Robert Burns's Poems.

T.Y. Crowell & Co.
New York
SELECTED POEMS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH AND NOTES

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Robert Burns was born January 25, 1759.

His father, William Burns, or Burness, was of the North of Scotland where, at Kincardineshire, his ancestors for many generations had been farmers. He was "thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large," says the poet in his biographical letter to Dr. Moore, "where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom. I have met with few who understood men, their manners and their ways, equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently, I was born a very poor man's son."

After several years' residence near Edinburgh, he took seven acres of land in Doonside with the intention of becoming a nurseryman, but was engaged as gardener and overseer to Mr. Ferguson of Doonholm. He retained the land, and on one spot of it built a clay "biggin" or cottage, divided into a kitchen with a recess for a bed, and a "spence" or sitting-room with a fireplace and chimney. Gilbert Burns remarked, long afterwards, that when it was altogether cast over inside and outside with lime it had "a neat and comfortable appearance." Here
he brought his bride, Agnes Brown, the daughter of a Carrick farmer.

Robert was their first-born. When he was seven years old his father became tenant of a small farm belonging to Mr. Ferguson, at Mount Oliphant, not far from the mouth of "Bonnie Doon." The land was poor; and after the death of their "generous master" they "fell into the hands of a factor," who, says Burns, sat for the picture that he drew of one in his tale of "Twa Dogs."

Still more trying was their life at Tarbolton on the Ayr, where they took a larger farm in 1777. At first they lived comfortably; but a difference as to terms arose, and "after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation," the suit was decided in favor of the landlord, and William Burness, whose health and spirit were entirely broken, died in February, 1784, "just saved from the horrors of a jail."

Robert began to go to school when he was six years old. Afterwards Mr. John Murdoch became his teacher. In his recollections Murdoch says that Robert and Gilbert were generally near the head of their classes, "even when ranged with boys by far their seniors." He says that they committed to memory the hymns and other poems of Masson's collection with uncommon facility; but strangely enough the two boys were behind all the others in music. "Robert's ear," says Murdoch, "was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another;" and, in conclusion, he declares, that "certainly if any person who knew the two boys had been asked which of them was the most likely to court the Muses, he would surely never have guessed that Robert had a propensity of that kind."

"Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings,"
says Burns, "I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days, too, I owe much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry. . . . The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a hymn of Addison's beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!,'

He says that the first books that he read in private were "The Life of Hannibal," lent to him by Mr. Murdoch, and the "History of Sir William Wallace," which he procured from a neighboring blacksmith; and declares that Hannibal gave his young ideas such a turn, that he used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wish himself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into his veins which would boil along there till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

The collection of songs, he says, was his *vade mecum*: "I pored over them driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse: carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime, from affectation and fustian. I am convinced," he adds, "I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

After Mr. Murdoch, who was, unfortunately, addicted to the use of ardent spirits, left Mr. Oliphant he sometimes came back to make visits, and on one occasion read Shakspere's "Titus Andronicus;" and it is said that "Robert's pure taste rose in a passionate revolt against its coarse cruelties and unspiritual horrors." Murdoch also helped him to a small knowledge of French. But when a lady once asked him if he had studied Latin, he replied:

"All I know of Latin is contained in three words, *omnia vincit Amor!*"

After the removal of the family to Lochlea he received from his father yearly wages of seven pounds sterling. In order to give his manners a brush, as he expresses it, he at that time began to go to a country dancing-school. His father had "an unaccountable antipathy against such meetings;" and indeed he had reason to tremble for his son. On his death-bed, when Robert was present alone with him and his sister, Mrs. Begg, he confessed that there was one of his family for whose future he feared. Robert asked: "Oh father, is it me you mean?" and when the old man said it was, Robert turned to the window and burst into tears.

Burns had already been initiated into the delirious society of love and had "committed the sin of rhyme." When he was about sixteen his partner in the harvesting was Miss Nellie Kilpatrick, known as "Handsome Nell," a girl a year younger than himself. "Among her
other love-inspiring qualities, she sang sweetly, and it was to her favorite reel" that he first attempted to fit words. It was the song beginning:

"O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal lal de ral, etc."

His own criticism upon it in his Commonplace Book is interesting and curious. After taking it up stanza by stanza he adds: "I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion; and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance."

The dancing-school offered further opportunities in what the Scotch call sweet-hearting. Burns, who saw no way to rise above his surroundings and yet had a vast ambition, became discouraged and simply drifted with the tide. He says of this period:

"My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and, as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favor, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reap-hook, I feared no competitor, and thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labors than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in the way after my own heart."

All this was a dangerous but powerful training for the profession of minnesinger.

When he was eighteen years of age, he studied men-
uration, surveying, drilling, and kindred branches of practical knowledge, under the parish schoolmaster of Kirkoswald in the district of Karrick, where he spent some time, probably with his mother's relatives.

The schoolmaster, whose name was Rodger, was "skilled in mathematics," but possessed "a narrow understanding and little general knowledge." He discovered that Burns and a youth called "Willie" were in the habit of holding "disputations or arguments on speculative questions." This seemed to him absurd; and one day, when the whole school was assembled, he went up to the two young men and began very sarcastically to twit them on their debates. The other scholars who had been invited to join in these intellectual disputes, but who preferred ball or shinty, burst into uproarious laughter at the teacher's wit.

"Willie" replied that he was sorry to find that Robert and he had given offence; that it was unintentional; indeed, they supposed he would be pleased to know of their attempts to improve their minds. Rodger asked what they disputed about, and "Willie" replied that their question that day had been whether a great general or a respectable merchant were the most valuable member of society. The master, laughing contemptuously at the "silliness" of such a question, said there could be no doubt about it, and was drawn into an argument by Burns, who easily got the better of him. Failing to regain his superiority Rodger fell into such a "pitiable state of vexation" that he had to dismiss the school.

But it was not altogether mental improvement that he found at this "noted school." That wild coast was the resort of smugglers. He made good progress in his mathematics, but he says he made greater progress in the
knowledge of mankind: "The contraband trade was at that time very successful, and it sometimes happened to me to fall in with those who carried it on. Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me; but I was no enemy to social life. Here, though I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble, yet I went on with a high hand with my geometry till the sun entered Virgo, a month which is always a carnival in my bosom; when a charming fillette, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the spheres of my studies."

The image of that "modest and innocent girl" eventually prevented any more attempts to measure the sun's altitude. Study was useless. But "the ebullition of that passion" was only a song, one of his most beautiful, beginning "Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns."

On his return to Tarbolton he still further indulged his love of discussion by joining with his brother Gilbert and five other young men in establishing a debating society, where the young people set for themselves such questions as this: "Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any fortune, has it in his power to marry either of two women: the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, but who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them, a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation, and behavior, but without any fortune: which of them shall he choose?"

At Tarbolton also, while still under his father's roof, Burns wrote several of his finest and sweetest songs:
"Behind yon hill, where Lugar flows,
Mang moors an' mosses many O!
The wintry Sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll awa' to Nannie O."

and

"It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:"

and more than one in praise of the Tarbolton lasses:

"There's few sae bonnie, nane sae gude,
In a' King George' dominion."

While still at Tarbolton, Burns was induced by his friend, John Rankine, to join St. Mary's Lodge of Freemasons; and he became like Mozart, and about the same time, an enthusiastic member of the order.

When he was about twenty-three years old, he conceived the idea of going into the flax business; so he went to live with a flax-dresser named Peacock, a relative of his mother's, in the neighboring town of Irvine.

Among his acquaintances at Irvine, which was a small seaport town, were also smugglers, whose influence upon him was not good; and his chief friend was a young fellow whom he called "a very noble character but a hapless son of misfortune." This "noble fellow," whose mind "was fraught with independence, magnanimity, and every manly virtue," was the only man, Burns confesses, who was a greater fool than himself where woman was the presiding star. "He spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor, which hitherto I had regarded with horror. Here his friendship did me a mischief; and the consequence was
that soon after I resumed the plough, I wrote the 'Poet's Welcome.'"

The illegitimate daughter thus welcomed bore a striking resemblance to Burns. She married Mr. John Bishop of Polkemmet, and died in 1817. It is proper to add that the poet was afterwards "stung by a manly sorrow" at the tone in which this poem to his shame was written.

Doubtless his recklessness was partly due to the fact that he had just been disappointed in his hopes of marrying Miss Ellison Begbie, "an amiable, intelligent, but not particularly handsome girl," in the service of a family on the banks of the Cessnock. To her he wrote the song:

"On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
Could I describe her shape and mien;"
Our lasses a' she far excels,
An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een.

He was deeply in love with her, but her affections were given to another.

He was at this time suffering from a nervous disorder, and his constitutional hypochondria, inherited from his father, was intensified by the depressing effects of dissipation. His gloomy state of mind may be seen in certain passages of a letter written to his father two days after Christmas, 1781 or 1782.

"Honored Sir,

"My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder, and on the whole I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation
in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are a little lightened, I glimpse a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains, and uneasinesses, and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it, and if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it. . . . As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing, to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. . . .”

Three days later, while he and some of his friends “were giving a welcome carousal to the new year,” the shop was set on fire and totally destroyed, so that he “was left like a true poet, not worth a sixpence.” He attributed it to “the drunken carelessness” of his partner’s wife. His partner he called “a scoundrel of the first water, who made money by the mystery of thieving!”

A year or two afterwards, in March, 1784, he wrote in his “Commonplace Book:”

“There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broke by repeated losses and disasters, which threat-
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ened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow-trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed the "Prayer: Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish," which begins:

"O Thou great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below."

But at last the cloud passed, as is shown by the cheerfulness of his extempore lines which are referred to the following April:

"O why the deuce should I repine,
And be an ill foreboder?
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
I held it weel thegither;
But now it's gane and something mair,
I'll go and be a sodger."

After his return to Lochlea, he and his brother Gilbert hired a farm of one hundred and nineteen acres at Moss-giel, near the village of Mauchline, at an annual rental of ninety pounds. Three months later their father died, leaving his affairs in utter ruin. "His all," says Burns, "went among the hell hounds that growl in the kennel of justice."
As his sons and two married daughters ranked as creditors for arrears of wages, they saved a little money from the wreck, and the whole family moved to Mossgiel in March, 1784. Gilbert Burns bears witness to his brother's steadiness and industry during their joint partnership, but, after all, the drudgery of farming was irksome to a poet: it was Pegasus harnessed to a plough.

He expresses his feelings in a rhymed epistle to his friend David Sillar, "a brother poet, lover, ploughman, and fiddler:"

"While winds frae aff Ben-Lomond blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
    And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
    In hamely, westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
    Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift,
    That live sae bien and snug:
    I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
    But hanker and canker,
To see their cursèd pride.

It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiel's are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant.

It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon' on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle, mair:
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest:

If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

But tent me, Davie, ace o' hearts!
(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover an' the frien';
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame!"

The "darling Jean," celebrated in his "Epistle to Davie," and in many another poem, was Jean Armour, a "comely country lass," whom he met at a penny wedding at Mauchline. They chanced to be dancing in the same quadrille when the poet's dog sprang to his master and
almost upset some of the dancers. Burns remarked that he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.

Some days afterward, Jean, seeing him pass as she was bleaching clothes on the village green, called to him and asked him if he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did.

That was the beginning of an acquaintance that colored all of Burns's life.

In the spring of 1786 he learned that she was about to become a mother.

In Scotland at that time a license and a ceremony were not required in order to legalize a marriage. Burns, who was inclined to be honorable, gave Jean a written acknowledgment of marriage—a sufficient reparation in the eyes of the law.

But the master-mason, her father, compelled her to destroy the paper and to have nothing more to do with Burns, who was then in the straits of poverty owing to a succession of bad crops, and who was with some reason looked upon by the pious inhabitants of that parish as little better than a Pariah.

This was in April. It was under the gloom of this bitter trouble that Burns wrote his "Lament occasioned by the Unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour:"

"O thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream."
The friend was of course his best friend and worst enemy—himself.

Burns was really very fond of his "Bonnie Jean," and he wrote that tho' he had not a hope or a wish to make her his after her conduct, yet when he was told that "the names were out" of the informal marriage contract, "his heart died within him and his veins were cut with the news."

Emerson says: Nature's darlings, the great, the strong, the beautiful, are not children of our law; do not come out of the Sunday school, nor weigh their food, nor punctually keep the commandments.

So much the worse for them.

The destruction of the paper did not, of course, absolve Burns, but he determined to leave Scotland forever. He entered into negotiations with Dr. John Hamilton with the view of going out to Jamaica as book-keeper on a plantation there.

While this matter was pending, and while he was still sore at the treatment which he had received from the Armours, Mary Campbell, known to Fame as "Hieland Mary," "a most sprightly, blue-eyed creature of great modesty and self-respect," who had been in the service of his friend and landlord, Gavin Hamilton, showed so much sympathy with him, that Burns, considering himself free, offered to make her his wife. And she agreed to go with him to Jamaica. She left Mauchline and started on foot for Campbelltown in the Highlands, where her father was a sailor.

Burns accompanied her. It was the second Sunday in May, 1786. They reached "a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr,"—now a railway runs within a few yards of it,—and there the parting took place. According
to tradition, they stood on opposite sides of a slow-running brook and, dipping their hands into the pure water, swore solemn vows to be true and one till death.

At the Burns monument at Ayr are preserved the Bibles which they exchanged. Mary's gift to Burns, is a small plain one; his to her, a dainty edition in two volumes. In one of them the poet wrote the Scripture verse:

*Ye shall not swear by my name falsely; I am the Lord* (Levit. xix. 12).

And in the other:

*Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths* (Matt. v. 33).

The poem "To Mary" is referred by Burns to this time when he was "thinking of going to the West Indies:"

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
And leave auld Scotia's shore?  
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,  
Across the Atlantic's roar?"

Nothing more was said about Mary Campbell going to Jamaica with him. Indeed, he never saw her again. After making her visit at Campbelltown, she started for Glasgow to take the prosaic place of a servant; but stopping at Greenock to care for a sick brother, she caught the fever and died.

There is nothing in Burns's behavior or his letters to indicate that this poetic ending of a miserable story was regarded as anything but a relief. When he heard the news his face changed and he left the house; but he said nothing about it, and only his immortal poem "To Mary in Heaven," written years afterwards, shows that it made an impression upon him.
On the contrary, it was probably only a hasty episode conducted partly under the influence of pique; and so he continued his preparations for his journey, and wrote his rhymes, and conceived the idea of publishing them.

In the following June, 1786, he wrote to Mr. David Brice, a shoemaker of Glasgow, a full account of his trouble. He said:

"Poor, ill-advised, ungrateful Armour came home on Friday last. You have heard all the particulars of that affair, and a black affair it is. What she thinks of her conduct now, I don't know; one thing I do know—she has made me completely miserable. Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her: and to confess a truth between you and me, I do still love her to distraction after all, though I won't tell her so if I were to see her, which I don't want to do. My poor, dear, unfortunate Jean! how happy have I been in thy arms! It is not the losing her that makes me so unhappy, but for her sake I feel most severely: I foresee she is in the road to, I am afraid, eternal ruin.

