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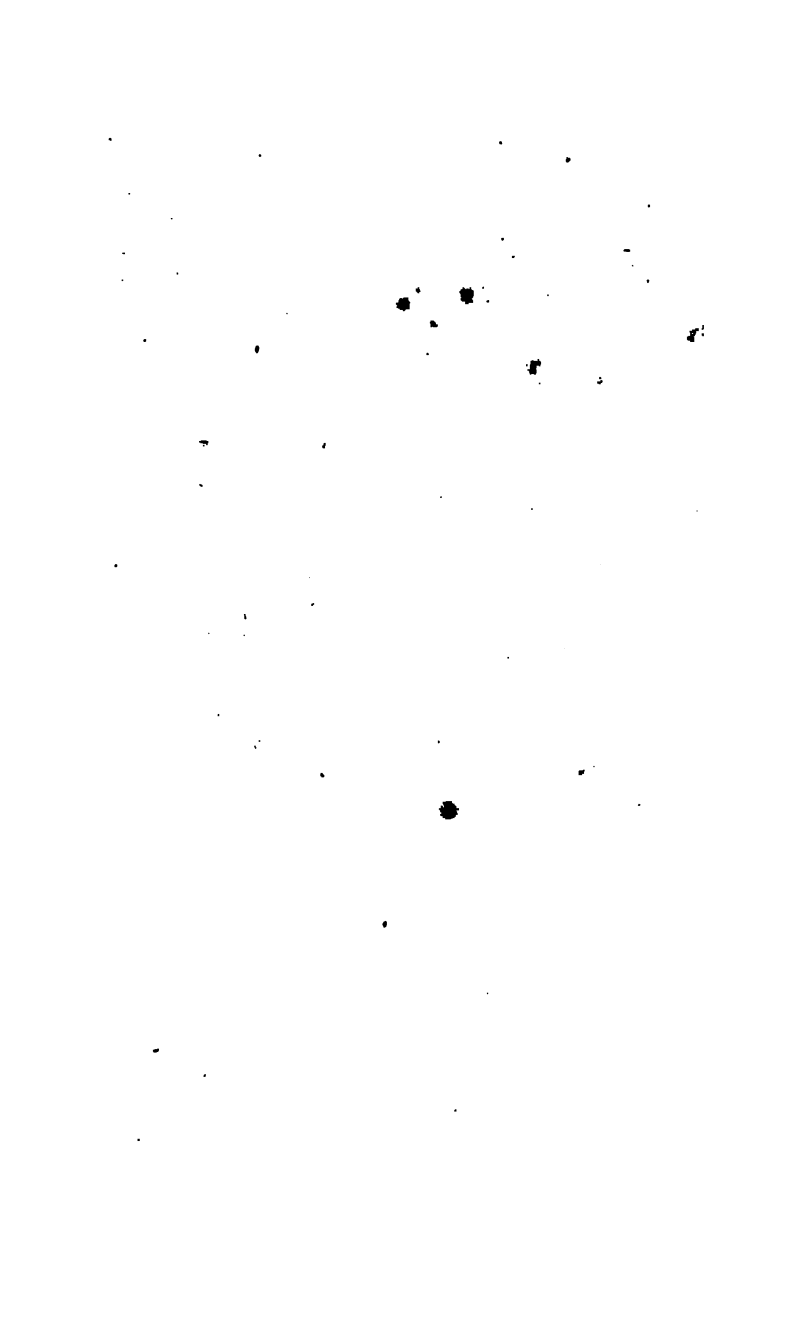
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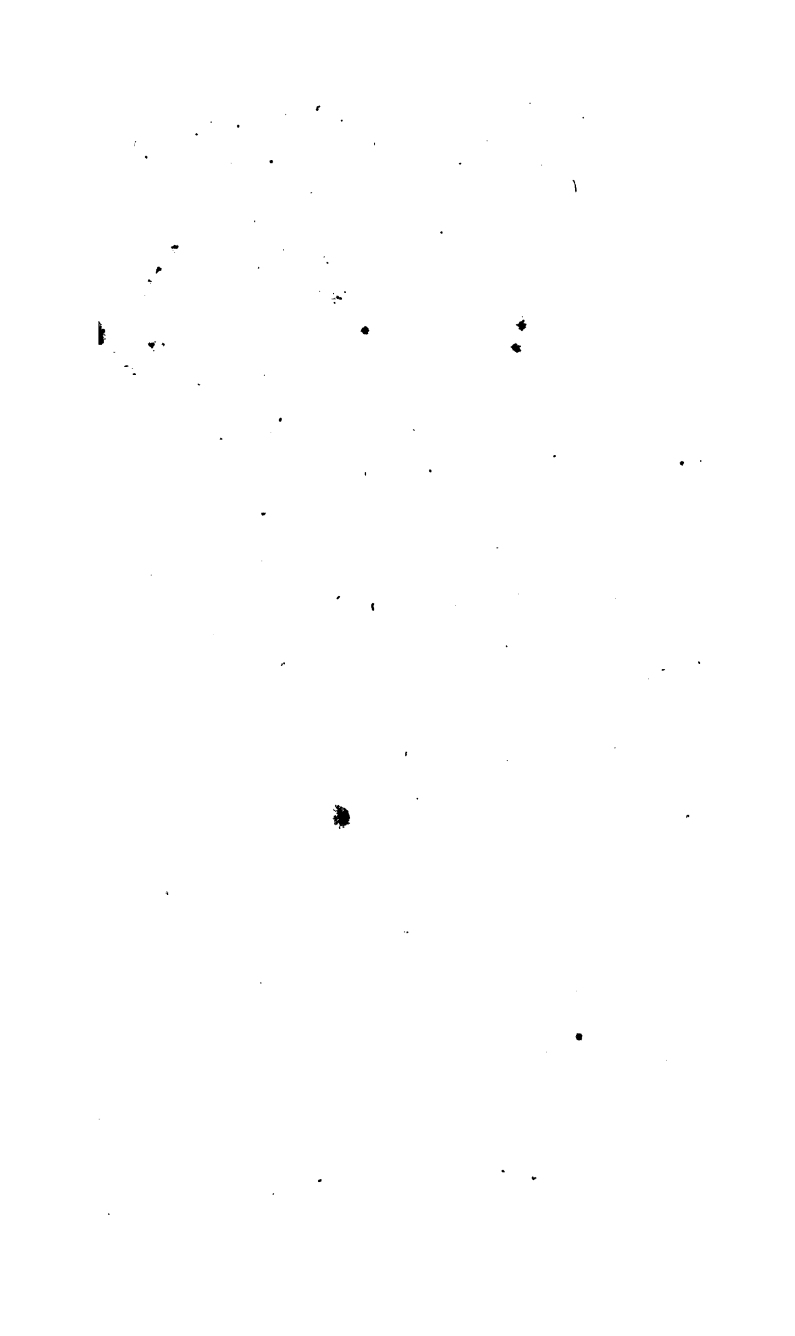




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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

SONGS, &c.



? *Revised*
**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
SONGS, &c.**

PARTLY IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT,

WITH A

COPIOUS GLOSSARY.

By EBENEZER PICKEN.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba Lige mixtura sonum connectere digner?

HOR.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:

**PRINTED BY JAMES CLARKE,
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PREFACE.

A FEW of the following Pieces were published by the Author in early Life, when he was more conversant with Literary subjects than he has been for some time past.

All of these Juvenile Pieces have, on the present occasion, undergone considerable alteration. Those that have been added, forming by much the greatest part of the Collection, were composed in the hours of relaxation, occasionally enjoyed in the midst of laborious, but ultimately unsuccessful Commercial Industry, and owe their appearance chiefly to the urgent solicitations of many kind Friends, which the Author, in his peculiar circumstances, felt himself bound

to respect as much as if they had been positive commands.

With the pursuits in which he has been lately engaged, the cultivation of a taste for Poetry seems almost incompatible, and he conceives this apology necessary for his appearance in a character which has so little relation to commercial life. Vanity, at least, has had no share in influencing the present publication. The Author would be far indeed from challenging comparison with the illustrious Poets who have preceded him in the present age, yet if he can contribute to relieve an hour of that *tedium vite*, which sometimes hangs heavy on the hands of the best, he cheerfully gives his mite without ostentation, hoping that his kind Readers will at least not refuse to his good intentions, that compliment which, with Justice perhaps, they may refuse to his Genius.

Edinburgh, 20th Jan. 1813.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

&c. &c.

HOPE AND CONTENTMENT, MAN'S BEST SOLACE UNDER MISFORTUNE.

Fortuna vitrea est; tunc, quum splendet, frangitur. PUB. SIR.

Tho' Fortune shine like bonny glass,
As bright as e'e could wish it;
Hard Poortith's fit can eithly press,
An', like an Egg-shell, crush it.

I HAVE felt all the pleasures of Hope in my youth,
Which Manhood has ne'er realis'd:
I have doated on Virtue, and doated on Truth,
And find these are still to be priz'd:
But the Phantoms, which Fancy presented to view,
Like the dews of the Morning are fled:
I grasp'd at each joy, while I strain'd to pursue,
And embrac'd—but a shade in its stead.

I have liv'd to lose riches, yet shed not a tear ;
 For Hope has surviv'd their decay :
 I have borne the proud insult of those once most dear,
 For, even Friendship can wither away.
 Ah ! now I well know what it is to be poor :
 'Tis the sin which can ne'er be forgiven ;
 Yet, on Earth, tho' it shut both the Heart and the Door,
 It excludes not the wretched from Heaven.

When Fortune smil'd fair on my happy abode,
 Even Flatt'ry grew fat in my sight :
 No Friend, but at Midnight could find out the road ;
 So I needed not twice to invite.
 Now, the miscreant knave, as if want were disgrace,
 Contemptuously passes my door ;
 And, with look of vacuity, stares in my face,
 Nor remembers he saw it before.

Now, no more on the surge of Ambition high toss'd,
 I'll pillow my head on the wave :
 Like the poor, shatter'd shallop, whose rudder is lost,
 The wreck of my Hope I would save.
 In some snug, Friendly Haven, whose rocks bay the
 winds,
 And to toil-worn Distress is its shore,
 I would moor, where tir'd Nature Life's requiem finds,
 And thinks on its tempests no more.

But where shall I find it? Ah! tell me ye few,
 Who that secret in Life can unfold:
 Who have found out that charm, in the road you pursue,
 Which can change all it touches to gold.
 Is it Pleasure? alas! I have seen its gay shew,
 And tir'd of each scene as I went:
 Is it Honour? ah, No! Is it love? ah, No! No!
 Such charm is but found in Content.

Now I feel, with the wise, what a Fool I have been,
 Not to know where true Happiness lies:
 She lives in those hearts, which, thro' Time's chec-
 quer'd scene,
 Can the Visions of Fortune despise.
 'Tis the vein, where the treasures of Life lie conceal'd,
 And the Miner is sure to be blest:
 In his short span of Time present Hope is reveal'd,
 And the Future bestows all the rest.

BRUTE BIOGRAPHY.

MY CAT.

YE unco wise, now, dinna sneer,
 But kindly lend a lug to hear.
 I'm redd that ye might weel be shent,
 For thriftless hours ye war hae spent.

Ye wha ne'er need to dight your e'en,
 Tho' Fate soud twin ye o' a frien',
 Wha grudge a ruefu' face to shaw
 In mem'ry o' that friend awa.

Ye wha can greet, an' grane, an' whine,
 In hours o' sickness and o' pine,
 An' promise weel your life to mend
 Soud ye hae langer time to spend ;
 But, free o' sickness and o' pain,
 Are at your shamefu' warks again.
 Ye wha ne'er reck'd a friend's advise
 Wha redd ye timely to turn wise,
 If man's example winna teach ye,
 Let's see, now, if a brute's will reach ye.

I had a Cat, o' cats the wale,
 A bonny brute frae snout to tail,
 Saft as the silk his massy paw,
 His skin as white as mountain snaw,

Save whar the gowden sprains confest
 Shone glancin' on his wally chest ;
 His smell like ony sluth-hund's keen,
 An' quick his rowin' hazle een ;
 Firm, portly on his legs he stood,
 An' luikt a cat o' princely bluid.
 Yet tho' he seem'd o' guid descent,
 His pedigree I never kent.

Fu' weel I wat some shaw their face,
 Whase line wad be as ill to trace,
 An' yet fu' heigh an' lordly carry't,
 Wha ne'er had hauf my puss's merit.
 Yet justice to his luiks to pay
 Owre lang wad lengthen out my lay ;
 He's gane—for nae exterior charm
 Can Fate's upliftit haun disarm.

I never sneckt an amrie door,
 Tam never steal'd tho' he was poor ;
 My confidence he ne'er abus'd,
 An' aft the profer'd bite refus'd,
 Wi' modest face withdrew his een,
 As if the gift he hadna seen ;
 Nor, tho' it savoury stood beside him,
 Wad steal the bit I had denied him.

How mony a loof had ne'er been bar'd,
 How mony a pang o' heart been spar'd,

How mony hardships ne'er decreed,
 That guilt frae justice aft has dree'd,
 The precious life no ta'en awa
 That crime aft forfeits to the law,
 Nor bleeding hearts sae aft bewail'd
 That life whar fair example fail'd,
 Had but its course frae stain been free,
 And like my Tam's for honesty.

At e'en he prow'd baith house an' barn,
 Ilk e'e red glancin' like a starn,
 Wad every corner keen explore
 Whar he could find a hole or bore ;
 Wi' snout erect snuff up the air,
 As if he smelt his object there ;
 Down ilka paw sae saftly set,
 As wadna scaith'd a spider's net ;
 Syne whan the mice began to stir,
 Squat on the floor he ceas'd to purr,
 An' caum, as he had been asleep,
 Saw them frae out their hidins peep ;
 Then neither age nor sex he spar'd,
 But springing, like the furious pard,
 Snap gaed his jaw, an' in a breath
 Crush'd some poor hapless wretch to death.

By Egypt's seggy Nile, they say,
 The crocodile greets o'er his prey,

As he the heifer laith'd to kill,
 An' scrup'd guiltless bluid to spill,
 Or sair beshrew'd the ruthless deed
 Wad gar the panting victim bleed,
 Sae wi' his paw saft on the floor
 Tam turn'd the quiv'rin' mousie o'er,
 As he'd been fond to ascertain
 If the poor bruté wad live again,
 Till, tir'd his time to toy away,
 At once he swallow'd down his prey.

For mony a year he watch'd my barn,
 An' sav'd me mony o' sack o' corn,
 And in the house sae weel behav'd
 As mony a sonsy kebbuck sav'd ;
 Nae wonder then that I wad dawt
 My bonny, eident, wordy cat ;
 Gie him ay routh o' simple fare,
 An' whiles some tidbit I could spare.

What comfort aft the servant tynes,
 Whase thriftless hand its task declines ?
 What comfort always he enjoys
 Wha still his every care employs
 His daily duty ne'er to sham,
 An' needs nae lesson frae my Tam ?
 He'll to his master ever be
 Faithfu' as Tam was ay to me.

Tho' a full tide o' noble bluid
 Pour'd thro' his veins its crimson fluid :
 Tho' he a tyger's fury knew
 Whane'er his game he had in view,
 Yet, quait, aside the fire himlane,
 Was harmless as the soukin' wean ;
 Wi' a' the bairns he was a pet,
 An' sad an' sair they mourn him yet.
 He ne'er wad wi' his neighbour squabble,
 Nor herdit wi' the common rabble ;
 Till ance arriv'd at hoary age,
 He hirsl'd quaitly off the stage.

Gang, reader ! question weel your heart
 If ye hae acted sic a part ;
 If ye've done mony a wordy deed,
 Will saint your mem'ry whan ye're dead ;
 If time wi' you be weel employ'd,
 Or left a useless, dreary void ;
 If, guiding weel what heaven has lent,
 Ye're in your station ay content,
 An', to your duty ever just,
 Discharge with industry your trust :

If this may o' your youth be tauld,
 How sweet the thought o't whan ye're auld !
 Ilk hour ye spend tak care to see
 'Twill bear your retrospective e'e ;
 Keep frae dishonesty an' strife,
 An' close, like Tam, a blameless life.

OTAHEITEAN SENSIBILITY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

'Tis now nine short Moon, since, by Koonah's sweet
river,

Fair Engleese first woo simple Maid :

O such word as he speaked forget shall me never ;

Nor how would he sigh as he said,

“ O, Neekah ! sweet Neekah ! me love you so dearly,

That Engleese will die for your sake ;

De white man no never look happy nor cheerly,

If you no some pity will take.”

Den me pity poor white man, because him so saying ;

For Neekah no cruel can be :

In mine Palm Hut so peaceful, so happy we staying :

Me love white man, and white man love me.

Me pull de ripe Bread Fruit, and catch de best fishes :

Sweet toil, when it done for Engleese !

Me watch ev'ry look of his eye for his wishes ;

And O ! how me happy, when please !

By Koonali's green bank, where de Plantain's broad
cover

O'ershade us, how happy we be !

No Fader, no Friend, as de white man, such Lover :

No Moder so dear be to me.

In his arms me forget, how de Sun in de Ocean

Be sinking, how loud blow de breeze :

Me no hear de tempest, in wildest commotion—

Hear nought but de sigh of Engleese.

And, O ! oft me tell him he have distant jewel ;

But he swear, he love no one as me :

Poor Neekah believe him, and tink him no cruel ;

But, my Heart ! ah, how cruel he be !

Ven he kiss on my lip, and say " Neekah no leave
me ?"

And clasp to his bosom so kind ;

O ! me tought, how was sweet, and no tink him de-
ceive me—

But white man unsteady as wind.

So pass, in kind Love, many Ev'ning and Morning :

Poor Neekah no fear what to come ;

Dat sweet *Dry* to de bad *Rainy Season* be turning,

And white man leave Neekah's sweet home.

But, O! can me tink, and no die, it so grieve me;
De white man poor Neekah despise?
Him go to de Ship, far on sea, and so leave me—
My Heart break—but no tear in my eyes.

Me soon must de Moder's fond feelings be knowing,
And Fader far off from sweet dear;
But, me call to de winds from de hill, as dey blowing,
To waft my Babe's cry to his ear.
O! de winds will a tell, how poor Neekah be dying,
And white man far, far on de seas;
Yet, while de last breath from her bosom be sighing,
She still love her dear, cruel Engleese.


SONG.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
 I wonder what ye mean :
 Ye rise sae early in the Morn,
 And sit sae late at e'en.
 Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John,
 If ye continue so :
 Come to your bed in time o' night,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

O! let nae bonny limmer's face
 Allure ye frae my arms :
 Tho' she hae hauf an Angel's grace,
 An' hauf an' Angel's charms ;
 Let sic but think on't, with a sigh,
 That Beauty's but a shew ;
 An' your Kate has mony charms forby,
 John Anderson, my Jo.

Whan daisies war in bloom, John,
 An' dew was on the green,
 Nae leg was like your Katie's leg,
 Nae fit was hauf sae clean.



Now, the rose frae ilka cheek is fled ;
That blossom ne'er shall blow ;
An' it's a' thro' your indifference,
John Anderson, my Jo.

It's nae the bonny jet-black e'e,
It's nae the bonny smile ;
It's nae the lily leg, or arm,
That soud the heart beguile ;
But prudence, John, an' that's but rare,
Wi' either belle, or beau :
Come kiss your Kate, an' rake nae mair,
John Anderson, my Jo.

SONG.

O! my Nan was a tight little bark, do ye see,
 When, return'd from a cruise, I first met her ashore :
 No Bergen-built Praam, but a home-bottom she,
 Built on England's best system, and launch'd at
 the Nore.

To court, no great cargo of slack I belay'd ;
 Have my grapples aboard, and to church bore
 amain ;

A lubber at home then some Winters I stay'd,
 Till I long'd for a snuff of the sea breeze again.

I had coil'd up my mind in a war ship to be ;
 So slipt cable from Nan, Brothers, Sisters and all ;
 And, for seven long years, in the Vengeance at Sea,
 Weather'd many a quicksand, and many a squall.
 With Nelson was rigg'd out with many a scar,
 Had some timbers stove in, thro' the Sound while
 we past,
 Left both arms and a leg too, abreast Trafalgar,
 Now in Wapping with Nan I'm laid up at the last.

I can shape a good course, yet, upon the high way ;
 And each shoal in my passage with Hope strive to
 clear,

While the kind-hearted mate of my Life's early day
 Is content, all the voyage, to hand, reef, and steer.
 Tho' with care water-logg'd, all my masts by the
 board,

While she tips me my bacco, and fills up my can ;
 Tho' my locker, with biscuit and beef be not stor'd,
 Nought swabs away care like the smile of my Nan.

I have two pretty younkens, as tall as their Dad,
 And both have his courage, when danger's at hand :
 One has nail'd up the Flag to the main top-mast
 head,

And his twin snatch'd the standard, that flutter'd
 on land.

In Life's dead-water left, tho' I linger behind,
 And can't pull a hallyard, or splice a rope's end :
 I'm no lubber at heart, and shall teach them to mind,
 That Home, and their King, they must fight to
 defend.

PASTORAL EULOGY,

ON MR. R***** A***, AT HIS DEPARTURE FROM
PAISLEY.

Illum etiam Lauri, etiam flevete Myricæ. VIRG.

Him even the Laurels and the Tamarisks lamented.

AE Mornin', whan, wi bonny smile,
The Sin shot down his cheery ray ;
An' meads, wi' a' that could beguile,
Set out the beauties o' the day.
Whan, frae the lift, the Lavrocks clear
War liltin' up their early spring ;
An' soundin' Echo, far an' near,
Gar'd ilka glen, an' hilloc ring.

Whan, on the risin' blade was seen
The glittrin' dew, in siller bells ;
An' Nature smil'd, o'er glen an' green,
Whar rural, sweet contentment dwells.
Far o'er the braes, the Northart cauld
To distant climes had ta'en its way :
Nae mair the snaw coor'd o'er the fauld,
Nor fogs row'd up the face o' day.

Whan lambs, along the flow'ry dell,
 In sportive capers, sweetly strave ;
 Or, round their guardian master's cell,
 Gaed nibblin' in a social drave.
 Whan rustic beauty o' the dale,
 Wi' bare-fit, lily-white, an' clean,
 Bure on her head the milkin' pail,
 As saft she tript it o'er the green.

Twa social, neighbour swains, that bonny day,
 Had met, by chance, upo' the flow'ry plain ;
 Whan cheerfu' Jamie, canty ay, an' gay,
 To sadder Johnie thus began the strain.

JAMIE.

O ! why is the Shepherd sae sad ?
 For what does my Johnie think lang ?
 Come, cheer up your spirits, my lad,
 An' tune up your Jamie a sang.
 Whan Simmer, an' Ceres appear,
 What cause has my Friend to complain ?
 Whan Flora, the joy o' the year,
 Sae sweetly has blossom'd the plain.

Just leuk to the flocks on the lea ;
 How sweetly contentit they stray :

What pleasure an' joy wad it gie,
 War ye but as cheery as they ?
 How socially croudit they feed,
 An' ne'er discontentedly strive ;
 But, surely, ye'll haud up your head,
 An' gie us a lilt o't belive.

JOHNIE.

Ance, lad, thou ca'd me canty cheery swain ;
 But, thou need never ca' me that again.
 Nae mair, nae mair my aiten pipe I'll blaw,
 While risin' Echo whispers't far awa.
 Ne'er sal the herdies, in a cheerfu' thrang,
 E'er listen to the words o' Johny's sang.
 Aft, whan I sang o' Peggy's jet-black e'en,
 Or play'd the charms o' my nain bonny Jean ;
 In joyfu' raptures, ilka peasant chiel'
 Admir'd the tune, an' said I play'd it weel.
 Among the shepherds a' I bure the bell,
 An' play'd the neist to Robin, Robin own'st himsel'
 Nae mair, tho' Jamie soud lilt up a spring,
 Will ever Johnie deign to dance or sing.
 Ilk sportive nymph, an' swain, wi' mirth an' glee,
 Link'd arm in arm, may wanton o'er the lea ;
 Nae mair will Johnie join the youthfu' ban',
 In wonted sallies, o'er the dewy lawn.

In saut, saut tears, I'll ever, ever mane ;
The guid, the honest, cheery Robin's gane.

JAMIE.

Gane ! Is he dead ? O, Sirs ! gin that be sae
Sure ilka herd will sair be fill'd wi' wae ;
The cheeriest swain that ere the meadows saw ;
Alakane ! Is Robin gane awa ?

JOHNIE.

He is na dead, my Friend, but left thir plains,
An' a' his friends, for ither meads an' swains ;
He's left our crystal burns, an' tinklin' rills,
An' herds, whilk ance he tentit o'er the hills.

O, sad the loss ! an' mournfu' is the change :
Nae mair, wi' him, o'er dewy fields we'll range ;
Nae mair, aneath yon gracefu' spreadin' tree,
He'll sing his loves to Jamie an' to me.

Aft did the Nymphs, an' bonny Nymphs war they,
Come trippin' o'er the green to hear him play.
Now wordy Robin tunes his pipe nae mair,
But to the Nymphs and to the Swains o' Ayr.

JAMIE.

Can Coila's claim, tho' water'd by the sea,
Shaw braver fields, or bonnier meads than we ?

Can a' the fields, or a' the meads o' Ayr,
 Shaw kinder swains, or brag o' Nymphs as fair?
 Do flowers mair plenty Coila's groves adorn,
 Or sangsters sweeter wake the risin' morn?
 Can Coila's groves, or Coila's verdant bowers,
 Shaw sweeter to my Robin's e'e than ours?
 Or, are their flocks, o' whilk they are sae vain,
 Their wooy flocks, mair thrivin' than ournair?
 Ye shepherd swains, around fair Glotta's side,
 Or, whar the Cartha rows her siller tide,
 Walk pensive out, at morn, and e'en, alane,
 An' mourn your cheery Friend, your Robin gane.

JOHNIE.

I saw his herd, yestreen, gaun o'er the brae;
 Wi' heart-felt grief, I heard their mournfu' bae:
 Nane was to cheer them wi' a hearty sang,
 An' nane to guide them whar the braird was lang.
 I saw them, tentless, wander o'er the hight,
 An' griev'd to think upo' the comin' night;
 In ae place, here, wander'd some bleatin' ram,
 An' ther a tender wee ane tint its dam;
 Nae herd, as yet, took Robin's cruik in haun,
 An' ilka field concern was left to staun.
 Poor things! quo I, while tears drapt frae ilk e'e,
 Y've tint a friend, whase like ye'll never see.

Their ance-lo'ed master—O, my Jamie dear!
 Forgie, forgie this ither starting tear—
 Their ance lo'ed master, won by Coila's plains,
 Forgets, I fear, his former neibour swains.

O, Jamie! ilka day wi' ills is rife:
 What unco chainges in the round o' life!
 Ane may be hale, an' weel in health the day,
 An' disna ken the morn gin he'll be sae.
 Ane may, wi' twa three social Friends convene,
 To crack a while, an' spend a sunless e'en;
 An' disna ken, but, or an owk or twa,
 He'll part wi' ane, an' ablins lose them a'.
 Sic is the case, an' eithly may we see,
 The like has happen'd baith to you an' me.

What herd sae harden'd, but maun sorrow feel,
 Tó part wi' sic an unco kindly chiel?
 Our lambs, our kids, our meads, our Nymphs an' a',
 Are left to mourn their Robin gane awa!

JAMIE.

He's just preferr'd—my Johnie, greet nae mair,
 He's just preferr'd the banks, an' braes o' Ayr.
 May be some wily lass has had the airt,
 Wi' spells, an' charms, to win our Robin's heart;
 An' hauds him, wi her Glaumour gift, sae fell,
 That, tho' he wad, he coudna break the spell.
 We maun pit up wi't, lad, an', sin' we maun,
 We'll bear the trouble, just as weel's we can.

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

*Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.*—

NOR.

Who can his future woe foresee ?

Who from the impending danger flee ?

FRAN.

WHEN gloomy winter rul'd the year,
And Day, with clouds invested, rose
O'er Nature dark and drear ;
From cheerless, and disturb'd repose,
Rous'd by the storm, along the waste
A weather-beaten Trav'ler past :
Weary, and wet, the waste he trod,
And cheerless was the road :
The rushing rain, in torrents fell :
Each big, brown, swollen brook
Adown its chok'd up channel roar'd :
With many a wishful look,
And long, and eager he explor'd,
To find some Friendly cell ;
Where he might shun the lashing rain ;
But Friendly cell he sought in vain.

His tearful eye

He lifts, in prayer, to Jove on high,
That he the roaring tempest's rage
Would deign, in mercy, to assuage :
But, ah ! in vain address'd the sky—
Jove disregards his cry.

Louder, and louder blew the blast ;

In larger torrents pour'd the rain :

The way-worn Traveller, aghast,

Began, in fretful murmur, to complain :

“ 'Tis thus the gods, for whom our victims bleed,
Regardless of our need ;

Amid our sad distress, severe,

Refuse to lend a pitying ear ;

And, of their power in vain parade,

Delight to torture those they made.”

But, as Heaven will'd, at last,

He reach'd the verge of a lone, dismal wood :

“ Here,” said the wretch, in peevish mood,

“ I'll find that shelter from the blast,

Which Heaven, in weakness, or in pride,

Has to my pray'r deny'd.”

Plunging amid the shade,

He seeks the kindly shelter of the glade ;

Nor for that kindly shelter given,

Allow'd one grateful thought to rise to heaven.

But, scarce his foot the forest made,
 When, from behind a brake, in haste,
 A robber sprung : the trembling wretch, afraid,
 Flew forth, in terror, o'er the dreary waste.

Bending his bow,
 The robber aim'd a deadly shaft to throw :
 Relax'd, and injur'd by the rain,
 The moisten'd cord he drew in vain :
 Short of his aim he sees his arrow fall ;
 While, o'er the wild, in sad affray,
 The frighted Trav'ler sped away,
 Whom now, nor wind, nor rains appal
 Like Death's terrific form :
 Dreading the danger scarcely past,
 No more he dreads the rueful blast,
 Or reinless fury of the storm.
 And, while his bosom throbs with fear,
 These words from Heaven broke, awful, on
 his ear :

“ Presumptuous Mortal ! from this caution given,
 Muse on the care, as on the power of Heaven ;
 Nor dare again to deprecate the flood,
 Which Heaven, you see, hath made a mean for good .

**Had not that string been injur'd by the rain,
From instant Death thou shouldst have fled in vain:
And, be this truth imprest upon thy mind,—
If Heaven be powerful, Heaven is also kind.”**

SONG.

 MARY OF AIRY.

 Tune—*Maid of Ila.*

YE gentle Maids, by Airy stream,
 Wi' hearts sae light, wha sweetly stray ;
 Nae mair o' joy or pleasure dream ;
 But sigh, an' mourn, the live lang day.
 Forsake your bonny willow bower,
 An' lanely court the greenwood shaw ;
 For ye hae lost the sweetest flower,
 That Airy water ever saw.

Clos'd is that e'e, that look'd divine ;
 Mute is the tongue, that spak' sae mild ;
 Nor beats dear Mary's heart to mine ;
 Nor opes the mouth that sweetly smil'd :
 Wan is the cheek o' Rose's hue ;
 An' dow'd the lilies, ance sae fair :
 Cropt, in Life's early dawn, frae view,
 By Airy banks to bloom nae mair.

As lang as Innocence is dear,
While Beauty's face is fair to see ;
Sae lang I'll drap the tender tear,
For Mary's face was dear to me.
They, too, wha saw her bloom sae late,
Maun follow soon my peerless Maid ;
An', soon, the swain wha mourns her fate
By Mary's lifeless form be laid.

SONG.

PEGGIE, WI' THE GLANCIN' E'E.

WA'KIN out, ae Mornin' early,
 Ken ye wha I chanc'd to see ?
 But my Lassie, gay and frisky,
 Peggie, wi' the glancin' e'e.
 Phœbus, left the lap o' Thetis,
 Fast was lickin' up the dew ;
 Whan, ayont a risin' hilloc,
 First my Peggie came in view.

Hark ye, I gaed up to meet her ;
 But, whan e'er my face she saw,
 Up her plaidin' coat she kiltit,
 An', in daffin' scow'r'd awa.
 Weel kent I, that, tho' my Peggie
 Ran sae fast out owre the mead,
 She was wantin' me to follow—
 Yes, ye swains, an' sae I did.

At yon' burnie I o'ertook her,
 Whar the shinin' pebbles lie ;
 Whar the flowers, that fringe the border,
 Soup the stream, that wimples by.
 While wi' her I sat reclinin',
 Frae her lips I staw a kiss ;
 While she blush'd, I took anither :
 Shepherds, was there ill in this ?

Cou'd a lass, sae sweet an comely,
 Ever bless a Lover's arms ?
 Cou'd the bonny wife o' Vulcan
 Ever boast o' hauf the charms ?
 While the zephyrs fan the meadows ;
 While the flowrets crown' the lea ;
 While they paint the gowden simmer ;
 Wha sae blest as her an' me ?

SONG.

Tune—*Captain O'Kane.*

BE hush'd the loud breeze, and soft roll the green
billow,

That curls its rude head o'er my sweet Billy's grave:
No Hope e'er shall gladden the heart of his Anna ;

Her Hope is entomb'd in the Texel's deep wave.
On the coast of Mynheer, with his broad pendant
flying,

Tho' Duncan his Ensign of triumph could rear ;
Britannia shall mourn, while her warriors are dying ;
And the cheek of her Fair be bedew'd with a tear.

No more on my bosom in rapture reclining,

My Billy shall tell of the laurels he won :
How, mid the wild carnage, he thought on his Anna,
And ne'er was the man who would flinch from his
gun.

How no danger he fear'd, while the foe was assailing,
Nor minded the storm, or the loud cannon's roar ;
In hopes, soon at home, to be moor'd with his Anna,
And sigh in her arms, when the battle was o'er.

The day dawns with joy, where the Heart feels no
sorrow ;

But soul-soothing sleep flies the pillow of Care :
On Ann's hopeless eye dawns no happy to-morrow ;
It rises in sadness, and sets in Despair,
But, a few other suns, and the conflict is over :

This sad, aching trembler to beat shall give o'er :
In the cold arms of Death I shall rest with my Lover ;
Where the fate of the battle shall part us no more.

THOMAS AND KITTY.

A PATHETIC STORY.

*Bellaque Matribus**Detestata* ————— HOR.

While the pale Mother's fears detest
 Those wars, which charm a Soldier's breast. FRAN.

FAR on Columbia's sea-beat shore,
 On a bleak rock and bare,
 The widow'd Kitty sat, and tore
 Her dark brown hair.
 A little fondling, at her breast,
 She strove to sooth to peace ;
 While he her cold, and bloodless nipple press'd.
 " Alas, when shall my sorrows cease ?
 When shall the storm be o'er,
 And, in my clay cold bed,
 This weary, aching head be laid,
 Where I shall grieve no more ?"

Now, Kitty once, of fairest Nymphs most fair ;
 And Thomas, gayest of his gay compeers,
 Had pledg'd their faith a mutual fate to share,
 And Hope had look'd for many happy years.

His little *All* he hazarded in Trade ;
 But, cruelly by Fortune crost,
 That little *All* in Trade he lost,
 By a false Friend betray'd.
 Now, dunn'd with all the rigour of the Law,
 Tom, as the clouds began to form,
 The horrors of a jail foresaw ;
 And, oft would Kitty's tearful eye
 Extort a tender sigh,
 And make him wish some shelter from the storm.
 Poor shelter ! with the vengeful blade,
 To aid the slaughter Death had made,
 He plow'd the wave, with daring mind,
 Nor would his much lov'd Kitty stay behind ;
 But to that Foreign land would go,
 Where he was doom'd to meet the madd'ning foe.
 Here, from Britannia's proud Domain,
 War had his bloody Eagle borne :
 Her Thomas fell among the slain,
 And Kitty she was left to mourn.

O'er his pale, bloody corpse she hung ;
 Her heart with many a sorrow wrung :
 And, now, she grasp'd his cold, cold hand,
 And now she kiss'd his cheek so pale,
 And oft the day she did bewail
 That e'er she left her native land :

Her mind foreboding many fears,
 She cross'd the wasteful ocean wild ;
 And, now, of every stay bereft,
 To the hard world's mercy left—
 And, then, she hugg'd her infant child,
 And bursted into tears.

“ O Thomas! 'twas a dreary day
 Thou left'st thy native home,
 In foreign parts to roam ;
 And, now, on the cold clay,
 Beat by the winds, so chill and drear,
 Thou layest thy manly head
 Among the nameless dead,
 Unwept by any friendly tear,
 But those thy Kitt has shed.”

Ah me! the bitter blast!
 Cease, cease, my little babe, to cry ;
 The world is wide for thee and I :
 Soon shall the storm be past :
 Thy little limbs I shall unfold,
 And shield thee from the cold :
 No wind, tho' e'er so chill and drear,
 Shall harm my little dear.

Ah! thou, too, hastenest to thy grave:

I see, I see Death in thine eye:

Thy Mammy's fondness cannot save—

For ah! her breast is cold and dry—

But all shall soon be o'er,

And I shall grieve no more.

Now, rage, ye winds!—'tis but on me—

Pour on, ye rains! ye Thunders, reel!

My Baby sleeps too sound to feel:

Death sets the little pris'ner free.

Drench'd with the rain,

I'll lay me by my Tom once more;

Tho' louder still the tempest roar,

And all the biting blast sustain.

Ah, me! my shiv'ring, fainting heart!

My Tom! my Tom! we shall not part.

Far from my Home, from Friends afar,

My Tom, my little babe, and I,

Shall rest in one cold bed.—Ah! ruthless war!

My Heart!—O Heaven! I faint—I die,

SONG.

O ! What had my Youth with Ambition to do ?

ALAS! is it sae, that nae mair I maun prove
 The bliss o' enjoyment, the pleasure o' Love ?
 Maun sad disappointment ay torture my mind,
 And lovely Aminta nae langer be kind ?

CHORUS.

O what had my youth with Ambition to do ?
 Why left I Aminta ? why broke I my vow ?
 O gie me my sheep, an' my sheep-hook restore ;
 An' I'll wander frae love and Aminta no more.

May I never wauk wi' my lassie again,
 Attending my flock on the hill or the plain ;
 Traversing the meadows, where violets blow,
 Or marking the rill an' the rivulet flow ?

O ! what had my youth, &c.

Shall rural retirement ne'er tempt us to stray,
 To pass the dull hours in the meadows away ;

Nor pleasure invite us to wander at e'en,
 Whar gowans an' daisies hae varied the green?
 O! what had my youth, &c.

