic a pair.

N 3     Tho'
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
   For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
   Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' stable-meals at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skriegh,
   An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
   An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow:
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
   For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
   Whare'er thou gaed.

The
The fma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle;
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But fax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle;
    An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
    O' faugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
    On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd fax rood beside our han',
    For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abroad thy weel-fill'd brisket,
    Wi' pith and pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
    An' flypet owre.
N 4 When
When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breaftit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing haftit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My Plough is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've fell't awa,
That thou haft nurf;
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warf.

Monie
Monie a fair daurg we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day, I thought
    We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,
Wi' somethin' yet.

And think na, my auld, trusty Servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
An' thy auld days may end in starvin',
    For my last fou,
A heapit Stimpert, I'll reserve ane
    Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
    To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
    Wi' bna' fatigue.
(202)

TO A

MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
November 1785.

---

WEE, fleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa fae hafty,
    Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
    Wi' murd'ring pattle!
I'm
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poore beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin-wi' the lave,
And never mis't!

Thy wee bit boufie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou
(204)

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin' fast,
An' cozle here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till cra'f! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' flibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But hause or hald,
To thole the Winter's fleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In prov'ng foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still
Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
    On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
    I guess an' fear!
A

WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That hide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these.—

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'rr;

When
When \textit{Phæbus} gies a short-liv'd glow'r,
    Far south the lift,
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,
    Or whirling drift.

Ae night the Storm the Steeples rocked,
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
    Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet boked,
    Down headlong hurl.

Lift'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
    O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
    Beneath a scar.

\textbf{Ilk}
Ilk happier bird, wees, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
    What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
    An close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
    My heart forgets,
While piteless the tempest wild
    Sore on you beats.

Now Phæbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
    Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
    Slow solemn, stole—

\* Blow
'Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
'And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
'Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows!
'Not all your rage, as now, united shows
'More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
'Vengeful malice unrepenting,
'Than heav'n-illumin'd Man on brother Man
'bestows!
'See stern Oppression's iron grip,
'Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
'Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
'Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
'How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,
'The parasite empoisoning her ear,
'With all the servile wretches in the rear,
'Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide;
'And eyes the simple rustic Hind,
'Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile,
below!
Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
With Lordly Honor's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
'To bless himself alone!
Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted Honor turns away,
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing
prayers!
Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a Mother's fears, shrinks at the
rocking blast:
Oh
Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite dishonour!
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his flumbers, piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?

O 2 Affliction's
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress?
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer,
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.
(213)

EPISTLE

to

DAVIE,

a

BROTHER POET.

January—

I.

WHILE winds frae aft Ben-Lomond blow,
And bar the doors wi' driving snow,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,

O 3

And
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
   In hamely westlin' jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
   Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great folk's gift,
   That live fæ bien an' snug:
   I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker,
   To see their cursed pride.

II.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being four,
   To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whiles in want,
While Coofs on countless thousands rant,
   And ken na how to wair't:

But
But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and fier:
'Mair spier na, no fear na'\*.
Auld age ne'er mind a feg,
The last o't, the warp o't,
Is only but to beg.

III.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could make us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

* Ramsay.
The honest heart that's free frae a'.
Intended fraud or guile;
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile,
And mind stilt, you'll find stilt;
A comfort this nae stilt;
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
Nae farther can we fa'.

IV.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal'?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,

With
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year:
On braes when we please, then,
We'll fit and slooth a tune;
Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

V.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'non Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle mair:
It's no in books; it's no in tear,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:

Nae
Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay;
That makes us right or wrang.

VI.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet an' dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
God's creatures they oppress!
Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heav'n or Hell!
Esteeming, and deeming
It's a' an idle tale!

VII.
VII.

Then let us cheerfu', acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
   By pining at our state;
And, even should Misfortunes come,
I, here wha fit, hae met wi' some,
   An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of Age to Youth;
   They let us ken oursel;
They make us fee the naked truth,
   The real guid and ill.
   Tho' losses, and crosses,
   Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there,
   Ye'll find nae other where.

VIII.
VIII.

But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts!
(To say aught less wad wring the cartes,
   And flatter'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
   And joys the very best.
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,
   The Lover an' the Frich';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
   And I my darling Jean!
   It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
   It heats me, it beats me,
   And sets me a' on flame!
IX.

O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r,
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

X.
All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear.
   The sympathetic glow;
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
   Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend,
   In every care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
   A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
   The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
   My Davie or my Jean.
XI.

O, how that name inspires my style!

The words come skelpin, rank and file,

Amaist before I ken!

The ready measure rins as fine,

As Phœbus and the famous Nine

Were glowrin owre my pen.

My spaviet Pegafus will limp,

Till ane he's fairly het;

And then he'll hilch, and flilt, and jimp,

And rin an unco fit:

But left then, the beast then,

Should rue this hasty ride,

I'll light now, and dight now

His sweaty, wizen'd hide.
Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of Woe.

I.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!

With
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
   Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
   How life and love are all a dream.

II.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
   The faintly-marked, distant hill:
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
  Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
   Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
   For ever bar returning Peace!

III.

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
   My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;

Vol. I.  P  No
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame:
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft attested Pow'rs above;
The promis'd Father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

IV

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown;
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And must I think it! is she gone,
My secret heart's exulting boast?
And does she heedless bear my groan?
And is she ever, ever lost?

V.

Oh! can she bear so base a heart,
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
    The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! Life's path may be unsmeoth!
    Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
    Her sorrows share, and make them less?

VI.
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past,
    Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
    My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
    For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n ev'ry ray of hope destroy'd,
    And not a Wish to gild the gloom!

VII.
The morn that warns th' approaching day,
    Awakes me up to toil and woe:
    I
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang, and many a throe,
Keen recollection’s direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

VIII.

And when my nightly couch I try,
Sore-harrass’d out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in fore affright:
Ev’n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

IX.

O! thou bright Queen, who o’er th’ expanse,
Now highest reign’d, with boundless sway!

Oft
Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray!
The time, unheeded, sped away,
While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
Beneath thy over-shadowing ray,
To mark the mutual-kindling eye.

Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set!
Scenes, never, never, to return!
Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
Again I feel, again I burn!
From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn,
Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
A faithless woman's broken vow.
DESPONDENCY.

AN

ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh.
O Life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro'
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy ye sons of busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:

P 4

Whilst
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same,
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,

The
The ways of men are distant brought;
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising.
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Left fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, Loves, and Joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!

He
He needs not, he needs not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining Age!

WINTER.
THE Wintry West extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
The blinding fleet and snow:

While
While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,  
And roars frae bank to brae;  
And bird and beast in covert rest  
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"  
The joyless Winter-day,  
Let others fear, to me more dear  
Than all the pride of May:  
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul;  
My griefs it seems to join,  
The leafless trees my fancy please,  
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty scheme  
These woes of mine fulfil,  
Here

* Dr Young.
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.