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

"You will have heard that I am going to commence poet
in print; and to-morrow my works go to the press. I
expect it will be a volume of about two hundred pages—it is just the last foolish action I intend to do; and then
turn a wise man as fast as possible.''

It was only after considerable hesitation that he had deter-
mined to venture into print with a volume of poems. Thus
he expressed his doubts in a poetic epistle to his crony, Mr.
James Smith, a shopkeeper in Mauchline:

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

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

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

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

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

He had material enough for a volume. For months he had been pouring forth his most beautiful poems. He had "electrified" his brother Gilbert by repeating to him "The Cotter's Saturday Night" — that splendid apotheosis of humble piety and rural content.

Many of his songs were household words in his neighborhood. He had won unstinted applause and even more unbounded blame by his satiric verses occasioned by a quarrel that was dividing the parish at that day, and into which he entered with all the zeal of his impetuous nature.

The descendants or representatives of the old Covenanters, naturally proud of their distinction, clung to a fierce and unmodified Calvinism. Their clergy and the elders of the Kirk possessed a moral dominion which had become a veritable tyranny, extending from the weightier matters of the law even down to the merest trifles of conduct or opinion.

This party were called "The Auld Lichts."

Opposed to them were the New Lights, or Moderates, who believed that Christians had no right to lay down the
law upon their brethren in matters of faith and practice, and that the "Kirk Session"—that is, the Committee of the Elders—existed simply to assist the minister in knowing his congregation.

The two ministers of Ayr belonged to the New Lights, and one of them, Dr. McGill, had undergone persecution. Burns's kind landlord and friend, Gavin Hamilton, had been absent from church two or three Sundays, and it was discovered, by questioning his servants, that he was remiss in the ordinances of family worship. He had also neglected to pay a small church rate. He was selected as a special victim of the dominant party. Burns, whose father was a Moderate, naturally sympathized with that side.

The armor of the Evangelicals was not arrow-proof. The shafts of ridicule could find joints to pierce; and, worse yet, vital places were not protected. Some of the most violent persecutors of Gavin Hamilton were secretly guilty of unworthy practices, and Burns was alert to seize every chance.

Thus he picked out Mr. William Fisher, one of the Kirk elders of Mauchline and gibbeted him in the dog-grel rhymes—unfortunately not guiltless of vulgarity—entitled "Holy Willie's Prayer:"

"O Thou, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,  
Wha, as it pleases best thysel',  
Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,  
A' for thy glory,  
And no for onie guid or ill  
They've done afore thee!"

The attack was after all not so disreputable as the elder's own career. Burns called him a hypocrite; he
was worse. He afterwards was found guilty of embez-ling church funds; and he died in a ditch into which he fell while "elevated," as they then called being tipsy.

Two Auld Licht divines had quarrelled about their parish boundaries, and Burns satirized them in his "Twa Herds:"

"O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel feed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes?
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
About the dykes?

The twa best herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty summers past,
O dool to tell!
Hae had a bitter black out-cast,
Atween themsel.

Sic twa—O! do I live to see't,
Sic famous twa should disagreeet,
An' names, like 'villain,' 'hypocrite,'
Ilk ither gi'en,
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,
Say, 'neither's liein'!'

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had in many places gradually degenerated into a sort of carousel, where there was much eating and drinking, much gossip and even flirtation. This state of things Burns satirized in his poem entitled "The Holy Fair."
"Upon a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walkèd forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the caller air.
The risin' sun, owre Galston muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintin;
The hares were hirplin down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantin
Fu' sweet that day."

As "lightsomely" the poet glowers abroad "to see a scene so gay," three Hizzies — Fun, Superstition, and Hypocrisy — come "skelpin up the way," bound for "Mauchline Holy Fair;" and Fun, his "crony dear," invites him to accompany them. The sights that he witnesses he then describes with more zest than propriety.

There were more satirical poems of the same sort; and though they had their legitimate effect (as was the case with "The Holy Fair") and worked a needed reform, they brought much obloquy upon Burns himself, who was perfectly reckless so long as he made a point.

It was not hypocrisy in religion alone that he satirized. The village school-master set up a grocery store, and, having a liking for drugs, advertised that "advice would be given in common disorders, at the shop, gratis." He put on great airs of medical knowledge, and Burns one day repeated to his brother Gilbert the terrible lines entitled "Death and Doctor Hornbrook:"

Here the Deil describes the various cases in which

"Hornbrook was by wi' ready art,"
to prevent poor humanity from paying its last debt, and "stop him of his lawfu' prey."

The laughter caused by this satire was so great, that it
actually drove John Wilson, the apothecary and schoolmaster, out of the country.

It seemed to Burns that his local reputation as a poet justified him in risking the venture; so he collected over three hundred subscriptions, and engaged John Wilson, a printer at Kilmarnock, to publish the volume.

While he was busy correcting the proofs, Jean Armour came home. He went to call upon her, "not," so he wrote, "from the least view of reconciliation, but merely to ask for her health . . . and from a foolish, hankering fondness, very ill-placed indeed."

Her mother forbade him the house; and with anger in his heart, he resolved to gain his "certificate as a single man," promised him by the minister, provided he would comply with the rules of the church. On the seventeenth of July he wrote to Mr. David Brice:

"I have already appeared publicly in church, and was indulged in the liberty of standing in my own seat. I do this to get a certificate as a bachelor, which Mr. Auld has promised me. I am now fixed to go for the West Indies in October. Jean and her friends insisted much that she should stand along with me in the kirk, but the minister would not allow it, which bred a great trouble, I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased, for all that, not to have had her company."

In order to drive Burns from the country, Jean's father got out a warrant to arrest him. "Some ill-advised people," he wrote Dr. Moore, "had uncoupled the merciless pack of the law at his heels," and he was skulking about from Carrick to Kyle, and from Kyle to Carrick.

"The ship Nancy, Captain Smith, from Clyde to Jamaica, and to call at Antigua," was to sail toward the
latter part of August. Here was the chance for Burns. He was saying good-by to his friends.

He had passed what he supposed was his last night at the Tarbolton Lodge, where it was afterwards remembered that he "came in a pair of buckskins, out of which he would always pull the other shilling for the other bowl till it was five o'clock in the morning."

The departure was postponed till September, and in September poor Jean "repaid him double." An understanding was reached between the two families as to the nurture of the twins; and still Burns lingered, with "tender yearnings of heart for the little angels to whom he gave existence," and with indefinite hopes that after all he might not be "exiled, abandoned, forlorn."

His poems had succeeded better than he feared. After he had settled with Wilson, he had about twenty pounds to his credit, and was trying to publish a second edition. But Wilson refused to undertake it unless the twenty-seven pounds required for paper were advanced. "This," said Burns, "is out of my power, so farewell hopes of a second edition till I grow richer! an epocha which, I think, will arrive at the payment of the British national debt." And he added in reference to his domestic troubles:

"I have for some time been pining under secret wretchedness, from causes which you pretty well know—the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, with some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the calls of society, or the vagaries of the Muse. Even in the hour of social mirth, my gayety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner. All these reasons urge me to go abroad; and to all these reasons I have only one answer,—the
feelings of a father. This, in the present mood I am in, overbalances everything that can be laid in the scale against it."

The poems were becoming known outside of Ayrshire. Dr. Lawrie of London, near Kilmarnock, sent a copy of the precious volume to Dr. Thomas Blacklock of Edinburgh, the well-known blind poet and preacher, who replied in a most complimentary manner, and wished, "for the sake of the young man, that a second edition, more numerous than the former, could immediately be printed."

Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh had a country residence at Catrine-on-the-Ayr, only a few miles from Mossgiel; and having come into possession of Burns's poems, he invited the young man to dine with him. On this occasion he met Basil William, Lord Daer, the son of the Earl of Selkirk, a youth of twenty-three, and shortly afterwards wrote the poem beginning:

"This wot ye all whom it concerns:
   I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
      October twenty-third,
   A ne'er-to-be forgotten day
   Sae far I sprackled up the brae,
      I dinner'd wi' a Lord!"

Professor Stewart declared that "his manners were simple, manly, and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without anything that indicated forwardness, arrogance, and vanity."

About the same time the Edinburgh Magazine came out with a favorable review of the poems, and Burns was so much encouraged that he determined to go up to Edinburgh and try his fortunes there.

He mounted his pony and reached "Edina, Scotia's dar-
ling seat," on the evening of November 28, 1786. For the first fortnight he suffered "with a miserable headache and stomach complaint," and apparently did little else than

"View that noble, stately dome
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home!"

and make himself familiar with the sights of the historic city.

He found a warm welcome among the literary celebrities of the day,—Professor Stewart, Professor Blair, Mr. Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," and others. Mr. James Dalrymple of Orangefield, near Ayr, gave him an introduction to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Glencairn, through whose influence he was brought before the Caledonian Hunt, a society of the Scottish nobility. In a letter to Gavis Hamilton, dated December 7, he wrote:

"I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan; and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inserted among the wonderful events, in the Poor Robin's and Aberdeen Almanackks, along with the Black Monday, and the battle of Bothwell Bridge. My Lord Glencairn and the Dean of Faculty, Mr. H. Erskine, have taken me under their wing; and by all probability I shall soon be the tenth worthy, and the eighth wise man of the world. Through my Lord's influence it is inserted in the records of the Caledonian Hunt, that they universally, one and all, subscribe for the second edition."

This subscription, amounting to a hundred guineas, insured the success of the volume. Private individuals, also, subscribed liberally, one taking forty-two copies, another forty, another twenty.
As an enthusiastic Freemason, Burns was welcomed to the Kilwinning Lodge of Edinburgh, and was made their Poet Laureate.

There are a number of descriptions of Burns at that time. Professor Josiah Walker described him as strong and well-knit in person, "much superior to what might be expected in a plowman;" his stature rather above middle height, though "from want of setting up" it seemed to be "only of the middle size;" his "large, dark eye," the most striking index of his character; his dress simple, plain, but appropriate; his hair, unpowdered, was tied behind and spread upon his forehead; his manner, absolutely free from affectation; nor did his conversation or behavior betray "that he had been for some months the favorite of all the fashionable circles of a metropolis."

Walter Scott, then a youth of sixteen, met him at the house of Dr. Adam Ferguson, and remembered the "dignified plainness and simplicity of his manners," the "strong expression of strength and shrewdness in all his lineaments," and above all his large and glowing eye, which alone seemed to indicate his "poetical character and temperament."

Only two instances are on record where he allowed himself any breach of etiquette, and they were not serious. Generally he was welcomed as an equal; and if he shone in conversation in the more polished circles, he scintillated in the free and easy life of the taverns and the lodges.

While he was correcting his proofs he was puzzling his head as to what the future had in store for him, and debating whether to go to farming again.

Burns recognized that he was out of place in Edinburgh. There was nothing for him to do; his rustic training had not fitted him for city life; there was no field for
literary work. He was out of his element; like the fabled Antæus, he had need to be in contact with mother earth to find his strength. City pavements offer to such a bard no inspiration. He was weary of adulation; he was too independent to live happily at the table of Patronage.

Dr Lawrie warned him against the dangers of his new life. Burns replied:

"I thank you, Sir, with all my soul for your friendly hints, though I do not need them so much as my friends are apt to imagine. You are dazzled with newspaper accounts and distant reports; but in reality, I have no great temptation to be intoxicated with the cup of prosperity."

The Earl of Buchan advised Burns to make a pilgrimage to the chief battle-fields of Scotland. He replied that he wished for nothing more than a leisurely tour through his native land, "to fire his muse at Scottish story and Scottish scenes," but he declared that Wisdom, "a long-visaged, dry, moral-phantom," whose home was with Prudence, gave him different advice; and he added:

"I must return to my humble station, and woo my rustic muse in my wonted way at the plough-tail."

The same "Utopian thoughts" he expressed to Mrs. Dunlop. "The appellation of a Scottish bard is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which Heaven knows I am unfit enough, to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles; to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers; and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins once the honored abodes of her heroes."
But again the idea of his true station in life comes to him; besides, he had "an aged mother to care for, and some other bosom ties perhaps equally tender."

The volume appeared toward the last of April, 1787. Twenty-eight hundred copies were taken by subscription, and Burns's share of the profits was about five hundred pounds.

This little fortune seemed to justify Burns in undertaking the pilgrimages for which he yearned, before he should settle down to his farming again. On the fifth of May, in company with Mr. Robert Ainslie, he set forth on his "auld, ga'd gleyde o' a meere," for a long ride. They spent the next day, which was Sunday, at Berry Well, with Ainslie's family; at church Miss Ainslie tried to find the text, which was in condemnation of obstinate sinners. Burns seeing it, wrote these lines on a piece of paper and handed them to her:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,  
Nor idle texts pursue:  
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant—  
Not angels such as you!"

At Jedburgh he was presented with the freedom of the town, an honor which he prized much less than the privilege of a walk with Miss Isabella Lindsay, whose "beautiful hazel eyes" bewitched him. They rode up the Tweed and the Ettrick, and spent a night at Selkirk, where afterwards Scott served as Sheriff. Here they found some gentlemen drinking at Veitch's Inn and proposed to join them; but when the landlord said that one spoke rather like a gentleman, but the other was "a drover-looking chap," the gentlemen declined their company, to the lifelong regret of at least one of them. At Selkirk he wrote
the rhymed epistle to his publisher, William Creech, beginning, "Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest."

During the trip Burns, for the first and only time, set foot on English soil. On the eighth of June, after a delightful trip, having "dander'd owre a' the Kintra frae Dumbar to Selcraig, an' fore-gather'd wi' mony a guid fallow an' monie a weel far'd hizzie," he reached his home at Mauchline. He who had left them in disgrace, came back the most distinguished man in Scotland. The money and the fame placed him in a different light. Even old Armour forgot his resentment; and this made Burns angry, as is seen by a letter which he dated June 11, 1787:

"I date this from Mauchline, where I arrived on Friday even last. If anything had been wanting to disgust me completely at Armour's family, their mean, servile compliance would have done it."

In this unsettled state of mind he left Mauchline toward the last of June, and went to the West Highlands, where he apparently found little to please him: "a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which starvingly support as savage inhabitants." At Inverary, where he could find no shelter, he composed these bitter lines:

"Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The Lord their God, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger."
But later he found boon companions and the sort of wild dissipation which for a time caused him to forget his errors. He tells of one occasion when they danced till three in the morning, and how "they ranged round the bowl till the good-fellow hour of six."

The next day they again "pushed the bottle," and finding themselves "not ma fou but gaylie yet," they tried to outgalop a Highlandman who had a tolerably good horse. But the race ended in a bad tumble. "His horse, which had never known the ornaments of iron or leather, zigzagged across before my old spavin'd hunter, whose name is Jenny Geddes, and down came the Highlandman, horse and all, and down came Jenny and my bardiship; so I have got such a skinful of bruises and wounds, that I shall be at least four weeks before I dare venture on my journey to Edinburgh." "I came off," he says in another letter, "with a few cuts and bruises, and a thorough resolution to be a pattern of sobriety for the future."