My mind, silly shepherd, could ne'er be at ease,
 Till ance, far awa, I had temptit the seas;
 Expectin', that distance wad ease me o' care,
 An' gar me forget that Aminta was fair.
 O! what had my youth, &c.

In search after trifles, in pursuit o' gain,
 My pipe I forsook, an' my flock, an' the plain:
 In hopes, that the loss o' the meads an' the grove
 Wad gar me forget that I e'er was in Love.
 O! what had my youth, &c.

But, while we're asunder, my wishes return:
 In sorrow an' pain for Aminta I mourn:
 Alas! with the thought I incessantly pine,
 I hae forfeit the blessin' o' ca'in' her mine.

CHORUS.

O what had my youth with Ambition to do?
 Why left I Aminta? why broke I my vow?
 O! gie me my sheep, an' my sheep-hook restore,
 An' I'll wander frae love, and Aminta no more.

THE FOX AND THE SHEPHERDS.

A FABLE.

A FOX, as story tells, one day
 Was roaming out, in search of prey ;
 And, as he scamper'd o'er the field,
 Chance brought him to a rustic bield,
 Where a few shepherds, cheerly met,
 Were at some roasted Mutton set.
 Good Reynard, passing, thought no sin
 To make a stand, and peep within.

Observing how the rustic bevy
 Hew'd down the slice, and sopp'd the gravy ;
 Bless me ! said Reynard, what a fuss you'd made,
 Had you but caught poor me at such a trade !

So the ill judging, unforgiving elf,
 Blames, in another, what he does himself.

SONG.

MY NORAH.

Set to Music by a Friend.

THE smell of the sweet briar, that's wet with the dew,
 The blush of the Dawn, when she's rising to view,
 Cant once be compar'd, I am sure it is true,
 To the breath, or the blush of my Norah.
 Her neck is as white as the new fallen snows ;
 Her cheek is the sweetest carnation that blows ;
 And O! what a colourless thing is a rose,
 When compar'd to the lip of my Norah.

Ah me! when I see my sweet Norah pass by,
 If she'd smile on poor Selim, no longer he'd sigh :
 Tho' I'm scorch'd to the soul by the beam of her eye—
 Such a pain would be pleasure for Norah.
 Oh! pity poor Selim, ye powers above!
 You see what a pother I'm brought to by Love :
 May my sighs, and Affection, her tenderness move,
 Or, alas! I must die for sweet Norah.

THE DEIL'S ANSWER

TO HIS VERA WORDY FRIEND R***** B*****.

Tophet, 15th day of the Month Adar.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali, reddam, pro carmine dona? VIRG.

For sic a Sang as I gat frae ye,
My wordy Friend, what can I gie ye?

So, zealous Robin! stout an' fell,
True champion for the cause o' Hell;
Thou beats the Righteous down, pell mell,
Sae frank an' furthy,
That, o' a place whar Devils dwell,
There's nane mair worthy.

Gif thou gang on the gait thou's gaun,
Ilk fearless Fiend sal by thee staun,
That bows aneath my high commaun:
Sae be na frightit,
For I sal len' my helpin' haun,
To see thee rightit.

h, thou has an unco knack
 in' skill, an' ready clack :
 ne, Nature was na slack

In makin' thee :
 as mair wit than the hail pack
 O' Deils like me.

n the earth we first took staunin',
 ay been sae ta'en up wi' plannin',
 ottin', that, keep me frae bannin' !

The deil a styme
 are can we hain for scannin'
 O' gleesome rhime.

no read your line aff haun,
 re I boost to let it staun :
 id, nae General in your laun

Has sic a pine,
 sh, wi a wanruly baun,
 As I've wi' mine.

ir, they mak' sic rout an' rair
 thro' ilk region o' the air ;
 aft times mak' my heart sae sair,
 Sae fyk'd, an' flurried ;
 possible, nae styme I care
 I'm dead an' buried.

WILLIAM AND NANCY.

A BALLAD.

YOUNG Nancy was the sweetest Nymph
 That o'er the meadows stray'd :
 Full many a swain in secret pin'd,
 And lov'd the pretty maid.

Her locks were of the auburn brown ;
 Her cheeks were like the rose ;
 Her teeth were like the lily white,
 That in the garden blows.

When e'er she tript the flow'ry dell,
 Her look to Love beguil'd ;
 For Nancy pleas'd, where'er she spoke,
 And conquer'd where she smil'd.

The comely youths were not a few,
 Who for this maiden sigh'd :
 Among the rest young William woo'd,
 And long had been deny'd.

Now William was the blythest lad
 That wanton'd on the green :
 Unchaf'd, of Dove-like gentleness ;
 When rous'd, of courage keen.

None were his match at tilt or play,
 Or chac'd the hind so fleet :
 No swain so graceful led the dance,
 And none could sing so sweet.

Fair Nancy saw his growing pain ;
 Yet wish'd his truth to prove :
 She deem'd it meet a while to try
 The youthful wooer's love.

At length,—'or Nature will prevail,
 And Truth be victor still ;
 His tender vows, and sighs and tears,
 Procur'd the Nymph's good will.

With spite his rival Walter saw,
 And vow'd revenge with speed ;
 No other sun should light the morn
 Till he made William bleed.

Dark was the night, no friendly ray
 Glanc'd on the ev'ning main ;

When William hied him from his love,
 And tript across the plain.

The Moon obscur'd, the dark expanse
 Refus'd one kindly beam ;
 Save, where some star, with glimmering light,
 Diffus'd a transient gleam.

No weapon, but a crabtree staff ;
 For nought he fear'd of wrong ;
 So, whistling, thro' the oft trod path
 He fearless pac'd along.

Dark Walter, with a ruffian pair,
 Behind some bushes lay ;
 And, as the thoughtless youth drew near,
 They rush'd upon their prey.

Backward he leapt a pace or two,
 And aim'd a blow, I ween ;
 Till, with a groan, one of the three
 Lay breathless on the green.

But Fate, ill Fate had will'd it so,
 Behind him Walter flew ;
 And basely, with his coward steel,
 He thrust Young William thro.

And is it Walter, William cry'd,
 That has a villain prov'd ;
 A coward too, shame on thy soul !
 The villain whom I lov'd.

Hadst thou one grain of Honour shar'd,
 And sued for Honour's right,
 Thou know'st I never fear'd thine arm,
 Nor would have shunn'd the fight.

Each joy, each fond delight in Life,
 I'd leave without a tear ;
 Nor shrink at death, did not the wound
 Divorce me from my dear.

O Nancy ! fairest flower that blows,
 In pride of Beauty's bloom ;
 How will thy tender bosom bleed,
 To hear thy William's doom.

To Love's kind assignation true,
 Alas ! we'll meet no more :
 Those hours, since I enjoy'd thy smile,
 Have pass'd too swiftly o'er.

Thus spake the tender, hapless youth,
 All throbbing as he lay,

Till, speechless, with a deep fetch'd groan
 He breath'd his soul away.

With silver ray, the early sun
 Rose gently from the sea ;
 And Nancy, in a morning walk,
 Was winding o'er the lea.

Chance led her footsteps to the spot,
 Where luckless William fell ;
 But who can paint the lover's grief,
 Or who her sorrow tell ?

Stooping she prest his clay cold lips,
 And stretch'd her by his side ;
 Enclos'd him in a last embrace,
 And, with her William, died.

Now weep, each constant, gentle Nymph,
 And every tender swain :
 No pair so loving, or so sweet,
 Survives them on the plain.

And when, on Summer's flow'ry robe,
 The annual blossoms wave ;
 Pull every gentle, smiling bloom,
 To deck their early Grave.

SONG.

JOCKEY'S AWA'.

Tune—*My Jockey has gaen far awa, &c.*

YE Nymphs o' the woods, an' ye Nymphs o' the groves,
 Ye may sing to the talc-telling Echo your loves :
 Nae mair shall your sangs be delightfu' to me,
 Nor your dances be pleasin' sin' Jockey's at sea:
 Wi' sorrow we partit, he lept frae the shore,
 And I fear he is gane, now, to meet me no more :
 As far as my een could conduct me I saw,
 But the winds had soon waftit my Jockey awa'.

He came to my Faither's, to tell me the news ;
 He was bound for the sea, an' he durstna refuse :
 I heard the sad tale, wi' the tear i' my e'e ;
 For I coudna pit up wi' my Jockey at sea.
 As my dearest, my Sailor, was tellin' me this,
 Sae kind on my lips he imprintit a kiss ;
 An' the wordies sae sweet that my Laddie let fa',
 I'll never forget them while Jockey's awa'.

My Laddie aft woo'd me upo' yon green plain :
 He kiss'd me, an' swore he wad mak' me his nain :
 Nae lass o' them a' he could fancy but me ;
 But now I'm my lane, an' my Jockey's at sea.
 My Jockey was lovely, an' likit me lang ;
 An' nane was sae sweet, whan he taukit, or sang :
 The swains a' agreed, that my laddie was bra' ;
 Sae nae wonder I mourn, that my Jockey's awa' .

Ye lasses, forgie me, nor blame me to mourn :
 I'll never be gay, till my laddie return :
 What lassie wad smile, that has troubles like me,
 An' wha wadna grieve whan their Lover's at sea ?
 Farewell ye saft meadows, ye groves, an' ye bowers,
 Whar aft wi my love I've collected the flowers :
 Ye cowslips, ungather'd your blossoms may blaw,
 An' die unadmir'd, sin' my Jockey's awa' .

Fareweel, a' ye shepherds, that frisk o'er the fiel',
 Ye lads unconcern'd, an' ye lasses, fareweel :
 Fareweel, a' ye flowers, that embroider the lea ;
 I'll never be gay, while my Jockey's at sea.
 At your sports on the green ye may wanton your lane ;
 I'll never mak' ane in your dances again ;
 For hard was the fortune, an' cruel the law,
 That forc'd frae the meadows my Jockey awa' .

SONG.

THE DEATH OF RAMTAMTRUM.

Tune—*Gude forgie me for le'cin'.*

O! pray can you tell where Ramtamtrum did dwell?
Fal deral, alderal, ido:

O! he and his Grandmother liv'd in a well——

RECITATIVE.

Yes! and if they had chosen to live in an old shoe,
Miss—— (*used to any Lady in the company*)
what's that to you? But you're always for——
Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,
Fal deral, alderal, ido.

Ramtam had a nose that was was wonderous strong,
Fal deral, alderal, ido:

It was stiff, it was strong, it was thirty yards long.

RECITATIVE.

Now, some paiple will be finding fault, and saying
There must be a mistake in the measure, but
that's all——

Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,
Fal deral, alderal, ido.

A Lady, they say, to his nose took a liking,

Fal deral, alderal, ido :

Quoth she, Mr. Tamtrum, your features are striking—

RECITATIVE.

A very delicate hint, and a modest way of beginning a courtship——I wish Miss —— would attend to this ; but she's always for——

Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,

Fal deral, alderal, ido.

Ramtam had a heart, soft as heart ought to be,

Fal deral, alderal ido :

So the Lady he lov'd—cause the Lady lov'd he.

RECITATIVE.

**When hearts beat in unison, how swait is Love !
but, when the flame's all of one side—och ! it's
only——**

Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,

Fal deral, alderal ido.

Then kiss me, dear Angel, with kisses most sweet ;

Fal deral, alderal, ido ;

And my nose shall, this moment, be laid at your feet.

RECITATIVE.

So, he resolv'd instantly to marry her, as a
Gentleman ought to do, without any——
Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,
Fal deral, alderal, ido.

But, the Lady prov'd false to Ramtamtrum's love ;
Fal deral, alderal, ido ;
Och ! I'm ruin'd, quoth Ram, by the powers above !

RECITATIVE.

This shews that the longest nose in the world
will not sometimes preserve a man from——
Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,
Fal deral, alderal, ido.

So, he cut his poor throat in a hundred large pieces ;
Fal deral, alderal, ido ;
And, pray, mayn't a Gentleman die how he pleases ?

RECITATIVE.

Yes ! surely——It was always my opinion ; and,
as for those who think otherwise——why, its
only——
Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,
Fal deral, alderal, ido.

His Grandmother, then, of the well grew quite tir'd,
 Fal deral, alderal ido ;
 She, she stretched herself out on his nose, and—expir'd.

RECITATIVE.

This shews the convenience of a long nose—a
 thing so rare in this vile world—and, indeed,
 as Doctor Hocuspocus says, in his lecture upon
 noses—“ If it were not for Love, Friendship,
 and a little drop of noble stingo, now and then,
 why, the world itself would be only—
 Hotherum, scotherum, potherum, botherum,
 Fal deral, alderal, ido.

BROWNIE AND BEARDIE.

THE TWA RATS.

A TALE.

AE bonny, pleasant afternoon,
 Whan Lavrocks hail'd the Month o' June;
 An' fiels, wi' ilka thing that's bra',
 Conspir'd to laugh the hour awa':
 Twa reverend Rats, wi' little din,
 Cam' out to beak them i' the sin:
 Right blyth, tho' auld, ane teuk his staun,
 An', to his neighbor thus began.

BEARDIE.

Gie me your fit—how's a', my Frien'?
 Keep's a'! ye're bled about the e'en.
 I doubt ye've had a stour last night,
 An' things are no a' right an' tight.

BROWNIE.

'Deed, Beardie, ye hae guess'd owre true,
 An' I'se bedeen reveal to you

w, daund'rin out yestreen right late,
 naist was snibbit by the gaet.
 Ye ken the kebbuck i' the hole,
 har you and I had made a hole,
 n' had supply'd our theevin' core
 i' twa three days sufficient store:
 eel, there yestreen I lin'd my wame,
 n' was, fu' doucely, steppin' hame;
 had devour'd a sonsy tailie,
 n' had a belly like a Bailie;
 ' faes, I wat, I had nae fear,
 or dreadit danger hauf sae neer;
 saun stamm'rin' o'er amang the plates,
 that aft block up our midnight gaets,
 a piece o' toastit ham, foul fa't!
 Just right afore my e'en I saw't,
 If leukit weel, an' pleas'd my e'e,
 I glowr'd a while, an' wiss'd to pree;
 Sae o'er an auld pat-lid I goes,
 An' to the ham I sets my nose,
 We'er doubtin' but I wad come speed,
 An' grouble up the bit wi' greed:
 But, doolanee! or I was waddin',
 They had secur'd your servant Rattan.
 I faught, an' drew as well's I could,
 an' roar'd, an' screigh'd baith lang an' loud;

I'll ne'er forleet, how frae my crown.
 The vera bluid came rappin' down ;
 The airn sae rispit to the bane,
 I vera near had swarf'd wi' pain ;
 My cry, wi' what I had to thole,
 I thought might weel hae reach'd your hole.
 But, waes my heart ! ye didna hear,
 Or else ye durstna come for fear ;
 Howbe't I gied an' unco draw,
 An' mann'd to rive mysel' awa' ;
 But pu'd, wi' horrid pain, the skin
 Frae 'bout my e'en, my nose, an' chin.

Whan I gat clear o't, by my fegs,
 I made twa pair o' clever legs,
 Till, thro' the hole I reach'd my nest,
 An' laid me down to tak' a rest :
 I coudna sleep ae wink a' night,
 I was sae dung wi' pain an' fright.

BEARDIE.

Hech ! Brownie, I'm right vex'd to hear't,
 Nae wonner ye war gayan fear't :
 But I've a piece o' news, my boy,
 Will kittle up your mind wi' joy.

BROWNIE.

Sae Beardie, say't, my honest chiel',
 An' I'se engage to hearken weel ;

in ye be at the close,
 forget my bluidie nose.

BEARDIE.

Brownie, my auld neighbor Rat,
 or fae the big grey cat,
 to watch us ay sae keen,
 gaed out for prey at e'en.
 Ichum tald me't for a truth,
 I now by his hole-mouth,
 a branch, tied in a string,
 wi joy, auld Badrans hing.
 made up my mind at ance,
 ed I straught, an' tell'd the weans.
 hey a' set up a rair,
 wi' want war nither'd sair.
 e, the other night, poor hash !
 ger, took sae sair a brash ;
 o'd an' gran'd thro' a' the night,
 t he wad hae dee'd outright.
 nim o'er baith e'e an' bree,
 his head upo' my knee ;
 he aft had vex'd his mother,
 t's feelin's ill to smother ;
 yourself', without direction,
 ntna natural affection.

It mak'sna ; or the morn, I trow,
He was as stark as me or you.

Poor brute ! as soon's I saw him wake,
I fushe a dainty bit o' cake,
An' set some haggis down afore him,
I trow the smell o't didna shore him ;
He gat upo' his bits o' shanks,
An' play'd a warld o' funny pranks.
Weel, tho' he was so sadly throu'ther,
Since than he ne'er luik'd or his shouther—
But, I forget—as soon as he
Heard what auld Catchum tell'd to me,
Naithing wad stap him an' the rest,
But out they'd sally frae the nest,
An' hae a row——Quo' I, haud still,
An' hear, first, what's your Faither's will :

Just, as the gloamin' hour sets in
Be up, an' ready ilka skin.
Ye, CRAPPIE, maun attack the cheese,
An' eat as meikle as ye please ;
Than, whan ye weel hae cramm'd your wame,
Bring what ye're fit to carry hame.

HAIRIE, if it's no doon, I guess
Intill the wainscot Kitchen press,
Ye'll find some lamb, an' something else——
Steal—I command—they staw't themsels.

e, ye'll creep into the bole
 the neuk, ye ken the hole,
 ay in't sets by her leavins,
 may satisfy your cravins ;
 e House's sair mishap,
 nk thief, as ever lap.
 ;, wee, sairie thing, ye'll neist
 roastit chuckie's breast ;
 it on a plate i' the entry,
 len i' the wife's nain pantry.
 sad Jad'—I weel can tell
 frae a Friend to sell,
 oor chuckie's neck could draw,
 s to say she ran awa'.
 s sic example set 'er,
 ; ae daughter's little better :
 ye think the selfish rogue,
 neath a whomilt cog ?

BROWNIE.

—may be some bit fry
 s to hide frae you or I.

BEARDIE.

n, ye're wide o't—it's a crown
 er Faither's pouch has stown ;
 1 to Embro' the neist ouk—
 buy a prayer buik :

She wadna gie ae kiss o' Steven
 For a' the prayers under Heaven :
 He's her nain Jo, she means to wair
 Her crown on ribband for his hair,
 An' ither wallies ; sae the fear is
 It a' gang aff for whigmaleeries—
 But, let her be for ance a waister,
 Her Faither steal'd it frae his maister.

Weel, whan my young things a' cam' hame,
 Ilk had, I trow, a weel stegh'd wame,
 An' we'se the hour o' e'en beguile
 Wi' mony a happy lunch this while.

BROWNIE.

Weel, Beardie, I'm sae fain to hear
 O' Badran's death, an' sic guid cheer,
 That I've a mind, on some cauld mutton,
 For ance a wee to play the glutton ;
 Sae, if ye'll pledge me, gin ye please,
 I hae, forby, a dool o' cheese ;
 For joy we'se hae a blyth repast,
 Gin a' the mice alive soud fast,
 An' let this day ay bear the date,
 That first we heard o' badran's fate.

BEARDIE.

I carena, Frieh', sin I'm in kee,
 To rest me in your hole a wee,

An' hae a social crack or twa,
 As our destroyer's now awa'.
 But yet we've hardly room to jest,
 Tho' we be quit o' ae great pest ;
 There's something maist as ill behin' ;
 For instance, recollect your chin :
 The cat, tho' ane fell in wi' it,
 They hae a chance by speed o' fit
 To hie them quickly frae her paw ;
 But hardly ane survives a fa'.

BROWNIE.

Ay, ay, that's true, I hae been taen,
 But I'se tak' better care again,
 And, as I'm wearin' yont my prime,
 I'll e'en tak' care o' traps in time.
 It's strange we're fash'd wi' sicken strife,
 In seekin' meat, the stauf o' Life,
 That men maun set the guilefu' fa'
 To tak' our bits o' lives awa'.

BEARDIE.

Dear help ye, Brownie, soudna wee
 Tak' better tent o' what we see :
 Man sets the stamp ; but we can tell
 He's aften taury haun'd himsel'.
 For me I ne'er gaed near't but twice,
 And ance was wi' some neighbour mice—

For, poor things, tho' they're weak an' wee,
 An' no sae buirdly's you an' me,
 I'm no the aine wad dashin' gie them,
 For aft I gang a prowlin' wi' them ;
 I ken, tho' leuks I wadna niffer,
 I didna mak' mysel' to differ.
 That's ae thing I'm no sib to man in,
 I ne'er my neighbor's fauts am scannin',
 An' neither let ae e'e nor ither
 Sklent, wi' unkindness, on a brither ;
 Tho' in her gifts o' ilk degree
 Nature hae been mair kind to me.—
 Weel, as I said—or meant to say,
 Ae night, a blink afore the day,
 Twa three had slippit frae their hole,
 Right yap, an' meant to hae a stroll.
 Glad to fa' in wi' ane anither,
 We a' crap up the stair thegither,
 Whan there, ae wee bit hauf-starv'd elf
 Speel'd tremblin' to the amrie skelf :
 Wae worth't ! a dunt o' scowthert cheese
 Stuck on a prong, he quaukin' sees,
 An', tho' his teeth wi' terror chatter'd ;
 His eager chafts wi' slaiver water'd ;
 Cautious, an' slaw, he made a venture ;
 But I was dreadin' some mishanter,

An' stood abeigh': an' I was right,
 I trou my Neighbors gat a fright;
 The bait was gript, sneck gaed the fa'
 An' snapt the tiny wight in twa.
 The rest, aff scourin' fair an' clean,
 Car'dna ae doit about their frien'.
 Now, sin' the gaet o' traps I see,
 I'se wad there's nane sal close on me.

BROWNIE.

Nor sal a trap do me a scaith
 While I hae e'en an' senses baith,
 An' sin' the dool an' pine we've dree't,
 We've learn'd a halsome lesson frae't.
 Lies the faut wi' oursel' ? what than ?
 We haena mense like cruel man ;
 Yet tho' he's paukier far than we,
 Whatreck, he gangs as aft alee.
 Dangers, tho' gatherin' round his head,
 He recksna, till they're past remeid.
 See I nae better ? what o' that ?
 An' skep na free—I'm but a Rat.
 Guid sooth, our gumption's e'en but sma',
 But he has aften nane ava':
 An' tho' we stowlins eat, yet man
 At theft an' robbing is na shan.

In ither kintries far awa
 He think'st nae harm to rob ava :
Foul deed is sanction'd by *fair* law ;
 An', for the greed o' lawless gain,
 Wad tramp o'er heaps o' guiltless slain ;
 His fellow man in bonds enslave,
 An' crush the freedom o' the brave ;
 Reckless, that, in the doubtful' strife,
 Like us, he perils aft his life,
 Wi' nae sic cause to plead for't either,
 As keepin' saul an' skin thegither.
 We eatna but whan want is threaten',
 Man eats an' drinks for drink an' eatin' ;
 Nae surfeit rises frae our meal,
 We're ay fu' freck an' stark an' hale ;
 Keep vi'lence aff our head, we yield
 To nae downdraught but perfect eild ;
 An' whan our wee bit race is run,
 Sink down as saft's a settin' sun.

Had I the power to change at will,
 I'd estlins be a Rattan still.
 We follow Nature's law, while Man
 Neglects her dictates a' he can ;
 An', tho' some piddlin' fauts demean us,
 There's scrimp a strae to draw between us.

The moral o' this tale is plain :
Ne'er hazard life for greed o' gain ;
Vain pleasure's fair deceits despise,
As pain attends the path o' Vice.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

EREWILE, by Cartha's flowery banks
 My humble Lyre I strung ;
 Youth's willing ear did tend the strain,
 And listen'd while I sung.
 Now, when the varied note I change
 To pity's tender lay ;
 Ah ! let them now these strains regard,
 That flow for Coila's sweetest Bard,
 And mourn that Bard away.

Time saw the joyous spring succeed
 To Winter's hoary storm ;
 And Echo wake the gladsome reed,
 To hail her gentle form ;
 But, who shall now these notes prolong,
 That Love delighted heard :
 Echo no more shall cheer the plain,
 Nor Beauty listen to the strain
 Of Coila's sweetest Bard.

His song sometimes, like Zephyr's sigh,
That stoops to kiss the stream,
Would hardly shake the film, that shines
In Summer's morning beam :
Sometimes, like winter's sternest blast,
Would curb or rein defy ;
Or, like the wild fantastic breeze,
That whirls the foliage of the trees
In eddies to the sky.

Fond we admir'd his splendid dawn,
Like some fair orb of light ;
Nor fear'd, that an untimely cloud
Should veil that orb in night ;
But, ah ! from dread Disease and Death,
No art, nor power can save :
Man, like the insect round the blaze,
Flutters a while in Life's wild maze ;
Then sinks into the grave.

If Fate but give the stern command,
That Death's sure arrow fly,
My Burns ! not Fame, or loud Applause,
Can set that arrow by :
Tho' to the Heavens thy Fancy soar'd,
By no restraint confin'd ;

And, tow'ring in the fields of light,
 Beyond the eaglet's proudest flight,
 Left all the world behind.

The fairest hopes that fill the heart,
 Tho' bright in Fancy's view,
 Like morning clouds oft pass away,
 Or gems of early dew.
 Yet, tho' beneath the green grass turf,
 The head of Genius lie ;
 Fame, not of Earth's unhallow'd mould,
 In Mem'ry's sacred page enroll'd,
 Shall Time, and Death defy.

Now, in his Grave be ever laid
 'Foul Envy's blasting tongue ;
 Nor recollection ever think
 How far the Bard did wrong :
 Tho' Genius bend, a wretched slave,
 At pleasure's guilty shrine ;
 Let Mercy such defects conceal,
 As nought but Malice would reveal—
 To pardon is divine.

Thou, who admir'dst fair Coila's Bard,
 And lov'dst his charming lays ;

Cease, on his now departed shade,
 To lavish bootless praise.
 Expos'd to penury, and want,
 His helpless infants pine ;
 To these thy gentle boon extend ;
 And, if thou e'er shouldst need a Friend,
 Be then such Mercy thine.

Adieu, my Burns ! sweet be thy rest,
 As e'er the goodman's dream ;
 Or vision, by the Bard enjoy'd,
 By Fairy-haunted stream.
 Alike from Scorn's unkind reproach,
 And Praise's smoother tale ;
 From Friend, and Foe, belying each,
 Thou ly'st, where slander cannot reach,
 Nor Flattery aught avail.

Yet, when the gentle Beauty sighs
 At Love's frequented shrine ;
 Or Labour chants his artless lay,
 The strain shall still be thine :
 And, where the festive board is spread,
 Amid the cheerful glee,
 In tender Mem'ry of their Friend,
 Shall Mirth the social roar suspend,
 And heave a sigh for thee.

SONG.

WOO ME AGAIN.

Tune—*On a primrosy bank.*

WHAN Jamie first woo'd me, he was but a youth :
 Frae his lips flow'd the strains o' persuasion and truth,
 His suit I rejected, wi' pride an' disdain ;
 But, O ! wad he offer to woo me again.

He aft wad hae tauld me his love was sincere ;
 And e'en wad hae ventur'd to ca' me his dear :
 My heart to his tale was as hard as a stane ;
 But, O ! wad he offer to woo me again.

He said that he hop'd I would yield an' be kind ;
 But I counted his profers as light as the wind :
 I laugh'd at his grief, whan I heard him complain ;
 But O ! wad he offer to woo me again.

He flatter'd my locks, that war black as a slae ;
 And fraiz'd my fine shape, frae the tap to the tae :

fate, an' desir'd he wad let me alane ;
 But O ! wad he offer to woo me again.

Repuls'd he forsoek me, an' left me to grieve,
 An' mourn the sad hour that my swain took his leave :
 Now, since I despis'd, an' was deaf to his mane,
 I fear he'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

O wad he but now to his Jean be inclin'd,
 My heart in a moment wad yield to his mind ;
 But, I fear, wi' some ither my laddie is taen,
 An' sae he'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

Ye bonny young lasses, be warn'd by my fate ;
 Despise not the heart you may value too late :
 Improve the sweet sunshine, that now gilds the plain :
 With you it may never be sunshine again.

The Simmer o' Life, ah ! it soon flits awa',
 An' the bloom on your cheek will soon dow in the snaw
 O ! think, ere you treat a fond youth wi' disdain,
 That, in Age, the sweet flower never blossoms again.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Now Simmer's gowden beam withdrawn
 Brings hoary Winter o'er the lawn ;
 While, drivin, cauld, in awfu' form,
 Bauld Boreas aids the direfu' storm.

Nae langer blooms the flowery thorn,
 Whase fragrant sweets perfum'd the morn :
 Nae mair o' pastime now, I ween,
 The dance, the play has left the green :
 Nae mair our een blythe prospects cheer ;
 Stern Winter blins them wi' a tear.
 Ilk thing leuks dowie, dowff an' wae ;
 Just like auld Nature's last decay ;
 And ilka hill, an' haugh, an' plain,
 Scarce hechts, that Spring will come again.

The herd, poor thing ! thro' chillin' air,
 Tends, in the meads, his fleecy care ;
 Dozen'd wi' cauld, an' drivin' sleet,
 Rowd in a coarse, wou'n muirlan' sheet ;
 Or, may be, o'er the drift-clad brae,
 Frae whar he hears the lambkins bae,
 He, weary, winds his road, an' slaw,
 To howk them out frae 'mang the snaw.

ald win' soughs thro' the leafless trees :
 is tawtie locks are like to freeze :
 eeve, in his plaid, ilk haun he rows,
 n', wi' his breath, the cranreuch thows ;
 ill ance ilk dinnlin' finger glows.
 'inter's keen breath has made him yap :
 lelangs to see the parritch cap ;
 ae, up some hilloc tap, or brae,
 le-bends his way, baith cauld an' blae ;
 o see, gif, o'er the neighb'rin' dale,
 he servánt brings his morning meal.
 Thinn'd is the foliage o' the grove,
 'har wissfu' lovers wont to rove :
 eember sheets wi' ice the knowes,
 n' staps the burnie as it rows.
 ow, on its banks nae verdure shaws ;
 or burdie sings, nor blossom blaws ;
 ut, frae ilk buss, the tangles gay
 ang, skinklin' in the Mornin' ray ;
 'hile ilka blast seems to conspire
 o blaw out Nature's vital fire.
 Yet, tho' ilk thing without leuks cauld,
 he ingle bleezes, warm an' bauld ;
 n' lang before the cock has crawn,
 r glintin' Morn led in the Dawn.

I wat there's mony a wight asteer,
 To glad his heart wi' New'rday cheer.
 Now, tho' the vera skies soud fa',
 In heavy flakes o' feathery snaw:
 Tho' wintry rain a deluge pour;
 The bitter, bitin' tempest roar;
 Whirlin' destruction thro' the street,
 An' threatenin' heaven an' earth to meet:
 Yet, spite o' winter's drearest form,
 The *First Fit* bauldly fronts the storm.
 The maudlin' *Het pint's* heavenly power
 Has rais'd a flame that bangs the shower;
 That heaviest rain, in even-down drench,
 An' scarce a sea itsel', cou'd quench:
 The whelmin' ocean coudna choke it,
 Nae mair than 'twad a Congreve's rocket.
 Screevin' awa, he dreads nae harm;
 The glorious beverage, reekin' warm,
 He dauntless bears; an', bent on fun,
 Nor *Kebbuck* hains, nor *Curran Bun*,
 Thus, doubly arm'd, he onward plods,
 Nor envies goddesses or gods.
 Weel wat I, on Olympus tap
 There's nowther sic a bit, nor drap.
 Happy that frien', whase door sae blest
 Is doom'd to welcome sic a guest!

There Care nae shilpit face can shaw,
He's boltit out amang the snaw.

Now, bonny Lasses, shun the street ;
For ye'll be kiss'd by a' ye meet.
But, ablins, ye're sae ill to sair o't,
Ye'll no keep in the house the mair o't.
Weel, gang your wa's—Luv^e send ye speed :
I'se wad, ye'll get yer mou's weel pree'd.

Now, the saft maid, whase yieldin' heart,
O' Luv^e's keen flane has dreed the smart,
Recksnæ, I trow, her want o' rest,
But dinks her out in a' her best ;
Wi' weel airn'd mutch, an' kirtle clean,
To wait the hour o' Twall at e'en.
Blyth hour ! that, on the passin' bell,
Rings out the auld year's partin' knell.
Syne, whan she hears it strike, I wat,
Her modest heart gangs pitt^y pat.
Fu' anxious, now, she's on the watch,
An' thinks, ilk breath, she hears the latch ;
Starts frae the stool, wi' wat'rin' mouth,
To welcome ben the dear lo'ed youth ;
For wham 't had been her E'enin' care
Some gusty beverage to prepare.
As aft she finds hersel' mistaen,
An', dowie, sits her down again.

Sune a quick, eager step draws near—
 She's no deceiv'd—it is her dear.
 Her heart beats quick wi' sweet alarms :
 She finds hersel' within his arms—
 But here nae mair the Music tells :
 We leave the lovers to themselves.

The wight, opprest wi' toil an' care,
 Minds poortith, now, an' debt nae mair ;
 But sweetly bends the reamin' bicker,
 To drown dull care in jaws o' liquor.

Now, mony a rantin' feast, weel stor'd,
 Saur sweetly on the rustic board :
 The Table brags its ample store,
 That held a simple meal before :
 The ale gangs roun', the e'enin' lang :
 Auld age unbends, and joins the sang ;
 An', while he blythly slacks his drouth,
 Brags o' the feats o' early youth.

The laithfu' wooers' smirkin' e'en,
 In glints they wissna to be seen,
 Speak the saft language o' the heart,
 An' dread the minute they maun part ;
 Or, may be, seated side by side,
 The strugglin' sigh they strive to hide ;
 An', laith Luv'e's raptures to delay,
 Fix the lang wiss'd for, happy day.

Hail, Friendly Neighbours ! cheerfu' thrang !
To you Life's purest joys belong :
Care seinle sours ye, air or late,
Contentit wi' your humble state.
Far frae Ambition's maddin' strife,
Ye spend a blyth, an' blameless life :
An', the' 'neath Poortith's sair down-draw,
Some o' ye fag your Days awa,
An' aften hae your ain ado,
Ye hae your blinks o' sinshine too.
The blyth New Year comes sweetly in,
An' gies misfortune to the win.
The rich are mair to mean than you—
They've aften pine that scugs the view ;
Their joys parade while yours are true.
E'en let them sport their giddy hours—
The shew is theirs—the substance yours.
Your harmless mirth let Wealth envy ;
In fu'ness fret, an' wonder why :
Ambition, ay, we ken fu' weel,
Pretends to scorn the joys it canna feel.

SONG.

CAPTAIN M'NEVIN;

OR

THE WARRIOR'S FIRESIDE AT THE MOMENT OF
INVASION.

Tune—Corporal Casey.

IN Dublin's fair city, so gay and so frisky,
 So famous for Heroes, so famous for whisky,
 Liv'd a Captain so bold, if the truth you'll believe is,
 That scarce had his fellow—brave Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin:

Och! the Prince of a Captain was Captain M'Nevin.

O! blest with a wife was this Captain so brave, Sir,
 Just such a dear rib as a Captain should have, Sir:
 How she lov'd the dear man it is past all conceiving!
 Och! her Hero, her wonderful Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin:

Och! her Volunteer Captain, swait Captain M'Nevin.

At writing a Brief, or, at eating a Pudding,
 He'd yield to no carcass that e'er there was blood in ;
 And many a good dish did he dip his shirt-sleeve in ;
 So fond of good eating was Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin :

Och ! a delicate sirloin for Captain M'Nevin !

With his lovely red nose, and his round, portly belly ;
 Full of *courage*, and *custards*, and *justice*, and *jelly* ;
 With a sweet pretty sabre, for hacking and cleaving :
 Och ! he look'd quite a Hero, did Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin :

Och ! a pattern for Captains was Captain M'Nevin.

One night as the Captain quite snug lay his bed in,
 Good punch in his belly, good flannel his head in,
 Some villainous drum beat, the neighbours deceiving :
 Och ! there's the invasion, cried Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin ;

There's the French dogs at last, cried brave Captain
 M'Nevin.

Och ! curse on these Frenchmen—these soup maigre

b——s,

2

Och! bring memy sabre, and bring me my breeches—
Take courage, my Love, 'tis in vain to be *graving*;
We shall cut them to *paices*. said Captain M'Nevin:

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin:

Och! the death of a *Hairo* for Captain M'Nevin.

Attempt to get up did this son of good eating,
But his head grew quite giddy, his heart fell a beating—
My *dair*! shall I bring you a bason to *haive* in?—
Pray, do, my dear Angel! said Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin:

Och, blast Bonaparte! said Captain M'Nevin.

My Love! said the warrior, my *dairess*! be handy,
Step down to the sideboard, and fetch me the brandy;
I'm in-such a mad passion, it's past all *consaving*,
And I'm shiv'ring with cold, said brave Captain
M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin:

Och! the Devil invade them! said Captain M'Nevin.

Tell Betty, my *dairess*! to put on the brander,
With a slice of the ham, and a slice of the gander;

**He who fights for his King has a right to good living :
So, a slice and a bumper for Captain M'Nevin.**

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin:

A delicate slice for brave Captain M'Nevin. :

**Full of bacon and brandy, and courage quite steady,
To meet the invaders the Hero made ready,
While his soft-hearted mate, sentimentally grieving,
Was lamenting the fate of her Captain M'Nevin.**

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin ;

**Och ! the Frenchmen will *morder* my Captain-
M'Nevin.**

**Think on your *dair* health, my *swait* Love ! you're
not able**

**To *slaip* on wet straw, like a cow in a stable ;
Sea biscuits and water for Dinner——O Heaven !
You'll turn me quite sick, said brave Captain M'Nevin.**

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin :

Och ! the horrors of war ! said brave Captain M'Nevin.

**Think on your *dair* wife, who but lives to adore ye,
On the pleasures behind, and the dangers before ye**

On the thirst and the huuger that will be so *graving*,
Far, far from the arms of your Mistress M'Nevin.

Mistress M'Nevin,

Mistress M'Nevin :

Och ! think not of marching, *dair* Captain M'Nevin.

Och ! do not *spait* thus, my *swait* Love and my beauty,
Or my heart you will render too soft for my duty ; |
I can't, without *tairs*, think of marching and *leaving*
My all in the world, my *swait* Mrs. M'Nevin.