Unconsciously to himself he had woven a net at Mauchline which was to entangle him. He had renewed his intimacy with Jean Armour. It was while he was at Mossgiel on his return from this escapade, that he wrote his autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore.

In August he returned to Edinburgh, and on the twenty-fifth of the month started with "a truly original but very worthy man, a Mr. Nicol, one of the masters of the high-school in Edinburgh," on a twenty-two days' trip of "near six hundred miles," through the Highlands. On the twenty-sixth he wrote:

"This morning I knelt at the tomb of Sir John the Graham, the gallant friend of the immortal Wallace; and two hours ago I said a fervent prayer for Old Caledonia
over the hole in a blue whinstone, where Robert de Bruce fixed his royal standard on the banks of Bannockburn; and just now, from Stirling Castle, I have seen by the setting sun the glorious prospect of the windings of Forth, through the rich carse of Stirling, and skirting the equally rich carse of Falkirk."

He described his trip not only in various letters, but also in a jotted diary, so that all his steps are known.

At Blair Athole, where he was so cordially welcomed by "honest men and bonnie lasses," he left behind him the poem entitled, "The Humble Petition of Bruar Water." The Earl carried out the idea, and "shaded the banks wi' tow'ring trees and bonnie spreading bushes."

At Stirling he inscribed on the window-pane of a tavern with a recently purchased diamond ring these lines:

"Here Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne,
An idiot race to honor lost,
Who know them best, despise them most."

The minister of Gladmuir attacked him for the treason thus expressed, and Burns replied with another epigram:

"Like Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel,
All others scorn — but damn that ass's heel."

In October, after his return to Edinburgh, he started on another tour, this time with his friend Dr. Adair.

At Clackmannan they visited Mrs. Bruce who had the
helmet and sword of the great chieftain, from whom she inherited it. She conferred knighthood on the two travellers, remarking that she had a better right to give the honor than some people had. At Stirling, Burns, who had been told that his treasonable lines might affect his prospects, broke the pane of glass, and indulged in a still bitterer epigram. Neither was forgotten:

"Rash mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?"

At Harvieston he enjoyed a visit to "the accomplished" Miss Margaret Chalmers, whom he immortalized as Peggy in the two songs entitled "Peggy's charms." He spent two days at Ochtertyre on the Terth, surprising the land with his "flashes of intellectual brightness," and visited Ochtertyre in Strathearn, where he wrote the poem, "On Scaring some Water-fowl in Loch Turit," and the song to Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrove, known as "the Flower of Strathearn:"

"Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben:
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen."

At Dunfermline they visited the ruined abbey, and Abbey Church, and Burns from the pulpit delivered a mock reproof and exhortation to Dr. Adair, mounted on the "cutty stool," or stool of repentance.

Robert Bruce is buried in the churchyard, under two broad flagstones; and Burns, says Dr. Adair, "knelt and
kissed the stone with sacred fervor, and heartily execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish heroes."

On his return to Edinburgh he was still undecided whether to take a farm of Mr. Miller, or enter into partnership with his brother Gilbert, who was, as he said, an excellent farmer and, "besides, an exceedingly prudent, sober man." Creech, the publisher of his poems, was slow in making a settlement; there were rumors of his insolvency, and Burns remained in town, rooming in St. James's Square with Mr. William Cruickshank.

Early in December, at the house of Miss Nimmo, he made the acquaintance of a Mrs. M'Lehose. Her maiden name had been Agnes Craig: she was the daughter of a surgeon, and had been known in Glasgow society as "the pretty Miss Nancy." She was married at the early age of seventeen to James M'Lehose, a law-agent, from whom she separated four years later. Her husband was in Jamaica. She was a poet.

She invited Burns to take tea with her at her lodgings on the evening of Saturday, December 8; but a drunken coachman overset him, bruising his knees so that he could not stir out. Burns wrote a note expressing his chagrin.

Mrs. M'Lehose replied that if she were his sister she would call and see him! She also enclosed some verses.

This was the beginning of a perilous friendship which ran over the sea of passion, though the fair widow had a kedge-anchor to windward in her intensely religious nature.

The correspondence between Sylvander and Clarinda (as they sentimentally called themselves) is famous in the history of literature.

Mrs. M'Lehose long outlived Burns; for thirty or forty years she was said to be in company five-sevenths of the
time. Those who saw her in later life found her a short, plain, snuff-taking little woman. But to the last she worshipped the memory of Burns, and lived in the hope that they should meet in another sphere where "love is not a crime." To her Burns wrote the poem in which he called her "the fair sun of all her sex."

Perhaps, if both of them had been free, Burns might have married "Clarinda, mistress of his soul," as he more than once wrote; but he was even less free than he supposed.

In February, 1788, Burns went for the third time to inspect Mr. Miller's farms at Dalswinton. On his way he stopped at Mossgiel and had an interview with Jean Armour, then wrote in regard to it to his sympathizing Clarinda:

"I, this morning as I came home, called for a certain woman. I am disgusted with her. I cannot endure her. I, while my heart smote me for the profanity, tried to compare her with my Clarinda: 'twas setting the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the cloudless glory of the meridian sun. Here was tasteless insipidity, vulgarity of soul, and mercenary fawning; there, polished good sense, Heaven-born genius, and the most generous, the most delicate, the most tender passion. I have done with her, and she with me."

In regard to the same interview he wrote more frankly to Robert Ainslie:

"I have been through sore tribulation, and under much buffeting of the evil one, since I came to this country. Jean I found banished, like a martyr,—forlorn, destitute, and friendless,—all for the good old cause. I have reconciled her fate; I have reconciled her to her mother; I have taken her a room; I have taken her to my arms;
I have given her a guinea; and I have embraced her till she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But—as I always am on every occasion—I have been prudent and cautious to an astounding degree. I swore her privately and solemnly never to attempt any claim on me as a husband, even though anybody should persuade her she had such a claim, which she had not, neither during my life nor after my death. She did all this like a good girl."

Such conduct requires no comment. It speaks for itself. He returned to Edinburgh in March, and on the fourteenth of the month he wrote to Miss Chalmers that he had completed a bargain for the farm of Ellisland on the banks of the Nith, between five and six miles above Dumfries.

The birth and death of a second pair of twins seems to have changed his opinions in regard to Jean Armour. He made up his mind that "some sacrifices" were necessary for his peace of mind. On the 28th of April he wrote Mr. James Smith, "There is a certain clean-limbed, handsome, bewitching young hussy of your acquaintance, to whom I have lately and privately given a matrimonial title to my corpus." In this letter he first calls Jean Armour Mrs. Burns, though he adds, "'tis only her private designation."

To his uncle Samuel Brown he wrote whimsically: "It would be a vain attempt for me to enumerate the various transactions I have been engaged in since I saw you last; but this know, I engaged in a smuggling trade, and God knows if ever any poor man experienced better returns—two for one; but as freight and delivery have turned out so dear, I am thinking of taking out a license and beginning in fair trade. I have taken a farm on the
borders of the Nith, and, in imitation of the old patriarchs, get men-servants and maid-servants, and flocks and herds, and beget sons and daughters."

In June he wrote to Mrs. Dunlop from Ellisland, telling her how busy he was building his farmhouse, digging foundations, carting stones and lime, and dwelling "a solitary inmate of an old, smoky spence; far from every object I love, or by whom I am beloved; nor any acquaintance older than yesterday, except Jenny Geddes, the old mare I ride on; while uncouth cares and novel plans hourly insult my awkward ignorance and bashful inexperience." In this letter he confirmed her suspicions that he was a husband.

Of his wife he says:

"The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health and spritely cheerfulness, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure; these, I think, in a woman, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page but the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a penny pay wedding."

Less than a month later Burns and his wife appeared before the Kirk Session and publicly "acknowledged their irregular marriage and their sorrow for their irregularity." The Session agreed that they should both be rebuked and "be solemnly engaged to adhere faithfully to one another as man and wife all the days of their life."

While he was building his house and qualifying for his position on the Excise, to which he had been appointed, he left his wife at Mauchline and dwelt alone at Ellisland.
It was in the Honeymoon; and, as Burns says, here he wrote those beautiful songs to his Jean:

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
    I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
    The lassie I lo'e best;"

and

"O were I on Parnassus' hill."

Burns's letters during this time are filled with curious contradictions. He tells Mrs. Dunlop that he might easily fancy a more agreeable companion for his journey of life. He writes Mr. Bengo that his choice was as random as blind-man's buff. He writes Miss Chalmers:

"Shortly after my last return to Ayrshire I married 'My Jean.' This was not in consequence of the attachment of romance, perhaps; but I had a long and much loved fellow-creature's happiness or misery in my determination, and I durst not trifle with so important a deposit. Nor have I any cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disgusted with the multiform curse of boarding-school affectation; and I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the county."

In November he wrote to Dr. Blacklock:

"I am more and more pleased with the step I took respecting 'My Jean.' Two things, from my happy experience, I set down as apophthegms in life,—A wife's head is immaterial compared with her heart; and, 'Virtue's (for wisdom, what poet pretends to it?) ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'"

In December Jean appeared upon the scene, bringing
her household belongings, including a four-post bedstead, a gift from Mrs. Dunlop, and a faithful servant-maid named Elizabeth Smith. He welcomed her with the poem beginning, "I hae a wife o' my ain."

The house was small, but Burns was on the whole content. This was the happiest period of his life. He was comparatively regular in his habits, though his poem of "The Whistle" shows that he occasionally indulged in the intoxicating bowl after the universal custom of the day. He became interested in the local library, for which he ordered "The Spectator," "The Lounger," "Religious Pieces," and other works from Edinburgh; and he still took an interest in theological matters, as is proved by his satirical poem "The Kirk's Alarm," occasioned by an heretical work by Pastor McGill.

The first year at Ellisland was fairly successful. The crops turned out well; Major Dunlop sent him a present of a heifer; Mr. John Tennant forwarded to him a cask of whiskey; he was in frequent correspondence with his friends.

In the summer of 1790 Captain Francis Grose, an English antiquary, visited Scotland and made Burns's acquaintance. To him was indirectly due the tale of "Tam o' Shanter," that famous "masterpiece of Scottish character, Scottish humor, Scottish witchlore, and Scottish imagination." This piece, Burns declared, was "his standard performance in the poetical line."

In this same year Samuel Egerton Brydges, the poet, visited Burns at Ellisland. He wrote:

"At first I was not entirely pleased with his countenance. I thought it had a sort of capricious jealousy, as if he was half inclined to treat me as an intruder. I resolved to bear it, and try if I could humor him. I let
him choose his turn of conversation, but said a word about the friend whose letter I had brought to him. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon of an autumn day. While we were talking, Mrs. Burns, as if accustomed to entertain visitors in this way, brought in a bottle of Scotch whiskey, and set the table. I accepted this hospitality. I could not help observing the curious glance with which he watched me at the entrance of this sequel of homely entertainment. He was satisfied; he filled our glasses.

"'Here's a health to Auld Caledonia.' The fire sparkled in his eye, and mine sympathetically met his. He shook my hands, and we were friends at once. Then he drank 'Erin forever,' and the tear of delight burst from his eye. The fountain of his mind and his heart opened at once, and flowed with abundant force almost till midnight.

"He had amazing acuteness of intellect, as well as glow of sentiment. I do not deny that he said some absurd things and many coarse ones, and that his knowledge was very irregular, and sometimes too presumptuous; and that he did not endure contradiction with sufficient patience. His pride, and perhaps his vanity, was even morbid. I carefully avoided topics in which he could not take an active part. Of literary gossip he knew nothing, and, therefore, I kept aloof from it; in the technical parts of literature, his opinions were crude and unformed; but whenever he spoke of a great writer whom he had read, his taste was generally sound. To a few minor writers he gave more credit than they deserved. His grand beauty was his manly strength and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. He had always a full mind, and all flowed from a genuine spring. I never conversed with a
man who appeared to be more warmly impressed with the beauties of Nature; and visions of female beauty and tenderness seemed to transport him. He did not merely appear to be a poet at casual intervals, but at every moment a poetical enthusiasm seemed to beat in his veins; and he lived all his days the inward, if not the outward, life of a poet."

In order to enable his brother Gilbert to remain at Mossgiel, Burns advanced him one hundred and eighty pounds: the rest of the small fortune made by his poems was gradually sunk in the unsuccessful conduct of the farm.

He had been appointed Exciseman; and his duties, on a salary of fifty pounds a year, "condemned" him, as he expressed it, to "galop" over ten parishes "at least two hundred miles every week, to inspect dirty ponds and yeasty barrels." These absences, and frequent attacks of illness; a lame knee and a broken arm, occasioned by a fall "not from but with" his horse; and "an omnipotent toothache," were not to the advantage of farming. A deranged nervous system, resulting in incessant headache, kept him ill all the following winter.

He determined to relinquish his "curst farm;" and as Mr. Miller was willing to free him from his lease, he gave it up. Toward the last of July, 1791, he sold his crops at an average of a guinea an acre above value. Burns writing it to a friend said:

"But such a scene of drunkenness was hardly ever seen in this country. After the roup was over, about thirty people engaged in a battle, every man for his own hand, and fought it out for three hours. Nor was the scene much better in the house. No fighting indeed, but the folks lying drunk on the floor, and decanting, until both
my dogs got so drunk by attending on them, that they could not stand. You will easily guess how I enjoyed the scene, as I was no farther over than you used to see me.’’

In November he was appointed excise-officer for the district of Dumfries, at a salary of seventy pounds a year, and the hope of being promoted to be supervisor at a salary of two hundred pounds.

He sold off his stock and farming implements, and moved to a small house in the Wee Vennel of Dumfries. The thought of Burns at the plow awakens a pleasurable picture: we remember his poem to the Mountain Daisie, or the Field Mouse. But Burns as a gauger of ardent spirits is pathetic; it connects him too directly with the indecent wit and vulgar lowness of “the Jolly Beggars;” that move was a step toward his ruin.

While Mrs. Burns was visiting in Ayrshire, Burns himself was still lingering at Ellisland, and for no good. The fair niece of the hostess of the Globe Tavern had met his eye. To her he wrote the song, “The Gowden Locks of Anna,” with its impudent, reckless postscript. The price of that song was a soul. When Burns tried to get his brother to take the helpless babe who was born of this intrigue, Mrs. Burns, with characteristic magnanimity, insisted on adopting the little girl, and became very fond of her. She was the image of her father; she made an excellent marriage, and lived till within a few years ago.

Before he settled in Dumfries, Burns visited Edinburgh for the last time, and saw his beloved “Clarinda,” with whom he had kept up an infrequent correspondence. She was about to sail for Jamaica to join her “repentant but worthless husband.” This episode gave rise to the songs: “Aince Mair I hail thee, thou Gloomy December,”
“Behold the Hour, the Boat arrives,” “Ae Fond Kiss and then we sever,” and “My Nannie’s Aw’.” Burns wrote her that whenever he was called upon to give a toast, he regularly proposed, “Mrs. Mac,” or “Clarinda,” though he kept them all in the dark as to whom he meant by it.

Fortunately Mrs. Burns was not a jealous woman; for her husband’s susceptible heart, not “vitrified” as he once feared it was, found constant fuel in Dumfries.

In August, 1792, he wrote Mrs. Dunlop that he was “in love, souse! over head and ears, deep as the most unfathomable abyss of the boundless ocean,” with her neighbor, Miss Lesley Baillie. The young lady, on her way to England with her father and sister, called on him. Burns rode fourteen or fifteen miles with them, and on his way back composed the song:

“Oh saw ye bonnie Lesley  
As she gaed o’er the border:”

a sort of parody on the old ballad:

“My bonnie Lizie Baillie,  
I’ll rowe thee in my plaidie.”

The very next month Mr. George Thomson, clerk to the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland, who was interested in publishing a collection of Scots songs, wrote to enlist Burns in his scheme. Burns replied that he would do so on three conditions: that he should not be hurried (was not his crest a slow-worm supported by two sloths, and his motto “De’il tak’ the Foremost?’”); that he need not be expected to write English verses; and that he should not be paid for them.
Mr. Thomson's work was published in 1801–2; and Burns, in the course of four years, contributed at least a hundred songs! Once five pounds was sent to him, and Burns replied, "I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes!" and he threatened that "any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind" would break off their friendship. He so loved the work that he felt that any talk of money, wages, fee, hire and such like, would be downright "prostitution of soul"!

He seems to have made an effort to cure himself of hard drinking. In December he wrote Mrs. Dunlop:

"As to myself, I am better, though not quite free of my complaint. You must not think, as you seem to insinuate, that in my way of life I want exercise. Of that I have enough; but occasionally hard drinking is the devil to me. Against this I have again and again bent my resolution, and have greatly succeeded. Taverns I have totally abandoned: it is the private parties in the family way, among the hard-drinking gentlemen of this country, that do me the mischief; but even this I have more than half given over."

Dumfries was then, says Chalmers, "a great stage on the road from England to the North of Ireland." Visitors were apt to send for Burns to meet them and drink with them. He had not the will-power to resist. Early one summer morning one of his neighbors just getting to work received a visit from him as he was staggering home from some such debauch. The poet said:

"O George! you are a happy man. You have risen from refreshing sleep and left a kind wife and children, while I am returning a self-condemned wretch to mine!"

Yet he was not neglectful of his duties. In February,
1792, a contraband brig was discovered in Solway Frith. Burns sent for a squad of dragoons, put himself at their head, and was the first to board her. In spite of superior numbers opposed to him, he made himself master of her: the brig was next day sold with all her contents.

While his messenger, a man named Lewars, was gone for the dragoons, Burns composed the poem, "The De'il's Awa'."

"The De'il cam' fiddling thro' the toun,
And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.'

In spite of such zeal he had ruined his chances—slim though they were—of becoming a supervisor. In the preceding December the Board was ordered to inquire into his political conduct; and he wrote a pitiful appeal to Mr. Robert Graham, not so much for himself as in behalf of "the much-loved wife of his bosom and his helpless, prattling little ones," likely to be "turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced." He declared that the attack upon him arose from "the damned dark insinuations of hellish, groundless envy."

Yet there was some ground for suspicion of him. It was known that he looked with favor on the Revolutionary party in France; that he had sent to the French Convention a present of four small cannon, for which he paid three pounds. At a dinner party when the toast to Pitt was proposed, Burns gave "the health of George Washington, a better man." In his cups he indulged in sarcasms and rampant radicalism. Epigrams of his were in circulation. For such a man promotion was out of the question. At one time the good people of Dumfries even refused to recognize him on the street.

At heart he was sound enough. He wrote to Mr.
Graham: "To the British Constitution, on revolution principles, next after my God, I am most devoutly attached;" and when there seemed to be some danger of a French invasion, he published in the *Dumfries Journal* (May 5, 1795) the immensely popular song, "Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?" He also joined the Dumfries volunteers, and wore the uniform of kersey breeches, blue coat, and round hat.

In July, 1793, Burns, in company with Mr. Syme, stamp distributer, made an excursion into Galloway, and, during a thunder storm on the wilds of Kenmure, composed his famous song, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

At Whitsuntide of this year he had moved his family into a larger and better house in the Mill-hole Brae, afterwards named Burns Street. The rent was eight pounds a year.

During all these months he was constantly inspired to compose songs for Mr. Thomson's collection.

Among the fair ladies in whose honor he wrote, was Miss Jean Lorimer, whom he celebrated in a dozen songs under the name of Chloris, because of her light flaxen hair: "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks," is one of the most popular of them. Still another was Mrs. Lucy Oswald, of Ayrshire, on whom he wrote the song beginning:

"'O, wat ye wha's in yon town,

Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,

That e'enin' sun is shining on.'"

Still another was Mrs. Maria Riddell, of Woodley Park, only eighteen and, like Clarinda, a poet. Burns called her "the most amiable of her sex." She and her husband made Burns welcome at their table. On one occa-
sion, when all the men had been drinking (as usual) heavily, Burns went with the rest to the drawing-room, and, entirely forgetting himself, marched up to his hostess and kissed her on the lips. The scene may be imagined! The next morning he wrote her a most abject letter of apology, in which he says:

"If I could in any measure be reinstated in the good opinion of the fair circle whom my conduct last night so much injured, I think it would be an alleviation to my torments. For this reason I trouble you with this letter. To the men of the company I will make no apology. Your husband, who insisted on my drinking more than I chose, has no right to blame me; and the other gentlemen were partakers of my guilt. But to you, Madam, I have much to apologize. Your good opinion I valued as one of the greatest acquisitions I had made on earth, and I was truly a beast to forfeit it."

Captain Riddell never forgave Burns. He died a few months later. Unfortunately, Burns, exasperated at what he considered unfair treatment, wrote several cruel epigrams upon Mrs. Riddell, which he afterwards deeply regretted.

Even such a severe warning had no lasting effect upon him, nor the fact that he saw his health was failing. On December 29, 1795, he wrote Mrs. Dunlop: "Very lately I was a boy; but t'other day I was a young man, and I already begin to feel the rigid fibre and stiffening joints of old age coming fast o'er my frame." Other letters presage his early death.

In the following January he stayed late at the tavern with boon companions, perhaps trying to drown his sorrow at the recent loss of his daughter, his "sweet little girl." On his way home he was overcome with drowsiness, sat down in the snow, and fell asleep. The exposure brought
on an attack of rheumatic fever which kept him in bed all
the rest of the winter, and ended in what he dreaded—
in "flying gout, — a sad business."

Even in June he wrote Mrs. Riddell, who had gradually
restored to him her favor:

"Racked as I am with rheumatisms, I meet every face
with a greeting like that of Balak to Balaam: 'Come,
curse me Jacob; and come, defy me Israel!' So say I:
Come, curse me that east wind; and come, defy me the
north! Would you have me in such circumstances copy you
out a love-song?"

On the fourth of July he was taken to Brow on the
Solway where Mrs. Riddell was staying. She called upon
him and saw that "the stamp of death was imprinted
on his features. He seemed already touching the brink
of eternity."

His first greeting was, "Well, Madam, have you any
commands for the other world?" She wrote these de-
tails to a friend of hers, and told how anxious Burns
seemed about his family, and how concerned about the
care of his literary fame. He wished that such letters
and verses as had been written with unguarded and
improper freedom might be burned in oblivion.

"He lamented," she wrote, "that he had written many
epigrams on persons against whom he entertained no
enmity, and whose characters he should be sorry to
wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he
feared would now, with all their imperfections on their
head, be thrust upon the world."

On the seventh of July he wrote to Mr. Cunningham,
urging him to use his influence that his full salary might
be paid him while he was on the sick-list, — his salary as
Exciseman being reduced, while off duty, to 35£. instead
of 50£.
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Less than a week later he wrote his cousin, Mr. James Burness, appealing for assistance. His cousin immediately sent him ten pounds, and afterwards offered to bring up and educate his son Robert.

Then he put his pride into his pocket, and "implored" Mr. G. Thomson for five pounds, promising, if he recovered, to furnish him with "five pounds' worth of the neatest song genius" he had seen. That morning he wrote his last song:

"Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou wert wont to do?"

On the eighteenth he returned to Dumfries in a small spring cart. When he alighted, he could not stand. He immediately wrote his father-in-law. It was his last letter:

"Do, for Heaven's sake, send Mrs. Armour here immediately. My wife is hourly expecting to be put to bed. Good God! what a situation for her to be in, poor girl, without a friend! I returned from sea-bathing quarters to-day, and my medical friends would almost persuade me that I am better; but I think and feel that my strength is so gone that the disorder will prove fatal to me."

His children were sent to the house of Mr. Lewars. Miss Jessie Lewars, to whom he had written some of his sweetest songs, was sleepless in her attendance upon him.

On the twenty-first he became delirious. His children were allowed to see him for the last time. He died (July 21, 1796), with an execration upon the legal agent whose threats had troubled him.

On the evening of July 25 his remains were taken to
the Town Hall, and the funeral was conducted on the following day. Several regiments of infantry and cavalry assisted in the obsequies, which were solemn and impressive. A long procession marched between rows of military to the sound of the Dead March in Saul. Three volleys were fired over the grave.

During the service Burns's posthumous son, Maxwell, was born—a pathetic incident.

Burns himself predicted that he should be better understood a hundred years later. He had not to wait a hundred years.

Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," in an article in the *Lounger*, early compared him to Shakspere; not in range of genius, but in magnanimity and unaffected character, in vigor and power. Hazlitt, who uses almost precisely the same words, says in addition: "He was as much of a man, not a twentieth part of a poet, as Shakspere. . . . He had an eye to see, a heart to feel—no more. His strength is not greater than his weakness; his virtues were greater than his vices; his virtues belonged to his genius; his vices to his situation, which did not correspond to his genius."

Lord Jeffrey predicted that the name of Burns would endure long after the circumstances that contributed to its notoriety were forgotten.

A writer in the *Universal Magazine* in 1809 said: "He dipt his pencil in the living tints of Nature. . . . Like Shakspere, the current of his inspiration was unchecked by the cold niceties of critical perfection; it flowed impetuously onward, sometimes spreading into magnificence and beauty; sometimes meandering in peaceful murmurs, and sometimes rushing with sublime energy over precipices and rocks, forming the thundering cataracts or the eddying whirlpool."
Mrs. Oliphant declares: "Not even for a second Shakspere could we let go our Burns;" and she adds: "If ever man was anointed and consecrated to a special work in this world, for which all his antecedents, all his training, all his surrounding circumstances, combined to fit him, Robert Burns was that man."

Carlyle called him "a rugged Saxon brother, one of the strongest, noblest men—a Scottish Thor, a true Peasant-Thunder-God."

Almost all men have given equally high tribute to Burns. He is the idol of the Scotch; his poems, next to the Bible, are their consolation and delight.

In the splendor of their richness, Burns's faults are almost forgotten, or are taken as a lesson. They were the faults of his age. Burns left in his own writings the ideal to which he would fain have reached. Let us judge him by that.
THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ., OF AYR.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
   Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
   The short and simple annals of the Poor.

Gray.

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend!
   No mercenary bard his homage pays:
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
   My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
   The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
   What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
   The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
   The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
   This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
   Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
At length his lonely cot appears in view,
   Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
   To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
   His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
   Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
   At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
   A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
   In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
   Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
   An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
   Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
   Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
   Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
Their master's an' their mistress's command,
   The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
   An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
   "An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
   aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
   Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
   To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
   Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
   While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worth-
less rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
   A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
   The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
   But blate and laithfu', scarce can well behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
   What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the
   lave.
O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare —
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth'.
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood;
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell.
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 't was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.
The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
'His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare rage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.
Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
  How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
  Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
  The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
  Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab’lon’s doom pronounc’d by
  Heaven’s command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven’s Eternal King,
  The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
  That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
  No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator’s praise,
  In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar’d with this, how poor Religion’s pride,
  In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
  Devotion’s ev’ry grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens’d, the pageant will desert,
  The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
  May hear, well pleas’d, the language of the soul;
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.
Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
   The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
   And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
   And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
   For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
   That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
   "An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
   The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
   Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
   For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
   Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
   From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
   A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
TAM O' SHANTER.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
   That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
   Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
   His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
   But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

*Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full in this Buke.*

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When Chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, 
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, 
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum, 
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October, 
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller, 
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday, 
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, 
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night, 
Tam had got planted unco right; 
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, 
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, 
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; 
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; 
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy:
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm. —
Nae man can tether time or tide; —
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
While holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
While crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
While glowing round wi' prudent cares,
Lest boggles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. —

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. —
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll:
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. —

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil! —
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae the rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strapping in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannel,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdles,
For ae blink o' the bonny burdies!

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

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud:
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin clauth her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

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THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

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

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

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

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

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

Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
An' there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CAESAR.

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

Our Laird gets in his rack'd rents,
His coals, his kain, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonny, silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

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

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they’re fash’t eneugh:
A cotter howkin in a sheugh,
Wi’ dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o’ wee duddie weans,
An’ nought but his han’ darg, to keep
Them right an’ tight in thack an’ rape.

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

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye’re negleckit,
How huff’d, an’ cuff’d, an’ disrespeckit!
Lord, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an’ sic cattle,
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

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

LUATH.

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

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

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

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

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's Care, upo' the earth.
That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes ranting thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

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

CAESAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais taks a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn bon ton an' see the worl'.
THE TWA DOGS.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he taks the rout,
To thrum guitars, an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Whore-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech, man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate?
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last?
O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breaking o' their timmer,
Or speaking lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.
CAESAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy:
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party-matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' whoring,
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
Pore ower the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exceptions, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

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

THE BRIGS OF AYR.

A POEM.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill.
Shall he, nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field;
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labor hard the panegyrick close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potatoe-bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thund’ring guns are heard on ev’ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather’d field-mates, bound by Nature’s tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man’s savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow’r in field or meadow rings;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the Robin’s whistling glee,
Proud o’ the height o’ some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season; when a simple Bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity’s reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspir’d, or haply prest wi’ care,
He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
And down by Simpson’s wheel’d the left about:
(Whether impell’d by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander’d out he knew not where nor why:)
The drowsy Dungeon clock had number’d two,
And Wallace Tow’r had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth, wi’ sullen-sounding roar,
Through the still night dash’d hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush’d as Nature’s closed e’e;
The silent moon shone high o’er tow’r and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, owre the glittering stream.—
When, lo! on either hand the list'ning Bard,
The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.

(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
Yet, toughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon' on, frae ane Adams got;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls an' whirligigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;
It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een: —

AULD BRIG.

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

NEW BRIG.