Mistress M'Nevin,

Mistress M'Nevin :

Come ! we'll just go to bed again, Mistress M'Nevin,

Should the corps be dispos'd at my absence to cavil,
I'll swear I was *sais'd* with the stone and the gravel,
With a pain in the guts that was past all *consaving* :
Och ! I dont like your battles, said Captain M'Nevin.

Captain M'Nevin,

Captain M'Nevin :

Och ! the Deil tak' the wars, said brave Captain
M'Nevin:

Now, the Farce let us close, it has serv'd our occasion,
And indulge the just hope, when we hear of Invasion,

**That no British soldier the foe at receiving;
Will e'er prove a coward, like Captain M'Nevin:
 Captain M'Nevin,
 Captain M'Nevin:
Confusion to cowards like Captain M'Nevin !**

EDINA.

TO A FRIEND.

*ridentem dicere verum**Quid vetat ?*

HOR.

In jokin' mood, that breaks nae banes,
 What harm in telling truth for ance.

COME, canty Muse, an' be advis'd

To tent the Bardie's prayer ;

Sent frae a heart, that's no disguis'd,

But wonnerfu' sincere.

My pow, wi' droll ideas fill,

By dint o' Inspiration ;

And I'se, o' usquebae a gill,

Pour out in clear libation

To you, this day.

O' auld Edina I wad sing ;

Edina blyth an' bonny :

How, for the gear that simmers bring,

She's hardly match'd by ony.

O' wad ye learn me but the gaet,

It to the saul wad cheer me,

w I cou'd roar't frae Arthur's seat,
An' gar a' Scotland hear me,

Right loud, this day.

m as the sin, frae Thetis' lap,
Out owre the knowes is blinkin' ;
' carles, wauken'd frae their nap,
Rise to their rump, hauf winkin' :
han skirlin' weans, by mithers thrawn,
Are yellochin' an' greetin' ;
' lambs, along the dewy lawn,
In social crouds are bleetin'.

At break o' day ;

e growlin' fish wives hoise their creels,
Set a' their banes a gellin',
uile, mony droll outlandish squeels
Inform ye what they're sellin' :
w many a squad o' yelpin' tongues,
Sae lang practis'd to roarin',
n gar a yell, by strength o' lungs,
Sound thro' sax lair o' floorin',

An' mair, ilk day.

linna think the sin e'er sees
A female gang mair hardy ;
hauf sae glib at tellin' lies,
Sae bawdy-tongu'd an' bardy :
' heavy lade ae wife came in,
An', tho' sma' while she tarried,

She fell in twa, wi' little din,
 An' hame the getlin' carried
 I' the creel, that day
 Now at the Tron-kirk netuk, wi' speed,
 The chairmen tak' their stam:
 A hardy crew o' Gaelic breed,
 A' waitin' for commaun'.
 The Cadies, rang'd about the Corse,
 For messages ay ready;
 To tak' your card, or haud your horse,
 Ye'll find them true an' steady
 To trust, ilk day.
 For Mercury's salt eerands, too.
 Fame lang, it's said; has kend them,
 But gin its true sic turns they do,
 Is kent to them that send them.
 To scandalise but whar it's due,
 The Musie wad ill set it,
 Justice, ye ken, 'tween me an' you,
 The vera Deil soud get it
 Frae a', this day.
 Stark Labour now starts to his en',
 About the day's darg thinkin';
 An' eident draves o' workin' men
 Along the Brigs gang linkin'.

Thrift awens up ilk winnock blin',
 Her daily moil to work at ;
 While Cadgers frae the roads come in,
 To meet the early market,

Fu keen, ilk day.

The sot, wha taks his e'enin' blaw,
 An' sadly drees the sair o't,
 For him the sin may rise or fa',
 He winna budge the mair o't ;
 He rubs his blinkin', drumly e'en,
 Yet reelin' wi' the drappie ;
 He sees the Sin's mornin' light sae sheen,
 An' taks the tither nappie,

Fu' soum', that day.

He brews the idle weirdless drone,
 Wham Mornin' canna cheer ;
 He recksna thrift, but dozes on,
 Whan Nature's a' asteer.
 He wad mony a blythsome hour he tines,
 Wha never sees the dawn :
 He's despis'd and shunn'd, he aften pines,
 Wi' Eild an' want sair thrawn,

An' pain'd, ilk day.

The packman chaps now shaw their ware,
 That scance an' shine fu' brawly,

ut, waes my heart! the penny fee
 To wife an' wee anes awin',
 fore he leaves the barley brie,
 Aft scrimply pays the lawin':
 low hard the heart, that isna strung

Wi' Natural affection ;
 vera brute yéarns o'er its young,
 An' yields them kind protection
 Baith night an' day.

ae far, there's mony a bonny bark
 Comes scuddin' up the Forth,
 'sails as white as ony sark
 The pride o' a' the North.

may they ne'er awa be cast
 Whan pang'd wi' foreign ware,
 may sic wamefu's, to her last,
 kuld Reckie ever share,
 Unscath'd, ilk day.

hostile inroad, fierce to stem,
 Ier Castle, mann'd wi' skill,
 uns sparklin' like a bonny gem
 Vast-end a rocky hill.
 Palace, too, scarce kythes o' eild,
 or cent'ries firm an' trig,
 ile many a braw new-fashion'd bield
 he-north her bonny brig,

Leuks gay this day.

Here, wi' hale head an' heart at ease,

'Mang Reekie's honour'd wa's,

I breath in health frae ilka breeze

O' baumy wind that blaws.

Here, in a blink, ye're taugt sae smart,

A' sorts o' Foreign lair,

An' lingos, an' the Deil's black airt,

I wad, an' meikle mair

Than thae, this day.

But chief, her bonny lasses rare,

Nae maids war e'er completer,

Nae lily leaf is hauf sae fair,

Nae bloom o' roses sweeter.

Smooth o'er life's ocean let them sail,

Wi' sic fair wind as may be,

An' may their younkers, whan they fail,

Be just as guid as they be,

For mony a day.

Fu' mony blessins sic as thae,

Auld Reekie disna want them,

An' mair's the blessin' gin she hae,

But triflin' ills forepent them.

Nae Town like her, that e'er enjoy'd,

Sic thrang commercial dealins,

Cou'd ever brag o' being void

O' bits o' fauts an' failins,

Like her's this day.

ingsyne her bairns, they ken theirsel,
 Might blush to lodge a stranger,
 r aft his sense o' sight an' smell,
 War baith in meikle danger.
 wks warna than sae gentle rear'd,
 Nor wure sic gentle claes, than ;
 r kend they but to delve their yaird,
 In' how to kill their faes than,

On ony day.

sad that any shamefu' truth,
 and e'er been tauld upon'er ;
 t Reekie in a stranger's mouth,
 'er stunk to her dishonner.
 dinna cast it in her teeth,
 downa hear ye tell o't,
 t e'en the Ladies in Dalkeith,
 ould find the vera smell o't,

Fu' keen some nights:

r, she's as meikle chang'd in leuks,
 s cleanliness e'er wiss'd her,
 may be match'd in a' her neuks,
 Vi' e'en her Southern Sister.
 le is heard the noice o' strife,
 br felt the haund o' spoil,
 ile a' the wheels o' polish'd Life
 ang just as smooth as oil,

Baith night an' day.

Fegs ! Jock, gin ye war here like me,

As I'm right clear ye waud be,

I coudna swear, that ye wad be

Mair honest than ye soud be.

Whan haun for nieve the haukies staun, *how*

Wha live by dissipation,

F'm redd ye'd tine, yer self commaun,

At fleein' frae temptation,

To sin, this day.

Soon as the day gangs creepin' dark,

Night waukers gang their Trade to,

An' Whores an' Thieves begin the wark,

That they hae lang been bred to.

Ilk honest chield soud e'en tak' care,

An' on his guard be watchin,

For mony a trap, an' stamp, an' snare,

They hae their prey to catch in ;

Alas ! this day.

If ane by chance be out at night,

Hauf fu', or ablins war, Sir ;

An' fit to ken, by strength o' sight,

A lanthron frae a star, Sir.

Just cry halloo ! the chairmen crouse,

Will rin in hauf a score sir :

" Toun here's ta road to Luckie's house,

I'll light you to ta toor, Sir,

This vera Night."

Frae dark close mou's the jinkers craw

"Ha!—will ye gie's a gill, Sir?"

Anither cries, "Callan, how's a'?"

But dinna ye staun still, Sir.

Just keep the road, an' snoove awa',

An' ne'er leuk o'er yer shouther;

They are the warst sight e'er ye saw,

At kirk or market owther,

I'm sure, this day.

O! whan the tide o' youthfu' bluid,

Thro' a' yer heart-strings wallops,

Keep ay in douce an' sober mood,

Your spirit needs nae fillups.

Now seekin' nought but what may please,

Ilk passion reigns your master;

My sooth! it needs nae ither heeze

To gar its fluid rin faster,

On ony day.

The day turns mirk, my menseless lay

'S now wisein' to the gloamin',

We'll leave auld Reekie for the day,

An' waird the Mornin' comin'.

Let sober fowks, wi' blyth, hale heart,

Snug lay them on their bowster,

Soun' be their sleep, they cheerlie start

By them wha court the browster

For swats, ilk night.

Now, whan o'er Calton Hill the sun
 Comes glimm'rin like the twilight,
 The wights, dispos'd for E'enin' fun,
 Flee frac the scaud o' daylight.
 The bizzie thrang now set adrift,
 An' Trade wi' birr commences,
 Fate to the eident haund o' thrift
 The sweets o' toil dispenses,
 To share, ilk day.

Ye sauls, whase complicated rent,
 By carpin' care ay cloy't,
 Coud never purchase sweet Content,
 An' pleasure to enjoy't,
 Envy the wight whase lowly sphere,
 By carefu' toil's supportit,
 Tho' Fortune mayna swall his gear,
 His lot's mair to be courtit

Than your's this day.

Now, honest Reekie, fair ye weel,
 I'm gaun a while to lea' ye ;
 As lang as ye gar sinners squeel,
 May gude an' gear be wi' ye.
 Lang may yer lads an' lasses braw,
 Be wordy sic a mither ;
 Soud ye kick up, an' slip awa',
 They'll scrimply find anither
 As guid, this day.

SONG.

BLYTH ARE WE SET WI' ITHIR.

Tune—*Blyth, blyth an' merry was she.*

LYTH are we set wi' ither ;
Fling Care ayont the moon :
Ae sae aft we meet thegither ;
Wha wad think o' partin' sune ?
To' snaw bend down the forest trees,
An' burn an' river cease to flow :
To' Nature's tide hae shor'd' to freeze,
An' winter nithers a' below,
 Blyth are we, &c.

Ow, roun' the ingle cheerly met,
We'll scog the blast an' dread nae harm,
Vi' jaws o' toddy, reekin' het,
We'll keep the genial current warm.
The frien'ly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
Far pleasure reign the e'enin' lang,
An' laugh at bitin' frost an' snaw.
 Blyth are we, &c.

The cares that cluster roun' the heart,
 An' gar the bosom stoun' wi pain,
 Shall get a fright afore we part,
 Will gar them fear to come again.
 Then, fill about, my winsome chiels,
 The sparklin' glass will banish pine :
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
 Sae free o' care as yours an' mine.
 Blyth are we, &c.



THE JILT.

—————*miseri quibus*

Intentata nites ————— HOR.

Unhappy he, wha e'er shall woo ye!
 It maun be ane wha never knew ye:
 He'll never be your lover *fido*,
 Wha kens ye sic a Jad' as I do.

'T breath'd the sweet gale, that, by Glotta's fair
 stream,

First found me encircl'd in Myra's fond arms:
 en, sweet were the slumbers and pleasant the dream
 That painted my Fair one array'd in her charms.

iew'd the mad train that, at Pleasure's wild call,
 The still voice of Virtue and Reason despise;
 to lead the coy Nymph thro' the maze of the ball,
 Or rush on destruction for Glory's gay prize.

to for the false Fairy delights of the Town,
 Would gladly each rural enjoyment resign:
 ch sweets for a moment, the senses could drown;
 But surely their bliss was not equal to mine.

I saw them awake from their dream of delight,
 I saw them look back on their time with a sigh,
 I bless'd the kind powers, that had led me aright,
 And none were so happy as Myra and I.

The warblers, that caroll'd their song from the spray,
 That welcom'd the sweet-smiling blush of the dawn,
 Ne'er knew with more pleasure the hours pass away,
 Or rang'd more at ease o'er the flower-cover'd lawn.

Beside the green willow, that lav'd in the tide,
 Full oft has my head on her bosom reclin'd,
 Full often I woo'd the fair Maid for my bride,
 And I thought she was pleas'd when I told her my
 mind.

I thought she was pleas'd when I heav'd the fond sigh,
 And with joy to the tale of my heart would incline ;
 That the tear of kind pity oft fill'd the soft eye,
 Which she turn'd with apparent compassion on mine.

But how fleeting the bliss that a lover enjoys !
 How short liv'd, how fickle the smiles of the Fair !
 The wooer's fond kiss is a pleasure that cloys,
 And soul-soothing Hope often yields to despair.

Young Carlos but late to the country came down,
 He flatter'd, he danc'd, and he sigh'd, and he swore;
 He taught her to relish the joys of the Town,
 And Myra, false Myra, is Colin's no more.

But why should I grieve that the Nymph is away :
 Her voice was a syren's, her smile was a cheat ;
 And tho' her black eyes were as bright as the day,
 Beneath their gay ogle was harbour'd deceit.

Tho' true to my passion, and, guileless, my heart
 To her would its inmost recesses reveal ;
 Tho' I lov'd her with ardour, and woo'd without art,
 Yet Myra ne'er felt it, nor knew how to feel.

Then cease my fond heart, thus to languish in pain,
 To Cupid's dull vot'ries the task I'll resign ;
 I'll seek'out some other sweet Nymph on the plain,
 Who knows how to value such candour as mine.

SONG.

BONNY BELL.

Tune—*Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.*

LASSIE, will ye hae a Lover?
 Ken ye Colin likes ye weel?
 Fain his flame he wad discover:
 But he's bashfu' to reveal.
 O' a' the Lasses, blyth an' bonny,
 I sall tell ye, lovely Bell,
 Colin disna think there's ony
 Hauf sae pretty as yersel'.

Tall an' slender is yer stature;
 Rosy cheek an' coal black e'en,
 Sweeter far, yer ev'ry feature,
 Than the lily on the green.
 Dearest Lassie, just but let me
 Say I lo'e ye as my life;
 Be na shy, an' trowth! ye'se get me,
 For I'm thinkin' on a wife.

We bought a house wad please ye,
 Caps an' luggies, rowth an' wale ;
 Bells an' chairs to sit and ease ye,
 And a wooden plate for kail.
 The burdies, cleck'd in simmer,
 'Toddlin' brawly butt an' ben,
 My Cave, o' aiken timmer,
 Praises a sonsy clockin' hen.

A pownie, fit for ridin',
 An' a cow to gie ye mik ;
 Bells o' guid Kilmarnock plaidin',
 Faist as soft as ony silk.
 The admast, I've a poke o' siller
 As big as a knockin' mell ;
 As o' grain like ony Miller,
 Waitin' a' for bonny Bell.

Let us see ye, than, an' let us cleek it,
 For the greenin' days gae doon,
 When a body's heart gets steekit,
 The luvie's entirely out o' tune.
 I'll see ye when I've leisure,
 We'll sae crack o't than, oursel',
 I'll never live in pleasure
 Till I'm join'd wi' bonny Bell.

SONG.

SOFT ON DELIA'S BOSOM LYING.

SOFT on Delia's bosom lying,
Void of every care but Love,
Every luscious beauty spying,
Would you know the bliss I prove?
Paint the happy hind surveying,
As he strays, the ripening fields;
In his fancy fond pourtraying
What the joyous harvest yields.

VERSES

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, UNCOMMONLY ADDICTED
TO-GNAWING HIS FINGERS.

Unless for fun ye wad be pointit out,
For gudesake, man, tak' care what ye're about!

DEAR help us, Rab, what gars ye chaw
Yer fingers, like yer cude, man?
Sma' pleasure it can gie ta gnaw
A chield's nain, flesh an' bluid man:
It's contrar, e'en to Nature's law,
An' fowks maun think it's rude, man,
To see ye close yer beastly jaw
On sic uncommon food, man,
As them, this day.
I ferlied ye cou'd do't for shame,
Whan wise-like fowks war wi' ye,
For, sure, they coudna staun the name
O' Cannibal to gie ye.
Thought I, yer hauns'll soon be lame,
Gif that gaet disna lea' ye,

Alse, lang or ye're aneath the stane,
Yer carcass will be stinkin'
 Alive, some day.

O! wad the speaker roar ye out,
To ilka ane beside ye!
An', sure, it's but his right, nae doubt,
In wise-like gaets to guide ye,
Afore the hail assembl'd rout,
Wi' scornfu' hiss deride ye:
Swith, get some blanket, or a clout
Rear'd on a stauf, to hide ye
 Frae sight, ilk day.

THE CHOICE.

TO MISS —————

A WIFE! I love the sacred name,
 The richest blessing from on high ;
 But, O! how painful to endure,
 If Jealousy disturb the tie.

If o'er some briary thorny wild,
 A Traveller plod his lonely way,
 He joys, if, near his cheerless road,
 Chance guide some friendly foot to stray.

Life is a briary, thorny wild,
 We travel o'er its mazy round,
 Happy, if in the devious path,
 Some social kindred soul is found.

Oft I envy the happy pair,
 Whose souls like dispositions bind,
 Whom Fate has link'd in tender chains,
 And Love disposes to be kind.

Each Nymph, would Fortune grant my choice,
 I fain would wish to call my own,
 As charms with Wit and Beauty both ;
 But charms me not with these alone :

The tender heart, the speaking eye,
 The feelings which can ne'er deceive,
 That sympathy which prompts the sigh,
 And pities where it can't relieve.

These are the charms to win my heart,
 Which Fate, tho' changing, can't impair ;
 Beauty may owe some charms to Art,
 But Nature's boon exalts the Fair.

I wish one blest with common sense,
 Not very old, nor very young,
 One who can speak when reason calls,
 Yet knows to regulate her tongue.

I'd wish for one of temper mild,
 And virtuous, too, if I could get her ;
 And, if she were not lame or blind,
 I'm pretty sure I'd love her better.

I wish to prove the golden mean,
 To learn the happy art of saving ;

Yet, if my Fair had store of gold,
She would be none the worse of having.

I'd wish for one whose careful hand
Could sooth the anxious cares of Life,
Halve every joy, and share my woe,
Nor blush to own herself my wife.

Oft such a Nymph in vain I've sought,
With serious critical review:
Now, ——, I close the long pursuit,
By cent'ring all my soul in you.

EPIGRAM.

TO ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE THIMBLE.

Ae cauld misty mornin', whan cranreugh had ~~been~~,
 An' I was right timeously up ;
 Ere Phœbus's ray had begladden'd the lawn,
 Or drunkards had stown frae their cup,

At distance, by chance, I was castin' my eyes,
 Whar winter had frozen the mud,
 Whan *something*, that struck me wi' instant surprise,
 Began to appear like a clud.

The Phantom advanc'd at a moderate pace,
 In hight like a yard and a span ;
 I saw it, but flinch'd na ae jot frae the place ;
 Because I suppos'd it a *man*.

At last the queer spectre drew near like a warth,
 An' settl'd just straught i' my view ;
 But I ne'er was sae muckle surpris'd i' the earth,
 It was not a *man*—it was *you*.

SONG.

PRETTY MALLY.

PRETTY Mally be inclined
 When young Colin tak's the field,
 Since, for granting you're design'd,
 Let your lover bid ye yield ;
 Nor sae shy
 Frae him fly,
 If ye wish him not to die.

Dont the Lammies let ye see,
 As they frisk about the plain ;
 Ye war form'd for Love an' me,
 An' war made to be my ain :
 Then be kind ;
 Let me find
 Lovely Mally to my mind.

Did my Mally view the dove
 Round his marrow how he coo'd,
While, in answer to his love,
 Ay she courtit to be woo'd ;
 Then reply
 To my sigh,
If ye wish me not to die.

Tho' my lammies frisk an' play,
 Tho' they gambol on the mead,
While aneath the birken spray
 I attune my aiten reed,
 All I see,
 Without thee,
Can but little pleasure gie.

Wad ye, Mally, but enjoy
 A' the pleasures o' content ;
Be nae langer hauf sae coy,
 Nor refuse me your consent ;
 Dont deny
 To comply,
If ye wish me not to die.

SONG.

SOFT DESCENDING GENTLE QUIET.

SOFT descending gentle quiet,
 Lull my anxious cares to rest ;
 Will indulgent Heaven deny it,
 To compose a troubl'd breast ?
 Tho' here I chant my joyless ditty,
 Far, far distant from my dear,
 No tongue to sooth, no eye to pity ;
 Yet hope illumes the prospect drear.

Hapless, every blossom dying,
 All the sweets of Summer gone ;
 Damon here thy Chloe sighing,
 Calls the kindred scene her own ;
 Yet kind Heaven, its joys adjourning,
 Bids me, Damon, hope to see
 Cheerful, smiling Spring returning,
 To the flow'rets and to me.

NOW-A-DAYS,

OR

HODGE AND SYME.

With new got lustre rear their head,
 Tho' on a dunghill born and bred. GAY.

HODGE.

Now, sonsy Simon! how gaes a'?'
 win to shake your honest paw;
 , tak' a seat, an' gies a shaw
 O' your snuff horn;
 eep the best that e'er I saw,
 As sure's I'm born.

SYME.

soon as I can find my mill,
 get a snuff wi' right guid will;
 stept yont the craft to see ye,
 ab, an' hae some crackin' wi' ye.

Ye're ay sae canty an' sae cheerie,
 To jaw wi' you I ne'er grow wearie,
 Whan ye sae grave begin to tell us,
 'Bout things whilk in thir launs befel us ;
 Sic witty, nice, auld-farrant stories,
 O' deils an' warlocks, Whigs an' Torries,
 How cankry wives grew Witches pat,
 An' wure a snuffy heigh-crown'd hat,
 An', if they gaed to see a Fair,
 Rade on a broomstick thro' the air,
 Wi' lang-tail'd bussins tied behin',
 An' sax grey hairs upo' their chin,
 An' how the auld uncanny matrons,
 Grew whiles a hare, a dog, or batrons,
 To get their will o' carles sleepin',
 Wha hae na stauks o' rountree keepin',
 Tied round them, on a ride or sail,
 Or sew'd wi' care in their sark tail.
 Trowth, Hodge, we soudna trust our lives
 Within a mile o' sic auld wives,
 For they some night, or we war waddin',
 Might lug us by the spaul to Satan.
 But how soud fowks be sae opprest
 Wi' Satan, whan the Parish Priest,

* Rountree, the mountain ash, anciently believed in Scotland to be efficacious against charms.

For bits o' gowd, or canny fleetchin',
Wad fleg him frae the doors wi' preachin'?

HODGE.

The Priest thir sixty years, right weel,
Has frae the lan' held aff the Deil ;
Langsyne, they say, he us'd to speel
Aboon the carry,
An' rade, a black ill shapen chiel',
Upon a Fairy.

He on his feet had cloots for shoon,
An' for a hat had horns aboon ;
He wad hae been ayont the Moon,
Far thro' the reek,
Or flown to Rome an' back, as soon
As ye could speak.

SOME.

Ay, Hodge, for't a' we've need atweel,
To fear some pranks yet frae the Deil ;
Tho' out o' sight the Fiend be keepin',
Yet, weel wat I, he is na sleepin',
I soud be at a bra' expence,
To find's a' right a towmont hence ;
I'm sure wi' us he's nae been idle,
The things that hap'd yestreen betide ill.

Numps, thro' the night yow'l'd sair an' lang,
 An', i' the mornin', a' gaed wrang ;
 I backward ways had gaen to bed,
 An', thinkin' on't, grew sairly redd ;
 Sae up I gets, right fley'd I trow,
 An' finds the cruizie burnin' blue.

I wish our fowks meetna some dool :
 Meg tedd the saut upo' the stool ;
 Jock, late yestreen, saw at the hallan,
 A sight, had nearhaun swarf'd the callan ;
 A thing sweel'd in a claith sae clean,
 Wi' lantron jaws, 'an' hallow e'en ;
 As pale's a sark—preservé's frae scaith !
 The laddie saw it was a wraith :
 I trow he bade na lang to see't,
 But aff to bed ran in a sweat ;
 His head aneath the claes he haps,
 An' hears distinctly three loud raps ;
 Just at the time our lassie Jennock,
 Had heard sic like upo' the winnock.
 But that's no't a'—our middin cock,
 Craw'd i' the night at T wall o' clock ;
 An' just before Meg gaed to bed,
 Drawin' the mutch upo' her head,
 To pit the snood upon't mair trimly,
 The keekin' glass stood owre the chimly ;

Whan, wae to tell ! amang the cinders,
 tumbld down an' brak' to flinders ;
 gaed to bed, but swat wi' fright,
 heard the dead watch a' the night.
 Thae war sad warnin's, neighbour mine,
 y vera wits I thought to tine ;
 or sleep—I coud na get a wink o't,
 i' my hair yet stauns up to think o't.
 e, let's forleet it—gie's a sang,
 o brood on ill unken'd is wrang :
 i' sae Friend Hodge, as I'm right eerie,
 ts hear ye sing, my “ Apron Dearie ;”
 'tells some story unco guid,
 at's fit to cheer a body's bluid ;
 e'er like ay to harp on ae thing,
 re muckle o't is guid for naithing.

HODGE.

'd nae be laith to sing a sang,
 I've been down i' the mouth sae lang ;
 st owk I was right sairly shent,
 r Laird had rais'd my mailin' rent
 under marks, an' now again,
 says he maun hae double kane ;
 yet the bairns carena ae bodle,
 nought but dress that fykes their noddle ;

Sin' e'er the Fair, wi' them an' mither,
 Ae braw thing canna bide anither.
 Hab's Dochter has been at the Town,
 An' there has coff'd a braw new gown;
 A' the next owk I'm fleer'd an' fykit,
 Till Kate has coff'd anither like it.
 To think on't pits me in an anger,
 But trowth I'll no pit up wi't langer.

SYME.

Ay, things hae come to unco passes,
 The Deil seems in our lads an' lasses;
 Ilk plow-bred wight wad gang, dear saf' us!
 As they had gowd an' gear in neffu's,
 An' live on nice and dainty food,
 Mair fit for fowk o' better bluid,
 Wearin' sic fine, an' gentle cleidin',
 As ill befits their landart breedin'.

Sure am I, Hodge, their auld Fore-fathers,
 Who warnae sumphs at dressin', naithers,
 Wad run as lang as they had sight,
 To see their sons in sic a plight:
 On Sundays o' their boots a' braggin',
 An' frae ilk head a fause tail waggin'.
 To see a thing sae strange an' rare,
 As kintry fops wi' powder'd hair,

an live in sic clover,
 frae John O'Groat's t' Dover:
 wad thought our dairry wenches,
 air heads o'ergang their hainches;
 r. trash o' silk on a' things,
 heir guts to get their bra' things;
 o' gauze brought o'er the seas,
 a' war in a bleeze.
 Dochter's at a candle,
 ' a bein an' rousin' tandle,
 e any rotten tether,
 er towmonts twa to gether.

HODGE.

may say't—our bairns' expences,
 win me o' my senses,
 attin ilk ane scances,
 An' gauze beside,
 nit o'er a' sort o' fences
 Wi perfect pride.

SYME.

our Jock has grown sae voggie,
 e stink upon his coggie;
 t Tea, or some sic trash,
 upifies the pash;

Naething now fills the bole or pantry,
 But some nignye that crams the gentry ;
 Our wee bit pose is e'en nae spar'd
 To buy a coat as braw's the Laird.
 The guid blue bonnet, strang an' braid,
 Lies coor'd wi' dust below the bed ;
 A waefu' sight !—an', stead o' that,
 Jock coft a black three neukit hat.

I've guid gramashens, worn mysel',
 As blue's a blawart i' the bell,
 Sin' e'er I gaed to Kirk or fair,
 An' saw but few could match me there :
 They kept me cosh baith cauf an' coots ;
 But Jock, forsooth, maun hae his boots :
 Nae hodden gray can now be seen,
 But fine braid claith like silk sae sheen :
 The vera slaps that stegh our wames,
 The fient a bit I ken their names ;
 But Jennock tells me, ripe an' ready,
 They're us'd by baith the Laird an' Leddy.
 What's that to me, Hodge ? they hae plenty.
 Our meltith's aft but scrimp an' scanty :
 Buy what they like, fu' weel I wat
 It ne'er will boil my parritch pat ;
 Their walth, for either kyte or crown,
 Will ne'er gar Symon's pat play brown.

HODGE.

tell I Kate ; but what cares she ?
 plack's no made a brown bawbee ;
 e mair I fecht an' fleer an' flyte,
 e mair I think the Jad' gangs gyte.

SYME.

rowth, I can weel believe it true,
 I'm as sair bestead as you ;
 now, withinside my ain ha',
 perfect laughin' stock to a' ;
 if I speak, I'm sure ye'll wonner't,
 countit either daft or donnert.
 put on my guid blue bonnet,
 ere's ay some joke to pass upon it :
 barken't like a glaurie hurdle,
 brown like snuff—it's like a girdle.—
 'aither ! says Meg, haud up your head,
 un straught, an' dinna keep it gley'd :
 wn on your feckit breast it leans,
 ye war seekin' ay for preens.
 'aither, stap in your sark, says Jock,
 hingin' down just like a poke ;
 eek out the runkles o' your hose—
 aw up your breeks, an' blaw your nose.
 Faither ! ye're a humblin' sight—
 've no been shav'd sin' Tyesday night.

Your necklaith's like a raip o' strae,
 Your hair has no been redd the day;
 Ye want the pints frae baith your shoon—
 Gude saf's, quo' I, for luv^e hae doon—
 For, ken ye, whan they mak' sic steering,
 My tongue can scrimply haud frae swearin'.

Jennock'll say, I'm turnin' doitit,
 An' doil't an' dowre, an' cappernoitit;
 I'm sure, says she, whan I gang wi' ye,
 I'll blush, if e'er the Laird soud see ye—

Ye'll blush, ye runt!—blush for what's bad—
 Blush for your mony sins, ye Jad'!
 An' let your Faither, but sic fykes,
 Gang out and in, just as he likes.

I trow, sometimes, I dinna spare them—
 But, trowth, it taks a deal to sair them.
 Sic things it fa's na me to tell;
 But, Hodge, what think ye o't yoursel'?

HODGE.

'Tweel, Syme, wi' thinkin' I've gien o'er,
 I daur do naithing, now, but glowr,
 Nor thus be fash'd wi' three or four,
 Sic' pensefu' breed,
 I'd rather let ye ding a clour
 Upo' my head.

better times, whan, thro' the street,
 fowks gaed doucely on their feet,
 oles, an' wreaths o' snaw, an sleet,
 Cou'd brawly plash on,
 er kent sic dainty meat,
 As now's the fashion.

s, aft parritch was the wale,
 rnin' an' our e'enin' meal,
 at noon, a cap o' ale,
 An' rowth o' cakes ;
 made our lads baith stark an' hale
 As mountain aiks.

after haerst, our kirk cam' roun',
 ight it little scaith to drown
 eart-scaud wi' a hair o' brown,
 Baith lad an' lassie ;
 the warm Haggis a' did crown,
 Fat, fair, and gausy.

ne on plain, auld fashion'd store,
 ing'd their wames in days o' yore,
 ood in many a bluidy splore,
 An' hame defendit :
 eel coud haundle the claymore,
 Our en'mies ken'd it.

d their wind o'er hill and plain,
 arm heart their breasts contain,
 wells high in ilka vein,
 Keen, firm, an' steady,
 , that wadna brook a stain.
 Frae Lord or Leddy.

, or War alike design'd,
 g, yet a dauntless mind,
 r the bluidy strife declin'd,
 Or begnet gory,
 the kilt shakes in the wind,
 It's death or glory.

me, Symon, to the cheer
 the teughen'd heart-strings wear ;
 maun line his ribs, I swear,
 That wairds the harrow,
 loun weel wi' haimart gear,
 It kens nae marrow.

el't scones, bear meal or pease,
 down a shave o' cheese,
 hae, an' gin ye please,
 A butter'd sod,
 heir fine blawflums o' Teas
 That grow abroad.

I wonder, now, sin' I'm in clatter,
 What way sic dirt cam' o'er the water,
 How ships can thro' the ocean squatter
 For sicken stuff,
 That ne'er mak's fowk ae kennin' fatter
 Wi' a' their buff.

SYME.

Tea! said ye, Hodge, man, gude preserve's!
 They say it's weak'nin' to the nerves,
 An', gin ane lets owre muckle in,
 It pangs their entrails fu' o' win',
 Whilk pines thefn sair, an', after a',
 It wastes the natural fat awa.
 But that's nae warst; what's muckle war,
 It rais'd up mony a broil afar.
 Abraid, I've heard it tauld mysel',
 They toolzied mair na tongue can tell;
 It gaed at last frae camscheugh words,
 Frae cuffs an' kicks, to nakit swords,
 Chiolds met wi' mony a broken bane,
 An' mony a wordy life was taen;
 Ae fallow wadna car'd a feg
 To shorn awa anither's leg;
 And ane thought e'en the faut but sma',
 To ding his neighbor's head in twa,
 Or shave awa his scaup in spite,
 An' Tea, it's kenn'd, had a' the wyte.

ay had at Bunker's Hill, right het,
 ow we'll no sae soon forget.
 ter, I trow, ilk bledd o' Tea
 d first been blasted on the Tree,
 we the ruthless blade had drawn,
 whilk sae mony Friends hae fa'n.
 are'er the sword it's rancour plied,
 i' our kintry's bluid was dy'd,
 mony a wordy Scottish chield
 l in thae woods his happy bield,
 wanted ought but leave to plew
 reap his harvest ~~whan~~ it grew.
 l tak' the thriftless Indian weed,
 at gar'd sae mony brithers blood,
 y ne'er my bairns sic beverage prie :
 it's the best wiss it has frae me.

HODGE.

need na gang sae far afiel'
 find whar Tea has bred a squeel,
 l aft has gar'd the cappit chiel'

Break thro' the laws :

've mony a faught at hame, atweel,

Wi' that sam' cause. .

nought I gain, tho' I turn gruff,
 grow quite camscheugh at their stuff :

It gets me mony a sair rebuff,
 An' muckle spite :
 Than, they cast up my pickle snuff,
 An' pit me hyte.

SYME.

D eed, Hodge, my Friend, its ill to dree,
 Ye hae your sairs, nae doubt, like me ;
 But ay whan Satan blaws the coal,
 I find it's best the scaum to thole :
 We'll may be use wi 't——But I am daft,
 I maun gae step out o'er the craft.
 Our Janet sleeps like ony stane
 Ay whan I leave her lang her lane
 An' weel I ken the weans are out,
 Shawin' their braw things a' about ;
 I maist cou'd swear, as sure's I'm born,
 Our neighbour's bill's amang our corn ;
 Wha kens but what the bits o' brutes,
 Sin' I cam' here hae taen their cloots,
 An' gaen ilk livin' ane a packin',
 Man, Hodge, the time that we've been crackin'.

Sae now, I e'en maun streek my wame,
 An' see gin things be right at hame,
 Gin I be weel, I'se see ye soon,
 Betweesht an' chaingin' o' the moon.

THE BEAU.

A SATIRE.

Speak of me as I am—nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. SHAK.

I care for no body, no not I,
Since no body cares for me. MILLER OF DEE.

WHEN Cynthio trips along the way,
What Beau so sprightly, or so gay?
What dashing Coxcomb in the land
Owes more to Rankin's plastic hand?
And yet, alas! do all he can,
A Taylor cannot make a *Man*.

Tho' boots, with London blacking fine,
The polish'd ebony outshine:
Tho' Duncan, on their shape and air,
Exhausted all his skill and care;
Still might the Artist starve, or beg,
Before his boots could make a *leg*;
Wash at the Ethiop as you will,
He'll be an Ethiopian still.

Tho' art gives Cynthio charms in store,
 Yet Nature has adorn'd him more,
 And Cynthio's air could not be given
 By all the artists under Heaven ;
 To Nature's boon alone he owes
 That air, which every *Beau out-Beaus*.

With pleasure I have oft survey'd
 The queue that o'er his shoulders play'd,
 On which, with powdering puff so smart,
 Roger* would lavish all his art,
 Exhaust good Raeburn's balmy stores,
 For spices from Arabian shores,
 The Civet's musky bag consume,
 Or rob of fragrance every bloom,
 On Cynthio's cranium to confer
 The essence of a whole parterre.—
 But, hold, good Roger, that's enough,
 We'll smell the *goat* for all your puff.

I saw him but the other day,
 Thro' crouds of beaux embalm his way ;
 Arabia Felix, blush for shame,
 He smell'd of sweets thou canst not name ;
 Yet, the mixt odour, floating in the blast,
 Was *doubtfully* inhal'd by every Nymph that pass

* The ha'r-dresser.

O, spare ! I cried—for he's forlorn indeed,
 whose misfortunes not one heart will bleed ;
 Who cannot draw a tear from any eye,
 Who even the Devil himself has drawn a sigh. *

O spare, I cried, ye, who, so mighty wise,
 Would fain pretend vain trappings to despise :
 Who are not dazzl'd with external form,
 The glowing beauties of the painted worm.
 O, spare the gentle form ! 'tis all his boast :
 That shew which you despise, he values most.

Anxious that heart the costly freight to save,
 Which risks its *all* upon the Indian wave,
 And fears the impending storm's devouring sweep,
 May whelm its peril'd Fortune in the deep ;
 Nor anxious less the Dame, whose trembling hand
 Piles up her ginger-bread upon a stand,
 And dreads the malice of the naughty boy,
 That would her gilded Pyramid destroy ;
 On Cynthia's dress let not your vengeance fall ;
 Save but his ginger-bread—you save his *all*.

Breathe soft, ye gales ! ye genial skies,
 Let still your suns propitious rise ;
 The harvest rear with kindly aid,
 That springs so fair on Cynthia's head,

* See Burns' Address to that high personage.

Nor blast a skull's increase so rare,
 Since it produces nought but—*hair*:

Pooh ! says a wag, Cynthio, you know,
 Like gimcracks not for use but shew,
 Is not a man ; he's but a—*beau*.

The bubble, floating on the stream,
 And glittering in the morning beam,
 Tho' as the Indian diamond fair,
 We know is fill'd with nought but air ;
 Yet no offence the bosom feels,
 'Tis harmless all the film conceals ;
 But, under Sodom's cursed sky,
 The beauteous apple cheats the eye,
 Deprive it of its gaudy rind,
 A rotten pulp remains behind.