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

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a Brig, when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
O' stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
Arous'd by blust'ring winds an' spotting thowes;
In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key,
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't;
The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threat'ning jut, like precipices:
O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
The craz'd creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the second dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealins,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners!
Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town;
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurties to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three-parts made by Tailors and by Barbers,
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on damn'd new
Brigs and Harbors!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through:
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:
But, under favor o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd:
To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
To mouth "a Citizen," a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seisins.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shor'd them wi' a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
O had M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with High-
land rage,
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd,
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,
A venerable Chief, advanc'd in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,
And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By Hospitality with cloudless brow;
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair:
Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken, iron instruments of death:
At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.
ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONORS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, Heav'nly Light.

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

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

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz’lly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
   Wi’ toddlin din,
Or foaming strang, wi’ hasty stens,
   Frae lin to lin.

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

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

Mourn, ye wee songsters o’ the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro’ a clud;
   Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring pastrick brood;
   He’s gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi’ airy wheels
   Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
   Rair for his sake.
Mourn, clam’ring craiks at close o’ day,
’Mang fields o’ flow’ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warld’s, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

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

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow’ry tresses shear,
For him that’s dead!

Thou, autumn, wi’ thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro’ the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o’er the naked world declare
The worth we’ve lost!
Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
    My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
    Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crosst that unknown river,
    Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
    The world around?

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
    Thou man of worth!
And weep thee ae best fellow's fate
    E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
    And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
    For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
    Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
    For Matthew was a poor man.
If thou a noble sodger art,
    That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
    For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
    Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
    For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
    Wad life itself resign, man;
The sympathetic tear maun fa',
    For Matthew was a kind man.

If thou art staunch without a stain,
    Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
    For Matthew was a true man.

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

If only whiggish whingin sot,
    To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
    For Matthew was a rare man.
THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.

The sun had clos'd the winter day,
The Curlers quat their roarin play,
An' hunger'd Maukin taen her way
   To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
   Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had clos'd his e'e,
   Far i' the west,
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie,
   I gaed to rest.

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

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

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

I started, mutt'ring, blockhead! coof!
And heav'd on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
   Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme proof
   Till my last breath —

When click! the string the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
   Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
   Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
   In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
   And steppèd ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows,
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
   By that same token;
And come to stop these reckless vows,
   Would soon been broken.
A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly markèd in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
    Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
    Beam'd keen with Honor.

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

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

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

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

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient Borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a Race,
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

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

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

His COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR, mark him well!
Bold Richardton's heroic swell;
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
In high command;
And He whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial Race, portray'd
In colors strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.
THE VISION.

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

With deep-struck reverential awe
The learnèd Sire and Son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore:
This, all its source and end to draw;
That, to adore.

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

DUAN SECOND.

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

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

"Know, the great Genius of this land
Has many a light, aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
    Harmoniously,
As Arts or Arms they understand,
    Their labors ply.

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

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

"And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild, Poetic rage
    In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
    Full on the eye.
“Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young;  
Hence, Dempster’s zeal-inspirèd tongue;  
Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
    His ‘Minstrel lays;’  
Or tore, with noble ardor stung,  
    The Sceptic’s bays.

“To lower orders are assign’d  
The humbler ranks of human-kind,  
The rustic Bard, the lab’ring Hind,  
    The Artisan;  
All choose, as various they’re inclin’d,  
    The various man.

“When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
The threat’ning storm some strongly rein;  
Some teach to meliorate the plain  
    With tillage-skill;  
And some instruct the Shepherd-train,  
    Blythe o’er the hill.

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

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

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

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

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

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys,
   And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise,
   In pensive walk.
"When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves, along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adorèd Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By Passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

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

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

"Yet, all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.
Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
    Nor King's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
    A rustic Bard.

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

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

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TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
    Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
    Thou bonny gem.
TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
    Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
    The purpling east.

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

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
    O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
    Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
    In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
    And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
    And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
    Low i' the dust.
TO A MOUSE.

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

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
   To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
   He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
   Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
   Shall be thy doom!

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
   Wi' bick'ring brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
   Wi' murd'ring pattle!
I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
   Which mak's thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
   An' fellow-mortal!

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

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

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
   Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past,
   Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
   But house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
   An' cranreuch cauld!
A PRAYER.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men
   Gang aft a-gley,
An’ lea’e us nought but grief an’ pain,
   For promised joy.

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

A PRAYER, IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

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

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

Thou knows’t that Thou hast form’d me
   With passions wild and strong;
And list’ning to their witching voice
   Has often led me wrong.
Where human weakness has come short,
   Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All Good! for such Thou art,
   In shades of darkness hide.

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

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?
   Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
   Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms;
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
   Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
   I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
   Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
   Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
   Again exalt the brute, and sink the man;
Then how should I for Heavenly mercy pray,
   Who act so counter Heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
TO A LOUSE.

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
And still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine,
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

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

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

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

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
   Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
   O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
   Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
   Wad dress your droddum!

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

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

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
    And lump them aye thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,
    May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
    For random fits o' daffin.

Solomon.—Eccles. vii. 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
    Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
    Your Neebor's fauts and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
    Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
    And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable Core,
    As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
    For glaikit Folly's portals;
ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID.

I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
   Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
   Their failings and mischances.

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

Think, when your castigated pulse
   Gies now and then a wallop,
What raging must his veins convulse,
   That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
   Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
   It makes an unco leeway.

See Social life and Glee sit down,
   All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
   Debauchery and Drinking:
O would they stay to calculate
   Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
   Damnation of expenses!
ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID.

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

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

Who made the heart, ’t is He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord its various tone,
Each spring its various bias:
Then at the balance let’s be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What’s done we partly may compute,
But know not what’s resisted.
LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out-owre the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.
I was the Queen o' bonny France,
Where happy I hae been,
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff, or Etrick Banks."

'T was even — the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyrs wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seem'd the while:
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Amang the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her hair like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild,
When roving thro' the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild:
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Thro' weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep,
Where fame and honors lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day have joys divine,
With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

There were three Kings into the east,
Three Kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.
They took a plough and plough'd him down,
   Put clods upon his head,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
   John Barleycorn was dead.

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

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

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

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

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
   And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
   Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
   And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
   And turn'd him o'er and o'er.
They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise;

'T will make a man forget his woe;
'T will heighten all his joy;
'T will make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!
MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend Sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of Man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return:
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.
O man! while in thy early years,
   How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
   Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
   Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
   That Man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
   Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
   Supported in his right,
But see him on the edge of life,
   With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
   Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
   In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
   Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land
   Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
   That Man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
   Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
   Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
   The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
   Makes countless thousands mourn!

See yonder poor, o'erlabor'd wight,
   So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
   To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
   The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
   And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
   By nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
   E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
   His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
   To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
   Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human-kind
   Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressèd, honest man,
   Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
   To comfort those that mourn!
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasures torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Pow'rs,
That led th' embattled Seraphim to war—

Milton.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

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

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

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
   Tirlin the kirks;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
   Unseen thou lurks.

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

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her pray'rs, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
   Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortrees comin,
   Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
   Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,
   Wi' waving sugh.

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

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

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
    By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
    As yell's the Bill.

Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house
    By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
    Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
   By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
   To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkies
   Delude his eyes,
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
   Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
   Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
   Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne, in Eden's bonny yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
   The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
   In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
   (Black be you fa!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
   'Maist ruin'd a'.
D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the man of Uzz,
Your spitefu' joke!

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

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

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

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

Ye aiblins might — I dinna ken —
Still hae a stake —
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, forever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

AFTON WATER.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills!
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snawy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.
"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon."
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's delight."

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
   How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
   And I sae weary fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
   That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
   Departed — never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird,
   That sings beside thy mate,
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
   And wist na o' my fate.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonny Doon,
   To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka a bird sang o' its luve,
   And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
   Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
   But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd on noon.

VERSION PRINTED IN THE MUSICAL MUSEUM.

YE flowery banks o’ bonny Doon,
   How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
   And I sae fu’ o’ care.

Thou’lt break my heart, thou bonny bird,
   That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o’ the happy days,
   When my fause luve was true.

Thou’lt break my heart, thou bonny bird,
   That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
   And wist na o’ my fate.

Aft hae I rov’d by bonny Doon,
   To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o’ its love,
   And sae did I o’ mine.

Wi’ lightsome heart I pu’d a rose
   Frae off its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose
   But left the thorn wi’ me.
HARK! THE MAVIS.

Tune—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonny dearie.

HARK! the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang,
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.
Ca' the, etc.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.
Ca' the, etc.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.
Ca' the, etc.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.
Ca' the, etc.
Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die— but canna part,
    My bonny dearie.
        Ca' the, etc.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
    Ye shall be my dearie.
        Ca' the, etc.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspirèd fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
    Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
    And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds amid,
That weekly this area throng,
    O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
    Here, heave a sigh.

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

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

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

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.
ELLISLAND, 21ST OCT., 1789.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie!
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
    Wad bring ye to:
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye,
    And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw thé Heron south!
And never drink be near his drouth!
He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
    He'd tak my letter;
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,
    And bade nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
    And holy study;
And tir'd o' sauls to waste his lear on,
    E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a gauger — Peace be here!
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear
    Ye'll now disdain me!
And then my fifty pounds a year
    Will little gain me.

Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's wimplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
    Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
    'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yourselves my heart right proud is—
    I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms — throw saugh woodies,
    Before they want.
TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o' late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
   Than mony ither;
But why should ae man better fare,
   And a' men brithers?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
   A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
   Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
To make a happy fireside clime
   To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
   Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
I wat she is a daintie chuckie,
   As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
   I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.
EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY, 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
   A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae ither end
   Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
   Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps, it may turn out a sang,
   Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
   And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
   And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
   Ev'n when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
   Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
   The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
   Are to a few restricked:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
   An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
   It's rarely right adjusted!
Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

Aye, free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursell
Ye scarcely tell to ony;
Conceal yoursell as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

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

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justify'd by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great Creator to revere,
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!
Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
    Your heart can ne’er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
    Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, “God send you speed,”
    Still daily to grow wiser;
And may ye better reck the rede,
    Than ever did th’ Adviser!

KENMURE’S ON AND AWA.

Tune—“O Kenmure’s on and awa, Willie.”

O Kenmure’s on and awa, Willie!
    O Kenmure’s on and awa!
And Kenmure’s lord’s the bravest lord
    That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure’s band, Willie!
    Success to Kenmure’s band!
There’s no a heart that fears a Whig
    That rides by Kenmure’s hand.
Here’s Kenmure’s health in wine, Willie!
    Here’s Kenmure’s health in wine!
There ne’er was a coward o’ Kenmure’s blude,
    Nor yet o’ Gordon’s line.
O Kenmure’s lads are men, Willie!
    O Kenmure’s lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
    And that their faes shall ken.
They’ll live or die wi’ fame, Willie!
They’ll live or die wi’ fame;
But soon, wi’ sounding victorie,
May Kenmure’s lord come hame.

Here’s him that’s far awa, Willie!
Here’s him that’s far awa;
And here’s the flower that I love best—
The rose that’s like the snaw!

THE SODGER’S RETURN.

Tune—“The Mill Mill O.”

When wild war’s deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi’ mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning:
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I’d been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a’ my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain’d wi’ plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o’ Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.
At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
   Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
   Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
   Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
   That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
   Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
   That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
   And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my King and Country lang—
   Take pity on a sodger!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
   And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
   Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
   Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
   Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
   Syne pale like onie lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
   Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky,
   By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
   True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
   And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
   And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
   A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithful sodger lad,
   Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
   The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize;
   The sodger's wealth is honor:
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
   Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
   In day and hour o' danger.

---

MY NANIE, O.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar* flows,
   'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
   And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.

* Lugar in many editions: a change suggested by Burns.
The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O:
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nanie O.

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

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O:
The op'n'ing gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

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

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

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.
LOGAN BRAES.

Tune—"Logan Water."

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinesyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings, sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile:
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan Braes!

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE,
WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIEVously TORMENTED BY THAT DISORDER.

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fever burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle
To see me loup;
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.
O' a' the numerous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty-stools,—
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
  Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
  Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
  In dreadfu' raw,
Thou Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
  Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
  In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
  A towmont's Toothache.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
  For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
  For auld lang syne.
BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

TUNE—"Hey tuttie tattie."

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
    Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
    Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
    But they shall— they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
    Forward! let us do, or die!

---

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"Katharine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
    The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
   And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
   O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
   How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
   I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
   Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
   Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
   Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
   We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
   That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
   That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
   I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
   That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
   That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
   Shall live my Highland Mary.
TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—“Miss Forbes’s farewell to Banff.”

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less’ning ray,
    That lov’st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher’st in the day
    My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
    Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
    Hear’st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
    Can I forget the hallow’d grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
    To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
    Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
    Ah! little thought we ’t was our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss’d his pebbled shore,
    O’erhung with wild-woods, thick’ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
    Twin’d am’rous round the raptur’d scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
    The birds sang love on ev’ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
    Proclaim’d the speed of wingèd day.

Still o’er these scenes my mem’ry wakes,
    And fondly broods with miser care!
PRAYER FOR MARY.

Time but the impression stronger makes,
   As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
   Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
   Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

PRAYER FOR MARY.

Tune—"Blue Bonnets."

Powers celestial, whose protection
   Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander
   Let my Mary be your care:
Let her form sae fair and faultless,
   Fair and faultless as your own;
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
   Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
   Soft and peaceful as her breast;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
   Soothe her bosom into rest:
Guardian angels, O protect her,
   When in distant lands I roam;
To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
   Make her bosom still my home.
MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.

When o'er the hill the eastern star
  Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
  Return sae dowf and wearie O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
  I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
  My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
  It maks my heart sae cheery O
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie O.
MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.
John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

---

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

_Tune—"The Lass of Livingstone."_

O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desart were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The only jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"Wislaw's favorite."

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"Bide ye yet."

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That makes the miser's treasure poor;
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
   A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
   The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
   The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
   I sat, but neither heard or saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
   And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
   "Ye are nae Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
   Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
   Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
   At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
   The thought o' Mary Morison.

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**BONNY LESLEY.**

**Tune—** "The Collier's bonny Dochter."

O saw ye bonny Lesley
    As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
    To spread her conquests farther.
To see her is to love her,  
   And love but her forever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
   And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,  
    Thy subjects we, before thee:  
Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,  
    The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,  
    Or aught that wad belong thee;  
He'd look into thy bonny face,  
    And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The Powers aboon will tent thee;  
    Misfortune sha'na steer thee;  
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,  
    That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, Fair Lesley,  
    Return to Caledonie!  
That we may brag, we hae a lass  
    There's nane again sae bonny.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—"Coming through the rye."

COMING through the rye, poor body,  
   Coming through the rye,  
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,  
   Coming through the rye.
Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
    Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
    Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
    Coming through the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body—
    Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
    Coming through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body—
    Need the world ken?
Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
    Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
    Coming through the rye.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
    That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
    We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
    Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
    The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
    Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
    A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.
MY BONNY MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o’ wine,
    An’ fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
    A service to my bonny lassie.
The boat rocks at the pier o’ Leith;
    Fu’ loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
    And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
    The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o’ war are heard afar,
    The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it’s not the roar o’ sea or shore
    Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o’ war that’s heard afar,
    It’s leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

YOUNG JESSIE.

Tune—“Bonnie Dundee.”

True-hearted was he, the sad swain o’ the Yarrow,
    And fair are the maids on the banks o’ the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o’ the Nith’s winding river,
    Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
    To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
    And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
   And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
   Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
   Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
   Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

---

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fu',
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Great his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Time and chance are but a tide,
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
   Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONORED FRIEND, MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

Air—"Sensibility."

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!
Fairest flower, behold the lily,
  Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
  See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
  Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
  To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
  Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
  Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

---

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"If thou'lt play me fair play."

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
  Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
  Bonny Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue,
  Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
His royal heart was firm and true,
  Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
  Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
  Bonny Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honor, now invite,
Bonny lassie, Lawland lassie,
For Freedom and my King to fight,
Bonny Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
Bonny Highland laddie.
Go, for yourselt procure renown,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful King his crown,
Bonny Highland laddie!

HERE’S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT’S AWA.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa,
Here’s a health to them that’s awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa’!
It’s guid to be merry and wise,
It’s guid to be honest and true,
It’s guid to support Caledonia’s cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa,
Here’s a health to them that’s awa,
Here’s a health to Charlie the chief o’ the clan,
Altho’ that his band be but sma’.
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

May liberty meet wi' success!
   May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
   And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
   Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
   That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
   Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
   But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
   Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
   Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's a health to them that's awa, etc.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.
I LOVE MY JEAN.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
   The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
   And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
   Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
   I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
   I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonny flower that springs
   By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonny bird that sings,
   But minds me o' my Jean.

Tune—"Mrs. Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."
IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE.

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint."

It is na, Jean, thy bonny face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.
Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

Tune—"Seventh of November."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet;
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
   And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
   Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
   Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above my mind can move,
   For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below
   Comes in between to make us part;
The iron hand that breaks our band,
   It breaks my bliss — it breaks my heart.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Shepherd's Wife."

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosèd bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
   All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
   It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
   Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie:
M'Pherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, etc.
Untie these bands from off my hands,
   And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
   But I'll brave him at a word.
         Sae rantingly, etc.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
   I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart
   And not avengèd be.
         Sae rantingly, etc.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright
   And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
   The wretch that dares not die!
         Sae rantingly, etc.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O;
   Green grow the rashes, O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
   Are spent amang the lasses, O!

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
   In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
   And 't were na for the lasses, O.
         Green grow, etc.
LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

Tune — "Duncan Gray."

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love,
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through Nature's range,
    Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
    Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
    Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
    Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
    To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
    You can be no more, you know.

O WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

Tune — "Hughie Graham."

O were my love yon lilac fair,
    Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I, a bird to shelter there,
    When wearied on my little wing;

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
    By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
    When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
    That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
    Into her bonny breast to fa'!
The Highland Lassie

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

The Deil's Awa' Wi' Th' Exciseman

The Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd "Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man."

Chorus: The Deil's awa, the Deil's awa, etc.

"We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black Deil.
That danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman.

"There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the lan'
Was — the Deil's awa wi' th' Exciseman."

The Highland Lassie

Tune — "The deuks dank o'er my daddy."

Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.
CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
    Within the glen, etc.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
    Within the glen, etc.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
    Within the glen, etc.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar,
For her I'll trace a distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
    Within the glen, etc.
She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honor's band!
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O!
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

TUNE—"The blathrie o't."

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
'T was not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily-white;—
It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonny blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonny blue.
PEGGY'S CHARMS.

**Tune**—"Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercairny."

Where, braving angry winter's storms,
   The lofty Ochils rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
   First blest my wondering eyes.
As one who, by some savage stream,
   A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd doubly, marks it beam
   With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
   And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
   When first I felt their pow'r!
The tyrant death with grim control
   May seize my fleeting breath;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
   Must be a stronger death.

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ALTHO' THOU MAUN NEVER BE MINE.

**Tune**—"Here's a Health to them that's awa, Hiney."

**Chorus.**

Here's a health to ane I lo'è dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'è dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessy!
ALTHO’ thou maun never be mine,
Altho’ even hope is denied;
’Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside — Jessy!
Here’s a health, etc.

I mourn thro’ the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o’ sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms — Jessy!
Here’s a health, etc.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling ee;
But why urge the tender confession
’Gainst fortune’s cruel decree — Jessy!
Here’s a health, etc.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a’ our town or here awa;
Fu’ blithe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu’ lightly danc’d he in the ha’!
He roos’d my een sae bonny blue,
He roos’d my waist sae genty sma’;
An’ aye my heart came to my mou,
When ne’er a body heard or saw.
WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.
An' aye the night comes round again,
When in his arms he takes me a';
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN?

TUNE—"What can a Lassie do?"

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan!
Bad luck on the penny, etc.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day, I met wi' an auld man!
"A guid New-Year
I wish thee, Maggie!"
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,  
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan;  
I'll cross him, and rack him, until I heart-break him,  
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW YEAR.

A GUID New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!  
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:  
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,  
    I've seen the day,  
Thou could hae gane like ony staggie  
    Out-owre the lay.

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

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,  
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,  
An' set weel down a shapely shank,  
    As e'er tread yird;  
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,  
    Like ony bird.
It's now some nine-an'-twenty year,  
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere;  
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,  
    An' fifty mark;  
Tho' it was sma', 't was weil-won gear,  
    An' thou was stark.

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

That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,  
When ye bure hame my bonny bride;  
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride,  
    Wi' maiden air!  
Kyle-Stewart I could braggèd wide,  
    For sic a pair.

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

When thou an' I were young and skeigh,  
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,  
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skeiegh,  
    An' tak the road!  
Town's-bodies ran, and stood abeigh,  
    An' ca't thee mad.
When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow:
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
    For pith an' speed;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
    Whare'er thou gaed.

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

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

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weil-fill'd briskit,
    Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit,
    An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labor back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
    Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
    For that, or simmer.
In cart or car thou never reestit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae face’t it;
Thou never lap, an’ sten’t, and breastit,
        Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
        Thou snoov’t awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a’:
Four gallant brutes as e’er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I’ve sell’t awa,
        That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an’ twa,
        The very warst.

Mony a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An’ wi’ the weary warl’ fought!
An’ mony an anxious day, I thought
        We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we’re brought,
        Wi’ something yet.

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

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

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets:
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour;
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
Much specious lore, but little understood;
Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
His solid sense—by inches you must tell,
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell;
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't! -
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin o't!
Bonny was the Lammas moon—
   Ha, ha, the girdin o’t!
Glowrin’ a’ the hills aboon—
   Ha, ha, the girdin o’t!
The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;
Ah! Duncan, ye’re an unco loon—
   Wae on the bad girdin’ o’t!

But, Duncan, gin ye’ll keep your aith,
   Ha, ha, the girdin o’t!
Ise bless you wi’ my hindmost breath—
   Ha, ha, the girdin o’t!
Duncan, gin ye’ll keep your aith,
The beast again can bear us baith,
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
   And clout the bad girdin’ o’t!

———

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES’S LODGE,
   TARBOLTON.

Tune—“Guid night, and joy be wi’ you a’.”

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
   Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favor’d, ye enlighten’d few,
   Companions of my social joy!
Tho’ I to foreign lands must hie,
   Pursuing Fortune’s slidd’ry ba’,
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
   I’ll mind you still, tho’ far awa’.
Oft have I met your social band,
    And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
    Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
    Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
    Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
    Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
    The glorious Architect Divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
    Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till Order bright, completely shine,
    Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And You, farewell! whose merits claim
    Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
    To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
    When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
    To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

THE FAREWELL.
ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

SKETCH.

For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're born:
But oh! prodigious to reflect!
A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events hae taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire's tint a head,
And my auld teethless Bawtie's dead!
The tulzie's sair 'tween Pitt an' Fox,
An' our gude wife's wee birdy cocks;
The tane is game, a bludie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something dour o' treadin,
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
An' cry till ye be haerse an' roupit,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
And gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck.

Ye bonny lasses, dight your een,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf and daviely they creep;
SKETCH.—NEW-YEAR DAY.

Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,
For E’embrugh wells are grutten dry.
O Eighty-nine, thou’s but a bairn,
An’ no owre auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy daddie’s chair,
Nae hand-cuff’d, mizzl’d, hap-shackl’d Regent,
But, like himsel, a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man:
As muckle better as you can.
January 1, 1789.

SKETCH. — NEW-YEAR DAY. [1790.]

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

This day Time winds th’ exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth’s length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair’d machine
To wheel the equal, dull routine.
The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer,
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major’s with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila’s fair Rachel’s care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)  
From housewife cares a minute borrow—  
— That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—  
And join with me a moralizing,  
This day's propitious to be wise in.  

First, what did yesternight deliver?  
"Another year has gone forever."  
And what is this day's strong suggestion?  
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"  
Rest on—for what? what do we here?  
Or why regard the passing year?  
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,  
Add to our date one minute more?  
A few days may, a few years must,  
Repose us in the silent dust;  
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?  
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!  
The voice of Nature loudly cries,  
And many a message from the skies,  
That something in us never dies;  
That on this frail, uncertain state  
Hang matters of eternal weight;  
That future-life in worlds unknown  
Must take its hue from this alone;  
Whether as heavenly glory bright,  
Or dark as misery's woful night. —

Since then, my honor'd, first of friends,  
On this poor being all depends;  
Let us th' important Now employ,  
And live as those that never die.  

Tho' you, with days and honors crown'd,  
Witness that filial circle round,
SKETCH.

(A sight — life's sorrows to repulse;
A sight — pale Envy to convulse;)
Others may claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

SKETCH.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite;
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white;
How Genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction —
I sing; If these mortals, the Critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I — let the Critics go whistle!

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honor my story.

Thou, first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man, with the half of 'em, e'er could go wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.
Good Lord, what is man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all, he's a problem must puzzle the devil.
On his one ruling Passion Sir Pope hugely labors,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbors:
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, Ruling Passion, the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to his tribe,
And think Human-nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan
In the make of the wonderful creature call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin-brother to brother Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels!
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and by G—— he would steal 'em.
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em.
It is not, outdo him — the task is, out-thieve him.

____________

SONG.

Tune — "Maggy Lauder."

When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
    I couldna tell what ailed me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
    My een they almost failed me.
She's ay sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
    All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
    And I became a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay,
    She's aye sae blythe and cheerie;
She's aye sae bonny, blythe, and gay,
    O gin I were her dearie!
Had I Dundas's whole estate,
   Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
   Or humbler bays entwining —
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
   Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted knight,
   I'd be my Jeanie's lover.

She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, etc.

But sair I fear some happier swain
   Has gained sweet Jeanie's favor:
If so, may every bliss be hers,
   Though I maun never have her:
But gang she east, or gang she west,
   'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
   She'll always find a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, etc.

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THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING.

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonny moor-hen.

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
But cannily steal on a bonny moor-hen.
"Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight."
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colors betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
Her plumage out-lusted the pride o' the spring,
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.
I rede, etc.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite, at her plumage attempted his skill:
He levelled his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
I rede, etc.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.
I rede, etc.

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THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

Tune—"To daunton me."

The blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.
For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee—
That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

O MALLY's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.
As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
It were mair meet that those fine feet
    Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 't were more fit that she should sit
    Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
    Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
    Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
    Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
    Mally's every way complete.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY LASS.

TUNE—"Laggan Burn."

HERE's to thy health, my bonny lass,
    Gude night, and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,
    To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
O dinna think, my pretty pink,
    That I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
    How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt ay sae free informing me
    Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee
    Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means,  
    Frae wedlock to delay thee;  
Depending on some higher chance —  
    But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,  
    But that does never grieve me;  
But I'm as free as any he,  
    Sma' siller will relieve me.  
I count my health my greatest wealth,  
    Sae lang as I enjoy it:  
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,  
    As lang's I get employment.

But far aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
    And ay until ye try them:  
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care,  
    They may prove waur than I am.  
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,  
    My dear, I'll come and see thee;  
For the man that lo'es his mistress wee.  
    Nae travel makes him weary.

———

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—"The Dusty Miller."

HEY, the dusty miller,  
    And his dusty coat;  
He will win a shilling,  
    Or he spend a groat.
Dusty was the coat,
   Dusty was the color,
Dusty was the kiss
   That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
   And his dusty sack;
Leeze me on the calling
   Fills the dusty peck.
Fills the dusty peck,
   Brings the dusty siller;
I wad gie my coatie
   For the dusty miller.

THERE WAS A BONNY LASS.

There was a bonny lass, and a bonny, bonny lass,
   And she lo’ed her bonny laddie dear;
Till war’s loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
   Wi’ mony a sigh and tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
   He still was a stranger to fear:
And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,
   But the bonny lass he lo’ed sae dear.

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

CHORUS.

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
   In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
And swear in the white hand, lass,
   That thou wilt be my ain.
A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
    Unless thou be my ain.
    O lay thy loof, etc.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art Queen within my breast,
    Forever to remain.
    O lay thy loof, etc.

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
    For summer lightly drest,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
    With love and sleep opprest;

When Willie, wand'ring thro' the wood,
    Who for her favor oft had sued;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
    And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
    Were seal'd in soft repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
    It richer dy'd the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
    Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
    — His bosom ill at rest.
Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
   Her tender limbs embrace!
Her lovely form, her native ease,
   All harmony and grace!

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
   A faltering ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
   And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake
   On fear-inspired wings;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
   Away affrighted springs:

But Willie follow'd — as he should,
   He overtook her in the wood:
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
   Forgiving all, and good.

---

YOUNG PEGGY.

*Tune*—"Last time I cam o'er the muir."

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
   Her blush is like the morning,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
   With early gems adorning:
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
   That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
   And cheer each fresh'ning flower.
Her lips more than the cherries bright,
   A richer dye has grac'd them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
   And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
   When feather'd pairs are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
   In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
   Such sweetness would relent her,
As blooming Spring unbends the brow
   Of surly, savage Winter.
Distraction's eye no aim can gain
   Her winning powers to lessen;
And fretful Envy grins in vain,
   The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honor, Love, and Truth,
   From ev'ry ill defend her;
Inspire the highly favor'd youth
   The destinies intend her;
Still fan the sweet connubial flame
   Responsive in each bosom;
And bless the dear parental name
   With many a filial blossom.
THE BONNY BLINK O’ MARY’S EE.¹

Now bank an’ brae are claith’d in green,
An’ scatter’d cowslips sweetly spring,
By Girvan’s fairy haunted stream
The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis’ banks when e’ening fa’s,
There wi’ my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance o’ love,
The bonny blink o’ Mary’s ee!

The chield wha boasts o’ warld’s wealth,
Is aften laird o’ meikle care;
But Mary, she is a’ my ain,
Ah, fortune canna gie me mair!
Then let me range by Cassillis’ banks
Wi’ her the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o’ love,
The bonny blink o’ Mary’s ee!

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo’e best,
The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

¹ This song, generally attributed to Burns, is said to have been written by Richard Gall, who died in Edinburgh in 1801, aged 25.
THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"Up wi' the Ploughman."