As Scott, with pharmaceutic skill,
 Will for his patient gild the pill,
 Nor e'er the loathsome beverage plies,
 Till he the nauseous drug disguise :
 So Nature, Cynthio's faults to hide,
 Conceals them by a fair outside ;
 But strip him of the Lion's skin,
 You'll find the Ass's ears within ;
 Rob him of starch, perfume, and fritters,
 You'll find 'tis not all gold that glitters.

SONG.

CELESTIAL FUDDLE.

Long time ago,
 When Bacchus was a stripling ;
 Ere the jolly god of drink
 Had learnt the way of tipping :
 He gave his guests some mellow wine,
 And Hebe fair was warming it :
 The goddesses grew roaring drunk,
 And vow'd their was no harm in it.

CHORUS.

Thus the celestials
 In pleasure knew no muzzling,
 Both male and female in the sky
 Was deadly set on guzzling.
 The gleesome nights ran dancing by,
 In pleasures multifarious ;
 The gods forgot to go to bed,
 Their drink was so Nectareous,

Jove's golden palace now had grown
 An arsenal Tavernian ;
 And many a pipe of wine had he,
 Both Massic and Falernian :
 Juno never flinch'd her glass,
 She dearly lik'd the stuff of it ;
 While Bacchus swigg'd each bumper off,
 And swore he'd have enough of it.

Thus the Celestials, &c.

Venus call'd young Bacchus sot,
 And said his tongue was stammering :
 Alas ! reply'd the god of Smiths,
 I'm quite unfit for hammering.
 Comus sat with laughing phiz,
 And pass'd his jokes so clever off ;
 While Mercury, behind their backs,
 Was stealing Cupid's quiver off.

Thus the Celestials, &c.

Young Hebe, with another bowl,
 Came dancing in, divine in air ;
 But, stumbling over Momus' foot,
 She spilt their mellow wine in air.
 Poor girl ! as down the milky way
 She tumbld, like a pair o' dice,
 Sour Momus swore, for what he saw,
 She ne'er should serve in Paradise.

Thus the Celestials, &c.

See round the burning taper's blaze,
 The insect fluttering void of thought ;
 Till in the subtle charm it plays,
 And by the flame is burnt to nought.

Such is the cloud at morning's dawn,
 Ere noontide Phœbus gilds the day,
 That overshades the dewy lawn,
 And dusks the peasant's devious way.


But see the gentle gale arise,
 The passing fog no more we find ;
 The floating vapour quickly flies,
 Nor leaves a single track behind:

The dew drops from the summer sky,
 Refresh a while the blossom'd bower ;
 But ere the rays of noon they dry—
 The glittering beauties of an hour.

Such is the Lily's sweet perfume,
 And such the blushes of the rose ;
 Such is the violet's purple bloom ;
 And such is every flower that grows.

They join this transient scene of things
They ape the Life that man enjoys ;
The claim of subjects and of Kings,
The equal hand of Fate destroys.

Then why pursue ? O ! tell me why ;
Why good, ideal, thus adore ?
Soon must the passing vision fly,
And Life's poor, fleeting farce be e'er



TO MY MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,

MR. D**** T****,

While residing in the Country.

ow, by my Ingle, bleezin' bright;
 A sight that wad delight ye,
 y cruisie trimm'd, an' a' things right;

I've set me down to write ye
 ae, as I ken ye merit weel,
 The best that's in my gift yet,
 ere's to the blythest, honest chiel',
 That e'er leuk't to the lift yet,

On ony day.

to' baith o' Health an' Hope we're rise,
 Baith cheerfu', straught, an' strappin';
 ings tak' sic unco turns in Life,

We kenna what may happen.

e, or the dreary day shall dawn,

That sees us part wi' ither,

I like the warl' to understaun',

How weel we've gree'd thegither,

This mony a day.

An', sooth, it maks my heart right wae,
 An' hauffins mourn our meetin' ;
 But Death's a debt that a' maun pay ;
 The noblest heart that's beatin'.
 Sae, tho', on Rhime's twa-forkit hill,
 My tatter'd tent I'm strikin',
 I'll hae this partin' skreed to tell
 How weel ye're worth the likin',

On ony day.

But poor the fame my Verse can len',
 Wi' a' the phraize I'm makin' ;
 Tho' lavish'd on the wale o' men,
 It's scrimply worth the takin'.
 Friendship will a' its fauts excuse ;
 An' letna faes upbraid it :
 T'will be as true as if the Muse
 O' Burns, or Scott, had said it,

On ony day.

It's now sax ouks sin' last we met :
 I'm redd I scarce wad ken ye ;
 But, what a Frien' soud first be at,
 My wordy chiel', how fea' ye ?
 Sonse fa' your honest heart, an' true,
 That double guile ne'er kenn'd yet :
 Tho' frae the warl' ye've scrimp your due,
 The warld'll, ablins, mend yet,

Some after day.

Guid Sense to Fortune aft maun cour,
 Frae Vice's biddin' swervin' ;

While natural Fools to rank an' power
 She hainshes, undeservin' :

Yer, spite o' either Stars or Lace,
 Experience has't to tell o',

Its nowther Walth, nor Power, nor Place,
 That maks the safest pillow,

On ony day.

I've fund her feckfu' fang mysel',
 An' dree'd her rough commaun', Lad ;

An' Fortune's cudgel, let me tell,
 Is no a willie-waun', Lad.

The freckest, whiles, hae own'd her dought—
 An' sooth, it's nae grit wonner :

She brings the birkie aft to thought,
 Wha trou'd himsel' aboon her,

Far, far, ae day.

Heigh rais'd wi' Hope, baith late, an' air,
 I've focht, an' swat, an' a' that ;

An' thocht her won—but, deil ma care!
 She was a jilt, I saw that.

But now I'll let her just abee,

An' wait her blin' design o't :

Things canna weel gang mair aglee—
 She e'en may tak' her min' o't

For me, this day.

Let now the lift aboon my head,

Rain down ilk ill, to school by :

I'm redd it's less than EREN's meed,

ways For he's nae gadge to rule by.

O ! had I back the days o' auld,

Whan Virtue ran its fluid o't,

I'd herd it in anither fauld,

An' leuk for a' the guid o't,

Some after day.

Yet, in this breast a wee thing beats,

That keeps my mind right easy :

I ken sae unco weel it's gaets,

It yet will get its heezy ;

For, tho' it may leuk vain to tell,

It ne'er wiss'd harm to creature ;

Nor to a vera deil himsel',

Sae kindly is its nature,

On ony day.

Its outs and ins, ye ken right true,

But a' its fauts see dimly ;

Yet it ne'er fail'd in Lové to you,

Nor ony roun' your chimly.

Blyth may your mornins ever dawn,

Your meltith ne'er be scanty :

Ilk cross an' care be thinly sawn,

An' blessins ay in plenty,

An store, ilk day.

ho' Age soud silver o'er your hair,
 Whan we are far frae ither;
 e glint o' you I'd value mair,
 Than e'er I coud a Brither.
 d try to trace what years had spar'd,
 O' ilka weel kenn'd feature:
 ight sure, tho' Time might bleach the beard,
 It coudna change the Nature,

On ony day.

ho' twall years tauld I've kenn'd your case—
 An' time leaves mony duncles;
 ve seen nae change upo' your face,
 Sin' we met i' your Uncle's.
 e've ay to me been just the same,
 Your Friendship never stintit;
 n, faith, I've unco few to name,
 Wha haena aften squintit

A leuk, some days.

et Davy, lad, I bode the day,
 Whan some, whase houps an' hisses
 ve borne wi' patience, I'll repay
 Warm wi' my heart's best wisses.
 an', tho' nae dirdum I exchange,
 But wiss that skaith may shun them,
 et, thus I'll, in my^x deep revenge,
 Heap coals o' fire upon them,

Fu' het, some day.

How glorious, than, I'll act my part,

Religion's precept tentin' ;

An' gain sic victory o'er a heart,

That fain wad be resentin' !

Revenge soud never stain our hauns ;

A nobler aim I'd win to ;

An' mind the sum o' a' commauns,

" Do as ye wad be doon to,"

On every day.

Now, do I see ye leuk sae queer,

An' hauf begin to doubt it,

That I'm in serious thought sincere,

Wha little ken about it :

Weel, whisht ye—I've a reef ta'en in,

For I had room to fear it,

That, scuddin sae afore the win',

My shallop wadna bear it

Anither day.

Forby, my Musie leuks asklent,

An' grunts, an' grows uncivil :

Afore a puff o' sentiment,

She'll *broach to*, like the devil.

Sae, tho' I'm fryin' at the wight,

An' weel coud bann her sair now,

I maun pretend t^o think she's right,

An' straik her wi' the hair now,

This ither day.

" I see," quo I, " my bonny dear,
 Ye've nae grit heart this wark for :
 It's nought but fun will gar ye steer,
 An' that ye'd sell yer sark for.
 Weel, tak' yer will, but dinna flyte ;
 Ye've scauldit just aneugh, Lass :
 An' mind I've sat me doun to write
 To honest Davy T****, Lass,

This vera night.

I'se tell ye plain, that his lang head
 Is nae deaf nit for Lair :
 He kens a' prent, an't war to read,
 As cramp's a witch's prayer.
 He's made some Sangs, baith gash, an' gleg,
 But wantsna fowk to ken o't :
 I saw ane maist as lang's yer leg,
 For he gied me the len' o't

The ither day.

Sae gie's nae mae sic withershins,
 Ye thrawn, cauld-bluidit hizzie !
 As sure's wud grows, an' water rins,
 I'll write tho' e'er sae bizzy.
 War he like ony ither tyke,
 I'd beinge to thole yer banter ;
 But nae cauld parritch, gin ye like,
 For my guid Frien' the Penter,

On ony day."

Now, Sir, to you—Gin I hae shanks,
 Nae tramp nor travel grudgin',
 Let Fortune lade my jaws wi' branks,
 But I sall see your lodgin'.
 The ills o' Fate in drink we'll drown,
 The chappin stowp'll sort 'er,
 Gin there's a cag in Cramond Town,
 O' Strong Ale, or o' Porter,
 To toom that day.

I'se wad, we'll find some ither crack,
 Mair suited to our senses,
 Than ony dry pedantic clack,
 'Bout either Moods or Tenses :
 How pat the Adjectives an' Nouns
 Soud gree wi' ane anither ;
 An', cheek for chow, like kippl't howns,
 Gang linkit ay thegither,

Kindly, ilk day.

We'll leave sic cracks to their nain place,
 Nor count them worth a bodle :
 Wi' us they maunna shaw their face,
 Till we hae clearer noddle.
 Nae Adjective had e'er the grace
 Wi' ony Noun to gree
 Better, in Gender, or in Case,
 Than ye've doon ay wi' me,
 For mo'ny a day.

I crack about the time
 met ane anither ;
 lauds o' rustic rhyme
 hae tack't thegither :
 r' douns o' fell mishap,
 ae had our nain o't ;
 I tak' the tither drap
 : awa' the pain o't,

Fu' blyth, that day.

ne on your head an' mine,
 mp her gowden drappie ;
 e Princes soudna dine,
 we still be happy.
 ain fare we'll leuk fu' skeigh,
 our nose fu' bauld, ay ;
 : tither blaw o' Skreigh,
 : wa' the cauld, ay,

Ilk frosty day.

e steady Frien' to praise—
 the ill she's doon me ;"
 weans, some brats o' claes,
 ely roof aboon me.
 I grudge to fag awa',
 he best I dow yet,
 he leaves me ay to claw
 an' healthy pow yet,

↑ Baith night an' day ?

My Frien's a gleesome pawky chiel',
 An's unco fond o' jokin':
 Soud e'er ye meet ye'll ken him weel,
 By mony a wordy token.
 He likes to be a poor man's Frien',
 Yet ne'er his means abuses ;
 Can tak' a hearty horn at e'en,
 An' want it whan he chuses,

On ony day.

To hear his canty winsome sang,
 Is just a perfect pleasure:
 In short, nae sort o' fun comes wrang,
 But ilka thing in measure.
 Ae unco blemish, I shall tell,
 Since I may you confide in,
 An' that's his friendship for mysel',
 A thing he needna pride in,

On ony day.

Leese me upo' his heart an' head,
 Wha pine ne'er made a mock o' ;
 Ay pleas'd to do a generous deed,
 An' laith to hear it spoke o'.
 Yet—quaitely—be the truth confest,
 To Providence it's lent ay :
 It's even-doun Usury at best ;
 The profit's Ten per Cent. ay,

On ony day.

An' ye wad ken his name, ye tyke f

Ye're unco ready speerin':

Think ye I'd rowt a name I like

In ilka hempy's hearin'?

But as ye arena ilka ane,

I'll gie ye just a cue, lad:

They may be sairer far mistaen,

Wha guess that friend is you, lad,

This vera day.

Had I but Fortune i' my power,

I ken there's ae thing clear:

Your cheerfu' sky soud never low'r,

For want o' Warl's gear.

Whar Fortune's glitterin' favours shine,

The bield's ay warm, an' cozy;

But your guid heart's a richer mine

Than c'er was in Potosi,

On ony day.

Ye ken Contentment's ay guid cheer,

An', tho' ane's graith be scanty,

While Heaven preserves us hale an' fier,

I'm little redd we'll want ay.

May ye, wi' peace sent frae aboon,

Ne'er meet a cross to spill't;

Lang may ye lift the cutty spoon,

An' ay hac walth to fill't,

On every day,

Bless your kind Rib—blyth be her morn :

May Providence lang shield her ;

An' ilka new nick on her horn

Some added pleasure yield her.

Health to your little cheerfu' Sprout ;

Soun' sleep, an' little pingle ;

An, peace, an' joy to ilka cloot

That shakes about your Ingle.

Adieu, this day !

SONG.

PRETTY NELL

THE sun glints o'er the lawn,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell:
 How sweet the early dawn,
 Pretty Nell!
 Come let us climb the brae,
 Whar yonder herdies stray:
 O do not say me nay,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell! O do not, &c.

The dew is on the green,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell:
 It sparkles like thy e'en,
 Pretty Nell.
 But, wa'kin' without thee,
 Nae pleasure Morn can gie:
 Thy smile is a' to me,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell! Thy smile, &c.

Be beauties e'er sae fair,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell ;
 They want thy bonny air,
 Pretty Nell.
 Tho' dinkit e'er sae smart,
 Yet a' their wily art
 Shall never win my heart,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell ! Shall never, &c.

Be misers rich for me,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell :
 Our Walth is on the lea,
 Pretty Nell.
 Sae lang's our awnie grain
 Waves on the Harvest plain,
 We'll hae plenty o' our nain,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell ! We'll hae, &c.

To scug frae sun an' shower,
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,
 I hae rear'd a bonny bower,
 Pretty Nell.
 While, round, the saugh inclines,
 Its sides the woodbind lines,
 Aboon the ivy twines.
 Pretty Nell, pretty Nell ! Aboon, &c.

Inseen by ilka e'e,

Pretty Nell, pretty Nell,

ll fondly sit by thee,

Pretty Nell.

here while our lambkins play,

'e'll list the woodland lay ;

do not say me nay,

Pretty Nell, Pretty Nell ! So do not, &c.

REFLECTION.

WHERE is my Morn of early Youth,
 When blyth I stray'd by glen and burn?
 Where the fair visions of my dream?
 Ah, vanish'd never to return!

The verdant hills o'er which I rang'd,
 The green, where I was wont to play,
 Those hills, and lovely green remain;
 But youth, alas! hath pass'd away.

The sweetly-blooming hawthorn bush,
 That shadow'd from the Summer shower,
 Its bowring branches still I see;
 But wither'd is the hawthorn flower.

Where are my Sire, and Mother now?
 Sweet brothers, charming sisters, where?—
 Gone, gone to Heaven—my heart, be still—
 I lost them here, to find them there.

Youth promis'd fair at early dawn :
 Alas ! what does my Manhood know ?
 That Youth was but a pleasing dream,
 And now I wake to find it so.

Sweet scenes ! tho' past, I still recal
 The thrilling raptures you bestow'd ;
 The tide of Health, that swell'd my veins,
 The fire, with which my bosom glow'd.

Tho' doom'd, like these, to pass away,
 Some Care the lingering eye detains ;
 And, tho' Life's latest ember burns,
 Fond Memory of our bliss remains.

Alas ! 'tis all—vain is the wish,
 The eager hope, the ardent sigh :
 What can the drooping heart sustain ?
 Has Man no cheering comfort nigh ?

Yes ! tho' the heart should faint and fail—
 And faint and fail I ween it will ;
 FAITH can the sick-bed pillow smooth,
 And, even in Death, can comfort still.

SONG.

LOVELY NANCY.

 Tune—*Dainty Davy*.

O LOVELY Nancy, fair and gay,
 Whan Nature, bloomin' sweet as day,
 Invites ye o'er the meads to stray,
 Obey the call o' pleasure.

Frae ilka bough, on hill or plain,
 The warblers charm, wi' tunefu' strain;
 An', shall the pretty feather'd train,
 Sing unadmir'd by Nancy.

CHORUS.

O gently trip it o'er the meads,
 Lovely Nancy, charmin' Nancy:
 Gently trip it o'er the meads,
 My lovely charmin' Nancy.

While ither swains are charm'd to see,
 An' taste the sweets their aikers gie;
 Nae charms the meadows hae for me,
 While absent frae my Nancy.

ft thro' yon pearly grove I stray'd,
 an' woo'd the peerless, lovely Maid ;
 Vhan heart, an' saul, wi' joy, betray'd

The love I bore to Nancy.

O gently trip it, &c.

now, I taste yer lips nae mair,
 or see ye smile divinely fair ;
 ut waste my hours in love an' care,

Ne'er thought ~~to~~ by my Nancy.

all fause reports gar you discard
 he swain, wha bears ye sic regard ?
 et Love the truest flame reward,

That e'er could burn for Nancy.

O gently trip it, &c.

' Eve's fair sex there's hardly ane,
 or life will let a lover mane :
 aids ne'er war made to lie their lane,

Nor ay, I hope, shall Nancy.

hen yield to love your constant swain ;
 or let him longer sigh in vain :
 veet hours o' bliss the gods ordain

To Colin and his Nancy.

CHORUS.

O gently trip it o'er the meads,
 Lovely Nancy, charmin' Nancy ;
 Gently trip it o'er the meads,
 My lovely, charmin' Nancy.

THE LAURAL DISPUTED,
 OR THE
 COMPARATIVE MERITS OF ALLAN RAMSAY AND ROBERT
 FERGUSON CONTRASTED.

Et vitula tu dignus et hic.

VIRG.

Qu'il soit celebre, qui merite de l'etre.

NOR the red thunderbolts of direful War,
 Whether he lead his legions to the fray,
 In glittering arms, or, on the bellowing main
 Terrific, bears the ensigns of his power,
 I sing ; nor happy Peace, with opiate balm,
 That heals the wound of Discord ; nor that power,
 That melts the heart to tenderness and love ;
 Nor Beauty, that with dear, deluding charm,
 Steals on the sense resistless ; but the lay
 Raise to the memory of departed Worth,
 Hallow'd in every Scottish breast—that tongue,
 Whose every note was melody ; inform'd

y Heaven with all the powers of song ; such sounds
 As vibrate on the heart, and wake to life
 Each tender feeling. Every flower be mine,
 To deck the sod that wraps his hallow'd mould ;
 And, haply, while a Friend's officious hand
 Performs the humble rite, Memory, sweet Maid,
 Tenacious of his Fame, may recognise
 Ramsay, the master of the Scottish lyre,
 And raise some worthier trophy to his name.

Soft, as from Heaven the dew of orient morn,
 Falls on the lap of May ; sweet as the breath
 Of some kind Zephyr, that has brush'd the blooms
 Of Summer's fairy train—so on my heart,
 Ye Muses, let your influence descend.

Long had the Scotian lyre remain'd unstrung :
 The rustic Beauty, fair as fairest leaf
 In Flora's train, and soft, and innocent
 As is the lamb, that, on the grassy sward,
 Frisks playful, from the udder yet unwean'd,
 Long, long had tript the dewy green unsung,
 Yet not less fair, less lovely. Fancy, fir'd
 With Innocence and Virtue, did not warm
 The breast of Genius. Blushing Modesty,
 Like some sweet, Fairy bloom, that, in a wild

Blows unadmir'd, unseen, liv'd not in song.
 Time had obscur'd the Poet's antique page,
 By modern eye scarce seen ; or, seen at all,
 Scarce understood. The highest, noblest flights
 Of Fancy, stamp'd with added worth by age,
 Like ancient coins, view'd only by the eye
 With sacred veneration, where their fire
 Was felt, their genuine value known,
 Were thus admir'd by few. No modern lyre
 Wak'd the dead silence : music, on the strings,
 Unconscious slept, and promis'd ne'er to wake.

The Spring, that, with her fingers dropping balm,
 Lur'd from it's parent root the infant blade ;
 And laughing Summer, that, with lavish hand,
 Strew'd annual blossoms on the hill and dale ;
 And Autumn, teaming with unbounded joy,
 Shower'd down their blessings on unconscious heads,
 That rais'd no song of honest gratitude,
 To tell their sense of Nature's generous boon.

Then gloom invested the Poetic sky,
 And all its wide horizon lay in shade ;
 Till Ramsay, dawning like the star of Morn,
 In orient brilliance, o'er his natal plains
 Shed the fair lustre of enlivening day.

his Infant fingers touch'd the strings,
 the power of Harmony, kind Heaven
 sung bud of Genius bursting forth,
 indulgence. Soon the woods and plains
 the rural lay, and Echo learnt

The blue ey'd Naiads of the stream,
 Summer Eve, were hear'd to sing
 the sonnet ; while the woodland Nymph,
 as waving in the fanning breeze,
 the Ballad as she skiff'd along.
 from Olympus, with a laurel bough
 and, with the Genius of Song,
 a wreath ; the Muses smile applause :
 as doubtful of the worthiest head,
 the charm in view, Ramsay, enrapt
 the flame of warm Enthusiasm,
 she throng, and, from her willing hand
 took the waving honour. Envy grinn'd,
 the Genius bind it on his brow,
 the ice, swelling as he mov'd along,
 askance, and look'd malicious hate.

arms of Nature fir'd the immortal Bard ;
 the joys of Friendship, and the charms of Love,
 the soul, immers'd in sordid views,
 the delusive gain. . Him nor the laugh

Of jocund Dawn, can rouse to happiness
 Of kind Domestic bliss ; nor Evening mild,
 In bland allurements, rock into a dream
 Of Pleasure. Surely, Ramsay, thou wert form'd
 With every finer feeling of the soul,
 Which, in the varied scenes by Fancy drawn,
 Could taste mellifluous joy, that prompts the song
 Of tenderness, and, in congenial minds,
 Lights all the soft emotions into life.

Hail, winding Forth ! by thy smooth green meads
 Oft stray'd, erewhile, the Caledonian Bard ;
 And, as the breezes curl'd thy amber wave,
 Amusive, on some flowery hillock, gay,
 With daisies overgrown, he'd sit him down
 And sing. Ye Muses, tell your Poet's worth.

The power to please was his. His the soft note
 That stole upon the sense, and won the heart.
 No dubious thought obscur'd his simple line
 With studied phrase—for Nature's self was there.
 Not the forc'd swell of florid, bombast Art,
 From rock to rock, that, like a cataract's fall,
 Dashes unruly. His a milder strain,
 Simple and elegant ; smooth as the stream
 That thro' the valley winds its gentle way ;
 Yet not devoid of Wit, that, like the gem,

ut, or sparkle, as its author will'd ;
 mour, that, with gay, resistless smile,
 he features, and unbent the brow
 ancholy ; nor that flowing ease,
 d the willing numbers smoothly on.

r the Muse for Caledonia's fame,
 ir Edina with a later Bard.
 h the charms of a young rising plant,
 gay Morn, that nods its head in dew,
 vely ; fraught with every grace of youth,
 omising the fairest of the Field.
 ce happy hours ! too happy long to last.
 s the reign of Nature's choicest blooms :
 he green stem the blushing rose depends,
 f a day. Full fondly we admire
 , its fragrance : Soon the noontide ray
 n its life, or withering breezes blast
 m, and blot its beauties from the year.
 hapless Fate ! yet sush a fate was thine :
 Ferguson, that nipt thy rising shoot,
 e of youth, and reft thee from the love,
 re, the hearts, the wishes of thy Friends.

t Genins was, and what it would have been,
 nd may judge, with him are wide extremes.

Ramsay's sweet lines have won the tongue of praise,
 Where hapless Ferguson's poetic lay
 Is nameless—not the fault of sterling worth,
 But chance unkindly : He had merit, too.

Him Phœbus blest with splendid powers of song
 Worthy, I ween them, of the Muse's praise.
 Genius he had : His energetic lines,
 Like Ramsay's, touch'd the heart ; yet not alike
 The pleasure felt. The Youth was flash and fire—
 The Sage mild, soft, persuasive. *That*, with force
 Subdued the sense, and made himself admir'd ;
 Like the proud conqueror, conscious of his power,
 That looks for sure success where'er he moves
 The embattl'd line ; and bold anticipates
 The doubtless issue of the battle join'd.
This charm'd the sense, and boasts a lasting power
 To give supreme delight. The heart, allur'd
 By Angel virtue, in an Angel form
 Enshrin'd, to the soft, silken fetter yields.
 A willing slave, nor wishes to be free.

While modern Bards would imitate the lay *,
 They want the sweet simplicity of stile,

* This piece was written before the works of our illustrious
 countryman Burns, had been seen by the Author.

The harmony, the grace, the native ease,
 That Ramsay boasts of. His the tongue of Joy,
 That sounds the gratitude of gay Content.
 His are the strains that guileless shepherds sing,
 As in the dale they tend their woolly charge.
 His still the lay that cheers the vacant mind,
 While Youth sits joyous round the sparkling bowl ;
 And his the song, that to the listening ear
 Sounds grateful, while the rosy milkmaid, blyth,
 Raises her artless note, or Industry
 Chants merrily, to chase his care away.
 But sweeter yet the strain that whisper'd Love,
 And to the fair one told an honest tale
 Of undesigning truth. This, too, was his.

Nature then treads the stage when Patie woos,
 And rural life, the manners of the swains,
 In easy, simple, unaffected guise :
 Such garb, as guiltless Modesty has worn,
 And Innocence, when, with resistless charm,
 They strove to win us from the lap of Vice.

While some with zeal pourtray the maddening
 bands,
 That heedless rush on threatening death, to win
 The doubtful laurel ; or the civil broils
 That rend society ; Ramsay, reclin'd

Beneath some hallow'd shade, enraptur'd eyes
 The artless Beauty of the rural cot,
 With dewy barefoot, as she trips along,
 The Summer morn, and treads the daisy down;
 Or marks the winding of some wandering rill,
 Whose humble tribute, purling down the dale,
 In distant murmur, tinkles as it flows;
 Or eyes the whirling eddies of the stream,
 In playful curls, as they salute the shore
 Diverging; or the flow'ret's odorous bloom,
 The verdent green, the hill, the wood, the dale,
 And all the spreading landscape as it smiles.

Avaunt, corroding Care, sour-looking Spleen,
 And Avarice, and Envy! these to minds
 Be loom'd, that relish not to sip, unscar'd,
 The Nectar of Content. Be mine to prove
 The golden mean, that genders smiling Ease,
 While Happiness sits blooming on the brow.
 Let me from peaceful slumber greet the dawn,
 With soul serene; to study, to admire
 Creation's glorious face, to breath in health,
 And joy, and fragrance, floating in the breeze.
 Then be my task to woo the rustic Muse;
 To tread where time, indented on the green,
 Preserves the footsteps of Edina's Bard.


Ye swains, the pride of Caledonia's fields,
 That love the Muse, O, hold his Memory dear!
 Whether, fair Morn, in orient fragrance, mild,
 With dewy fingers, cheers the russet lawn,
 And wakes each flow'ret into life and joy;
 Or sober Eve, with solemn, silent step,
 Steals on, and laps their beauties in her veil.

Ye rosy Maids, of healthiest, fairest hue,
 Fresh as the breeze that o'er your haralet blows;
 In whose blyth mien a thousand Cupids play;
 Whose every action, every word is sweet;
 Sweet in his verse your every charm is sung;
 Nor sweeter than they are: your pouting lip,
 Your *check*, where undulating crimson dwells;
 Your *eyes*, inviting Love; your dimpl'd *chin*;
 Your *blush*, your *smile*, and every nameless *grace*.

Oft, as fond recollection, of his worth
 Full conscious, calls the Poet to your mind,
 Bless the kind powers that gave him to the world;
 Nor hush the sighs of tenderness, that heave
 When grave Reflection stamps a vanity
 On all the sweets of Life; and mourns the fate
 Of Heaven's best gifts; the short-liv'd, fleeting joy,
 That lures the heart, torn from our warm esteem,
 And bloated from the day. Mute, now, the tongue

That sung your charms ; and ah ! too soon these
 charms,
Like clouds that vanish at the blush of dawn,
Steal from the cheek, and laugh our love to scorn !

Ramsay, this tribute of applause is thine ;
Yet less the honour that the wreath is mine.



SONG.

DAINTY DAVY.

HAN a' the warld hae clos'd their e'e,
 Comely Davy, dainty Davy,
 me yont the green an' daff wi' me,
 My charming dainty Davy.
 ae Music like thy voice can charm,
 ae pillow please me like thy arm ;
 ae posset like thy kiss can warm,
 My charming dainty Davy.

CHORUS.

O leese me on thy curly pow,
 Comely Davy, dainty Davy ;
 Leese me on thy curly pow,
 My charming, dainty Davy.

ho' wintry clouds obscure the sky,
 Comely Davy, dainty Davy ;
 et, what boots that to thee or I ?
 My Charming, dainty Davy.
 /e'll sit us down beneath the thorn,
 n' tauk o' Luve frae e'en to morn :

I'd bear a warld o' cauld an' scorn
 For thee, my dainty Davy.
 O leese me on thy curly pow, &c.

Tho' snaw choke up baith heigh an' howe,
 Comely Davy, dainty Davy;
 Yet we'll find room to rock an' row,
 My charming, dainty Davy:
 Thou'll fauld thy arms about my neck,
 An' rowth o' sweetest kisses tak';
 An', 'tweesh the sound o' ilka smack,
 I'll ca' thee ay my Davy.
 O leese me on thy curly pow, &c.

Whan Simmer comes, on yonder mead,
 Comely Davy, dainty Davy,
 I'll listen to thy aiten reed,
 My charming, dainty Davy.
 We'll cuddle baith amang the fag,
 An', while we hug, an' kiss, an' smug,
 I'll haud thee firm by ilka lug,
 An' ca' thee ay my Davy.

CHORUS.

O leese me on thy curly pow,
 Comely Davy, dainty Davy:
 Leese me on thy curly pow,
 My charming, dainty Day.

SONG.

THE ADVENTUROUS SEAMAN.

To be sung with the *mouth* shut, that it may sound better to the
eyes.

ALL you that have *travell'd* the ocean,
 And *sail'd* over mountain and dale ;
Behold with your *ears* my condition,
 And *hark* with your *eyes* to my tale.
 All you that are *near* at a *distance* ;
 And you that are *distant* at *hand* ;
 I sing of a dreadful *Sea* battle,
 That happen'd one day upon *Land*.

From *England* in *Plymouth* we sail'd,
 In the *Lord* of our *Year* Eighty Five :
 Our *Ship* was as handsome a *Frigate*
 As ever was *dead* or *alive*.

Our Captain, a *tall, little fellow*,
 Long time had been plagu'd with a wife,
 Who *died thro' a fault in her wind pipe*,
 As soon as she *ended her life*.

We hoisted our sail for the *ocean*,
 And briskly we cruis'd it along ;
 But durst not go out of the *harbour*,
 Because that the wind was so strong.
 But, Och ! when the sky roll'd *beneath us*,
 And billows did *over us roar*,
 I gropt for my *head on my shoulders*,
 And wish'd I had left it *ashore*.

One *day*, very late in the *evening*,
 I rose about *one*, quite alert ;
 And, 'cause I had plenty of *clothing*,
 Went up to the cape in my *shirt*.
 Confounded with terror, and *speechless*,
 I *utter'd* a sorrowful wail ;
 And *swore* by St. George, and St. Patrick,
 That there was a Frenchman on sail.

Our Captain came *down* from the cabin,
 And roar'd with his *nose* unto me ;
 You dog, sir, make ready for action,
 Or else I shall *half you in three*.

en the ships began loudly to rattle,
 And fir'd a great ball of broadsides ;
 l some, that were *headless*, and *legless*,
 Vere *running* for fear of their hides.

: long ere we thought about fighting,
 saw, with the greatest surprisè,
 soon as I came to composure,
 A swivel had blown out my eyes.
 when I *look'd* up to my eye balls,
 and *saw* they were blown out indeed ;
 trust both my legs in my pocket,
 and *walk'd* on the crown of my head.

och, Sirs, the dreadful massacre !
 Our Mate he was *kill'd* quite outright :
 at down to his bed in confusion,
 and died the next *Morning*, at *night*.
 Captain came *up* to give orders,
 and swore he had nothing to say ;
 n jump't overboard in a fright,
 When they told him his *head* was away

ever the Frenchman subjected,
 and lower'd his main mast with speed :
 ir Captain gave orders for striking,
 s soon as he found he was *dead*.

Next *morn* we determin'd for Portsmouth,
 As soon as the *moon* should arise ;
 Bade all the French *go* to the Devil,
 And said we would *send* for our prize.

Our crew, when they landed at Dublin,
 Resolving to find out their wives,
 Had sent all their *legs* by the waggon,
 And run away wanting their *lives*.
 But, tho' I was left *far behind them*,
 Yet being quite lame I was *first* ;
 Went into a Toyshop in London,
 And *eat* a whole rabbit for *thirst*.

And now I'm so *plenty* of money,
 I'm forc'd to beg alms up and down,
 So, if you can't give me a *Shilling*,
 I'll be mighty content with a *Crown*.
 I'm sure you may *hear* that I'm wounded,
 And *see* how dejected I cry :
 It grieves me to *look* on my *face*,
 When I *see* that I've never an *eye*.

Now pity my sorrows, good people,
 And when you have nothing to give,
 I'll die and be buried in Ireland,
 And then I'll give over to live.

When I am clos'd in my coffin,
Scratch on the lid with your knife,
That lies an adventurous Seaman,
That ne'er was on board in his Life."

SONG.

THE SNUG PARTY.

BLACK Vulcan, hot from Etna's blaze,
 One night gave over working, O,
 And took some lightning in his hand,
 That Gyges had been forking, O.
 A heavy bag of Thunderbolts,
 His shoulders hard was pressing, O ;
 Thus, up to Heaven he took his way,
 Where Jove he found undressing, O.

Boreas had just lock'd up the winds,
 That had been blowing roundly, O ;
 And came to say that Father Jove
 Might take his rest quite soundly, O.
 Oft, too, when Jove was mellowish,
 He found he far'd the better, O ;
 So, in at Vulcan's back he stept,
 In hopes to touch a whetter, O.

The god his night-cap had got on,
 And into bed was turning, O ;
 Expecting, by his precious rib,
 To get a nap till morning, O.
 But when poor Vulcan's face he saw,
 Beneath his burden sweating, O,
 He thought he'd slack another cork,
 To give the SMITH a greeting, O.

Sit down, then, said he, you must taste
 A noggin of our Nectar, O ;
 But hush !—for Juno's fast asleep,
 I dread a curtain lecture, O.
 My breeches I will soon draw on,
 Unwotting of my Dearie, O ;
 A glass will do me yet no harm,
 And you're both wet and weary, O.

There's Bacchus sleeping on a cloud,
 You Boreas, go and shake him, O ;
 He's got so muzzy here to night,
 You'll find it hard to wake him, O.
 Tell him a Friend from Earth is here,
 And bid him rise and stretch him, O ;
 Say I'm to draw a cork or two,
 And that I guess will fetch him, O.

Down sat the deities with glee,
 They tippl'd long and hearty, O ;
 When seeing them begin to nod,
 Jove thus address'd the party O :
 Come, Brethren, see from Thetis' bed,
 The early light is peeping, O,
 The shades of Morn are now withdrawn,
 You must not here be sleeping, O.

So now make haste, get all below,
 Your stay is not eligible ;
 To Bacchus 'tis in vain to speak,
 For he's quite incorrigible.
 Since late I dubb'd him God of Wine,
 I vow he's never thinking, O ;
 From Morn to Night, from Night to Morn,
 Eternally he's drinking, O.

Vulcan, you greasy drunken sot,
 No longer here be vap'ring, O :
 Bid Gyges there lend you a hand,
 At buckling on your apron, O :
 You've had a precious drinking bout,
 That you can limp I wonder, now ;
 And as you'll need to sweat it out,
 Go mould some British Thunder, now.

That little Island of the Sea,
My bolts so long has hurl'd, now ;
She shall be Arbitress for me,
To rule the nether world, now.
Her Kings the Sceptre long shall sway,
While I my aid shall lend her, O ;
And while the Subject Powers obey,
At Home shall Peace attend her, O.

JAMIE AND MAGGIE,

A LAMENTABLE STORY.

A' ye rural shepherd laddies
 On the hill, or i' the dale ;
 A' ye canty, cheery caddies,
 Lend a lug to Jamie's tale.

Ance, like you, he coud hae sportit :
 But the case is alter'd now ;
 Ance he coud hae kiss'd an' courtit,
 Thoughtless, gay, an' daft like you.

Mornins soon, whan fair the lea was,
 O'er the fields, he aften stray'd ;
 Nane had been sae blyth as he was ;
 But for Maggie, cruel Maid.

A' that coud be doon to please her,
 Ilka wile the swain coud try,
 Whiles to flatter, whiles to tease her ;
 But, alake ! she car'd na by.

Down aneath yon spreadin' sallow,
 Kent by ilka herdie swain,
 Lay, young Jamie, cheerless fallow,
 Hapless mumlin' out his mane.

Thus I heard the youth complainin' ;
 Fortune, jad', had scaith'd him sair ;
 Maggie, saucy slut, disdainin',
 Kent his luvè an' didna care :

Maggie, swains hae ca'd ye bonny,
 Kind as ony lass can be ;
 But yer heart, a slave to Johnie,
 Never fand a string for me.

No, I'm sure ye winna hae me,
 Ance ye tauld me that same news ;
 Luvè'll be the death o' Jamie,
 Girter Luvè than Maggie trows.