The ploughman he's a bonny lad,
His mind is ever true, jo,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman;
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary:
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my Dearie!
Up wi't a', etc.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.
Up wi't a', etc.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston,
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin.
Up wi't a', etc.
"The ploughman he's a bouny lad."
Snaw-white stockins on his legs,
   And siller buckles glancin';
A gude blue bannet on his head,
   And O, but he was handsome!
Up wi't a', etc.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
   And the corn-mou', man;
I never gat my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Up wi't a', etc.

O MAY, THY MORN.

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
   As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
   And private was the chamber:
And dear was she I dare na name,
   But I will aye remember.
   And dear, etc.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
   Can push about the jorum,
And here's to them that wish us well,
   May a' that's guid watch o'er them;
And here's to them we dare na tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
   And here's to, etc.
THE BANKS OF NITH.

BONNY BELL.

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonny blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o’er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev’ning gilds the ocean’s swell;
All creatures joy in the sun’s returning,
And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonny Bell.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

Tune — “Robie Donna Gorach.”

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honor’d land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune’s adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
    Where spreading hawthorns gayly bloom;
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
    Where lambkins wanton thro’ the broom!
Tho’ wandering, now, must be my doom,
    Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
    Amang the friends of early days!

O BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

Tune—“I wish my love was in a mire.”

O BONNY was yon rosy brier,
    That blooms sae fair frae haunt o’ man;
And bonny she, and ah, how dear!
    It shaded frae the e’enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
    How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover’s vow
    They witness’d in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
    That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower
    Amid life’s thorny path o’ care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
    Wi’ Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
    Its joys and griefs alike resign.
THE BONNY WEE THING.

Tune—"The Lads of Saltcoats."

Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing,
   Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
   Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish,
   In that bonny face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
   Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
   In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
   Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
     Bonny wee, etc.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothiemurche's Rant."

CHORUS.

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
   Bonny lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
   Wilt thou be my dearie O?

Now nature cleeds the flowery lea,
   And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
   And say thou'll be my dearie O?
     Lassie wi', etc.
TO A LADY.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
Has cheer’d ilk drooping little flower,
We’ll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie O.
    Lassie wi’, etc.

When Cynthia lights, wi’ silver ray,
The weary shearer’s hameward way,
Thro’ yellow waving fields we’ll stray,
    And talk o’ love, my dearie O.
    Lassie wi’, etc.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie’s midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithfu’ breast,
    I’ll comfort thee, my dearie O.
    Lassie wi’, etc.

——

TO A LADY,
WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING GLASSES.

Fair Empress of the Poet’s soul,
    And Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
    This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
    As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
    "The whole of human kind!"

"To those who love us!" — second fill;
    But not to those whom we love;
Lest we love those who love not us?
    A third — "to thee and me, Love!"
AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

Long may we live! long may we love,
And long may we be happy!
And may we never want a glass
Well charg'd with generous nappy!

LINES ON AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD DAER.

This wot ye all whom it concerns,
I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,
October twenty-third,
A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,
Sae far I sprachled up the brae,
I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

I've been at druken writers' feasts,
Nay, been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests,
Wi' rev'rence be it spoken;
I've even join'd the honor'd jorum,
When mighty Squireships of the quorum
Their hydra drouth did sloken.

But wi' a Lord — stand out my shin;
A Lord — a Peer — an Earl's son,
Up higher yet, my bonnet!
And sic a Lord — lang Scotch ells twa,
Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a',
As I look o'er my sonnet.
But, O for Hogarth's magic pow'r!
To show Sir Bardie's willyart glow'r,
    And how he star'd and stammer'd,
When goavin, as if led wi' branks,
An' stumpin on his ploughman shanks,
    He in the parlor hammer'd.

I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
An' at his Lordship steal't a look,
    Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
An' (what surprised me) modesty,
    I markèd nought uncommon.

I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great,
The gentle pride, the lordly state,
    The arrogant assuming;
The fient a pride, na pride had he,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
    Mair than an honest ploughman.

Then from his lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
    One rank as weel's another;
Nae honest worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthful Daer,
    For he but meets a brother.
TO A HAGGIS.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
    Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy o' a grace
    As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
    In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
    Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labor dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
    Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
    Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
    Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
    Bethankit hums.
Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
    Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
    On sic a dinner?

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

But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
    He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
    Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware
    That jaups in luggies;
But, if you want her gratefu' prayer,
    Gie her a Haggis!
ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,

WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

[April, 1789.]

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

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

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and morn thy hapless fate.
WHISTLE, AND I’LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Tune—"My Jo, Janet."

O whistled, and I'll come to you, my lad;
O whistled, and I'll come to you, my lad:
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistled, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the black-yett be a-gee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin to me.
And come, etc,
O whistled, etc.

At kirk, or at market, when'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie:
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.
Yet look, etc.
O whistled, cte.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear, etc.
O whistled, etc.
POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Hail, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And och! ower aft thy joes hae starv'd,
'Mid a' thy favors!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
   To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
   But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives
   Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
   Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope that busks his skinklin patches
   O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
   That ape their betters.
In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
   And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
   A rival place?

Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan—
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
   A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
   But thou's forever!

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
   Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
   Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonny lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
   Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
   At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits; but that sweet spell
   O' witchin' love;
That charm that can the strongest quell,
   The sternest move.
SWEET FA’S THE EVE.

Tune—"Craigieburn-wood."

Sweet fa’s the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a’ the pride o’ spring’s return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fa’ frae the tree,
Around my grave they’ll wither.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Mondiewort."

CHORUS.
An’ O for ane and twenty, Tam!
An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I’ll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
   And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
   And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
       An' O for ane, etc.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
   Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
   An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
       An' O for ane, etc.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
   Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
   I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
       An' O for ane, etc.

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
   All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
   Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly scatter'd flow'rs,
   As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
   I shelter in thy honor'd shade.
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labors plies;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There Learning with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim:
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

There watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out, 't was just!

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.
WRITTEN IN FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

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

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each clifffy hold,
While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'rt seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not — art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.
A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O thou, who kindly dost provide
   For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
   For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
   May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
   Lord, bless us with content!
   Amen!

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT, A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.
Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud, usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below;
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the clifffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.
THERE WAS A LASS.

Tune — "Bonny Jean."

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrily:
The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.
And now she works her mammie’s wark,
    And aye she sighs wi’ care and pain;
Ye wistna what her ail might be,
    Or what wad make her weel again.

But didna Jeanie’s heart loup light,
    And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o’ love,
    Ae e’enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
    The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
    And whisper’d thus his tale o’ love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo’e thee dear;
    O canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie’s cot,
    And learn to tent the farms wi’ me?

At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
    Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
    And tent the waving corn wi’ me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
    She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush’d a sweet consent,
    And love was ay between them twa.
THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.

Bonny lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go to the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, etc.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, etc.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, etc.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, etc.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, etc.
COUNTRY LASSIE.

Tune—"John, come kiss me now."

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
    And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
    And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel,
    Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild,
    "'O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
    And, lassie, ye're but young ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
    A routhie butt, a routhie ben:
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
    Fu' is his barn, fu' is his bye;
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
    It's plenty beets the luver's fire."

"For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen
    I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
    He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
    And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad nae gie
    For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught!
    The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' han't is fetchin best,
    A hungry care's an unco care:
But some will spend, and some will spare,
   An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
   Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
   And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve
   The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor — Robie and I,
   Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve brings peace and joy,
   What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

TUNE — "Where'll bonny Ann lie."

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
   Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
   That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
   Wha kills me wi' disdain.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
   And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
   Sic notes o' wae could wauken.
Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

NOW WESTLIN WINDS AND SLAUGHT'RING GUNS.

Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
   Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
   Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night
   To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
   The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock loves the lonely dells;
   The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
   The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
   The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
   The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
   Some solitary wander;
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!
VERSES.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND, COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
    I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
    And, faith, he'll prent it!

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

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

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,
And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,
    Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
    Ye midnight bitches!
It's told he was a sodger bred,
And ane would rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
   And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en — the antiquarian trade,
   I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets
   A towmon guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
   Afore the flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
   O' Balaam's ass;
A broomstick o' the witch o' Endor,
   Weel shod wi' brass.

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

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
   Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
   And then ye'll see him!
EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON.

OCHILTRE.

MAY, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' grateful heart I thank you brawlie,
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
      An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
      Your flatterin' strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith, to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented
      On my poor Musie;
Though in sic phrasin' terms ye've penn'd it,
      I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield,
      The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
      A deathless name.
(O Fergusson, thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye E'nbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

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

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

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
    Beside New Holland,
Or where wild-meeting oceans boil
    Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed, to mony a tune,
    Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
    Naeboby sings.
Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
    And cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
    Where glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
    Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
    By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
    Or glorious died.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares, in amorous whids,
    Their love enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
    With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me,
    When winds rave through the naked tree:
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
    Are hoary gray:
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
    Darkening the day!
O Nature! a' thy shows and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms
   Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
   The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himself he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
   And no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
   A heart-felt sang!

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

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither!"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
   In love fraternal;
May Envy wallop in a tether
   Black fiend, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies,
While *terra firma* on her axis
   Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
   In Robert Burns.
POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen:
I hade amaist forgotten clean
Ye bade me write you what they mean
   By this New Light,
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
   Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
   Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
   Like you or me.

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

This pass'd for certain — undisputed:
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
   An' ca'd it wrang:
An' muckle din there was about it,
   Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 't was the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
   An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin', to the leuk
   She grew mair bright.
This was denied—it was affirm'd;
The herd an' hissels were alarm'd;
The reverend gray-beards raved an' storm'd
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' mony a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt:
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hanged an' brunt.

This game was played in mony lands,
An' Auld-Light caddies bure sic hands
That, faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick an' stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe
Ye'll find ane placed;
An' some their New-Light fair avow,
Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin';
Myself, I've even seen them greetin'
Wi' girnin' spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on,
By word and write.
But shortly they will cowe the loons!
Some Auld-Light herds in neibor towns
Are mind’t, in things they ca’ balloons,
   To take a flight,
An’ stay ae month amang the moons,
   An’ see them right.
Guid observation they will gie them;
An’ when the auld moon’s gaun to lea’e them,
The hindmost shaird, they’ll fetch it wi’ them,
   Just i’ their pouch,
An’ when the New-Light billies see them,
   I think they’ll crouch!
Sae, ye observe that a’ this clatter
Is naething but a “moonshine matter;”
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
   In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
   Than mind sic brulzie.

VERSES
ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

As on the banks o’ wandering Nith
   Ae smiling simmer morn I stray’d,
And traced its bonny howes and haughs,
   Where linties sang and lambkins play’d,
I sat me down upon a craig,
   And drank my fill o’ fancy’s dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
   Uprose the genius of the stream.
Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sighs the boding wind
Amang his eaves, the sigh he gave:—
"And came ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade?
To muse some favorite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favorite Scottish maid!

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my banks sae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool;

"When glinting through the trees appear'd
The wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curling clamb the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has stripp'd the cleading o' your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was 't the wil'fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
"It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd—
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonny trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER.

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

My lord, I know your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer pride,
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin' glowrin' trouts,
That through my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
    I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
    In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
    As Poet Burns came by,
That to a bard I should be seen
    Wi' half my channel dry;
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
    Even as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
    He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
    In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
    Wild-roaring o'er a linn.
Enjoying large each spring and well,
    As Nature gave them me,
I am, although I say't mysel,
    Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would, then, my noble master please
    To grant my highest wishes,
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
    And bonny spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly, then, my lord,
    You'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
    Return you tuneful thanks.
The sober laverock, warbling wild,
    Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
    Shall sweetly join the choir;
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
    The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
    In all her locks of yellow.

This, too, a covert shall insure,
    To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure
    Low in her grassy form;
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
    To weave his crown of flowers;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat
    From prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
    Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth,
    As empty idle care.
The flowers shall vie in all their charms
    The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
    To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply, too, at vernal dawn,
    Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking dewy lawn,
    And misty mountain gray,
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering through the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close-embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honor'd native land!
So may through Albion's furthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be — "Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonny lasses!"

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF
POOR MAILIE,
THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

(An Unco Mournfu' Tale.)

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
And owre she warsled in the ditch;
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin' by,
Wi' glowing een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he couldna mend it!
He gapèd wide, but naething spak —
At length poor Mailie silence brak:—
“O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my wofu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.
Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
Oh, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!
Tell him he was a master kin',
An' aye was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him—
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.
Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn
Wi' taets o' hay, an' ripps o' corn.
An' may they never learn the gaets

1 A neibor herd-callan.— R. B.
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' pets!
To slink through slaps, an' reave an' steal
At stacks o' peas or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come through the shears;
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

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

An' neist my yowie, silly thing,
Guid keep thee frae a tether string!
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorlan' toop,
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

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

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursèd tether,
An' for thy pains, thou's get my blether."

This said, poor Mailie turned her head,
And closed her een amang the dead.
POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

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

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
   The mourning weed;
He's lost a friend and neibor dear
   In Mailie dead.

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

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence
   Through thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence
   Sin' Mailie's dead.
Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
    For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
    For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorlan' tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
    Frae yont the Tweed:
A bonnier fleesh ne'er crossed the clips
    Than Mailie dead.

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

Oh, a' ye bards on bonny Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
    O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
    His Mailie's dead!
HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT!

To a Gaelic Air.

How lang and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It wasna sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.
It wasna sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

Tune—"The Death of the Linnet."

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day;
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet maiden May in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe,
Shall melt the snaws of Age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.
Oh! age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Tune — "Lumps o' Pudding."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humor are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid-fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;  
Come ease or come travail; come pleasure or pain;  
My warst ward is — "Welcome, and welcome again!"

———

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;  
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,  
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting,  
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;  
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie —  
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;  
How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,  
Flow still between us thou wide roaring main!  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.
MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

TUNE—"There'll never be peace."

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless — my Nannie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie — and Nannie's awa'!

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
Give over for pity — my Nannie's awa'!

Come, Autumn sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me — now Nannie's awa'!

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou waking, I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.
Oh, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
Oh, rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet:
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
Oh, let me in, etc.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
Oh, let me in, etc.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a', this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, etc.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
   The weird may be her ain, jo.
   I tell you now, etc.

The bird that charm'd his summer day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
   How aft her fate's the same, jo.
   I tell you now, etc.

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WOMEN'S MINDS.

Tune—"For a' that."

Tho' women's minds, like winter winds,
   May shift and turn and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
   A consequence I draw that.

   For a' that, and a' that,
   And twice as muckle's a' that,
The bonny lass that I lo'e best
   She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
   Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
   A mortal sin to throw that.
   For a' that, etc.
THE CARDIN' O'T.

But there is ane aboon the lave,  
Has wit, and sense, and a' that;  
A bonny lass, I like her best,  
And wha a crime dare ca' that?  
For a' that, etc.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
Wi' mutual love, and a' that:  
But for how lang the flee may stang,  
Let inclination law that.  
For a' that, etc.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,  
They've ta'en me in, an a' that;  
But clear your decks, and here's "the Sex!"  
I like the jades for a' that.  
For a' that, etc.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE — "Salt-fish and Dumplings."

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',  
To mak a wat to Johnny o't;  
For Johnny is my only jo,  
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't;  
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;  
When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
The tailor staw the linin' o't.
For though his locks be lyart gray,
   And though his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day
   The pride of a' the parishen.