What altho' the Simmer burdies,
 Whistle gayly round my door ;
 What altho' my downin' herdies,
 Cleed the knowes in mony a score.

A' the gear that misers green for,
 A' that taks the warlin's e'e ;

Jamie wadna care a preen for,
 War he only lo'ed by thee.

A' the day I greet an' grummle :
 A' the night I sab an' cry ;
 Whiles my plaint I mamp an' mummle,
 Whar the burnie todles by.

O ye cruel hearted kimmer !
 Coud ye see yer Jamie dee ?
 E'en the wil'est Lonnon limmer,
 Might hae shed a tear for me.

Thus poor Jamie sigh'd an' sabbit,
 Truest shepherd on the fiel' ;
 I' the grun his cruik he stabbit,
 Lake-a-day ! the silly chiel'.

On his elbow sad reclinin',
 Collie yowlin' at his feet,
 Jamie bad' farewell to pinin',
 Raxt him on the turf an'—die't.

Collie, row'd in black vexation,
 Laid him gruntin' on his wame ;
 Growl'd a friendly lamentation,
 Shook his tail an' trottit hame.

SONG.

COME, MY FAIR, THE E'ENIN'S CLEAR, &c.

COME, my Fair, the E'enin's clear,
 Phoebus douks him i' the main ;
 Luna's light, wi' laughin' leer,
 Skinkles on the Simmer plain.
 Let us daunder o'er the mead ;
 Let us wauk, an' kiss, an' play ;
 Flora's bloomie apron tread,
 Come, my Lassie, let's away.

Mute the hum o' bizzy toil,
 Hush'd the music o' the grove :
 Labour hyin' frae the soil,
 Leaves the lanely bower to Love.
 At this silent gloamin' hour,
 Let us, Peggie, haun in haun,
 Tend our wauk to yonder bower,
 Wha can Nature's ca' withstand?

There my passion I'll reveal,
There I'll sing my Peggie's charms,
There a baumy kiss I'll steal,
There I'll fauld her in my arms.
Come, my dearest, come along,
To the arbour let us stray,
While I please ye wi' a sang,
Come, my Lassie, come away.

INVITATION

TO DELIA.

 AN ANACREONTIC.

WILL charming Delia yield to go,
 Where yonder limpid waters flow ;
 Where, o'er the stream the Zephyrs play,
 And all is sweet, and all is gay.

Where mantl'd in a robe of green,
 The face of hill and dale is seen ;
 Be there her woolly wanderers fed,
 And there my Delia's self be led.
 There, while they crop each herb and flower,
 I'll lead her to the beacin bower,
 Where, mantling thick, the woodbine creeps,
 To shade the shepherd while he sleeps ;
 There seated, while we press the ground,
 And eye the smiling scene around,

From Nature's silent lesson kind,
I'll strive to form her tender mind.

I'll bid her every sweet survey,
That blossoms on the lap of May ;
Behold the flow'rets as they grow,
Then bid her think from whence they flow ;
That he whose goodness all displays,
Deserves our gratitude and praise.

Bid her the full blown lily see,
As spotless, and as fair as she,
Which, blooming fresh and sweet to-day,
May ere to-morrow's dawn decay :
Then tell her, with a tender sigh,
That Delia, too, herself must die.

I'll bid her onward cast her look,
And view the sliding amber brook ;
Then bid think, so swift and strong
Our stream of moments glides along.

I'll tell her Nature lets us see
A *time* for every thing to be ;
The Fields in all their pride array'd,
And *time* again when all must fade.

And while she pensive thinks on this,
I'll for my wages steal a *kiss*,
And tell my Fair, while this I do,
That there is *time* for *kissing* too.

SONG.

HOW VEXT AM I NOW WHAN I THINK O'T.

Tune—*The mucking o' Geordy's byre.*

How vext am I now whan I think o't,
 How aft I gaed out to the plain,
 An' hint a' the shearers wi' Peggie,
 I bindit the buttles o' grain.
 O coud I ca' back the sweet moments,
 Whan Peggie allow'd me a smile;
 It eas'd a' the troubles o' Harvest,
 An' lighten'd the hardship o' toil.

Her locks I wad touz'l'd an' plaitit,
 An' fauldit the ringlets sae sweet;
 Or pu'd her a posie o' gowans,
 An' laid them in babs at her feet.
 I gather'd the pinkies an' roses,
 Ilk flower that was bonny to see;
 An' O whan she smil'd at my kindness,
 Nae lad was sae happy as me.

O, aft whan I teas'd her an' vext her,
She liftit a clod or a stane ;
But ay she tuik tent whan she custe it,
She ne'er wad hae broken a bane.
How kindly she flate whan I kiss'd her,
An' ca'd me a hav'rel tyke ;
But now she's taen up wi' anither,
Sae I may gae woo whar I like.

CHLOE IS GONE.

A PASTORAL.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor. VIRG.

Now know I well what 'tis to Love,

rains who to Fate are resign'd,
 o strangers to passion can live,
 enjoy all the pleasure refin'd
 which rural contentment can give,
 all the delights of the Spring,
 and warble your music alone ;
 ere I will wantonly sing,
 since Chloe, my fair one, is gone.

lambskins that frisk on the plain ;
 flocks that contentedly stray,
 save that your shepherd's in pain ;
 for Chloe was lovely and gay.
 Nowrets, ye shrubs, and ye trees,
 assist me to sigh and to moan ;
 all the soft whispering breeze,
 the sound that my Chloe is gone.

Forgive, that her loss I bewail,
 For Chloe was charming and free ;
 No Beauty on hill or in dale,
 E'er smil'd so bewitching as she.
 Wing'd Time I saw loitering fly,
 When I hop'd that our loves should be one ;
 But, alas ! she has left me to sigh,
 And to mourn, that my Chloe is gone.

My woes I am sorry to tell,
 And Chloe, the cause of them all,
 Ne'er knew that I lov'd her so well,
 Nor ween'd that I lov'd her at all.
 I lov'd her with passion sincere,
 Till all my fond hopes were o'erthrown ;
 Now sure she will pardon the tear,
 When I weep that my Chloe is gone.

O, had I had power to explain,
 That Love was consuming my heart ;
 Perhaps it had not been in vain,
 And Chloe been loath to depart.
 Too bashful my flame to reveal,
 How oft the soft sigh I'd disown ;
 Alas ! now, too weak to conceal
 My pain, that sweet Chloe is gone.

I hear, on a far distant plain,
Beside the fair banks of the Dee,
She soon is to wed a young swain—
But sure he wont love her like me.
O, Chloe ! be happiness thine ;
Alas ! it can ne'er be my own ;
In sorrow thy Damon shall pine,
And grieve that his Chloe is gone.

Ye Nymphs, that are charming and young,
Who once could have cheer'd up my mind ;
How oft in your praise have I sung,
When I hop'd that my Fair would be kind.
Now joy shall abandon the meads,
Where never such beauties were shewn ;
And the lilies shall hang down their heads,
Since Chloe, my fair one, is gone.

ODE

TO MISS NANCY G*****

MY bonny Nancy, hark a while,
 An' hear what Colin's muse advises;
 The rural Muse wha kens nae guile,
 An' Flattery's fair deceit despises.

Now, at the noontide o' yer day,
 In pleasure's fairy lap ye're lyin';
 An' Vice, to lure yer heart astray,
 Its best concertit wiles is tryin'.

Tho' wisdom a' yer bosom warms,
 Wi' wit an' sweetness sae beguillin';
 Tho' he beholds unnumber'd charms,
 Wha ever sees my Nancy smilin'.

Yet Nancy maun submit to Fate,
 An' let uncertain time remind her,
 That, may be, at nae distant date,
 She'll leave her dearest frien's behind her.

Revised in 1898

Let Nancy then be guid an' wise,
An' let na folly ay amuse her ;
This is her Colin's best advice ;
The dictate o' a heart that lés her.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

James Clarke, Printer,
Cowgate, Edinburgh.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

SONGS, &c.



**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
SONGS, &c.**

PARTLY IN THE SCOTTISH DIALECT,

WITH A

COPIOUS GLOSSARY.

By EBENEZER PICKEN.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba Lyrae motura sonum connectere digner? **HOR.**

VOL. II.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

&c. &c.

SONG.

AULD JOANNA I' THE BRAE.

AULD Joanna i' the brae,
Had routh o' goud an' siller plenty ;
An', but for ae wee faut she had,
Fowk said she was na match'd in twenty.
She was the Lady o' a Farm,
An' ay her bield luik'd bein and happy ;
Nane snodder gaed to Kirk or Fair ;
But Jo was gien to tak' the drappie.

Weel bowden was her Harvest barn ;
Her Faither left her walth o' siller ;
An' weel he hoordit up the grist ;
Wha saw the mill, ay saw the miller.

He had nae get but Jo hersel,
 Sae left a Fortune in her lappie ;
 An' brawly kend she how to save
 In ilka thing, but just the drappie.

Jo had a strappin', wally leg,
 Fu' firm she set it on the gowan ;
 An' tho' her locks war turnin' grey,
 Her cheek wi' health was ever glowin',
 She wad hae fain skept in wi' me,
 An' ca'd me oft a sonsy chappie ;
 But ay I fear'd sic wilin' words
 Might chainge to dirdum o'er the drappie.

Wi' a braw ribbon round her mutch,
 Her hair fu' donce an' neatly fauldit,
 She ay was trim and trig aboon ;
 An' weel she lik'd whan ithers tauld it.
 I, wha was fain to try a wife,
 Thought I'd gang owre an' taste her cappie ;
 For, tho' she grudg'd wi' gear to twin,
 She was nae niggard o' her drappie.

Sae o'er the burn I staps my lane,
 Beyont the green an' thro' the hether ;
 There had a twa-haun'd crack wi' Jo,
 For luck just chanc'd us to forgether.

Fu' fain she wil'd me to her bield,
 Bad me sit down, an' prie the nappie :
 I to the ingle drew a chair,
 An' join'd the carline at her drappie.

We crack'd how Andrew, her auld jo,
 Gaed now wi' Meg, an' sic clamjainfry ;
 How blear-e'ed Kate had fa'n wi' bairn,
 An' said she kentna whar it cam' frae.
 Syne Jo sae luik'd an' leer'd at me,
 I blush'd just silly like a taupie ;
 But she, to fleg awa my shame,
 Ay ply'd me wi' the tither drappie.

Sune ilka chair an' stool ran roun',
 I trou'd mysel' a match for ony ;
 Jo's cheek now crimson'd like the rose :
 She luikit like an Angel bonny.
 I pat my arms about her neck,
 An' gied the jad' a kiss fu' sappy ;
 We baith gat fu', an' syne grew fain :
 O, wae betide the filthy drappie !

She gar'd me vow, she gar'd me swear,
 The Priest soud tie us firm thegither ;
 But war the aith to swear again,
 I'd suner swear to wed my mither.

O, ill befa' the wily hag,
An' ill befa' her filthy cappie ;
I sairly rue the waefu' night,
I tint my freedom o'er the drappie.

SONG.

THE LAST WISH.

To an Irish Air.

SORTLY sleeping is Shelah lying,
 Dreaming of pleasure ne'er to come ;
Here is her faithful Looney dying,
 Wounded, friendless, and far from home.
Cease, thou raging, furious storm,
 To beat so hard on my bosom bare !
Spare, ah ! spare my mangl'd form,
 When Fate such anguish has planted there.

Never may Shelah wake to sorrow ;
 Still may Hope on her prospect shine ;
Cheerful her eye as it hails to-morrow,
 That never, alas ! must rise on mine.
O, for one look of my Shelah now !
 O, for that hand I've so often prest,
To brush the cold damps as they chill my brow,
 And close my eyes when I sink to rest.

ODE

TO MISS ———, ON A HARVEST MORNING.

HASTE, my love, this rosy morning
Leave the walks of busy strife;
Noisy Trade and bustle scorning,
Taste the sweets of rural life.

Hark young Sally sweetly singing,
As she bears the milking pail,
Every hill responsive ringing,
Wings the Echo o'er the dale.

Hark, the herds of oxen lowing
On the verdant dewy leas,
Gentle Zephyrs mildly blowing,
Whistle softly thro the trees.

Ceres, deck'd in robe so flowery,
Laughing on the Harvest plain,
Pays the earth her annual dowry,
Gladdening every Nymph and Swain.

See the riv'let sweetly rolling,
 O'er the meadow wind along,
 On the grass the peasant lolling,
 Careless chants his rural song.

See he eyes his corn maturing,
 Nature wears a general smile,
 Life, and health, and joy insuring,
 Blest reward of all his toil.

See yon rustic lovers wooing,
 Eye the modest blooming Fair,
 See the swain for favour suing,
 Mumbles out his artless prayer.

See the fleecy lambkins straying
 Sportive on the silver mead ;
 Hark, their guardian shepherd playing,
 Tunes to Love his oaten reed.

Fame, why should the shepherd woo thee ?
 Why forsake his rural dome ?
 Vague preferment, why pursue thee,
 Wandering from his native home ?

Ere thro' fields of blood he wander
 To the sceptre and the throne,

Better by the stream's meander
Roam a careless swain unknown.

Tho' on guilt's inglorious shoulder,
Fate its choicest blessings shower,
Better far in Honour moulder
Spotless as the infant flower.

Blest the peasant's humble dwelling,
Mirth and joy his call obéy ;
Sweet content, his woe-cancelling,
Laughs each little care away.

Haste, my Love, this rosy morning
Leave the walks of busy strife ;
Noisy Trade, and bustle scorning,
Taste the sweets of rural Life.

SONG.

ANNA HUME.

Set to Music by Mr. Ross.

WHY starts the tear in Anna's eye,
 Why is her cheek so pale,
 That quivering lip, and painful sigh,
 Would speak some mournful Tale.
 Say, have you seen the virgin rose,
 E'er blasted in its bloom ;
 O shed a tear for all her woes,
 For such is Anna Hume.

No opening flower in Summer Morn,
 More sweet, more fair than she,
 Till from her gentle bosom torn,
 Her William went to sea.
 On Egypt's bloody coast, I ween,
 Young William met his doom ;
 No pleasure since the eye has seen
 Of hapless Anna Hume.

He first, the sweetest on the plain,
Had taught her heart to sigh,
While, as her glance met his again,
She blush'd and knew not why.
Love Life's horizon gilds afar,
They fear'd no gathering gloom ;
But, ah ! the thunderbolt of War
Has widow'd Anna Hume.

Ye gentle hearts that Love e'er knew,
Lament poor Anna's fate,
That languid look and pallid hue,
That speak all aid too late.
Hope, which can oft, with cheering ray,
Life's drearest path illumine ;
No beams can shed to cheer the way
Of dying Anna Hume.

Thou fair enquirer, too, canst feel,
In sympathy canst sigh ;
While I the mournful tale reveal,
Soft Pity fills thine eye ;
Grudge not a tear when thou shalt see
The maiden's early tomb ;
She would have done as much for thee,
The tender Anna Hume.

EPISTLE,

To J*** C*****, Esq. GREENOCK.

DEAR C*****, yer lot the Bard enyies,
 Sae halsome near the water,
 Ye taste the sweets o' Simmer skies,
 An' hear the burdies chatter.
 Whar mony a hartsome sail o' boats
 Are thrang wi' exportations,
 An' fetch ye hame, in teemin' floats,
 The fowth o' ither nations,
 Ilk ither day.

How fine along your meads to range,
 Whan flowers their charms are shawin';
 Or sweet about the Firth o' Clyde,
 To fin' the Zephyrs blawin'.
 Whan glowin' frae the lift a' roun',
 The het sin rays are beekin',
 An' dowless fowks, for health gaen down,
 Along yer howms lie streekin'
 Their limbs this day.

On bonny days your shores alang,
 Gin I had gear an' leisure,
 To court the Muse's help in sang,
 Wad gie me warlds o' pleasure.
 To snuff the scent o' ilka flower
 That blossoms on the green,
 Or in some lanely rustic bower,
 To tune the lyre unseen,
 And sweet ilk day.

He disna ken the ugsome gate
 O' avarice or cheatin',
 Wha owns a humble peasant's fate,
 Whar wooy lambs gang bleatin'.
 Whase sinews brac'd wi' halsome cheer,
 Bend teughly to the toil,
 Health, teachin' ilka joint to stear,
 Gangs thro' his banes like oil,
 Baith night an' day.

His todlin' wee anes risin' fair,
 Hecht ilka thing that's guid,
 Nurs'd lownly up aneath his care,
 On solid kintry food.
 His barns, weel stock'd wi' best o' grain,
 An' bien-stegh'd fother lafts,

While many a fou-fed nowt, his nain,
 Gangs grazin' thro' the crafts,
 For mairts some day.

But giddy Fortune's waefu' frown,
 Has doom'd the Bardie's station
 Within a brattlin' brawlin' town,
 To smore his meditation.
 Whar nought he sees but powther'd fops,
 In mystic legions sailin',
 An' letter'd raws o' Merchant's shops,
 For hailsale an' retailin',
 In Trade, this day.

The Muse maun own her thanks to you,
 For your kind ruse upon 'er,
 But fears to think the praise her due,
 Or that she meeds sic honner.
 Her head she needna carry heigh,
 Tho' Folly strain to praise 'er,
 Yet fain wad strut an' sten' fu' skeigh,
 Sin' C — has deign'd to praise 'er,
 Sae kind, this day.

Sae weel your Classic taste I ken,
 Nae wonder I be proud ;

Ye dinna think like ither men,
 Nor copy by the croud.
 The noble virtues ye possess,
 Mair substance hae than shew,
 An' wad the highest station grace
 A Sovereign coud bestow,
 On ony day.

Some day, whan I hae fowth o' gear,
 I'm weel resolv'd to see ye,
 An' gin the Simmer lift hauds clear,
 Gin July I'se be wi' ye.
 As lang as ye are here awa,
 May Health an' strength betide ye,
 An' I'se frae aff the Broomilaw,*
 Come skelpin' down beside ye,
 Some bonny day.

* The Quay at Glasgow.

FALSEHOOD,

A PASTORAL.

ONCE I took pleasure to stray,
 To view the gay bloom of the fields,
 The blossom that swells on the spray,
 And sweets that the Jessamine yields.
 But meadows that charm'd me before,
 When Delia my Fair was unknown ;
 And flocks can give pleasure no more,
 Poor Colin must tend them alone.

Ah ! why the fair Maid have I found,
 So deaf to the woes I endure ?
 Ah ! why so bewitching to wound,
 And still so unwilling to cure ?
 No Nymph on the plains could I find,
 So charming as Delia to see ;
 Had Chloe no charms to my mind,
 And is she not lovely as she ?

Down yonder green meadows so gay,
 Where Glotta runs silently by,

The Echos have answer'd my lay,
 And loaded the gale with my sigh.
 Where lovers oft wander'd to hear,
 Wild music from every tree,
 How oft have I griev'd with a tear,
 That Delia ne'er listens to me.

Yet sure I might reckon the lays
 Were worthy of Delia's ear,
 Which Chloe oft honour'd with praise,
 And listen'd with rapture to hear.
 Yet not for sweet Chloe the strain,
 She could not the music inspire;
 The tender appeal was in vain,
 When Delia refus'd to admire.

That brook where she swore to be mine,
 Where Evening oft found us alone,
 By its margin I often recline,
 And think on the hours that are gone.
 Those hours that pass'd jocund away,
 When bliss and contentment I knew,
 I wasted in innocent play,
 Nor thought with what swiftness they flew:

Now false to her love and her vow,
 She treats all my sighs with disdain,

The chaplet she tore from my brow,
Of which foolish I was so vain.
Yet I dream't that I heard her relent,
And bid me give over to sigh:
Alas! I may just be content
To hug the delusion, and die.

O sweet to the heart without pain,
Mid Nature's wild beauties to rove,
When blossoms have spangl'd the plain,
And music enlivens the grove.
But 'tis not the bloom of the fields,
Nor songster that chants from the spray,
Nor sweets that the Jessamine yields,
Can please when my Fair is away.

SONG.

THE MANIAC.

*The Music of the Original Song by Mr. Thomson, Organist,
Newcastle.*

O WHY, bonny Lass, sitt'st thou on the wet grass,
 While the chill dews o' E'enin' are fa'in' ?
 Why wander alane thro' the dark woody glen,
 While the cauld blasts o' Winter are blawin' ?
 O, I hae nae house, O, I hae nae hauld,
 War the e'en e'er sae stormy or sleety !
 On the moss's cauld bed ilka night lies my head,
 And a' day I'm supportit by Pity.

O, aft on yon rock that o'erhangs the sea wave,
 Do I sit while that wave's in commotion ;
 I chidè the wild winds that hae widow'd my heart,
 For my Billy was lost in the ocean.
 O Lady, dont fear me, I'm harmless and poor ;
 But believe me, nae flower o' the valley,
 Nae bloom on the hawthorn is purer than me,
 Mair spotless than poor little Sally.

If ye ken'd but how sweet, and how kind was my Love,
How hard was his mandate to leave me!——
But my Billy's an Angel, he lives in yon sky——
I must leave you, dear stranger—forgive me.
My hand the kind boon of soft pity had held,
Which my heart had intended to give her;
But, like a rais'd fawn, she had sped thro' the gloom,
And I lost the poor Maniac for ever.

SONG.

THO' FEW MY FIELDS.

Set to Music by Mr. Ross, Organist, Aberdeen.

THO' few my Fields, tho' small my Cot,
 Sweet peace is inmate there:
 Content, that gilds the Shepherd's lot,
 Attends my humble fare.
 Would gentle Laura be my love,
 Could kingdoms envy'd be,
 When her sweet kiss, and smile, would prove
 A thousand worlds to me?

Come, Love, while Heaven's mild radiance shed,
 Unfolds each bloom to view,
 How sweet the smiling lawn to tread,
 Which Morn has gemm'd with dew!
 Or, when opprest by Summer's heat,
 Each wooer courts the shade;
 There let me hold Love's converse sweet,
 With thee, my gentle Maid.

There let me tell how true my Love,
How long in vain I've sigh'd ;
How every day a year must prove,
Till Laura be my bride.
To Laura's heart let me address,
Soft yielding as she strays,
That wish, which words cannot express—
Yet one soft sigh conveys.

By thee the gleefu' carles a'
 Float ay their fashous cares awa ;
 Nae bilts, nor bruises cou'd befa'
 Their head or tail,
 That ever can survive a jaw
 O' Nappy Ale.

Foul fa' the chield wha think'st a faut
 To meddle wi' the juice o' maut,
 An' can wi' shameless snout misca't ;
 The saucy tyke,
 Twad be a pity e'er he saw't,
 Be what he like.

O' aughtpence drink ! thou saul o' grain,
 Thou maks the Bardie blyth an' fain :
 Atween us twa', as we're our lane,
 Tak' this frae me,
 O' a' the Nine the foul a ane,
 Inspires like thee.

The snail-slaw hours thou can beguile,
 On Sorrow's cheek can raise a smile :
 Whan birkies bourd wi' thee a while,
 I ken't for certain,
 Round the red ingle, rank an' file,
 They'd ne'er be partin'.

Let Misers scrape the walth o' China,
I dinna care a yard o' skeenie,
Gie me just fowth for weans, an' Binie,
 * O' guid Scots kail,
An' ay the tither yellow Guinea,
 An' Nappy Ale.

AULD REEKIE.

O Kingly port, unpeer'd in Worth,
 Besouth her bonny windin Forth,
 Wha shines the glory o' the North?

Auld Reekie.

Wha likes her worthy King, an' Laws?
 Wha stauns ay staunch in Freedom's cause,
 Whan Foreign Pride its weapon draws?

Auld Reekie.

For school o' Lair lang fam'd afar,
 Wha is't for skill that has nae par,
 For Airs o' Peace, as weel as War?

Auld Reekie.

Whar may admiring rapture view
 The Female cheek o' crimson hue;
 The lip like roses wat wi' dew?

In Reekie.

Whar find the happiest social thrang,
 Enjoy the cheerfu' crack, the sang,
 On winter nights the e'enin' lang?

In Reekie.

To Hospitality's warm seat,
 Whar does ilk guest a welcome meet
 Wi' fowth o' a' that's guid to eat?

In Reekie.

Whar shines the Haggis on the board,
 The sing'd sheep's head might feast a Lord?
 Whar the bread aumrie beinly stor'd?

In Reekie.

Wha guards her Youth wi' Parent e'e,
 Warns them ilk youthfu' lust to flee;
 In Peace to live, in Hope to dee?

Auld Reekie.

Wha does the helpless Orphan rear?
 Wha dights awa the Widow's tear,
 Pale Sorrow's eerie night to cheer?

Auld Reekie.

To usefu' Airts wha trains the Blind,
 Wi' usefu' Lair informs their mind?
 Whar is warm Charity sae kind?

In Reekie.

Wha, whan the hapless Female strays,
 Invites her back to Virtue's ways,
 In Peace and Hope to end her days?

Auld Reekie.

Wha aids the hopeless wretch that pines
 In slow Disease? whan Health declines,
 Wha is the guidin' star that shines? . . .

Auld Reekie.

Wha lifts the bruised frae the ground,
 Wi' kind compassion binds his wound?
 Whar is sic tender Pity found?

In Reekie.

Whar are the Holy Prophets fam'd
 For Doctrine pure, and Life unblam'd?
 Whar trembles Vice whan they are nam'd?

In Reekie.

Whan lyart Eild creeps on apace,
 An' Nature wears to her decease,
 Wha bids his e'enin' close in peace?

Auld Reekie.]

In fine, whar's ilka ill least rife,
 Whar maist enjoy'd, wi' least o' strife?
 Just whar I mean to end my Life—

In Reekie.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER,

*Who died at Carron, 17th January, 1796, in the 4th
Year of her Age.*

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis ?*——— HOR.

Why should I blush, for one so dear
Ceaseless to pour the tender tear ? FRAN.

PEACE, my sad Heart !—'Twas Heaven's supreme
decree :

Why thus in hopeless Melancholy mourn ?
The same dread hour awaits alike on thee :
Thou go'st to her—tho' she can ne'er return.

My lovely babe has reach'd that happy shore,
Beyond the roaring billows and the wind ;
Why grieve, my heart, that she hath gone before,
Nor rather mourn that thou art left behind ?

How many a fairy scene did Fancy view,
Now fled each hope a Father's heart could form :
So preys the orient sun-beam on the dew,
So flits the morning cloud before the storm.

How fair, how lovely, bloom'd my infant flower !
 No sweeter blossom open'd to the day ;
 On her young head Heaven shed its softest shower,
 To rear the shoot that made my arbour gay.

But, ah ! how oft unlook'd for is our doom,
 And then no art can heal, no power can save ;
 Death's dreary winter nipt my little bloom,
 And laid my hope unripen'd in the grave.

Sweet babe ! when sad—the' ne'er so sad as now,
 Thy lovely prattle set my heart at ease ;
 And, 'mid the cares that gather'd on my brow,
 Thy pretty smile oft sooth'd my soul to peace.

A little stranger in this world of care,
 Thy Father call'd thee to thy Heavenly home,
 To share that bliss that flows unmingl'd there ;
 Bliss unalloy'd by dread of ill to come.

The endearing graces of thy infant mind,
 Flatter'd each hope in Fancy's raptur'd eye ;
 But God's all ruling councils had design'd
 These ripening fruits should mellow in the sky.

Short liv'd our comforts, barren are our joys,
 Why of such dear delights should man be vain?
 Our pleasing prospects wasteful Death destroys,
 And kindred dust to dust returns again.

And yet I hop'd, amid the unequal strife,
 My Jean might still survive the tempest's rage,
 See her fond parents to the verge of Life,
 And cheer the dreary winter of their Age.

But, ah! how soon o'ercast the blackening sky;
 The fever prey'd upon her lovely frame——
 But—stop—the big tear trembles in mine eye,
 And falls a tribute to my Jeanie's name.

Poor tribute!—'tis her due—such duty mine,
 For one I lov'd, for one I held so dear:
 My sweetest babe! such innocence was thine,
 As love can ne'er record without a tear.

Father of Mercy! thou, who rul'st on high,
 Teach me each impious murmur still to shun;
 And, 'mid the pain of Nature's deepest sigh,
 To say, Thy will—Thy blessed will be done!

SONG.

O DONALD, YE MAUN MARRY ME, &c.

O DONALD ! ye maun marry me,
 For ye my heart hae taen ;
 I'll never wed a man but thee,
 Gin I soud lie my lane.
 For thee I d leave sweet Lomon Lake,
 An' Cora's rowin' lin ;
 For thee baith Dad an' Mam forsake,
 An' a' my warly kin.

CHORUS.

Sae Donald, ye maun marry me,
 For ye my heart hae taen ;
 I'll never wed a man but thee,
 Gin I soud lie my lane.

Tho' Flora's cheek be rosy red,
 An' coal-black be her e'e,

O Donald, be na captive led,
 She lo'esna hauf like me.
 Yer vera wiss I'd ay prevent,
 Watch ilka glance the while,
 And O, how sweet if Donald lent
 Ae pleas'd, an' gratefu' smile!
 Sae, Donald, ye maun, &c.

Remember, Donald, in the grove
 Ye swore ye wad be true;
 An' will ye, for anither love,
 Incline to break yer vow?
 O no, I ken ye'll yet be kin',
 Sae fause ye coud na be,
 Yer heart I'm sure will still be mine,
 I see it in yer e'e.

CHORUS.

Sae Donald, ye will marry me,
 For ye my heart hae taen;
 I'll nae yet die for hopeless love,
 Nor need to lie my lane.

SONG.

LONG, LONG DID GENTLE PEACE RESIDE.

LONG, long did gentle Peace reside
 In Conway's happy vale,
 Long had the heart of Sue reply'd
 To William's tender tale.
 To him her guileless heart confess'd
 It's every hope and fear,
 And, in advance, did pleasures taste
 Of many a live-long year.

The freshest snow-drop dew could gem,
 No fairer was than she ;
 The mantling Ivy round his stem,
 The tow'ring Poplar he.
 Ne'er had a storm of Heaven that blows
 Taught Hope to fear decay ;
 But ah ! a fatal storm arose,
 And swept their hope away.

He to the war was forc'd to go,
And leave poor Sue behind,
Her gentle heart was fill'd with woe,
With boding fears her mind.
Yet still would Hope repress the tear
She for his parting shed:
Alas! poor Sue was doom'd to hear
Cold ocean was his bed.

Now, drooping like a lily pale,
Which withering winds have prest,
And bends its head in Conway's vale,
By Morn's sweet dew unblest.
She droops and withers, hapless Sweet!
Her only hope in store,
Her William's dear lov'd form to meet,
Where they may part no more.

For a' this I'm oblig'd to you,
 We've been a steady friend an' true,
 For e'er wi' laurel-circl'd brow
 'Mang wits I'm rankit,
 It's you an' this kind Friend, I trow,
 That sould be thankit.

Aft hae I heard ye lout to praise,
 In Friendly crack my Youthfu' lays,
 An' dayt me in sic couthy fraize,
 Wi' kind regard,
 That mucke less the Musie says
 Might weel hae sair'd.

It has been order'd that the warl,
 Sould at her tail the Poet harl;
 Yet Fortune has gien him a darle
 O' haimart rhime;
 An' says he'll no want scone or farle
 Thro' length o' time.

But coud a body be content,
 Just wi' the gear that Heaven has sent,
 They need na green for lan' or rent
 To mak' a stear,
 For countless scores in cent. per cent.
 O' ill won gear.

VERSES

ON SEEING A CARAVAN WITH THE FOLLOWING

MOTTO:—

“A Caravan to go any where.”

WEEL jestit in earnest ! A new Caravan
 To rin ony gaet i' the warld !
 To Egypt, New Holland, or e'en to Japan,
 May bundles or baggage be harl'd.
 Hae Bards ony notion to ramble aboon,
 Thro' Satan's domains to be soarin',
 This waggon coud haul them the hight o' the Moon,
 Whar they may be a' thing explorin' ?

A droll kintry poet, in Mauchlin, o' late,
 Commenc'd correspondence wi' Clottie,
 But coudna find carriers to venture the gaet,
 The Deil has a stable sae sootie :
 The chield wi the letter himsel' wad hae gane,
 Sae ran in a rage to the street wi't,
 But rucin', he ramm'd it beneath a grave stane
 Whar Nick might be certain to meet wi't.

But O! had he thought o' a waggon sae rare,
 That e'en to auld Hornie cou'd venture,
 Tak' people or guidⁿs to his Deilship wi' care,
 Tho' his cavern were down at the centre.
 How much wad it lain in the way o' the Bard,
 If the Driver had just been sae civil,
 As carried at times a poetical card,
 Or the Poet himsel', to the Devil.

Whan modern Lunardis wad visit the lift,
 An' sail thro' the air for diversion, †
 A tempest might send the blawn bladder adrift,
 Some mad, unintended excursion ;
 But here they may hurl, compos'd at their ease,
 Nor ever tak' thought o' the weather,
 A canvas preserves frae the rain an' the breeze,
 An' the horse has his head in a tether.

The langer we bide in this warld o' pine,
 The ferlies ay girter we're scein',
 For wha in the douce happy days o' lang syne
 Wad e'er taen a notion o' fleein' ?
 Na, na! the auld warld, that gaed on their feet,
 Sic prodigies never heard tell o',
 Their wives wad hae daidld fu' blyth thro' the weat
 Wi' neither calash nor umbrella.

Ye clerks and accountants o' ilka degree,
 Wha want to gang yont to the Indies,
 Ye ken owre the tractless extent o' the sea,
 A road right uncertain to find is ;
 An' carriage by water's a dangerous plan,
 Whan thro' amang breakers ye're steering ;
 Then hoise in your kists to this new Caravan,
 An' aff thro' the centre careerin'.

Come let ane and a' then a bumper fill up,
 Harangue sic a noble intention,
 An' let us remember, when swiggin the cup,
 To praise Mungo Black for invention.
 A health sae important wha wadna but drink ?
 Few hae sic a story to brag on,
 As keepin' a horse that can screeve in a blink,
 Thro' Earth, Air, or Hell wi' a waggon.

SONG.

SAFT O'ER GLOTTA'S BOSOM PLAYIN'.

SAFT o'er Glotta's bosom playin',
 Ilka whistlin' Zephyr blew ;
 Bonny Nell gaed out a Mayin',
 O'er the meadows wat wi' dew.
 Seenle thought she o' a lover :
 Nell was blate and unco shy ;
 Watty's granein' coudna move her,
 Whan he grat she car'd na by.

Heartless, like a jadt aiver,
 Watty fallow'd far ahin' ;
 While, wi' greetin' sair, the slaiyer
 Drappit pearly aff his chin.
 Ay he dightit aff the tearie,
 Syne he claw'd his tawtie pow ;
 Trottin' like a cadger's meerie,
 Nell gaed skiffin' yont the howe.

On the howm her length she streekit,
 Close by ^fGlotta's flow'ry side ; ^f
 To the spat as Watty keekit,
 Nell slade reckless i' the tide.
 Hech ! it was an unco gliffin,
 Aff his huggers Watty drew,
 Down the howm, an' in a jiffin'
 Row'd his fecket like a clew.

Aff the bank in huth'rin hurry,
 Heels-o'er-head he tumml'd in ;
 O he was in sic a flurry,
 Fright had near haun dung him blin'.
 Fast he grippit a' his wisses,
 Syne for joy he gied a roar,
 Slaiver'd a' her mou' wi' kisses
 Whan he gat her to the shore.

While wi' a' his e'en he courtit,
 Down he set the yieldin' lass,
 Kind his arm her head supportit——
 Queer how things will come to pass !
 Something Watty there said till'er,
 What it was he kens himsel' ;
 But he now has rowth o' siller,
 Livin' happy wi' his Nell.

SONG.

LOVELY WITCHING WOMAN.

Set to Music by Mr. Ross, Organist, Aberdeen.

O LIFE, what Fairy charms are thine;
 When Fortune deigns to bless thee;
 Dear as Golconda's richest mine,
 Men cherish and caress thee.
 In Youth's gay Morn, the ravish'd eye
 Explores each sight uncommon;
 But Instinct prompts the tender sigh
 For lovely witching woman.

She wipes the falling tear away,
 Our solace in Life's crosses;
 She bids deep sorrowing Grief be gay,
 And smile amid his losses.
 Where can the aching head find rest,
 When comfort springs from no man?
 Where find repose, but on the breast
 Of lovely witching woman?

Lightener of Labour's sweating toil,
 The loveliest prize of duty ;
 Youth burns amid the war's turmoil,
 To earn the praise of Beauty.
 'er many a foaming billow borne
 Tho' Fate to distance throw man,
 O Home's sweet haven Hope will turn,
 And moor with lovely Woman.

Mother of Passion's ruff'd brow,
 Sweet softener of each sorrow ;
 Dear Partner of my pleasure now,
 Kind hailer of to morrow.
 What do I owe thine Angel arms,
 Heaven's opening bliss that shew man !
 All that short life can boast of charms,
 Is lovely, witching Woman.

Let Vice unhallow'd pleasure sip,
 And tempt my Youth to drink it ;
 While Nectar moistens Phebe's lip,
 Can I but poison think it.
 On this warm heart while life holds seat,
 Firm as an ancient Roman ;
 Each ardent pulse shall ever beat,
 For lovely, witching Woman.

reetly frae the yird thou's sprung,
 he cauld o' Winter dung,
 ll thy leaves ay want a tongue,

My bonny flower !
 ce their beauties fade unsung,
 Some ruthless hour ?

intry Boreas has begun,
 aresna for sic cauld rife fun :
 addin' stauks, ere Frosty win'
 Soughs thro' the air,
 less, dead, alang the grun',
 An' bloom nae mair.

han the Simmer hours, wi' glee,
 lowrets o'er the dewy lee,
 o' them a' may vie wi' thee,
 Whase bonny smile,
 ordlin's or the Shepherd's e'e,
 May weel beguile ?

hou perfumes baith hill an' plain,
 'd by ilka nymph an' swain,
 in' fu' sweet amang the train
 O' rosy May,
 arms nae ither but thy nain,
 Gar thee look gay.

SONG.

SHORT LIFE IS A DREAM.

SHORT Life is a dream, old Philosophers tell,
 From the visions, the shades that are in it;
 So, he that dreams sweetest, must bear off the bell ;
 He comprises most joys in the minute.
 But, what grey-headed dotard, that measures life's deep
 With his plummet, will hazard a stake,
 That, when Sue's in my arms, I am fast in a sleep ;
 No, her prattle still keeps me awake.

I'm awake to her Beauty, awake to her Charms
 And awake to each Care of her bosom ;
 I never will slumber when danger alarms,
 Or Vice would deform my fair blossom :
 I'll not sleep till I wed her, and then in a dream
 Of delight, shall we bury all sorrow :
 While night hails our union, and morn's early beam
 Shall wake to the joys of to-morrow.

If Life's dream is so short, ne'er let Friendship decli
But with pleasure enliven our Table
With a dear little sprinkling of Love and of Wine
To make it as sweet as we're able.
At our board, let not riot e'er share the repast,
Nor the jest which can modesty stain ;
That when Sue and I wake from our dream at the
We might wish we could dream it again.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT SEA.

AH me! how loudly yells the storm,
 While shivering on the deck I stand,
 The low-hung clouds the skies deform,
 And far far distant is the land.
 How happy he who on the shore,
 Defies the bellowing tempest's roar,
 And ease and quiet proves;
 Or, mid the vale, secure from harm,
 In soft repose's silken arm,
 Can hug the Maid he loves.

Yet louder blows the dreadful blast,
 O'er head now rolls the bursting wave:
 I cling around the crashing mast,
 And hardly hope my life to save.
 The thunder breaks, the deluge pours;
 Ah me, how hard a lot is ours!
 The toil-worn seaman cries;
 But soon the winds have ceas'd to roar,

The danger's past, the storm is o'er,
He hails serener skies.

Now round the circling brimmers go,
To toast again his charming Fair:
His heart no longer prest with woe,
No more his mind with saddening care:
Aloft the shroud he cheerly springs,
And to the whistling zephyr sings
The dangers of the seas;
Unfurls with joy each handed sail,
The bounding bark now feels the gale,
And scuds before the breeze.

'Tis thus, Maria, far at sea,
By tempests torn, thy Friend has been;
While Fancy oft, at thought of thee,
Mourn'd the wide gulf that yawn'd between.
Amid the howling of the wind,
I thought on those I left behind,
And wish'd myself on shore,
Fast lock'd in my Maria's arms,
And fondly gazing on thy charms,
And ne'er to leave thee more.

SONG.

WHY BLAME ME WITH *KAIPING* A DROP, &c.

WHY blame me with *kaiping* a drop in my eye?
 When I *maït* with misfortune, it helps me to cry
 O'er a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.
 Besides, what a courage the Bottle can give,
 And the longer you tipple the longer you live;
 Yet one thing I'd have you consider at first,
 When you talk of my drink, pray consider my thirst
 For a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.

You say water is *chaiper*, and still within call,
 But water don't suit with my stomach at all
 Like a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine:
 When I'm tipsy, the King is a beggar to me,
 Besides that one shilling *appairs* to be three;
 So, truce with advice, to my bumper I'll stick,
 As long as I know where to tipple oh tick
 A good Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.

When my wife falls a scolding at me and my glass,
 I mind it no more than the bray of an ass,
 With my Bottle of Ale, or my Bottle of Wine:
 I tell her, be *aisy*, consider, my dear,
 What is drunken just now can't be drunken next year;
 Besides if you think on't, it's not quite so bad
 As to famish for thirst when good drink may be had,
 Like a bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.

Tho' my coat in the wind shake a bit, you may guess
 If my stomach's well lin'd, I shall *fail* it the less,
 With my Bottle of Ale, or my Bottle of Wine.
 Tho' in debt, when I *fail* not the ills of this Life,
 I caren't a fig were it not for my Wife,
 But she says how poor Pat should be hang'd by the neck;
 Then she lifts up the poker and swears she will break
 Both my Bottle of Ale, and my Bottle of Wine.

O were I unmarried, how happy I'd be!
 But such happiness, sure, would be too much for me,
 With my Bottle of Ale, and my Bottle of Wine:
 My glass would be *swaiter* if she weren't by,
 For I cannot well bear the reproof of her eye;
 And the poker and tongs aren't straws, do ye see,
 So, from scolding and blows there's no refuge for me,
 But a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.

I find, when a bumper enlightens my eyes,
 I grow monstrously witty, and monstrously wise,
 With my Bottle of Ale, or my Bottle of Wine :
 I'm as bold as a Bear, or a Lion at least,
 And in Logic, I'm sure, am a match for the Priest ;
 And, depend on my word, you'll have *raison* to dread,
 If you dare to deny't, you'll be knock'd o' the head
 With a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.

Besides, when I fall, and have broken a bone,
 Arrah, Love ! I don't *fail* it no more than a stone,
 With my Bottle of Ale, or my Bottle of Wine :
 And, whenever my head is too much for my heels,
 What is that to the man who no accident feels,
 Who, if he can't walk, has a chance to be led,
 And, tho' poor when he's sober, goes royal to bed
 With his Bottle of Ale, or his Bottle of Wine ?

Then, Arrah ! don't vex me—if all this be true,
 You see that, by drinking, I'm wiser than you
 O'er a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine :
 Let those who pretend to be wiser agree
 To go sober to bed, if they chuse it, for me ;
 Since I'm wiser, and richer, and better than they,
 And Royal, and Brave, let me moisten my clay
 With a Bottle of Ale, or a Bottle of Wine.

SONG.

NAN OF LOGIE GREEN.

Tune—*My Wife's a wanton wee thing.*

By Pleasure long infected,
 Kind Heaven, when least expected,
 My devious path directed
 To Nan of Logie green;
 Where thousand sweets repose 'em,
 In Quiet's unruff'd bosom;
 I found my peerless blossom
 The pride of Logie green.

The city Belle perchance ay,
 Will blame my youthful Fancy;
 But she ne'er saw my Nancy,
 The pride of Logie green.
 Her cheek the vermeil rose is,
 Her smile a Heaven discloses,
 No lily leaf that blows is
 So fair on Logie green.

Ye town-bred Fair, forgive me,
Your arms must ne'er receive me ;
Your charms are all, believe me,
 Eclyps'd on Logie green :
Forgive my passion tender,
Heaven so much grace did lend her,
As made my heart surrender
 To Nan of Logie green.

No more the Town delights me,
It's noisy tumult frights me ;
I'll go where Love invites me
 To Nan of Logie green.
My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
I ne'er in Life shall leave her ;
In Love and peace for ever,
We'll live on Logie green.

EPISTLE

To MR. A. C*****, GLASGOW.

Pastores edera crescentem ornate Poetam. VIRG.

Wi' ivy chaplet crown the chiel',
Ye swains, wha mints in verse sae weel.

DEAR Sandy, lad, I gat your line,
Clean free o' a' expenses ;
An' shanna grudge to swear sinsyne,
Ye're blest wi' a' your senses ;
O' fowth o' Wit your verses smell,
Tho' unco sair they blaw me,
This while I'll hardly be mysel',
Sae learn'd an' skill'd they ca' me,
An' wise, this day.
How dare ye think that sangs like mine
Deserve sic dauds o' praisin' ;
But, sooth, the fav'rites o' the Nine
Are ay right guid at fraizin'.

They're a' sae weel acquaint aboon,

It little hurts their conscience

To hainsh a chiel' ayont the Moon,

For scribblin lumps o' nonsense,

On ony day.

Your boony verses, wi' your will,

Hae hit my taste exackly,

Whar rhyme to rhyme wi' kanny skill,

Ye kipple to compactly ;

But Sandy, lad, haud aff the fo'ks,

That ken sic slee oration,

An' dinna think to crack your jokes

On chields o' penetration,

Like me, this day.

How weel ane likes to breath sic wund,

Nor thinks it a' but flattery ;

He's unco wise that stauns his grund

In front o' sic a Battery.

But praise will fill nae pat nor pan,

Nor pay the gruntin' miller

Fo'ks, whan they blaw their Friends, weel ken

It's easier spar'd than siller,

On ony day.

Yet, ye may tak' it on my word,

There's few can rhyme afore ye ;

Gin ye gang on this gaet, my burd,

The Lasses maun adore ye.

For them the Bards, sin' birth o' time,
 In Fancy's paths persistit,
 An', but for them, the saul o' rhime
 Had hardly e'er existit

In us, this day.

For Love the pretty warblin' train,
 Chaunt sweetly frae the trees,
 An' sing their bonny woodlan' strain,
 Their coyer mates to please ;
 For Love the mantlin' ivy clings,
 To woodin' in the grove,
 Thro' Nature, a' her active springs
 Are kept in play by Love,

Like us, this day.

Now Sandie, lad, I rest your Frien',
 Some night, whan ye hae leisure,
 Your company at sax at e'en,
 Wad gie me unco pleasure :
 Sae fare ye weel, an I'se expeck,
 Whan ye're in tid for writin',
 To answer me ye'll no negleck,
 An' we'll be free o' flytin',

An' feud, that day.

COLIN AND SUSAN,

A PASTORAL.

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam. VIRG.

In rustic strain I'll lilt a hamely lay.

FAR in yon lanely vale was Sue's retreat,
 A brawer lass ne'er snuff'd the cauler air;
 Ilk wondrin' peasant saw that she was sweet,
 An' hyvie lairds e'en own'd that she was fair.
 Retir'd frae haunts o' bizzie life an' care,
 She little ken'd the hardships o' the Town;
 In sicken housal wark she bure a skair,
 As ane may think befits the dwellin' o' the clown.

Out o'er a neck, mair white than driven snaw,
 Her jet black hair in bonny ringlets fell,
 Her breath far sweeter than the wins that blaw
 The baumy blossoms o' the flowery dell,
 Her een, like dew upon the blawart bell,
 Sae lovely blue an' sparklin', eke sae clear,

But O! their heavenly lustre wha coud tell,
 Whan ever meltin' pity fill'd them wi' a tear.

Fair as the lily on the dewy green,
 Her gait was takin', innocent, an' free,
 A tighter, whiter leg was never seen,
 To birze the gowans on the flowery lee ;
 Wi' a' the ease that fleetin' time coud gie,
 She sweetly slade along the vale o' life,
 The tear o' sorrow ne'er had dimm'd her e'e,
 Nor ken'd her bield the growlins o' domestic strife.

Colin the young, Colin wha liv'd hard by,
 Right true, but hiddlins lang had lo'ed the Fair,
 He tauld his sorrow only to the sky,
 An' trees and busses only heard his prayer.
 He liv'd right bein, an' didna wiss for mair,
 Nor car'd tho' tale soud never beet his name,
 He only griev'd that Susan wasna there,
 To hauf the pleasure, an' tak' care o' things at hame.

Ance whan the Sun, het beekin' frae aboon,
 O'er glens an' meadows skuid his glowin' beams,
 Whan herds lay hummin' o'er a careless croon,
 Or drave their charge along the windin' streams ;

Whan Flowers in plenty crown'd ilk burn that teeme
 Its siller dribble wimplin' thro' the fields,
 Whan springs, that skinkl'd to the sinny gleams,
 Supply'd wi' verdure a' the sweets that Simmer
 yields;

Whar violets blue an' yellow cowslips strave,
 Wi' a' their sweetness, to allure the sight,
 A bonny lammie, partit frae the lave,
 Gaed tentless waund'rin' o'er the dewy hight:
 Young Colin's floek had wil'd the heedless wight;
 Frae whar the echo row'd their social bae,
 A thrivin' drave, that free frae harm an' fright,
 Lay lowly on the lee-side o' a sinny brae.

Streek'd at his ease, their happy guardian lay,
 Nor care nor trouble ever fash'd his thought;
 Contentment's smile gar'd Colin ay luik gay,
 An' sweet content was a' that Colin sought.
 Tho' fowth o' gear his broody ewes ay brought,
 He never wiss'd to hoard up useless gain,
 Healthy and stout, he never ail'd him ough,
 An' wad been blest had Susan only been his nain.

Aft had he tauld her, an' wi' truth had said,
 She was the beauty o' the hill an' plain,

Aft had he ca'd her bonny charmin' Maid,
 But ay was laith to tell her o' his pain.
 He fear'd to thole a lass's proud disdain,
 Sae strave by meanin' glints her heart to mov
 He us'd the wooer's artfu' wiles in vain,
 And ony ane but her might seen he was in L

Straight ovr the brae young Susan took her way
 While wae concern sat anxious on her e'en,
 Just to the spat whar careless Colin lay,
 To see gin he her stragglin' lamb had seen.
 Sunc as she fand him streek'd along the green,
 Her modest blushes spak' the artless maid;
 She haffins wiss'd sae near she hadna been,
 Whan thus young Colin to his lovely Susan sai

Whar gangs the Queen o' Simmer? bonny lass,
 What eeran' hae ye o' sic pressin' kin' ?
 Will ye sit down upo' the flowery grass,
 Till Colin tell ye a' a Shepherd's min' ?
 What if I may, quo' she, a wee recline ?
 But honest shepherd, truth I hardly can :
 Sae willin'-sweert aneath the noon-day shine,
 She sat her down, while tender Colin thus begi

My bonny shepherdess, forgie a swain,
 Wha lang has lo'ed ye, tho' he didna tell ;

Lang has he tried to smoor, the truest flame,
 An' nane alive e'er ken'd o't but himsel'.
 Yes, I hae lo'ed ye, and in love I fell,
 As sune's I saw your face sae sweet an' fair,
 For no a lass, on either hill or dell,
 Coud ever wi' my charmin' Susan ance compare.

Wad Susan lo'e me, Susan soud possess
 A guid bein house, wi' haudin' neat an' fine;
 Sax score o' aikers, richest pasture grass;
 The grun' was Halbert's ance, but now is mine.
 Twall score o' sheep, my Susan, shall be thine,
 O' wooy sheep, the fattest on the plain;
 Frae fauld or doucote may my Susan dine,
 Whan e'er she likes, on fare nae ither but her nain.

How sweetly for my shepherdess I'll toil,
 How watch her e'e before her wiss she name,
 How hauf her troubles, live upon her smile,
 The same our sorrows, an' our joys the same.
 Ilk rustic sport shall cheer my happy hame,
 A canty ingle an' a clean fireside,
 Ilk proof o' fondest love my heart can frame,
 To welcome to her nain my sweet, my bonny bride.

SUSAN.

My honest swain, ye offer fair,
 But my consent I daurna gie ye;

My Mam by this time wearies sair,
 Sae I maun e'en set aff an' lea' ye.

COLIN.

My bonny Susan, wad ye gang,
 An' leave a shepherd's heart sas sair,
 Wha sae sincere has lo'ed ye lang,
 An' redd's that Susan disna care?
 Coud e'er a maid, sae saft an' sweet,
 Be hauf sae cruel to her swain,
 As see him languish at her feet,
 An' never try to ease his pain?

SUSAN.

My gentle shepherd, tho' I wait,
 What guid coud a' my waitin' do ye;
 Unless my Dad an' Mam wad say't,
 I haena't i' my power to lo'e ye.

COLIN.

Sweet Susan, be as kind as fair,
 Nor mind your Dad nor Mamy's anger;
 If that be a' ye hae to care,
 Gie me yer haund, an' wait nae langer.
 What tho' your Dad an' Mam soud flyte,
 An' a' yer frien's be angry wi' ye,
 Gie youthfu' Colin a' the wyte,
 Their tender hearts will sune forgie ye.

The cheerfu' dawn, wi' gladdenin' e'e,
 May on my prospects smile nae mair,
 My nowt ne'er fatten on the lee,
 The clod ne'er turn aneath my share ;
 The mildew's breath may blast my grain,
 Unwet by Mornin's baumy dew,
 My herds may rot on hill an' plain,—
 What war it a' to losin' you ?
 What wad the greatest treasure be,
 The richest gift in Heaven's propine,
 What a' the joys on earth to me,
 If lovely Susan isna mine ?
 Dear to the tender bleatin' dam
 It's new ye'an'd lambkin on the hill,
 Sweet to the new ye'an'd sucking lamb
 The swellin' dug's invitin' fill ;
 Sweet to the parch'd and wither'd green
 The fa' o' mornin's kindly dew ;
 But sweeter far to Colin's e'en,
 The charmin' face o' bonny Sue.
 Ye lang hae held the shepherd's heart,
 An' tho' hard Fate soud far remove ye,
 Yet Colin feels tho' we soud part,
 His heart an' saul maun ever love ye.
 Tak' my sweet Susan frae the plains,
 Nae ither joy for me remains ;

Poor Colin's heart wi' grief will break,
If ye his profer'd love rejeck.

SUSAN.

My shepherd, ye hae won the day,
And I'll consent to bless my swain,
For ance my Friends I'll disobey,
An' mak' my willin' heart my nain :
Yes, Colin, I'll nae mair conceal,
The love that fills my bosom langer,
For lang I've le'ed my Colin weel,
Tho' aft I've dreed my minny's anger.
I thought you ay the sweetest swain,
An' what your Susan thought was true,
That bure a cruik along our plain,
An' she could fancy nane but you.
I grant my haun, nae mair I'm coy,
Sae let the pledge dismiss each fear,
An' let this risin' tear o' joy
Bear witness that my heart's sincere.

COLIN.

Round Susan's lovely neck and waist,
Let Colin's arms in transport twine,
Till clasp'd in rapture to his breast,
He press his vera saul to thine.
An' let him kiss the tear awa,
That warsles down thy charmin' face,

An' bless the happy hour that saw
The fondest truest pair embrace.

SUSAN.

What rustic Maid sae happy now as me,
Wha in my arms my bonie shepherd hae,
Content, my Colin, is enough wi' thee;
Gie me contentment, an' I'll ne'er be wae.
I mind just now what brought me ovr the brae,
But Love pits trifles frae a Lover's mind,
A Lammie frae my flock had gane astray,
And I cam' wand'rin' here the thoughtless thing to
find.

COLIN.

Your Lamb, my Susan, feeds alang wi' mine,
I saw't come climmin' to them frae the dell,
Wi' Colin's herd I saw the straggler join,
An' wiss'd the shepherdess might come hersel':
Sune did I see ye, an' what tongue can tell
The joy I fand to see my bonny Lass;
And now to own ye Queen o' Colin's cell,
Mak's him the happiest swain that ever trod the grass.

Ye rustic swains, wha guide the woëy drove
In rural pleasure o'er the siller mead,
Wha spend the noontide whar lambskins rove,
An' tune in sylvan strains the vocal reed,

Twist baumy flowers to crown my charmer's head,
Let festive mirth be gladden every hour,
Invoke the Muses while your lambkins feed,
An' sing the happy fate of happy Colin's bower.

but now, my Muse, be on th' alert,
 Dinna turn sick, but play your part,
 Describe his face wi' a' your art,

As if ane see'd it,
 An' tak' a dram, to keep your heart,
 For fegs ye'll need it.

His face—his “human face divine”——
 Alas! we maun sic ruse decline;
 For, whether Hottentot design,

Or, even, if human,
 Or, if dug up frae some coal mine,
 There's nae presumin'.

In vain its course the burnie ran;
 In vain was fill'd the saipman's pan:
 Nor saip, nor water e'er it fan,

Nor smeek o' brunstane:
 'Twas just a crust o' black japan,
 As hard's a whunstane.

Wi' sweat, an' soot, an' slaiver sleek,
 The blush was blacken'd on his cheek;
 But, if the features mov'd to speak,

Whan thought wad strike him,
 'Twas past the utmost power o' Greek
 To paint oughit like him.

we heard the carle get the wyte
 ' what it fa'sna me to write ;
 it ablins it was just thro' spite

They tauld sic flaws,
 n' wantit to mak' black o' white,
 Without a cause.

ho' he wi' prayer had been' right thrang,
 n' aft he pray'd baith loud an' lang,
 uld Harry ne'er thought workin' wrang,

Or gainst the carritch,
 le'd sing the vera haly sang,
 An' mak' his parritch.

Than at devotion keen his lane,
 'i' mony a sigh, an' sab, an' grane,
 e'd think ae e'e luik't up, while ane

Keen watch'd the latch,
 or far eneugh about he'd gane
 Some chance to catch.

han, whan a customer wad chap,
 i haste the bible down he'd clap,
 owt to his legs, an' in a rap,

Like a Recorder,
 ' cauk, or keel, he gat a scrap,
 An' wrate the order.

SONG.

ALL HAIL THE JOYS, &c.

ALL hail the joys of virtuous Love,
 From sacred Wedlock flowing,
 Where feels the heart no wish to rove,
 No vicious passion knowing.
 The beauteous bloom on Chloe's cheek,
 To transport might incite me,
 But that her eyes such honour speak,
 As awes, while they invite me.

See the kind Mother's tender heart,
 Yearn o'er her little Nancy,
 See her employing every art
 To please capricious Fancy ;
 See the fond Father's heart confest,
 The highest rapture feeling ;
 While the warm tear, but ill supprest,
 Adown his cheek is stealing.

Can Vice e'er feel the virtuous joy
That fills his honest bosom,
Or lawless Love, that would destroy
Fair Virtue's sweetest blossom.
Beshrew the heart that owes the kiss,
Where Virtue cannot shield him,
And spurns the world of sinless bliss
That honest Love can yield him.

SONG.

THE ROBBER'S APOLOGY.

From an unpublished M. S.

ALL men, from the prince on the throne to the hind,
 Are Robbers, each rank and degree ;
 On the high road of life, by no limit confin'd,
 They all ply for booty as we.
 Care robs us of sleep, and sleep robs us of time,
 Which oft on our hand hangs a load ;
 Then 'mid Robbing so general, who holds it a crime,
 'Mid Robbing so general who holds it a crime,
 To league with the Knights of the road ?

While the Miser, afraid of the thief's silent tread,
 His ill-gotten lucre broods o'er,
 Or the cit lies maturing some scheme in his head,
 To add to his thousands in store :
 Both stooping to earth with the weight of their gain,
 Their shoulders we ease of the load,

For a tythe of such spoil is a *Droit d'Aubaine**,
 A tythe of such spoil is a *Droit d'Aubaine*,
 Which devolves on the Knights of the road.

Poor rogues rob the rich of what trash they can take,
 And the rich rob the poor of their due ;
 To rob her of innocence, madly the rake,
 Will the maid of the hamlet pursue.
 Regal'd by the flowerets which Fortune has strew'd,
 All bask in the sun of to-day,
 Till Death, the great Robber, investing their road,
 Till Death, the great Robber, investing their road,
 At last takes those shadows away.

Then fair be our sweethearts, and full be our can,
 And sweet be the beverage that flows,
 And mild be the fiat that shortens our span,
 And offers an end to our woes.
 And when Merit the smile of Dame Fortune shall
 gain,
 Where her well-earn'd reward is bestow'd,
 Be that pittance still sacred a *Droit d'Aubaine*,
 Be that pittance still sacred a *Droit d'Aubaine*,
 Secure from the Knights of the road.

* Right of Windfall—an ancient claim, exercised by the Monarchs of France, over the property of Foreigners dying in the Country without naturalization, from which only the Scots were exempted.

THE WASPOBEE SONIAD,

A MINOR EPIC POEM.

Arma præliaque cano—

O'ER yonder fields I wa'kit air,
 To taste the sweets o' Morn;
 An' sat me down, devoid o' care,
 Aneath an eldren thorn.
 The Sin, frae yont an eastlan' hight,
 Was up the ether slidin',
 An' ovr the lawns, in gleesome light,
 The glancin ray was glidin',
 Sweetly that day.

Aboon my head, in Friendly cruik,
 The branches war extendit,
 An' to the grun' at ilka neuk,
 The flow'ry spray was bendit.

In mantlin' climb, the ivy green
 A' here an' there was creepin',
 An' frae ilk bughtie might been seen
 The early Linnets cheepin'
 Their sang that day.

Near me was plac'd a skepp o' bees,
 On stoups baith fore an hinward,
 Wadg'd in atween twa willow-trees,
 An' airtin' to the Sinward.
 Some antrin' anes about the door,
 Crap bummin' a' the gither,
 While ither wheens, in social soar,
 Play'd fun wi' ane anither,
 I' the air that day.

I glowr'd a while wi' girt conceit,
 Whan, huthrin' in a thrang,
 Out frae their hole, at unco rate,
 They driftit wi' a bang.
 On ithers' dowps they stack their spurs,
 While I beheld wi' wonner,
 Till fast, like ony knot o' burs,
 They clung in mony a hunner,
 Fu' close that day.

Upo' a noddin' bough I saw,
 A hive o' wasps near by them,
 In mony a warlike file an' raw,
 For I coud brawly spy them.
 For bluidy faught, they luik'd right keen,
 An' sturdy wasps they war,
 Dight out in a' their graith sae clean,
 That glanc'd like ony star,
 Sae bright that day:

I saw ae King like Hero prance,
 Up i' the centre cockin',
 In his braid tail he bure a lance,
 Wad pierc'd thro' ony dockan.
 'Twas Hummo, silver'd o'er wi' age,
 Wha held the heighest station,
 Inspir'd the ranks wi martial rage,
 An' in a wise oration,
 Thus spak' that day :

Ye bauld, undauntit, fearless gang,
 Renown'd victorious ban',
 Aneath whase brandish'd massy stang,
 Ten thousan' bees hae fa'n;
 Lang at yer head I've taen the fiel',
 An' fought at great decisions,

Learn'd ye to march, retreat, an' wheel,
 An' rank in right divisions,
 This mony a day.

Now tak' your King's advice again,
 An' dinna mak' a mock o't,
 Wha never rais'd his rump to ane,
 That e'er outliv'd the stroke o't.
 For ance exert yer utmost skill,
 We can do nought without it ;
 Ye see a skepp there at our will,
 Weel cramm'd, I dianna doubt it,
 Wi' kames, this day.

Fearna to join in fierce attack,
 While I lead on the fray,
 An' curs'd be he wha turns his back,
 Afore we've gain'd the day.
 Haud up yer sauls, an' let us till't,
 To win thir new fund regions,
 Plounge ilka stang up to the hilt,
 Till bees cloit down in legions,
 Cauld dead this day.

Thus spak' the Hero, auld in arms,
 An' fam'd in sang an' stery,

While round him warriors flew in swarms,
 Intent on death or glory.
 The Bees by this time had observ'd,
 The hostile band's intention,
 An', dreadin' how they wad be serv'd,
 Assembl'd a convention,
 Wi' speed that day.

Doun on their grouf lay five or sax,
 An' form'd a risin' seat ;
 While viewin' proudly, frae their backs,
 The Queen sat thron'd in state.
 Her houghs aneath her, fair an' clean,
 War o' the yellow hue,
 An' on her hinderlets war seen
 The purpie an' the blue,
 Fu' gay that day.

At monie a toolzie she had stood,
 An' led the warlike swarm,
 Wha wad hae skail'd their hettest bluid,
 Or she had met wi' harm.
 Her tail had never worn a dart,
 Yet she was skill'd an' wise,
 To raise ilk doughty warrior's heart,
 Wha fought for Honour's prize,
 On ony day.

While round their noble chief they press'd,
 A' thicken'd in a croud,
 Her hail brigade the Queen address'd,
 In speech baith lang and loud.
 A silence girt she gar'd prevail,
 An' ilka Bee attendit,
 While fowl ane mov'd a wing or tail,
 Till she had fairly endit
 Her speech, that day.

Thus spak' the Monarch, " Lend your lugs,
 Bees o' a' sorts an' sexes, ✕
 Yon pilferin' band o' thievin' rogues
 Your Liege's mind perplexes.
 They seem right hostilely inclin'd,
 For I observe their motions ;
 An' to chastise them I'm design'd,
 For sicken foolish notions,
†
 This vera day.

Mean time go, Fundo, honest scout,
 Conceal yersel' right near them,
 An' find exack their number out,
 Gin we'll hae cause to fear them.
 But dinna let them hear your voice,
 Or else ye'll stan' in danger ;

For gin ye bum an' mak' a noise,
 They'll ken ye for a stranger,
 Fu' weel this day.

Thus order'd, Fundo flew awa',
 And in a while cam' back ;
 He had observ'd them ane and a',
 An' thus began his crack :
 My Sovereign Liege, by your commaun,
 I hae survey'd the thrang,
 And I've found out, the theivin' ban'
 I's just twa thousan' strang,
 Exack this day.

Then said the Queen: My chosen few
 Assemble a' in sight,
 Consider we hae life in view,
 In fightin' for our right ;
 Ye useless coward drones, I see,
 Gae get ye a' behin',
 Ae polish'd stang wad gar ye flee,
 Like chaff afore the win',
 In crouds this day.

Mak' haste, I see the Wasps draw near,
 Right certain to defeat us,

Rang'd a' in order, front an' rear,
 An' hastenin' on to meet us.
 Keep close to me, an' tent wi' care,
 Ye wa'k by my persuasion,
 An' we'se gar them repent right sair,
 O' sic a bauld invasion
 On us, this day.

Thus spak' the Queen, and on she flew,
 An unco Bee she was,
 She shook her tail an' rumple blue,
 An' bumm'd out loud huzzas.
 The swarms engag'd wi' fleefu' din,
 Death gaed wi' ilka stroke;
 Their noise, like fa' o' distant lin,
 That hurles o'er some rock
 Right loud that day.

Hummo, the Wasps' bluid-thirsty chief,
 Flew furious thro' the ranks,
 Ilk wing was like a claver leaf,
 His legs like gowan shanks,
 Stern bauldness sat upon his brow,
 Strength sinew'd ilka joint;
 Fu' mony a skin his stang gaed thro',
 Like ony needle point,
 Fu' strang that day.

He sought to meet the Royal Queen,
 On purpose her to slay ;
 For on her death, he kent wad lean
 The fortune o' the day :
 Clean thro' the vera thickest fight,
 He teuk his fearless rout,
 An', killin' dizzens in his flight,
 He green'd to find her out,
 † Right keen that day.

Grumbo, a bee o' monstrous size,
 Oglin' the Wasp asklent,
 To meet him quickly onward hies,
 Suspeckin' his intent ;
 Syne up his wally rump he rear'd,
 An' struck wi' sicken art,
 Thro' Hummo's wame the weapon shear'd,
 An' to his vera heart †
 Ran in, that day.

Sae Hummo fell, few were his like,
 His might was ken'd afar,
 The sturdiest Wasp in a' the byke,
 An' lang practis'd to war.
 Athort the lines, in tenfauld rage,
 Spurr'd on by dire revenge.

In thrangs the maddenin' Wasps engage,
 An' mony a stab exchange
 I' the air, that day.

In girt suspence the battle stood,
 They fell in heaps thegither ;
 An' mony an' unco jaw o' bluid,
 They skail'd to ane anither.
 Leigh down aneath them, on the green,
 The bodies thick war heapit ;
 Some i' the fray had lost their e'en,
 While headless ithers creepit,
 An' craul'd, that day.

Ae wasp or Bee, wi' luckless fleg,
 Had lost perchance a stang by't,
 Some habblin' on without a leg,
 War tholin' muckle wrang by't.
 Wheens, hastenin' frae the bluidy strife,
 Wi' tatter'd wings war fleein',
 Some lay without a spunk o' life,
 An' ithers just war deein'
 Wi' wounds that day.

At last the Wasps began to flee,
 An' in a ban' up drew them ;

The Bees beheld wi' gladsome e'e,
An' hasten'd to pūrsue them.
They sune had flown out o' my sight,
Ayont some hether braes ;
I view'd a wee their distant flight,
Syne rax't mysel', an' raise
Weel pleas'd, that day.

ODE

TO MISS AGNES G*****.

My bonny Nancy, hark a while,
 An' hear what Colin's Muse advises,
 The rural Muse, wha kens nae guile,
 An' Flattery's fair deceit despises :

Now, at the noontide o' yer day,
 In Pleasure's fairy lap ye're lyin',
 An' Vice, to lure your saul astray,
 'It's best concertit wiles is tryin' ;

Tho' Wisdom a' yer bosom warms,
 Wi' wit an' sweetness sae beguilin',
 Tho' he beholds unnumber'd charms,
 Wha ever sees my Nancy smilin' ;

Yet Nancy maun submit to Fate,
 An' may uncertain time remind her,
 That may be, at nae distant date,
 She'll leave her dearest friends behind her.

Let Nancy ay be guid an' wise,
An' let nae folly e'er amuse her :
This is her Colin's best advice,
The dictate o' a heart that lo'es her.

Given in 1.198

SONG.

WHEN THE HEADACH OR HEARTACH, &c.

WHEN the Headach, or Heartach, or any old sore,
 So be-devils the folks, that they're quite given o'er,
 They but ask my advice, the thing's done in a
 minute,
 So completely, you'd think that the Devil was in it;
 For I'm the Physician in all your hard cases:
 I cure 'em the sooner the worse they may be,
 Your Buchans, your Hunters, with all their wry
 faces,
 And even your Monros are mere dunces to me:
 With my Dentifrice, my Orifice,
 Acidity, Frigidity,
 And other hard terms of the Science;
 My Frigorifics, Calorifics,
 Sudorifics, Soporifics,
 Patent Purges, Patent Pills,
 For Present, Past, and Future ills,
 Which even set Death at Defiance.

A builder, who fell from the top of a steeple,
 Was brought to my house by a concourse of people ;
 In ten minutes time, Sir, I cur'd him, I tell ye,
 Tho' the bones of his head were beat into a jelly ;
 For I'm the Physician, &c.

One of Nelson's brave seamen was brought me, poor
 tar,
 Who had lost both his legs and his arms in the war ;
 I anointed the stumps, and, without the least pain,
 His arms and his legs, Sir, both grew on again ;
 For I'm the Physician, &c.

They brought me a poor drunken dog of a weaver,
 Whose throat had been cut by a rascally shaver ;
 O, I sew'd up his wind pipe, without the least pain,
 And next day he was—ready for shaving again ;
 For I'm the Physician, &c.

A Nabob, who fuml'd and fretted of late,
 For want of an heir to enjoy his estate,
 Took a few of my pills, and he swore t'other day,
 He believ'd on his soul there was one on the way ;
 For I'm the Physician, &c.

Ere Middriff arose, Sir, the wretch without *sight*
 Went groping, d'ye *see*, Sir, in search of the *light* ;

And *hark* ye, the *deaf* ere that time couldn't *hear*,
 If you'd beat all the drums in the Town at their *ear* ;
 For I'm the Physician, &c.

Now the *Deaf*, and the *Blind*, I can make one and
 all,

To *hear* at a *whisper*, and *see* thro' a wall,
 And my cures, Sir, for *brevity's* sake to be *brief*,
 If you'd only *believe* me, surpass all *belief* ;

For I'm the Physician in all your hard cases,
 I cure 'em the sooner the worse they may be,
 Your Buchans, your Hunters, with all their wry
 faces,

And even your Monros are mere dunces to me ;

With my Dentifrice, my Orifice,
 Acidity, Frigidity,

And other hard terms of the Science ;

My Frigorifics, Calorifics,

Sudorifics, Soporifics,

Patent Purges, Patent Pills,

For Present, Past, and Future ills,

Which set even Death at defiance.

JOCKEY AND JENNY,

A SCOTS ECLOGUE.

Such accents repeated the Swain,
And so the fair Maiden reply'd.

RIGHT lown aneath a flowery glade,
Whar birken foliage form'd a shade,
Twa rustic Lovers laid them down,
A guid when miles frae ony town.

The reek, in lazy volumes, raise
Frae claughans far ayont the braes,
The friskin' bleaters a' asteer,
War nibblin' gayly far an' near.

In shaggy wave, the awny grain
Had whiten'd o'er the hill an' plain,
While happy rustics, as they stray'd,
The laughin' fields wi' joy survey'd.

On ae place sat the artless Dou,
 Retir'd frae bizzy haunts to woo,
 The Blackburd, frae the noddin spray,
 Was whistlin' sweet his sylvan lay.

The Lintwhites o'er the echain' dale,
 Frae busses chirm'd their little tale,
 While Lavrocks, soarin' far aboon,
 War warbling' out their varied tune.

The distant burnie's tinklin' flow,
 Soun't sweetly frae the strath below,
 Mix't wi' the hum o' early toil,
 Frae cheerfu' peasants, turnin' ^{up} ~~owre~~ the soil.

Now ilka place wi' sweetest music rang,
 Whan the young Lovers join'd the general sang:
 Jockey, the brawest lad that e'er was seen,
 Jenny, the fairest Lassie on the green.

JOCKEY.

Sweet as the mornin' sinshine on the lawn,
 Blyth as the early Lark that hails the dawn,
 Mild as the beams that gild the e'enin' sky,
 An' saft as Simmer gales that whistle by;

Fair as the lily, ruddy as the rose,
 Straught as the pine that on the mountain grows:

Sic is my Jenny, whan she treads the lee,
Or skiffs along the flowery green wi me.

JENNY.

Kind is my Jockey, thus to ca' me fair,
An' shaw he thinks me wordy o' his care ;
The pride o' a' our meadows whan he wa'ks,
Sweet whan he sings, an' cheerin' whan he ta'ks :

Wha wadna lo'e a lad sae blyth and young ?
An' wha refuse to trou sae sweet a tongue ?
Sing on, my swain, till dusky e'en appears,
The cheerfu' strain your raptur'd Jenny hears.

JOCKEY.

I like to see the mornin' risin' fair,
To see my Lammies to the hill repair,
To see the bloom upo' the woodlan' thorn,
An' snuff the fragrance o' the Simmer morn ;

I like mysel' to chant a simple sang,
Or hear the music o'-the sylvan thrang ;
I like to wa'k whan flowers are i' the blaw ;
But like my Jenny better than them a'.

JENNY.

I like to see the gay approach of Spring,
Whan frae the branches a' the warblers sing ;
I like to view the spotless Simmer flower,
That blooms aneath the lately fallen shower ;

On hills, I like to see the lambkins play,
 An' o'er the rocky hight the kids to stray,
 See Harvest crown the wishes of the swain,
 With smiling plenty, whitenin' on the plain.

Whan Simmer suns speel to their mid-day stage,
 An' skail abraid their beams wi' glowin' rage,
 I like to trace the shade in yonder grove ;
 But better far I prize my Jockey's Love.

JOCKEY.

Whan rustic beauties croud the Simmer plain,
 I view their ilka grace wi' cauld disdain,
 Nane o' them a' coud ever tak' my e'e,
 For nane can wa'k, or speak, or laugh like thee.

Tho' flowers conspire to mak' the meadows fair,
 They canna please me if ye be na there ;
 A' I enjoy, kind Heaven might weel hae spar't,
 Gin lovely Jenny disna yield to share't.

JENNY.

I trou yer love, an' bless the happy hour,
 That first I saw ye at our woodlan' bower ;
 Than, whan I met ye on the brairdie hill,
 Ye staw my youthfu' heart, an' keep it still ;

E'en whan the rival swains at times war seen,
 To pou the bonny flow'rets on the green,

Whan ilk ane try'd to bear awa the gree,
At buskin' up the brawest bab for me.

The purple vi'let, sweetest on the plain,
The lily, fairest o' the flowery train,
The laughin' rose, the pride o' hill an' dale,
The yellow cowslip, an' the primrose pale;

The mountain daisie, an' the seggan blue,
The hawthorn flower, an' pinkies no a few,
Blue hether bells, the crawtae sweet an' mild, *lygantic*
Wi' a' the blossoms o' the rural wild;

Sic, youthfu' shepherds oft bestow'd on me,
To gain my Love, by pleasin' o' my e'e;
But Jenny's heart, unconscious o' design,
Gied ay the prize frae 'mang them a' to thine.

JOCKEY.

Wad Jenny promise ay to lo'e her swain,
My love soud never change for greed o' gain,
I wadna break my aft-repeated vows,
To wed the Mistress o' a hunder plows.

Hard is the fate o' ony doless tyke, *doless*
That's forc'd to marry ane he disna like,
An' forfeits ilka after day o' ease,
The wretched likin' o' his friends to please.

But blest the swain wha has nae cause to mourn,
 Whase weel-try'd passion meets a kind return;
 Whase honest flame is free o' art or guile,
 An' burns rewardit by the fair one's smile.

JENNY.

But if I wed wi' Jockey, maun I yield
 To leave my minnie an' our lanely bield,
 To mak' nae langer lassie wark my care,
 An' guide my aged Mam an' Dad nae mair

Nae mair to skelp bare fittit o'er the knowes,
 Wi' kiltit coats to milk my Daddy's ewes;
 To tent our flocks along the grassy lawn,
 An' see the lambkins thrive aneath my haun;

Nae mair to see the flowrets as they blaw,
 Nor garlans weave to while the hour awa;
 Maun I consent to be confin'd for Life,
 If I agree to be my Jockey's wife?

JOCKEY.

A' that can please the taste an' charm the e'e,
 Sall be my Jenny's if she wed wi' me,
 Nor sall I e'er her youthfu' heart confine,
 To wark by ony thrawart rule o' mine.

JENNY.

I yield, my swain; now let us close our sang,
 I hope we'll meet some bonny day or lang;

Out o'er the mead I now maun tak' my way,
 The Sun right far has har'ld on the day.

In bonny glances, see the eddyin' stream,
 Reflects the light, an' glitters wi' the beam,
 Ye hae my heart, an' soon ye'se hae my haun,
 I mak' a vow, an' Jenny's vow sall staun.

JOCKEY.

Adieu, my Love, an' let this spreadin' tree
 Bear witness to your promise gien to me,
 I'll to the Fields, an' see my noddin grain,
 That Jenny now may challenge for her nain.

Sae let ilk lass her wooer's flame approve,
 An' ilka lad be guileless in his love.

EPISTLE

To MR. J**** K*****.

O SEND nae mae sic mournfu' strains !
 Let sorrow breath in verse nae mair ;
 Let Simmer cheer the pride o' swains,
 To tune the lyre an' praise the Fair.

Your friend in happier, blyther tune,
 Nae honest mirth his heart denies ;
 An', as the wheel o' Fate rins roun',
 Tries to improve the hour that flies.

The fittin' hours that speed awa,
 I reason ne'er will come again,
 An' grudge to let aye slip awa,
 That I may rue was spent in vain.

What tho' the Fates' unkindly doom,
 That absence frae my Friend I bear,
 Yet Winter's cauld, or Simmer's bloom,
 Shall keep my muse frae languor here.

She aft shall tell whan Simmer reigns,
 How Zephyr waves his baumy wing,
 An' how to cheer the toilin' swains,
 Her gratefu' tribute Ceres brings.

How bowers, the theme o' mony a sang,
 Protect frae noontide's scorchin' beam,
 An', saft its daisied banks along,
 How sweetly rows the siller stream.

An' how, in Winter, o'er the field
 Nae mair for pastime now we roam,
 Whan ice hings glitterin' frae our bield,
 An' frost surrounds the rustic dome.

How trees their runklin' foliage shed,
 While blasts o' hail an' snaw are rife,
 An' blossoms o'er the plains are shed,
 To wither like the close o' life.

Sae soud ye spend the leisure hour,
 To cheer the stealin' slide o' time,
 It hauds the saul frae turnin' sour,
 To vent the lab'rin thought in rhyme.

Think, Jamie, tho' the haund o' Fate
 Soud now yer heighest wisses blast,

Learn ne'er to grumble at your state,
An' hope to gain her smile at last.

Now may the muse inspire yer lay,
An' Clyde's fair banks shall hear yer fame,
An' swiftly as it glides its way,
See shall the poet's honourable name.

SONG,

SALLY AIRLY,

Tune—*Catherine Ogie.*

BY Clyde's sweet banks, ilk bonny morn,
 My Fancy leads me wilin' ;
 Whar bloom has whiten'd on the thorn,
 An' Nature's face is smilin'.
 But no for me, the hawthorn's blaw,
 Nor dew that hings sae pearly,
 I sigh for Simmer's Queen awa',
 My bonny Sally Airly.

'Twas there, I first had own'd my flame
 To Paisley's fairest blossom ;
 'Twas there the wiss I daur'd to name,
 That fill'd my honest bosom.
 There prest her haun, sae saft an' sleek,
 An' vow'd I loo'd her dearly ;
 While modest pleasure dy'd the cheek
 O' bonny Sally Airly.

Three little weeks had found us blest,
 The happiest in our valley ;
 Fondly carressin', and carest,
 I only liv'd for Sally.
 I wistna Fate wad ever doom
 My heart to wring sae sairly,
 A cruel spoiler nipt my bloom,
 And ruin'd Sally Airly.

Why did nae guardian Angel wait,
 Frae ruin far to bear her ;
 Why wasna, watchin' owre her fate,
 Her faithfu' William near her.
 Clyde's roses lang may charm the e'e,
 Her lilies blossom fairly ;
 But nane can ever blaw for me,
 Like ruin'd Sally Airly.

THE ANSWER.

SUPPOSED TO BE MADE BY A FRIEND OF THE LADY.

WHY mourn'st thou, Youth, the cruel tale,
 Of envious Malice trouin',
 That gars thy tender bosom wail
 Thy Sally's sad undoin' ?
 Heaven shields the snaw drap's spotless frame,
 Tho' wild winds whistle sairly,
 An' free frae stain, preserves the fame
 Of virtuous Sally Airly.

Still to thir banks, ilk bonny morn,
 Let Fancy lead thee wilin' ;
 Whan bloom has whiten'd on the thorn,
 An' Nature's face is smilin'.
 For thee the hawthorn still shall blaw,
 The dew-drap hing sae pearly ;
 Sighna for Simmer's Queen awa',
 She comes in Sally Airly.

Here still enraptur'd, own thy flame
 To Paisley's fairest blossom ;
 An' here the tender wisses name,
 That fill thy honest bosom.
 Here press her haun, sae saft an' sleek,
 An' vow to loo her dearly ;
 While modest pleasure dyes the cheek
 O' bonny Sally Airly.

There, mony a year shall find you blest,
 The happiest in your valley ;
 Fondly carressin', and carest,
 The guardian o' your Sally.
 Fate nae award shall ever doom,
 To gar thy heart feel sairly ;
 Nor cruel spoiler nip thy bloom,
 Thy bonny Sally Airly.

On her fair fame shall Angels wait,
 Frae ruin far to bear her,
 Wi' thee to share her happy Fate,
 Her faithfu' William near her.
 Clyde's roses lang shall charm the e'e,
 Her lilies blossom fairly ;
 The fairest o' them a' for thee,
 In bonny Sally Airly.

QUACK DOCTOR'S ELEGY.

NSIGN'D to earth's cauld habitation,
 ne o' skill an' penetration,
 een in mysteries o' dissection,
 uster, pill, an' saw direction;
 the gaets that e'er war kend,
 arnin' fowks the way to mend,
 by his glass cou'd let ye know,
 ses gade owr fast or slow,
 disorders sair an' urgin',
 need o' pukin' or o' purgin'.
 cou'd hae cur'd the cough an' Phthisic,
 rtal fae to ilka Physic,
 ount, Hysterics, an' the Gravel,
 ins about the heart or navel;
 tickets, Strains, an' Dislocations,
 s, Bruises, or Excoriations;
 Dropsy, Tympany, an' Fever,
 flammation o' the Liver,
 , boggans, botches, boils, and blisters,
 the evils cur'd by clysters;

The Dysentry or Diarrhoea,
 The scurvy, scab, or Gonorrhoea,
 As weel's the maist inveterate ——
 That e'er came frae Pandora's box ;
 Hive, pock, an' measles, a' at ance,
 Rheumatic pains athort the banes,
 An' eke the maist inveterate cauld,
 In patients either young or auld.
 He cur'd the Jaundice in a crack,
 An' brought ane's nat'ral colour back :
 In short, nae ill was e'er sae wickit,
 That John the cure o't ever stickit ;
 'Twad prejudice itsel' disarm, ~
 To read his Bill, as lang's yer arm,
 Whar he has a' the cures set down,
 Perform'd in kintry or in town,
 How, tho' ae fit war in the grave,
 The hopeless patient he cou'd save ;
 Gard fowks see iilka stane an' hole,
 Wha had been born as blin's a mole.
 Nae lug diseases e'er cou'd shore him,
 For door-nail deafness fled before him ;
 Whar scurvy scal'd the skin in flakes,
 Fowks custe their slough just like a snake's,
 A fine new hide grew o'er the banes,
 As sleek an' saft's a soukin' wean's :

In short, a' ills that tongue can tell,
Just short o' even down death itsel'.

No like the rest o' Quack Physicians,
Thae gibbygabble rhetoricians,
Wha wi' the vulgar pass for Maister,
An' scarce can mak' a pill or plaister :

The Doctor's social conversation,
Was fraught wi' mony a learn'd quotation,
Fowks wonnert whar he had his knowledge,
For he was never learn'd at College ;
Yet 'twas his keen an' constant crack,
O' Physic's state a Cent'ry back,
That Learnin' than was a dead letter,
An' modern wisdom little better ;
That Lair just serv'd to crack the noddle,
An' nought but Practice worth a boddle ;
He wadnae gie an oyster-shell,
For ought but what he kend himsel' ;
That tho' his Skill was great, the fact is,
'Twas a' fund out by dint o' Practice ;
An' tho' he whiles might need a swither,
To ken ae illness frae anither,
Yet if his pills a packin' sent it,
'Twas just a' ane as if he kent it.

Whare'er the carle tauld his tale,
He gar'd a silence ay prevail,

An' bodies drank his skill'd oration,
 Like stories tauld by inspiration ;
 Whane'er Disease took dealin' wi' them,
 They ca'd the Doctor ay to see them,
 An' he was weel to be commendit,
 For close an' cōstant he attendit.

Whane'er he cam', wi' great surprise,
 He wad hae lifted up his eyes,
 Wi' " Bless ye, Sirs, I really wonnet
 Ye didna think to ax me sooner ;
 Ye're really ill, I hae a notion,
 Pray let me fin' your pulse's motion ;
 But sin' we canna help it now,
 We'se try what Physic's power can do."
 Or may be, " Bless ye, Sirs, yer bluid
 'S corrupted wi' un~~h~~alesome food."
 Syne wad prescribe, to clear them from it,
 An Ipecacuanha vomit ;
 Or Glauber's salts, or purge o' jalap,
 Wad gar'd their vera entrails wallop.

Routh o' lang crabbit words to cant in,
 War never to the Doctor wantin' ;
 'The patient gap'd an' thought it Greek,
 'Twas hauf the cure to hear him speak :
 Yet spite o' a' his care about them,
 He had his faes,—an' wha's without them?

Some said, that thro' a searit conscience,
He liv'd by speakin' lies an' nonsense,
An' that his essence maist revivin',
Gar'd fowk whiles tyne the gaet o' livin'.
But whether that was just a clatter,
The Doctor's dead, there's little matter ;
An' sin' he buried in the dust is,
He'll hardly rise to sue for justice :
His want o't here we needna mane,
We're sure he'll get it whar he's gane.

SONG.

THO' GALLIA HER ENSIGN, &c.

Tho' Gallia her Ensign of war has unfurl'd
 It never shall wave on our sea-circ'd Isle ;
 Those boasts and bravadoes that bully the world,
 O'er Britain's stern features induce but a smile.
 While the life blood of valour each patriot warms,
 Our en'mies in vain ev'ry threat may employ,
 The league of a Million of Freemen in arms,
 What power shall dissolve, what aggression destroy?

As a rock in the ocean, that rears its huge form,
 Unshaken the billowy surge can sustain,
 As Albion's white cliffs, that have long bay'd the storm,
 And dash'd back the sprays it rose from the main:
 The sons of our Island shall thus brave their foes,
 Our Soldiers on shore, and our Tars on the sea ;
 Wild War in its front has no terrors for those,
 Who know how to die, when they cannot be free.

EPISTLE

To MR. J**** K*****.

THE lines that ye sent o'er the lawn,
 For whilk ye sall be thankit,
 Gin gloamin' hours, reek'd EBEN's haun',
 Row'd toshly up, an' *frankit*.
 Down on a chair your friend did sit,
 Right blyth, nae doubt, to view them,
 Nor stap'd till ance frae head to fit,
 He glowr'd completely thro' them,
 Wi' joy, that day.

Nae chield in a' the crambo tribe,
 Sic pleasure e'er coud lend me;
 As ye afford, without a gybe,
 Whan lumps o' rhyme ye send me.
 I'm new come frae Dumbarton side,
 Whar I had gane to travel,
 And am as sair about the stride,
 As gin I had the gravel,
 Or waur, this day.

Right keen some Highlan' hills to speel,
 I to the North gaed roamin',
 Attendit by a Surgeon chiel',
 Wha liv'd ayont Loch Lomon'.
 As we had nought but wearin' graith,
 We clamb the braes like tarries,
 But war wi' rain maist drown'd to death,
 Tho' we had on bavaries,
 Fu' side, that day.

Gay Lomon', by thy verdant mound,
 How sweet it is to rove ;
 Whan flowers are bloomin' a' around,
 An' Nature woos to love !
 Here Echo's voice shall aft be heard,
 Thy happy dales along,
 Repeat the notes o' Leven's Bard,
 An' tell the milk maid's sang,
 Sae sweet, ilk day.

O Leven's Bard ! thy honour'd name
 To me shall still be dear ;
 Nor let this little help to Fame,
 Be reckon'd insincere.
 Tho' on fair Latium's distant shore,
 Thy head in death be laid,

Thy Tales, frae Fancy's happiest store,
 Shall charm the village maid,

At hame, this day.

Here tho' nae breezes curl the streams,

The rowin' wave is seen ;

And here a little island swims,

Wi' wood and herbage green.

Fish without fins are likewise here,

Gin a' be true they tell ;

Tho' it wad be a sin to swear

I saw sic sights mysel',

On ony day.

Three days or four I staid awa',

Whar hills rase to the carry ;

Whare distant taps war cledd wi' snaw ;

The road to Inverary.

Just at the summit o' Loch Long,

We for ae night war beddit ;

For frae the East it blew sae strong,

That we war quite storm-steddit,

Wi' rain that night.

Niest mornin', whan o'er hill an' brae,

The beardit kids war strayin' ;

An' fauldit sheep begoud to bae,
 As soon's the Sin brought day in.
 Right wat we trudg'd the glens along,
 The rain in pailfu's dishin',
 To whar the boats, in Simmer thrang,
 Gang out to Herrin' fishin',
 Baith night an' day.

Three e'enins there ran sweet awa',
 At Friendship's cheerfu' ingle ;
 Our Host, the blythest e'er I saw,
 Gar'd weel the glasses jingle.
 Our worthy Hostess' heart fu' het,
 Nae Highlan' kindness stintit,
 An' kendna whar us baith to set,
 To mak' us weel contentit,
 An' pleas'd ilk day.

But O, man ! what a sight we saw,
 In their twa bonny Lasses !
 To think sic charmin' sprouts soud shaw
 'Mang heathery braes an' busses.
 Nae kintry dance, nor highlan' reel,
 Can brag twa young anes smarter,
 Than wild woods hide, an' hills conceal,
 In ——— and ——— M'A*****,
 This vera day.

O had it been in Simmer time,
 How sweet wad been our journies !
 To crap the gowans in their prime,
 That fring'd the wimplin' burnies.
 Nae feather'd sangsters' little throats,
 Attun'd the leafless branches,
 But housald noise frae lanely Cots,
 An' croons o' Highlan' wenchies,
 In sangs, that day.

Now to beguile the lang dark night
 O' Winter, cauld an' blae,
 In clusters croud, ilk Highlan' wight,
 An' muckle mirth they hae.
 Frae ae hut roars the peebroch loud,
 To glad the social quire ;
 An' there the fiddle cheers the croud,
 Around a braw peat fire,
 Sae warm, ilk night.

The herds o' mony a knabby Laird,
 War trainin' for the shambles ;
 An' brouz'd the hardly springin' braird,
 'Mang ruthless thorns an' brambles.
 Yet on the green, the muirlan' chiel',
 Sat whistlin' right contentit,

An' seem'd to chaw his cude as weel,
 As he had been life-rentit,
 An' mair, that day.

Nae care has he wha rules the sea,
 Or wha sits on the throne ;
 Or whether France be bund or free,
 It's a' ae wou' to John,
 Ambition! thy distractin' care,
 Ne'er fester'd in his breast,
 Life sheds her baum unmingl'd there,
 An' Luvè makes up the rest,
 Fu' weel, ilk day.

But now I'm hame, I'll rove nae mair,
 Till ance braw Simmer weather ;
 Whan moss an' brae hae grown fu' fair,
 Wi' blossom'd broom or heather.
 Whan frae the spray the burdies chant,
 An' hawthorns flower right dainty,
 Whan Nature yields whate'er we want,
 For bed or board in plenty,
 An' store, ilk day.

Now fare ye weel, blyth may ye be,
 Ay fraught wi' gear sufficient ;

My ne'er a blissin' or ye die,
 Be to your saul deficient.
 An' may your life to distant date,
 In comfort be extendit ;
 May ne'er an ache injure your pate,
 Till ance your race be endit,
In peace, some day.

In honour's gaet, ay try to rin,
 Whilk wordy hearts are fam'd for ;
 An' ye'll skep free o' heaps o' sin,
 That ither fowks are blam'd for.
 Ay aim to haud a canny steer,
 By Virtue's precept guidit,
 An' I'se come guid ye needna fear,
 That e'er ye'll die lank sidit,
Or poor, yon day.

THE VISIT;

OR CRISPIN IN THE DUMPS.

O major, tandem parcas poeta minor.

O! BLAE was the mornin', an' rouky an' raw,
 An' cauld blew the North wind, an' thick fell the snaw,
 Whan an honest auld Soutor set out frae his biel',
 On a Visit o' business to H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, sleg H——r M'N—l:
 He's an auld farrant carle, this H——r M'N—l.

He had seen mony hillocks, and howes in his day,
 An' now his auld pash had turn'd lyart an' gray;
 But, afore we say mair, it's but right to reveal,
 What occasion'd this Visit to H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, great H——r M'N—l;
 This unfortunate Visit to H——r M'N—l.

He had read the braw story o' Will an' his Jean,
 An' ithers sic like, wi' the tear in his e'en :
 Quo' he to his wife, O how caidgy I'd feel,
 Gin I coud mak' poems like H——r M'N——l ;
 H——r M'N——l, wise H——r M'N——l :
 He's a lang-headit fallow, that H——r M'N——l.

Swith, try't, quo' his wife, for she's baulder than he ;
 Ye kenna how eith it may be, till ye see :
 Sae she fush him John Gilpin, nae sang is its peil,
 For a pattern to work by, like H——r M'N——l ;
 H——r M'N——l, great H——r M'N——l :
 She thocht he'd out-hector great H——r M'N——l.

Tam argued, frae ither teugh jobs he coud do,
 That a sang wad be nae war to mak' than a shoe ;
 An', if wisses war horses, he'd ride to the Deil,
 But he'd bear aff the gree frae this H——r M'N——l ;
 H——r M'N——l, great H——r M'N——l :
 O, he'd sune win the broose frae this H——r M'N——l.

Sae he made a lang blaw about graces, an' gods,
 Like Vulcan, an' Bacchus, an' ither sic bods :
 Quo' Meg, trowth, ye'll just get your head in a creel,
 If he sees sicken blether, that H——r M'N——l ;
 H——r M'N——l, proud H——r M'N——l :
 He'll just mak' a sumph o' ye, H——r M'N——l.

But, haud ye, quo Tam, fowks maun creep or they
gae :

We ken a' that Rome wasna built in a day :
·Twad be a guid joke, if a rough, kintry chiel'
Soud rin aff wi' the harrows frae H——r M'N—l ;
H——r M'N—l, brow H——r M'N—l :
I'll hae fun or I quat yet wi' H——r M'N—l.

Weel, to flame as an Author our Snab was sae bent,
He ne'er blinn'd a styme till he gat it in prent :
Lang Mack gat his neives on't, an' soutor'd him weel,
Till he swat at the name o' lang H——r M'N—l ;
H——r M'N—l, fell H——r M'N—l :
O, he was a sad wirricow, H——r M'N—l.

Tam coudna pit up wi't, he fidg'd an' he flang :
He read, an re-read ilka word o' his sang ;
An' ay thocht it never deserv'd sic a dreel ;
Sae, he shor'd he'd be upides wi' H——r M'N—l ;
H——r M'N—l, big H——r M'N—l :
O, he'd sune turn the tables on H——r M'N—l.

Sae, he staps in his warks in his pouch in a blink,
Flang by a' his warklooms, his blaud an' his ink,
Gat shav'd in a jiffin ; Meg girn'd like a Deil,

Whan she saw him sae browdent on H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, your H——r M'N—l,
 Ye'll hae wamefu's, quo' she, yet, O' H——r M'N—l.

Tam ken'd that his wife, tho' a fell pauky wench,
 Kent nae mair about rhime, than their cow did o'
 French;

Sae, he tell'd her to stick to her milkness an' meal,
 An' leave him to settle wi' H——r M'N—l;

H——r M'N—l, big H——r M'N—l:
 O, he sune claw'd her back about H——r M'N—l.

Come, whisht ye, quo he, do ye think that I'm daft?
 I've some lines in my pouch, here, sae heavenly an'
 saft,

They wad melt ony heart that's no harder than steel;
 I'm shure that he'll greet owre them, H——r M'N—l:

H——r M'N—l, saft H——r M'N—l:
 He's no made o' whunstane, saft H——r M'N—l.

Lang Mack disna ken me, an' that gars him raird,
 An' think that my rhapsodies soudna be spar'd;

But I'll prove that sic worth 'twad be sin to conceal,
 For I'll shaw my hail warks to this H——r M'N—l;

H——r M'N——l, proud H——r M'N—l,
 I'll no turn my tail yet, on H——r M'N—l.

He touk his diced bonnet, an' brush'd it fu' clean;
 His breaks war o' plush, that but fernyer had seen:
 His coat o' guid hodden, had ne'er been afiel',
 An' he bodit great credit, frae H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, sprouce H——r M'N—l:
 He was shure o' grit reverence, frae H——r
 M'N—l.

Meg tied on his owrelay, he luikit fu' big,
 An' pency he strootit slang the North Brig:
 The rhimes in his pouch, he thocht jingl't right weel,
 An' he bodit grit roosin' frae H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, saft H——r M'N—l:
 He was shure he wad greet owre them, H——r
 M'N—l.

But, O, lackanee! had he kent but a styme
 O' the blirt that was brewin' for him an' his rhyme:
 Guid sooth! he'd as lief seen his warks at the Deil;
 For he sune gat his wamefu' o' H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, fell H——r M'N—l:
 O, he craws in his crap yet, fell H——r M'N—l.

Weel, he wins to the house, but, tho' bauld whan
 at hame,
 He fand, whan afiel', he was tawie an' tame:

A' the bluid in his bouk to his face gan to spee],
 An' he fever'd to think upon H——r M'N——l;
 H——r M'N——l, stern H——r M'N——l.
 O, he wiss't that the wuddy had H——r M'N——l.

He ance thocht o' turnin', tho' sair it might grieve,
 But that wad been milkin' his cow in a sieve:
 Weel, he pou'd at the bell, an' it gae sic a feel,
 He thocht 'twas the deevil, did H——r M'N——l;
 H——r M'N——l, fley'd H——r M'N——l:
 A braw frightit carcass had H——r M'N——l.

He apen'd the door sync, to spear wha was there:
 Quo' Tam, Sir, I've brought ye a pouchfu' o' ware;
 Some rhimes about gods, that ye'll like unco weel—
 O, the deil tak' your gods, said bauld H——r M'N——l;
 H——r M'N——l, bauld Hector M'N——l:
 O, he shook in his shoon for bauld H——r M'N——l.

Gae hame, Sir, quo' H——r, what win' blaws ye
 here?
 I've nae time at present to spend on your gear:
 What sets ye a rhimin'? the man's in a creel!
 Hae ye nae fowks to deave wi't but H——r M'N——l?

H——r M'N—l, poor H——r M'N—l?
 Gae wa' wi' your trash, Sir, frae H——r M'N—l.

But, haud ye, quo' Tam, Sir; an' pou'd out his verve,
 Ye maunna condemn, till ye hear me rehearse:
 We maun creep or we gang, Sir, ye ken unco weel;
 An' ye was a younger ance, Maister M'N—l:
 Maister M'N—l, great Maister M'N—l:
 The aik was an acorn ance, Maister M'N—l.

I swear, Sir, your gods an' your graces maun pack,
 Sae, friend be advis'd, tak' the door on your back,
 Quo' Hector, enraged,—Sae, Tam turn'd on his heel,
 An' left the cauld quarters o' H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, stern H——r M'N—l:
 O, he jast had enough o' stern H——r M'N—l.

Tho' Meg gried him aften a cauld coal to blaw,
 Yet hame is ay hame, tho' there's few coals ava;
 Sae he crap to his ingle like ane gaun to steal,
 Sair snoo'd wi' the cowl' o' H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, snell H——r M'N—l:
 O, he'll lang mind his visit to H——r M'N—l.

Poor carle, his heart is as saft as can be,
 An' as harmless as e'er was the lamb on the lee;

An', trowth, let me tell ye, he Bards at you weel,
 Tho' it scrimp could be leukit for, H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, hard H——r M'N—l:
 Trowth, ye've scarce left a hool on him, H——r M'N—l.

I leuk'tna that ye'd hae your haund in the pie ;
 For ye ken it's far best to let sleepin' dogs lie :
 Ye soud keep your ain middin, ye craw unco weel,
 An' let Tam craw untreadit on, H——r, M'—l:
 H——r M'N—l, guid H——r M'N—l;
 The warld 'll haud ye baith, H——r M'N—l.

Poor chield, he's a wight canna speak for himsel',
 An' I hecht, out o' Friendship, to lend him a spell :
 I'm no unco fain that your taws he soud feel,
 An' I green'd just to redd ye o't, H——r M'—l;
 H——r M'N—l, dear H——r M'M—l,
 I'm mair than surpris'd at you, H——r M'N—l.

Nae wonder our Snab soud close fechtin' decline;
 For, mind ye, friend Mack, ye're a ship o' the Line,
 Poor Tam but a shallop, wi' nae length o' keel,
 An' histimbers but craz'd enough, H——r M'N—l;
 H——r M'N—l, dear H——r M'N—l,
Ne calces vermiculum, H——r M'N—l.

O H——r, O H——r, ye sair gar him rue
 He e'er brought his gods on a visit to ye ;
 But, war I an Achilles, I'd Hector ye weel,
 Ye head-breakin', hard-heartit, H——r M'N——l;
 H——r M'N——l, sad H——r M'N——l,
 I'm mair than ashamed o' ye, H——r M'N——l.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF R***** C*****, Esq. OF D**

WHILE Valour on the tented plain,
 The bubble Fame intent pursues,
 And, trampling over heaps of slain,
 In hostile blood his hand embrues,
 Hope sees the living Laurel bloom,
 Or writes IMMORTAL on his tomb.

How worthier of Immortal Fame,
 The mind with Virtue's Lore imbued,
 Whose wishes court no greater name,
 Than that of being greatly good ;
 Such as he liv'd to Virtue dear,
 Whose name the Muse would hallow here.

Who never felt a nobler pride,
 In all the gifts by Fortune given,
 Than o'er Misfortune to preside,
 The bounteous almoner of Heaven ;
 To turn Distress's humble bed,
 And lighten Misery's aching head.

To teach the Infant tongue to praise,
 To lisp of Mercy's power to save ;
 And while he led in Wisdom's ways,
 In life the fair ensample gave ;
 Such light 'twas kind in Heaven to give,
 To shew us how a Saint should live.

Erewhile on Drum's delightful lawn,
 Cathcart ! from pain and sorrow free,
 This Heavenly picture, faintly drawn,
 Was nobly realis'd in thee ;
 Now, nought of thee is present there,
 But that which Time cannot impair.

Thy counsels to their rising young,
 Will spare the parents many fears,
 While their Old Age, with faltering tongue,
 Shall speak thy eulogy in tears ;
 And sorrow that thy mortal frame,
 Was not immortal as thy Name.

Thou blooming Partner, left behind,
 Who shall repair the loss to thee ?
 What e'er shall learn thy anguish'd mind,
 To bear with patience Heaven's Decree ?
 What, but that influence from on high,
 That taught thy Husband how to die ?

When Fair Religion drops a tear,
 To saint the memory of the Dead ;
 While many a poor man's prayer, sincere,
 Invokes a blessing on thy head ;
 Mind Anna ! this is bliss too high,
 For Gold or Indian gem to buy.

Thy lovely Family, now more dear,
 Shall kindly tend thy languid Frame,
 Shall brush away the bitter tear,
 And bid their Mother live for them ;
 Till, in their virtues fair exprest,
 She see their sainted Sire confest.

And, when in pain they see thee lie,
 Love from thy couch shall ne'er depart,
 But watch the motion of thine eye,
 And guess the wish that fills thy heart:
 While Forms unseen attend thy bed,
 To smooth the pillow for thy head.

Let giddy Mirth be idly gay,
 From serious thinking madly free ;
 In pleasure gad their hour away,
 Their portion unenvy'd by thee :
 To Earth's poor Farce their soul resign—
 Anna ! the better part is thine.

To Heaven's behest, thy will should bend,
 Thy Morn of Glory too will rise ;
 A blest Eternity s at hand,
 Where change shall never cloud thy skies ;
 Heaven bids thy parting soul prepare,
 To meet a kindred Spirit there.

athcart !—O that this bosom did but own,
 Those shining Virtues that to thee were given ;
 hen might my spirit, its mortal coil laid down,
 Wing from this nether world, and tow'r to Heaven:
 here scap'd, half wreck'd, from Earth's tempestuous
 Sea,
 Zion's peaceful Haven moor with thee.

SONG.

JENNY HIDE YER MILK WHITE BOSOM.

Set to music by Mr. Mitchell.

JENNY, hide yer milk white bosom,
Powerfu' as yer face to please,
Fairer than the lily's blossom,
It has robb'd me o' my ease.
Why tak' pleasure sae to pain me,
While ye see I constant prove?
Can ye wound, an' yet disdain me;
Do ye thus requite my love?

Think ye that a youthfu' Lover,
E'er will clasp ye in his arms,
Whan the bloom o' Beauty's over,
An' ye're stript o' a' yer charms?
Fresh an' sweet as mornin' roses,
Try to seize the present while:
Whan the laughin' Simmer closes,
Winter never wears a smile.

EPIGRAM.

Tho' Sally's face be spotless fair
As yonder lily leaf ;
Tho' she be sweet beyond compare,
Yet Sally, she's—a *thief* !
The pretty rogue, tho' seeming shy,
So well had learn'd her art,
That e'er I wist, her soft blue eye
Had *stolen* away my heart.

EPISTLE

To MR. R***** R*****, PAISLEY.

DEAR Bob, my young, my cheerie frien',

Accept o' what I send ye,

An', soud ye think it's guid I mean,

I'm pay'd for what I tend ye.

Ye ken yersel', thro' wat an' dry

I've aften daunder'd wi' ye,

Ye're young an' daft, an', by the by,

A friend's advice I'd gie ye

Sincere, this day.

A wordy frien' is e'en right rare,

An' virtue ill to hit on,

While honest fowks, wi' rumples bare,

Hae scarce a stool to sit on:

Your wauk external plainly shaws,

Ye're nae sae guid as they be;

But I wad fain subjoin the clause—

That sae I wiss ye may be,

An' me, some day.

Tho' ye be set on rantin' fun,
 An' social recreation,
 Yet, O, be carefu' ay to shun
 The haunts o' dissipation.
 Sic pranks can little pleasure gie
 To Age's caum reflection,
 We'll ablins than think, you an' me
 Had need o' mair correction

Than's gien, this day.

Deed Robin, we're owre neighbour-like,
 Ay huntin' what may please us,
 An' whan we gain't wi' muckle strife,
 Nae happiness it gies us.
 The day will come yet, I'se indent,
 Experience sad will teach us,
 An' gar us baith right sair lament,
 That counsel didna reach us

Owre weel, this day.

O ay be virtuous an' be wise,
 In Folly be na vicious,
 An' ne'er religious fowks despise,
 Nor ca' them superstitious.
 Gin Preachers warna to the fore,
 Nor prayin' bodies neither,
 Sma' guid wad fa' to Robin's score,
 Or to the Poet's either,

I doubt, this day.

Keep aff the prophet's honour'd name,

Or guid'll ne'er betide ye ;

Ye needna just practice like them,

But just do what they bid ye.

Nor e'er defile, wi' jaw profane,

Their sacred reputation ;

They're ill thought o' that rub a stain

On sic a holy station,

As their's, this day.

Till ance ye're to reflection brought,

Ye'll doubtless ay grow dafter ;

But chields in youth soud ay tak' thought,

Auld Age comes postin' after.

Tho' Life's fair, wee bit sinny beek,

Ay bright an' brighter waxes,

Yet at the last, in gloamin' reek,

The darksome E'enin' raxes

Her wings o'er day.

Whan young companions roun' ye thrang,

Be scrupulous how ye tak' them ;

Observe ay how their motions gang,

Afore your friends ye mak' them.

Chuse chields o' sense, wha, in a strait,

A counsel sage can gie ye,

Ye'll never gang a worthless gaet,

While wit an' sense gang wi' ye,

Thro' Life, this d

A Father's son, wha has, like you,
 Sic sample set before him,
 Soud never strive, by getting fu',
 To deviate frae decorum.

How glorious can it be to shaw
 Ye dinna mind expenses ;
 But thro' the street can reel awa,
 Depriv'd o' a' your senses,

An' cash, some Nights.

Ye'll may be count on runkl'd Age ;

But Health'll no insure ye,
 That ye'll no hirsle aff the stage
 Afore an ouk gangs o'er ye.

Consider, tho' ye're hale an' young,
 Unkent to cauld an' hunger,

Aft sudden Death has bang'd as strong,
 An' aften some far stronger

Than you, this day

My Neighbor, dinna live owre fast,

An' letna Time deceive ye ;

Ye'll think it short enough at last,
 Whan health begins to leave ye.

e'll maybe wather't twa three year,

An' snoove thro' Life right sweetly ;

But, or the dowp o' things, I fear,

The scene'll change completely

Wi' you, that day.

Last, yet nae least, an' I hae doon,
Shew, wantin' truth, avoid it;
An' add na, to your ither sin,
Hypocrisy, to hide it.
Be ay sincere to a' intents,
An' ye'll hae fewer failin's;
It's unco rare that aye repents
O' plain an' even down dealin's,
† In' Life, this day.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

YE tender hearts, whose tearful eye
 For Beauty's fate e'er shed a tear,
 Hush not the sad, the tender sigh,
 O'er a sweet Maid's untimely bier ;
 But let the kind effusion flow,
 That melts the heart amid another's woe.

With roses reddening in the dye,
 By Nature's secret hand bestow'd,
 The blush of Peggie's cheeks might vie ;
 That with unborrow'd crimson glow'd ;
 And with her lovely neck so fair,
 The lily of the vale could scarce compare.

Where'er she stray'd, diffusve joy
 O'er Nature's beauteous face was seen :
 What could the gloom of care destroy ?
 'Twas Peggie's cheerful look, I ween ;

For every garden bloom'd more fair,
 When Peggie's lovely, smiling face was there.

But, ah ! tho' fraught with every charm,
 By Heaven's richest pencil shed,
 Can Beauty Death's cold hand disarm,
 Or shun the Grave's untimely bed ?
 Fate often bears the bitter doom,
 To blast the blossom at its brightest bloom.

With sorrow we could long survey,
 Thy beauties fade amid the storm,
 And slow disease, with sad decay,
 Emaciate thy lovely form ;
 Till, by the dread event undone,
 We wept the stroke we could not hope to shun.

Tis friendship sole that prompts this strain,
 But Love will shed a sadder tear,
 And oft, with many a sigh, complain
 Of losing all it held most dear ;
 And oft the sod with grief survey,
 That hides the lovely victim's breathless clay.

There shall her dear companions weep,
 With many a tear, the peerless Maid.

And visit oft, with sorrow deep,
That spot where Peggie's dust is laid ;
And as, sweet Maid ! they weep for thee,
Shall think of what, ere long, they too must be.

O, while these pensive moments stay
While Reason warns the gay, the fair ;
Why not the silent voice obey,
That voice which bids the soul prepare ?
And oft, at youth and Beauty's fall,
Think on the Fate that waits upon us all.

A ROUGH SKETCH.

Tune—*Caldar Fair.*

O POORTITH ! wi what waesum nights,
 An' days, they hae to grapple,
 The poor, deludit, rhimin' wights,
 That thou taks by the thrapple !
 The saul, that fain wad soar aboon,
 Thro' Fancy's Fairy regions,
 Thou dooms among the dirt to croon,
 Wi' cares in countless legions.

His dreams, when e'er o' sleep he saurs,
 May weel be sweet, I ween them :
 He leaves his dunghill for the stars—
 It's heaven an' earth atween them.
 Yet tho' wi' gods he break his fast,
 Wi' goddesses may cuddle,
 The bonny vision ends at last
 In earth's unhallow'd puddle.

Nae sinshine, now, nor milky way,
 Nae fleecy cloud to sport on ;
 He hopeless fags the weary day,
 The emblem o' misfortune.
 In some ken'd howf, whar credit stauns,
 If credit he can keep it,
 He soaks, an', while at Fate he banns,
 Envies the hours he sleepit.

" Weel Jenny fill the stowp, my dou!
 I canna bear wi' thinkin' ;
 An', ilka bumper, we maun trou,
 It's Nectar that we're drinkin'.
 Tho' sun an' stars hae tae flight,
 O joy it shanna scrimp us ;
 For ye shall be my Muse the night,
 Your chimly lug Olympus.

I'll think ye Venus—just for fun—
 O' Love ye'll be the Queen, lass !
 Your bleazin' hearth shall be my Sun ;
 My Stars shall be your e'en, lass !
 Your smile will be the blink sae clear,
 Whan Mornin' light appears, lass !
 An', whan ye sing, I'll think I hear
 The music o' the spheres, lass !"

Sae reasons mony a rhimin' *spark*,
 Whan ravin' owre his licker ;
 An' thinks, whan e'er his lift leuks *dark*,
 He'll *light* it owre the bicker.
 Poor saul ! a *sun* he coudna *light*
 Frae *warls* o' nappy foamin' :
 The *sparklin'* glass, tho' e'er sae *bright*,
 Can scrimp be ca'd a *gloamin'*.

Awak'd to pain by Mornin' clear,
 He finds his pouch ay barer,
 The load o' Life as ill to bear,
 An' ilka sair feel sairer.
 Not so rough Labour lifts his eyes,
 To welcome Morn advancin' :
 There's no a clud in a' his skies,
 But glorious Simmer glancin'.

In 'scapin' frae the witchin' spell,
 Wi' whilk I've lang been cross'd sair,
 I'd hae them break it like mysel'—
 " Wha hesitates is lost " there.
 The gleamin' meteor bright may burn,
 An' sport the sweet seduction ;
 The deaf delusion boldly spurn,
 An' triumph o'er destruction ;

The wheedlin' muse, in fairest form,
To scorn her I advise them ;
She *saps* the heart, she disna *storm*,
An' sae can near surprise them.
The fairest day may turn to weat—
To swither I wad redd them :
The Muses, *loo'd*, are *Lilies* sweet,
But *Nettles* if ye *wed* them.

THE VALEDICTION.

Hic labor extremus ; longarum haec meta vicarum. VIRG.

REST now, my Muse, thy labour doon,

Let me leuk owre the past :

Will caum reflection's sober e'e

Approve o't to the last ?

Has no ae hasty word, or thought,

Ecap'd my anxious care :

Ane I may wiss had ne'er been seen,

Whan I'm to write nae mair ?

Does ought profane defile my page ?

Wad Beauty blush to read it ?

Grow some rank sprouts aboon the swaird,

That virtue might hae weedit ?

O! though ilk word soud coin me gowd,

That vicious Taste commendit,

Let me ne'er pride me in ae line,

Whar heaven wad be offendit.

Ye ploddin', porin', men o' prose,
 Wi' kind neglect o' spare him !
 Write as ye like, but let the Bard
 Spin the dear *hairum scairum*.
 Misfortune fell sae lang has kept
 My nose upo' the grunstone,
 That, but for rhyme, my heart wad break,
 Tho' 'twar as hard's a whunstone.

I hae a sneakin' fainness too
 To woo the muse in *Tartan* ;
 Tho' weel I ken her votaries aft
 A scrippit cog are scartin' :
 I like our hills an' heathery braes,
 Ilk burdie, buss, an' burnie,
 That lends its charms to glad my way
 On life's sad weary journey.

I like their beauties to pourtray,
 In hamely rustic measure ;
 An' mony an hour fu' drear had been,
 But for the harmless pleasure.
 Spare, ye o' prouder flight, the strain,
 Tho' than your ain less manly :
 Beside the oak the alder grows,
 As green, tho' no sae gran'ly.

Ye charmin' Fair, wha read my lay,
 As honest as ye're pretty,
 If e'er ye honour wi' your voice
 The Bardie's hamely ditty !
 O may nae sentiment offend,
 Whar I to please design :
 The mantlin' blush on Virtue's cheek
 Might blanch the red in mine.

Ye Critics stern, wi' ruthless e'e,
 Like witherin' mildew blastin',
 Its glance upon my tender shoot
 I think I see ye castin'.
 Tho' could your breath, like wintry storm,
 Oer' Scotia's mountains blawin',
 Let Mercy thro' the drift pervade,
 An' melt it whan it's fa'in'.

Ye, whase guid hearts saft kindness warms,
 I bode your greetin' mild :
 Ye winna tread my simple bloom,
 Tho' gather'd in a wild.
 Hale be your head, an' sound your sleep ;
 Your mornin' ever cheerly :
 Accept my Music's humble gift,
 Tho' sma', it's gien sincerely.

Tho' last address'd, no least esteem'd,
 Ye kind, and wordy FEW,
 Aneath whase cheerin' fosterin' smile,
 My snaw drap comes to view ;
 Tho' Winter lang its head had coor'd,
 Aneath the driftit snaw,
 Your kindly influence, like the sun,
 Now gars the blossom blaw.

If this sma' hamely treat I bring,
 Yield but ae hour o' pleasure
 To You I wiss sae weel to please,
 'Twill be a Mine o' treasure.
 Lang may your honest hearts be warm,
 Your bluid ay circle rarely :
 May ye ne'er ripe an empty pouch,
 Nor tak' your meltith sparely.

x



GLOSSARY.

A' , all	Amang , among
Abee , alone	Amrie , Ambry , Aumry , a cupboard
Abeigh , at a distance	An' , and, if
Ablins , perhaps	Ance , once
Aboon , above	Ane , one
Abraid , abroad	Aneath , beneath
Ae , one	Anew , enough
Aff , off	Anither , another
Afore , before	Anter , to wander
Aft , oft	Antrin , wandering, one here and there
Aften , often	Apen , open, to open
Aglee , in a wrong direction	Artfu , artful
Ahin , behind	Asteer , stirring, in confusion
Aik , oak	Athort , along, athwart
Aiken , oaken	Atweesh , betwixt
Aiker , acre	Auld , old
Ain , own	Auld-farrant , crafty, ingenious, sagacious
Air , early, long since	Ava , at all
Aiten , oaten	Awa' , away
Aith , an oath	Awfu' , awful
Aiver , an old horse	Awn , the beard of grain
A-kin , related	Awny , bearded as grain
Alake , Alakanee! alas	Ayont , beyond
Alane , alone	
Alsc , else	
Amaist , almost	

B

- Bab, a posic, nosegay
 Bad, did bid
 Badrans, Batrons, a cat
 Bae, to bleat
 Bairns, children
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bann, to curse, to swear
 Bardy, mischeivous
 Barefit, barefooted
 Barken'd, the state of any thing
 hardened, as with mire, blood,
 &c.
 Barlihood, a fit of drunken pas-
 sion
 Bashfu', bashful
 Battle, Buttle, a sheaf
 Bauk, to disappoint, frustrate
 Bauld, bold
 Baummy, balmy
 Baun, band
 Bavary, a great coat
 Bawbee, a halfpenny
 Be, to let, to let alone
 Bedeen, immediately
 Beek, *v. n.* to bask
 Beek, *v. a.* to warm, applied to
 the sun or fire
 Beek, a bask, a while of sun-
 shine
 Beet, to add fuel to fire, to praise,
 to blazon
 Begnet, bayonet
 Behin', Behint, behind
 Beild, Beil, a shelter, a house
 Beinge, to bend, to stoop, to
 submit
 Bein, wealthy, well to live
 Bell, a blossom of a bell shape
 Belyve, by and by
 Ben, the end of a house inside,
 opposite to the sitter, *see* But-
 an'-Ben
 Bend, to quaff
 Bent, the open field
 Bicker, a wooden dish for drink-
 ing from, a fight, to fight
 Bide, to stay, to abide
 Big, to build
 Biggin, building, a house
 Bill, a bull
 Belt, a blow
 Bing, a heap
 Birk, birch
 Birken, birchen
 Birkie, a smart fellow
 Birze, to bruise, to press
 Bizz, to buz, to emit the sound
 that hot iron does in water
 Bizzie, busy
 Blae, livid, the colour of the skin
 when bruised
 Blash, a large quantity of any
 liquid
 Blashin', rain, or water falling
 with noise
 Blate, bashful
 Blatter, a rattling noise
 Blaud, a broad piece of any thing
 Blaw, to blow, to flatter, to boast,
 to bloom, bloom
 Blaw, a jorum of liquor
 Blawflum, a deception, foolish
 fancy, flattering delusion,
 gewgaw
 Blawn, blown, flattered
 Blawart, a blue field flower
 Blear, to make the eye water
 Bledd, a leaf, a blade

- Bleeze, to blaze, a blaze
 Blessin', blessing'
 Blether, Blather, to talk foolishly, foolish talk
 Bletherin', talking foolishly
 Blin', blind
 Blin, to cease
 Blink, to wink, to look with the eye nearly closed
 Blink, a very little while, a glance of the eye, a momentary, or short beam of sunshine
 Blinkin', peeping, the rising and falling of flame, as when the oil in a lamp is nearly exhausted, smirking
 Blirt, cold drift of snow, driving rain, harm
 Blob, Blab, a large bubble of dew, a large gooseberry, the swell of a blister
 Bluid, blood
 Bod, *dim.* of body, a person, creature
 Bodle, 1-sixth of a penny English, a small Scottish coin
 Body, person, used in contempt, or familiarity
 Boggan, a boil, a tumour
 Bogle, Boglebo, a goblin, an object of terror
 Bonny, beautiful
 Bother, to pother, to tease
 Boost, Boot, behaved
 Bore, a hole
 Botch, a tumour
 Bouk, bulk, the body
 Bourd, jest, to jest
 Bowden, to fill, to burden
 Bowden, provided, filled
 Bra', Braw, handsome, fine
 Brae, the side of a hill
 Braid, broad
 Braird, the young sprouts of grain
 Brak', broke
 Brander, a gridiron
 Branks, a wooden curb for horses, a disease of the neck
 Bran-new, quite new
 Brats, rags
 Brattle, rattle, a noise
 Bravelly, Bravelies, quite well
 Brattlin', rattling, noisy
 Brawly, Brawlies, well, finely
 Breathin', breathing, an instant of time
 Bree, the eye brow
 Bree, juice, sauce, pickle, soup, *see* Brie
 Brecks, breeches
 Breinge, to run against anything with force and noise
 Brew, to suspect, to fear future harm
 Brie, juice, liquid, soup
 Bridal, belonging to a wedding, a wedding
 Brig, a bridge
 Brither, brother
 Broo, sauce, broth
 Brose, a dish made by pouring boiling water on oat-meal and stirring it
 Brouk, to enjoy
 Browdeut-on, fond of
 Brown, ale
 Brown Janet, a musket
 Browst, a brewing
 Browster, a brewer
 Bruckle, brittle
 Brulzie, Broolie, a broil

Brunstane, brimstone
 Buff, nonsense
 Bught, the fold where the ewes
 are enclosed at milking time
 Buirldy, tall and stout made
 Bum, to hum as bees do
 Bun, a loaf
 Bure, did bear
 Burn, a brook, *dim.* burnie
 Burn, urine
 Busk, to deck, to dress
 Bussin, a sort of head dress worn
 by old women
 But, without, except
 Butt-an-ben, the two apart-
 ments in opposite ends of a
 house
 Buttle, Battle, a sheaf
 Bye, past
 Byke, a swarm, a nest of bees
 Byre, Byar, a Cow's stable

C

CA', to call, to name, to drive, a
 call, to calve
 Cadger, a country carrier
 Cadgie, Caidgie, fond, happy,
 wanton
 Cadie, a young fellow, an errand
 boy
 Ca'f, Cauf, a calf
 Caft, Coft, did buy, bought
 Callán, Callant, a young man,
 also a familiar appellation to
 an acquaintance
 Caller, Cauler, fresh, cool
 Cam', did come
 Camscheugh, cross, stern, fret-
 ful, testy
 Cankert, fretful, ill natured
 Canna, Cannho, cannot

Canny, mild, cautious
 Cantraips, Cantrips, incanta-
 tions
 Canty, cheerful
 Cap, a small wooden dish or cup
 Cappernoitit, Cappernoitie,
 whimsical, testy
 Cappit, fretful, ill tempered
 Careerin', cheerfully, swiftly
 Carona, Carnae, carenot
 Cark, care
 Carkin', fretful, vexing
 Carle, an old man, a rustic
 Carritch, Carritches, a catechism
 Carry, the clouds in motion
 Cauld, cold
 Cauldrife, easily affected by cold
 Cauler, Caller, fresh, cool
 Cauldrife, cold in manner, indif-
 ferent, disaffected
 Cave, Cavié, a hen coop
 Cawk, chalk
 Chack, check, squeeze, to check
 Chafts, chops
 Chainge, change, to change
 Chappin, a quart
 Chappin, tall, chopping, lusty
 Cheep, to chirp, to squeek
 Cheerfu', cheerful
 Chiel', Chield, a young fellow
 Chimly, Chimla, chimney, a
 grate
 Chirm, to sing, to chirp
 Chitter, to shiver, to rattle the
 teeth from cold
 Chuckie, a hen
 Claes, clothes
 Claghan, Clauchan, a small vil-
 lage
 Claith, cloth
 Claithin', clothing

- Clamb**, did climb
Clamjamfry, idle, or little worth company
Clatter, idle tales
Claver, nonsense, to talk nonsense
Claymore, a Scottish sword, broader, but not so long as a broad sword
Cled, clad
Clock, to cluck, to hatch
Clockin', hatching, clucking
Cloot, Cloof, a hoof
Cloots, (*taen their*,) run off
Clootie, a name for the Devil
Clour, the lump occasioned by a blow or fall, sometimes, but improperly, a dimple
Clud, a cloud
Cod, a pillow
Co'er, to cover, see **Coor**
Coff, Caff, to buy
Coft, Caft, bought
Cog, a wooden dish, *dim.* **Coggie**
Coila, a district in Ayrshire
Comman', Commaun, command
Commauns, the commandments
Contrar, contrary
Cood, Cude, cud
Coor, to cover
Coot, Koot, the ankle
Corse, cross
Cosie, Cozie, well secured, warm, sheltered
Cou'd, could, Coudna, Cudna, could not, Couda, could have
Coum, coal dust, soot, to soil with soot
Cowp, a number
Crack, familiar conversation
Crack, to chat familiarly
Crackin', conversing
Craft, a field near a house
Cranreugh, hoar-frost
Crap, a crop, to crop
Crap, did creep
Crappie, the craw, or crop of a bird
Crauk, to fret, to complain
Craw, to crow, the crow of a cock
Crawtae, the hyacinth
Creel, a basket
Creel, (to be in a) to be stupid, confused
Crony, a companion, a tipping associate
Croun, crown
Crouse, courageous, proud spirited
Cruisie, Crusie, an oil lamp
Curlie, curled
Curran-bun, a currant loaf
Custock, the stalk of cabbages or coleworts
Cutty, a short spoon, or pipe
Cutty stowp, a quartern measure
- D**
- DAFF**, to sport—**Daffin**, sport—**Daft**, foolish, merry, deprived of reason
Dainties, **Daintiths**, delicacies
Dainty, fine, agreeable, good-humoured
Dander, **Daunder**, **Dauner**, to wander, to walk indecidedly
Darg, **Daurk**, a day's labour
Darklins, darkling, in a hidden manner, dusky
Darle, a small piece, usually applied to oaten cake
Daud, to thresh, to beat
Daud, a large piece

Daur, to dare	Drap, a drop, to drop
Dawt, to fondle	Drappie, <i>dim.</i> of drop
Dawtie, a fondling	Dree, to endure, to suffer
Dawtit, fondled	Dreel, to drill
Dearie, <i>dim.</i> of dear	Drave, a drove, did drive
Deave, to deafen	Drift, the driving snow
'Deed, indeed	Drifts of Snow, snow collected in heaps
Deil, Deevil, devil	Drumly, muddy
Delve, to dig with a spade	Dubbs, Dybs, mire, a small col- lection of water as in holes on the streets after rain
Didna, did not	Dung, did overcome, did defeat, did excel, did push
Ding, to push, to overcome	Dung, overcome, defeated, &c. as above
Dink, to dress; Dinkit, dressed	Dunkle, a dimple, a hollow made in metal by a stroke
Dinna, Dinnae, do not	Dunt, a large piece
Dinnle, to quiver with pain	Dwall, to dwell; Dwalt, dwelt; Dwallin', Jwelling, a dwelling.
Dirdum, noisy sport, uproar, squabble, bitter words	
Dirl, a sharp stroke, or pain	
Dishonner, dishonour, to disho- nour	
Doil'd, Dolt, silly, crazy	
Doited, confused, stupid, crazed	
Donner'd, in dottage, stupid	
Dool, a large piece	
Dool, sorrow	
Doolanee! alack-a-day!	
Doon, done	
Dosen'd, Dozen'd, benumbed with cold	
Dou, a dove, an expression of fondness to a woman	
Douce, sober, grave	
Doundraught, overloading weight, oppression	
Dow, can	
Dow, to thrive	
Dow'd, withered, decayed	
Dowff, mournful, melancholy, void of animation	
Dowie, inclining to decay, me- lancholy, languid	
Dowless, weak, unhealthy	
Downa, Downae, cannot	
	E
	EATNA, eat not
	E'e, the eye
	E'en, evening
	Een, eyes
	E'enin', evening
	Eerand, errand
	Eerie, to be in such terror as arises from the apprehension of evil spirits; it seems to suppose solitude
	Eident, diligent, industrious
	Eith, easy
	Eithly, easily
	Eldren, oldish
	Eldrish, Eldritch, frightful, hideous
	Embro', Embrugh, Edinburgh
	En', end
	Enough, enough

Ergh, scrupulous, tardy, timid
 Estler, ashler, hewn stoue
 Estlins, rather
 Exack, exact
 Exackly, exactly

F.

Fa, to become, to suit
 Fa', to fall, a fall; Fa', a mouse-
 trap
 Fae, a foe
 Fain, earnestly desirous, tickled
 with pleasure, wanton, fond
 Fair fa' ye, good luck betide ye
 Fairin', a present on a fair day
 Fan'd, did find
 Fangs, the tallons of a fowl, the
 fingers
 Fareweel, farewell
 Farle, an oaten cake
 Fash, trouble, to trouble
 Fashous, troublesome
 Fauld, fold, to fold
 Fause, false
 Fause tail, a braid of hair
 Faut, fault
 Faut, want
 Fearfu', frightful
 Feart, afraid
 Fecht, to fight, a fight
 Fechtin', fighting
 Feck, quantity
 Fecket, a jacket
 Feckfu', able, stout
 Fegs, a petty oath
 Fell, keen, biting, able, vigor-
 ous
 Fend, a shift, to shift
 Ferly, a wonder, to wonder
 Fernyer, the last year
 Fesh, to fetch,
 Fidge, to fidget

Fidgin', fidgeting, skittish,
 anxious

Fien', a fiend

Feent a bit, devil a bit

Fier, sound, healthy

Fin', to find

First fit, the person who first
 enters a house on a new
 year's day, and who is ex-
 pected not to come empty-
 handed. The first fit gene-
 rally carries with him a hot
 beverage made of ale, spirits,
 eggs, cream, sugar, and bis-
 cuit.

Fit, foot,

Fiz, to hiss, a hissing, bustling
 attention

Flane, an arrow

Flang, did fling

Flate, did scold

Fleetch, to flatter with the in-
 tention of gaining some end

Fleg, a blow, a fright, to frighten

Fleg, Fley, to frighten; Fley'd,
 afraid

Fliuders, broken pieces

Fling, to kick, to throw off, as a
 horse does his rider

Flird, to flaunt

Flirds, vain finery

Flyte, to scold

Fog, Fug, moss

Forbye, besides

Fore (to the) remaining

Forebears, forefathers

Forfairn, overcome with fatigue,
 outworn

Forgether, to meet, to fall in
 with

Forgie, forgive

Forleet, to forget, to forsake

Fou, Fu', full, drunk
 Foul, ill—Foul fa' ye, ill befall
 ye
 Fouth, Fowth, plenty
 Fowk, Fowks, folk, folks
 Frae, from
 Fraise, to flatter, to commend
 highly
 Freck, stout, firm, generally
 applied to old people
 Frien', friend
 Fug, fog, moss
 Fund, found
 Furthy, affable, cheerful, frank
 Fushe, Fuish, did bring
 Fyke, trouble, uneasiness, to
 trouble

G

Ga', did give
 Gae, go, to go
 Gaed, went
 Gaen, gone
 Gaet, road, way, manner
 Gaffa, a loud laugh
 Gair, intent on gain, niggardly
 Gaist, Ghaist, a ghost
 Gan, began
 Gane, gone ^{zi}
 Gang, go, to go
 Gar, to force, to cause
 Gart, caused, forced
 Gash, witty, talkative, sagaci-
 ous
 Gat, did get
 Gate, see Gaet
 Gaucy, jolly, tall, large
 Gaun, going
 Gay, Gayan, pretty much
 Gear, rie's, furniture
 Gell, to ache
 Gellin', aching

Get, a brat, a child, spoken
 contemptuously
 Gettin', a child, see Gytlin
 Gibby-gabble, nonsense
 Gie, give, to give
 Gif, if
 Gin, if
 Girdle, Girl, a circular iron
 plate used for toasting bread
 over a fire
 Gite, enraged, outrageously set
 on a thing, giddy
 Glaumour, Glaumer, incanta-
 tion
 Glaur, mire
 Glen, a narrow valley between
 two mountains
 Glib, quick, ready in speaking
 Gliffin, a surprise, a sudden
 glow of heat
 Glint, Glent, to peep, a peep
 Glisk, a transient look
 Gloamin', the twilight
 Glowr, to stare, a stare
 Gott, a ditch
 Gowau, the field daisy
 Gowd, gold
 Gowden, golden
 Gowk, a cuckoo, one easily im-
 posed on
 Gowp, to ache
 Gowpen, the two hands joined
 to contain any thing, as
 grain, &c. also the quantity
 so contained
 Gramashens, riding hose
 Grane, to groan
 Gran', grand
 Graith, harnessing, dress
 Grape, to grope
 Gree, victory, prize
 Gree, to agree

long
cry, to weep
atch
old, a gripe
atched
thickness or coarse-
any thing is called the
it
it, familiar, intimate
ouf, the belly
shudder with loath-
ie, very loathsome,
il, disgusting
to swallow up in haste
muddy
und, whet
ne, Grunstane, a
one
: Supreme Being
id
, goodman, master of
ise
, wife, mistress of the
rumly, muddy
a, sense, knowledge
steful
etlin', a young child
H
e
nobbler, to hobble
ad not
e, to have
id
hairst, harvest
it, any thing
f, see Hauf
he cheek, the side of
id
half

Haggis, a large pudding, pecu-
liar to Scotland
Haggle, to contend eagerly in
cheapening
Hail, Hale, whole, sound,
healthy
Hain, to use sparingly
Hainsh, haunch, to heave
Hair, a small quantity
Hairst, see Haerst
Hallen, a partition, a screen
Hallow-e'en, All Saint's Eve
Haly, holy
Halsome, wholesome
Hame, home
Hameart, Haimart, domestic,
home-made, home-bred
Hamely, Hameil, homely, un-
affected in manner, affable
Han', Haun, hand
Hansel, Handsel, the first gift
received on a holiday, or
compliment on wearing a
new dress
Hantle, a great quantity
Hanty, Haunty, convenient,
manageable with ease
Hap, to cover, to nop
Harl, to drag, to give a coating
of lime and sand to the outer
wall of a building
Hart-scud, Hart-scud, the
heart-burn
Hartsome, cheerful
Hash, a sloven, vulgar name of
endearment to a boy
Haud, bold, to hold, keep, sup-
port
Hauf, half, to halve
Haughs, low grounds by river
sides
Haun, Han', hand

- Haur**, fog, mist
Hawkie, cant name for a whore
Hech! interjection of surprise, or sorrow; an expression of fatigue
Hecht, to promise, to forebode, promised, foreboded
Heeze, to lift up, a lift, a help
Heezie, a lift, motion in a swing, or over the swell of a wave
Heigh, high
Hempy, a tricky youth, as one for whom the hemp grows
Herd, to tend a flock, a shepherd
Hersel', herself
He's, he has, he is, his
Het, hot, desirous of the male
Het pint, a beverage presented on a new year's morning by the first fit—see First Fit
Hether, heath
Hight, height
Hilan', highland
Himself', himself
Hinderlets, the hind parts
Hindmast, the last
Hing, to hang
Hint, Ahint, behind
Hirsle, to move with a rustling sound
Hite, Hyte, mad, enraged, excessively keen
Hivie, Hyvie, rich, in comfortable circumstances
Hodden-grey, a gray colour, a coarse woollen cloth of Scots manufacture, which was of that colour
Hoise, to lift, to hoist
Honner, honour
Hool, the husk
Hoord, to hoard, a hoard
Hornie, name for the Devil
Hou, a night cap
Housal, household, domestic
Housie, *dim.* of house
Hout! tut! fy!
Hout fy! for shame
Howe, a hollow
Howf, a favourite haunt, a shelter
Howk, to dig
Howp, hope, to hope
Huggers, coarse stockings without feet
Hund, a hound
Hunder, Hunner, a hundred
Huther, Hudder, to work confusedly
Hutherin', in confused haste
Hyte, Hite, mad, enraged, excessively keen
Hyvie, rich, in comfortable circumstances

J

- I'**, in
Jad', Jaud, a jade, to jade
Jaumph, to travel with exertion as if on bad roads
Jaw, a wave or dash of water
Jee, to incline, or move to one side
Jiffin, Jiffie, an instant
Jimp, scrimp, slender
Ilk, each, same
Ilka, every
Ill willy, ill willed, spiteful, malicious
Ingle, a chimney fire
Jo, a sweetheart
I'se, I shall
Isna, Isnae, is not

Ither, other
 It's, it is, 'tis
 Junt, a large piece, generally of
 butcher meat
 Jute, sour or dead liquor
 Jute, cant name for bad whisky
 Jute, jade
 T've, I have

K

KAI'BER, a rafter
 Kail, coleworts, also a soup
 much used in Scotland
 Kain, part of a farm rent, paid
 in fowls
 Kame, a comb
 Kebbuck, a cheese
 Keckle, to cackle, to laugh, to
 be noisy
 Kedgie, fond, happy--see Caigie
 Keek, to peep, a peep
 Kee kin' glass, a mirror
 Keel, red or black chalk
 Ken; to know
 Kenna, know not
 Kennin', knowing, an increase
 in quantity or bulk, which is
 perceivable
 Kensna, knows not
 Kilt, a filibeg
 Kiltit, tucked, dressed with the
 filibeg
 Kimmer, a female gossip, a term
 of contempt for a woman
 Kin, kindred
 Kin', kind, friendly
 Kin-kind, sort, kind
 Kintry, Kintra, country
 Kipple, a couple
 Kipple, to couple, to fasten to-
 gether
 Kirk, a church

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Kirn, the harvest supper
 Kirn, to churn, a churn
 Kirstal, chrystal
 Kist, a chest, a coffin
 Kitchin, any meat to be eaten
 along with bread or potatoes
 Kith, acquaintance
 Kitt, a number--the *hail kitt*,
 the whole number
 Kittle, to tickle
 Kittly, Kittle, difficult, mysteri-
 ous
 Knabby, wealthy
 Knoof, Knuif, to chat familiarly
 Knowe, a hillock
 Kowe--see Cowe
 Kythe, to appear in one's own
 likeness, to make a discovery
 of one's self

L

LACKANEE ! alas !
 Laddie, *dim.* of lad
 Laigh, low
 Lair, Lear, learning
 Laird, Landlord, Lord of the
 manor
 Laith, loath
 Lallan, lowlandish
 Lammer, Laumer, amber
 Lammie, *dim.* of lamb
 Lan', land
 Land o' the leal, land of the
 faithful, heaven
 Landart, rustic
 Lane, lone, alone--*my lane*, by
 myself
 Lanely, lonely
 Lang, long, to long
 Lapper't, curdled, clotted
 Lassie, girl, *dim.* of lass
 Laun, Lan', land, estate

N

Haul, to haul, must
 Hawk, a cant name for a wh
 Heel, an interjection of sur
 or sorrow: an expres
 fatigue
 Heed, to promise, to
 promised, forebo
 Heeze, to lift up, a
 Heezie, a lift, on, re-
 swing, or or how well I
 wave
 Heigh, high an
 Hempy, a tr k
 for whor
 Herd, to t tament
 Hersel', a
 He's, h rightly tune or song
 Het, h play or sing cheerfully
 Hetter, a strumpet
 or, to frisk along—*Linkin'*,
 taking
 Hea, a waterfall between two
 Ferags
 jant, flax
 Loan, an open place near a farm
 or village, where the cows are
 usually milked
 Loch, a lake
 Loo, to love
 Luggie, a small wooden dish with
 a handle
 Lunnon, London
 Luve, Luive, love, to love
 Lyart, grey haired, hoary

M

Macksna, matters not
 Mae, more, moe
 Mailin, a farm
 Mair, more

most, almost
 , master, over-match
 to nibble, to mop, to
 eak querulously, to eat as
 a person who has no teeth
 Man, to effect, to accomplish by
 much exertion
 Mane, moan, lamentation
 'Mang, among
 Map, to nibble as a sheep
 Mark, an old silver coin, in va-
 lue $13\frac{1}{4}$ sterling
 Maun, must
 Maunna, must not
 Maut, Ma't, malt
 Meere, a mare—*dim.* meerie
 Meikle, much, great
 Meitith, a meal of meat
 Men', to mend, to amend
 Mense, discretion, good manners
 Milkness, milk, the milk depart-
 ment
 Mistaen, mistaken
 Mither, mother
 Mony, many
 Mool, the earth of a grave, mould
 Moorlan', of or belonging to
 moors
 Mou, the mouth
 Muckle, much, great, tall
 Mummle, to mumble
 Musie, *dim.* of Muse
 Mutch, a coif, a woman's cap
 Mysel', myself, by myself

N

Na, no, not, nor, than
 Nae, no, not
 Naething, Naithing, nothing
 Nain, owu—*my nain*, mine own
 Naither, neither

Naitherans, Naithers, used as
neither, e. g. *I dinna like it
naitherans*, I do not like it
neither

Nane, none

Nappie, *dim.* of nap

Nappy, strong ale

Needna, need not

Negleckit, neglected

Neibor, Neighbour, neighbour

Neuk, nook, corner

New'rday, new year's day

Nibbit, two pieces of oatmeal
cake spread with butter, and
laid face to face

Nicht, night

Niest, next

Nignyes, gewgaws, trifles

Nither, to straiten for room, to
shrivel

Nither't, straitened, hungered,
shrivelled

No, not

Nocht, nought

Nor, than

Norlan', of, or belonging to the
North

Northart, North, Northward

Now-a-days, now, in these days

Nowther, neither

O

O', of, on

Ocht, aught, any thing

Ony, Onie, any

Or, ere, else, rather than

Ou, wool

Out-owr, out-over, beyond

Owr, Owre, over

Owther, either

P

PADDOCK ride, the spawn of
frogs

Pang, to fill, to cramming

Parritch, a well known food in
Scotland

Pat, a pot

Pat, did put

Patron, a pattern

Peil, equal, match to match

Pensefu', proud, conceited

Pettle, the plough staff

Pettles, feet

Phraise, Fraize, to flatter

Pine, pain, trouble

Pingle, trouble, to strive

Pints, ties for fastening the
shoes

Pit, to put

Plew, a plough, to plough

Pose, a hoard

Pou, Pu', to pull

Pouther, powder

Pow, the head

Pownie, a pony

Preen, a pin

Prent, print

Prickit, set, stuck

Pree, to taste

Proove, to prove

Propine, a gift

Purpie, purple

Q

QUAITE, quiet

Quat, to quit

R

RAE, a roe

Raip, a rope

Rair, roar
Rantin', merry, noisy
Ratton, Ratten, a rat
Rauky, Rouky, foggy
Raw, a row
Rax, to stretch
Reamin', foaming
Reck, to care
Reck'dna, cared not
Reckless, careless
Redd, to counsel, to caution
 against
Reek, smoke
Restricket, restricted
Rife, plenty
Rig, a ridge
Riggin, the ridge of a house
Rin, to run
Ripe, to search
Roustie, rusty
Row, to roll
Rowin', rolling
Ruse, to praise, to flatter

S

SABBIT, sobbed
Saebeins, since it is so, provid-
 ed that
Saft, soft
Saint, to consecrate
Saip, soap
Saipman, a soap-maker
Sair, sore
Sair, to serve
Sairy, poor, silly
Sal, Sall, shall
Sang, song, did sing
Sark, a shirt
Sauf, to save, except, safe
Saugh, a willow
Saul, soul
Saur, to savour, to smell

Saur, to soar
Saut, salt
Scail, to scatter, to shed—see
 Skail
Scaith, Skaith, harm
Scaud, the appearance of day-
 light
Scaum, a burn
Scug, Scog, to shun, a shelter
Seenle, seldom
Seggan, the flower-de-luce
Sel', self
Servan, a servant
Set, to become
Set out, to embellish, to set off
 by ornament
Shan, pitiful, silly
Shaw, to shew
Shawe, a wood, a forest
Shawl, shallow
Shent, blamed, confounded
Shool, a shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to threaten
Shouter, shoulder
Skiff, to go with a light, shoving
 step
Sic, Sicken, such
Siller, silver, money
Simmer, summer
Sin', since
Sin, the sun
Sing't, singed
Sinsyne, since that time
Skail, to scatter, to spill, to shed
Skeenie, small twine
Skeigh, spirited, proud
Skelf, a shelf
Skep in, to get in to acquaint-
 ance with
Skep, a bee-hive
Skinkle, to glance

h, cant name for whisky	Stack, a rick of hay, &c.
i sloe	Stang, a sting
slow	Stap, to step, a step
sly	Stauf, a staff
smooth	Staumer, to stammer, to stagger
slight	Staun, to stand
small	Staw, Staw'd, did steal
t, smoke	Stech, to cram
; Smore, to smother	Stecht, crammed
, to toy amourosly, to	Steeve, firm
prace, as if smuggling en-	Stend, to spring as in leaping
nent	Stichlin', emitting a sound like
a professional epithet used	that of snoring
a shoemaker	Stoure, dry dust
snow, to snow	Stown, stolen
to bolt, to catch, to cut off,	Stownlins, by stealth
orce to abandon	Stowp, a liquid measure
, a ribbon for binding the	Strae, a straw
r	Strappin', tall and alert
, luck	Straught, straight
, lucky, jolly	Strave, did strive
truth	Streek, to stretch
s, sucking	Sumph, a blockhead
should	Sune, soon
to sweep	Swarf, to swoon
r, a shoemaker	Swat, did sweat
y, cheerful, smiling	Sweert, unwilling
e, to move quickly and	Swith, instantly, get away
oothly	Swither, to hesitate whether to
et, having the spavin	do this or that
, to ask	Swither, a hesitation
gs, tints, shades of colour,	Synde, to clear wash, to rinse
pes	Syne, after that, then
s, a cheerful tune	
e, a brag, to boast, to cut	T
ash	Tack, to take
l, a party	Tae, toe
ter, to dash through water	Tak, to take—see Tack
a duck when it flies half	Tandle, a bonfire
merged	Tane, Taen, taken
el, to squall, to shriek	Tangles, icicles

Tap, top	
Tauk, Ta'k, talk	
Tauld, told, did tell	
Taupie, a foolish or childish young woman	
Taury-haun'd, addicted to pilfering	
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled	
Tentless, heedless	
Tengh, tough	
Thack, thatch	
Thae, those	
Thankit, thanked	
Thegither, together	
Theirsel', themselves	
Thocht, did think, a thought	
Thole, to endure	
Thow, to thaw, a thaw	
Thrang, throng, a throng	
Thrapple, the windpipe	
Thrashes, rushes	
Thrawart, cross-tempered	
Thrawn, obstinate	
Throu'ther, confused, distempered	
Tid, humour	
Till, to	
Till't, to it	
Timmer, timber	
Tine, to lose	
Tint, lost	
Tir, to uncover	
Todlin, rocking, wimpling	
Trig, neat, handsome	
Trowth, truth	
Twa, two	
'Twad, 'twould	
Twall, twelve	
Tweesh, betwixt	
Twin, to bereave, to part with	
Tylie, Taillie, a slice, as of beef, &c.	
	U
	UCCSOME, loathsome
	Unco, strange, very
	Unken'd, unknown
	Upo', upon
	Usquebae, whisky
	V
	VERA, very
	W
	WAD, would
	Wadna, would not
	Wae, woe
	Waefu', waeful
	Wair, to spend
	Walth, wealth
	Wandocht, weak, silly
	Wanruly, unruly
	War, were
	Wark, work
	Warl, world
	Warna, were not
	Warth—see Wraith
	Wat, wot
	Watna, wot not
	Wean, a child
	Wee, little
	Weel, well
	Weet, wet
	We'sc, we shall
	Westlin, western
	Wha, who
	Wham, whom
	Whan, when
	Whaug, a lunch
	Whar, where
	Whase, whose
	Whatreck, nevertheless
	When, a number
	Whigualeeries, whims, fancies

to spend a portion of	Woun, woollen
sometimes	Wow! surprising!
which	Wraith, an apparition
! hush!	Wreath (of snow) a heap-col- lected by the wind
ane, whinstone	Wuddy, a rope, the gallows
t, turned upside down	Wure, did wear
e, agreeable	
w, a bugbear	
wish, a wish	Y
yte, blame	YAIRD, a kitchen garden
hins, cross or backward	Yap, hungry
n	Yellochin, squalling
, wonder	Yestreen, yesternight
worthy	Yird, earth, to bury

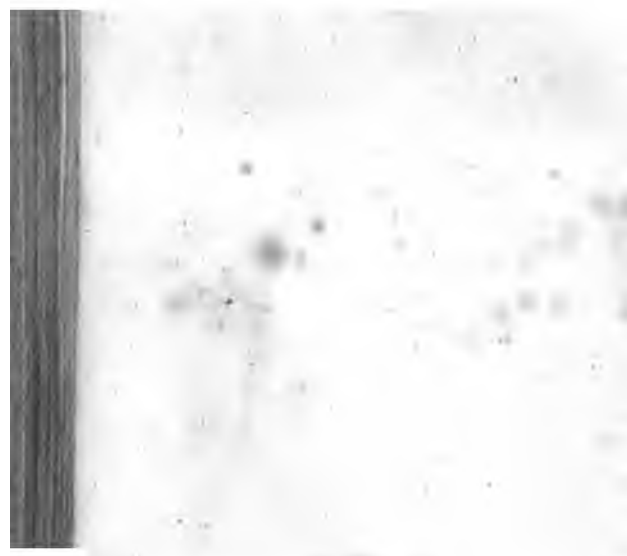
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gross pay =
glutton