   The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't;
   The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
   The tailor staw the linin' o't.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

Tune—"Aye Waukin, O."

Simmer's a pleasant time,
   Flowers of every color;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
   And I long for my true lover.

   Aye waukin, O,
   Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
   For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
   When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane
   For thinking on my dearie.

   Aye waukin, O,
   Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
   For thinking on my dearie.
BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER.

Tune—"Galla Water."

Braw, braw lads of Galla Water;
Oh, braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
GALLA WATER.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather,
But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonny lad o' Galla Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I haena meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That cost contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
Oh, that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.
She's fresh as the morning the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she's an heiress — auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she'd hae smiled upon me!
Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

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**BLYTHE WAS SHE.**

*Tune.* — "Andro and his Cuttie Gun."

Blythe, blythe, and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben:
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Blythe, etc.
Her looks were like a flower in May,
   Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
   As light's a bird upon a thorn.
   Blythe, etc.

Her bonny face it was as meek
   As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
   As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.
   Blythe, etc.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
   And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
   That ever trod the dewy green.
   Blythe, etc.

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O, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

Tune—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
   And Rob and Allan came to pree;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
   Ye wadna find in Christendie.

CHORUS: We are na fou, we're na that fou,
   But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
   And aye we'll taste the barley bree.
Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa'
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, etc.

BESS AND HER SPINNIN'-WHEEL

O, leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
Oh, leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the beil,
Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

Tune—"The Highland Watch's Farewell."

My heart is sair— I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do — what wad I not?
For the sake o’ Somebody!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Tune — "The Lass of Inverness."

The lovely lass of Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blins her ee:
Drumossie Moor — Drumossie day —
A waeufu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CHORUS.
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparingly;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CHORUS.
Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
THERE’S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—“Neil Gow’s Lament.”

There’s a youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa’;
For he’s bonny an’ braw, weel favor’d witha’,
And his hair has a natural buckle and a’.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw:
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a’.

For beauty and fortune the laddie’s been courtin’;
Weel-featured, weel-tocher’d, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
The penny’s the jewel that beautifies a’.
There’s Meg wi’ the mailen, that fain wad a haen him;
And Susie, whose daddy was laird o’ the ha’;
There’s lang-tocher’d Nancy maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie’s dear sel he lo’es dearest of a’.

THE RIGS O’ BARLEY.

Tune—“Corn Rigs are Bonny.”

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonny,
Beneath the moon’s unclouded light,
I held awa’ to Annie:
The time flew by wi’ tentless heed,
Till, ’tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly,
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I loved her most sincerely:
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
Her heart was beating rarely,
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She aye shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin'!
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin':
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonny:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.
THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Tune—"Push about the jorum."

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fal de ral, etc.

Oh, let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
Fal de ral, etc.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our father's bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!
Fal de ral, etc.
The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
    And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,
    May they be damn'd together!
Wha will not sing "God save the King,"
    Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
    We'll ne'er forget the People.
   Fal de ral, etc.

GROVES OF SWEET MYRTLE.

Tune—"Humors of Glen."

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
    Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
    Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
    Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
    A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
    And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
    What are they? — The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
    The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
    Save Love's willing fetters — the chains o' his Jean.
LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

Tune—"The Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi' him, to believe, believe me,
The deuce gae wi' him, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black een,
And vow'd for my love he was dying,
I said he might die when he likèd for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stockèd mailen — himsel for the laird —
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less —
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.
But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy.
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He begged, for guid sake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
Sae e'en to preserve the poor body his life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

MEG O' THE MILL.

Air—"Jackie Hume's Lament."

O, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley miller.

The miller was strappin', the miller was ruddy;
A heart like a Lord, and a hue like a lady.
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl.
The miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine-pacing horse, wi' a clear-chainèd bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

Oh, wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin';
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailin'!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

Tune—"My love is lost to me."

O were I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonny sel;
On Corsincon I glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!
By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

ROBIN.

Tune — "Daintie Davie."

There was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
   Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
   Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Jan'war win'
   Blew hansel in on Robin.
Robin was, etc.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, "'wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof—
   I think we'll ca' him Robin.
Robin was, etc.
"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.
Robin was, etc.

"But, sure as three times three mak nine,
I see, by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin."
Robin was, etc.

"Guid faith," quo' she, "I doubt ye gar
The bonny lasses lie aspar,
But twenty faults ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!"
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!
GLOSSARY.

Many slight variations in common words are obvious, or explained by the following suggestions:

(a = o, as told for told, wae for woe, etc.; i = a, u, as hing for hang, simmer for summer; final letters are omitted, as win for wind, wi' for with, tak for take, youthfu' for youthful; in and an = ing of present participle; it or et = ed of past participle; i.e., common diminutive, as bardie, jauntie, damie, for bard, jaunt, dame.

ABACK, away from.
Abeigh, at a distance.
Aboon, above.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Acquent, acquainted.
Ae, one, only.
Afore, before.
A-gley, off the right line.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Air, early.
Airt, direction, the point from which the wind blows; hence wind.
Ajec, to the one side.
Anither, another.
Ask lent, obliquely, aslant.
A'thegither, altogether.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away.
Ayout, beyond.

BACKLINS, backward.
Backets, buckets.
Bade, endured, desired.
Baggie (dim. of bag), the stomach.
Bairn, child.
Bairntime, a family of children.
Bang, a stroke. An unco bang, a heavy stroke or effort.
Barmie, of, or like barm.

Bawk, an open space in a cornfield, generally a ridge left untitled, a thorn-fringed path.
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face.
Bawtie, a familiar name for a dog.
Bear, barley.
Bee, adds fuel to fire.
Beil, a habitation.
Beld, bald.
Bellum, a noise, an attack.
Belive, by and by.
Ben, into the spence or parlor.
Benmost bore, the innermost recess, or hole.
Bethankit, the grace after meat.
Bicker, a wooden dish, a few steps unwittingly.
Bield, shelter.
Big, to build.
Bigg, to build.
Bigs, builds.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a good fellow, young fellow.
Bing, heap of anything, such as turnips, potatoes.
Birk, the birch.
Birkie, a spirited fellow.
Bit, crisis; small.
GLOSSARY.

Bizz, a bustle; buzz.
Bizzie, buzzy, busy.
Blae, blue, sharp, keen.
Blastie, withered, dwarf.
Blastit, withered.
Blate, shamefaced.
Blaw, to blow, to brag.
Bleerit, bleared.
Bleeze, a blaze.
Bleezin, blazing.
Blellum, an idle talking fellow.
Blether, the bladder, nonsense, foolish talk.
Bleth’rin, talking idly.
Blink, a blink o’ rest, a short period of repose, a short time, a moment, a look.
Blirt and bleary, fits of crying.
Blude, bluid, blood.
Blume, bloom.
Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person.
Puddle, a small coin.
Bogle, ghost.
Bonie, bonny, bonnie, beautiful.
Boortree, elder bush.
Bore, a hole or rent.
Bouse, drink.
Brac, the slope of a hill.
Braid, broad.
Braing’t, plauge.
Banks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
Brat, rag.
Brattle, a short race.
Braw, handsome.
Brawlie, perfectly.
Braxie, morkie; a sheep.
Breastit, spring up or forward.
Breckan, fern.
Brecks, breeches.
Brent, straight, smooth, un-wrinkled, brand.
Brig, bridge.
Brither, brother.
Brock, a badger.
Brogue, a trick.
Broo, water, broth.
Brooses, races at country weddings who shall first reach the bridegroom’s house on returning from church.
Brose, broth.
Brugh,burgh
Brulzie, a broil.

Brunstane, brimstone.
Brunt, burned.
Bughtin-time, the time of folding the sheep in the pens.
Buridly, strong, imposing-looking, well-knit.
Bun, to hum, buzz.
Bum-clock, a beetle.
Burdie, damsel.
Bure, bore, did bear.
Burn, stream.
Busk, dress.
Buss, a bush.
But, without.
But tan’ben, kitchen and parlor.
Byke, a multitude, a bee-hive.
Byre, cow house.

CA’, to drive, a call.
Caddle, a fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Callan, boy.
Caller, fresh.
Cannie, careful, soft, dexterous.
Cantie, in high spirits, cheerful.
Cantraip, cantrip, a charm, a spell.
Carl-hemp, seed bearing hemp.
Carlin, an old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Cauk and keel, chalk and pencil, i.e., a clever artist.
Cauld, cold.
Causey, causeway.
Chainer, chamber.
Chapman, a pedlar.
Chiel, young fellow.
Chimlie, chimney.
Chittering, trembling with cold.
Chows, chews.
Christendie, Christendom.
Claise, claes, clothes.
Clap, a clapper.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, idle talk; to talk.
Clauth, caught.
Claut, to snatch at, to lay hold of a quantity, a heap.
Claver, clover.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.
Cleeding, clothing.
Cleek, to seize, link.
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<th>Definition</th>
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<tr>
<td>Clips, shears.</td>
<td>Clummock, a short staff with a crooked head.</td>
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<td>Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.</td>
<td>Curch, a cap.</td>
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<td>Cloot, the hoof.</td>
<td>Cushman, wood-pigeon.</td>
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<td>Clottie, cloots, Satan.</td>
<td>Cutty, short, bob-tailed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clour, bump, blow.</td>
<td>Cutty stool, chair of penance.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clouts, clothes.</td>
<td>DAD, DADDIE, father.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clout, to patch; a patch.</td>
<td>Dafflin, merriment.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clud, a cloud.</td>
<td>Daft, foolish.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coble, a fishing-boat.</td>
<td>Daimen-icker, one ear of corn in twenty-four.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cock, to erect.</td>
<td>Dang, knocked, pushed.</td>
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<td>Cocks, good fellows.</td>
<td>Darena, dare not.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coft, bought.</td>
<td>Dauntingly, dauntlessly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coble, a fishing-boat.</td>
<td>Daunt, to subdue.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coblie, a country dog, shepherd dog.</td>
<td>Daurk, a day's labor.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Compleenin, complaining.</td>
<td>Davie, spiritless.</td>
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<td>Contra, country.</td>
<td>Davie's, King David's.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cood, the cud.</td>
<td>Daw, dawn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coof, fool, ninny.</td>
<td>Dawds, lumps, large pieces.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cookit, that appeared and disappeared by fits.</td>
<td>Dawin, the dawning.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Coost, cast.</td>
<td>Dawte, to fondle, caress, treasure.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish.</td>
<td>Deave, to deafen.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corbie, crow.</td>
<td>Deil, devil.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Core, corps, band.</td>
<td>Deil haet, devil a thing.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Corn't, fed with oats.</td>
<td>Describe, to describe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Counted, considered.</td>
<td>Deuk, a duck.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Countra, country.</td>
<td>Dight, cleaned from chaff, to wipe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cour, sink, fail.</td>
<td>Diné, dinner-time.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Couthie, kindly, loving.</td>
<td>Ding, to surpass, beat, be pushed or upset; a knock.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cowe, to terrify, to lap; a fright.</td>
<td>Dinner'd, dined.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crabbit, crabbed.</td>
<td>Dirk, a vibrating blow; to vibrate.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crack, a story or harangue, talk.</td>
<td>Disagree, disagreed.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crackin, conversing, gossiping.</td>
<td>Dizzen, a dozen, tack.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Craig, the throat; crag.</td>
<td>Doited, stupefied.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craik, landrail.</td>
<td>Donsie, unlucky.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crankous, irritated.</td>
<td>Dool, sorrow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cranreuch, hoar-frost.</td>
<td>Douce, grave, sober.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crap, crop, to crop.</td>
<td>Doup, the backside.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Craw, crow.</td>
<td>Dour, doure, stubborn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Creel, a basket; crazed, fascinated.</td>
<td>Dow, dowe, do, can.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Creechic, greasy.</td>
<td>Dowf, pitiless, silly, weakly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crocks, old sheep.</td>
<td>Dowie, low-spirited.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crouse, gleeful, with spirit.</td>
<td>Doilt, stupid.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crowl, crawl.</td>
<td>Doytin, walking stupidly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crummock, a staff with a crooked head, crutch.</td>
<td>Dozin, stupefied, impotent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.</td>
<td>Dragle, draggle.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuit, blockhead, ninny.</td>
<td>Drap, drop, a small quantity.</td>
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<td>Dreigh, ledowns.</td>
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<td>Droddum, the breech.</td>
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<td>Drone, the bagpipe.</td>
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GLOSSARY.

Droop-rumpl’t, that droops at the crupper.
Drouth, thirst.
Drunken, drunken.
Dumpl’d, muddy.
Dub, small pond, puddle.
Ducat Stream, a ford above the Auld Brig.
Duds, garments.
Duddie, ragged.
Duddies, garments.
Dusht, pushed by a ram or ox.

EARN, eagle.
Eastlin, eastern.
Ee, eye, to watch.
Een, eyes.
E’enin, evening.
Eerie, scared, afraid of spirits, haunted.
Eild, age.
Eldritch, frightful, elvish.
Em’brugh, Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Enough, enough.
Erse, Gaelic.
Ettle, design, aim.
Expeckit, expected.
Eydent, diligent.

FA’, lot; fall.
Fairin, a present, a reward.
Fand, found.
Fash, trouble.
Fash’t, troubled.
Fatt’rels, ribbon-ends.
Faught, a fight.
Fauld, a fold.
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, seemly.
Fecht, to fight.
Fecik, the greater portion; work.
Fecket, an under waistcoat with sleeves.
Feckless, powerless, without pith.
Ferlie, to wonder; a term of contempt.
Fidge, to fidget.
Fient, a petty oath. The fient a, the devil a bit of.
Fier, healthy, sound; brother, friend.
Fiere, friend, comrade.
Fit, foot.

Fittie-lan, the near horse.
Flang, fling or caper.
Flannen, flannel.
Fleech, supplicate.
Fleesh, a fleece, sheep.
Fley, scare.
Flichterin’, fluttering.
Flingin-tree, a fial.
Flisk, fret.
Flit, remove.
Fodgel, squat or plump.
Foord, a ford.
Forbear, forefather.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, worn-out, jaded.
Forgather, to make acquaintance with; meet.
Forrit, forward.
Fou, full, tipsy.
Foughten, troubled.
Fouth, an abundance.
Frae, from.
Frenit, strange, foreign.
Furrs, furrows.
Fyke, to be in a fuss about trifles.

GAB, the mouth.
Gang, to go.
Gar, to make.
Gash, sagacious, converse.
Gate, gate, manner, way or road.
Gaud, the plough shaft.
Guun, going.
Gawzie, jolly, large.
Gear, wealth, goods. Weel-hain’d gear, well saved drink.
Geordie, George. The yellow letter’d Geordie, a guinea.
Ghaist, ghost.
Gie, give.
Gies, give us.
Gif, if.
Giglets, playful children.
Gin, if.
Gird, to bind.
Gi’n, to grin.
Gizz, a wig.
Glaiket, thoughtless.
Glaizie glittering.
Gleg, sharp, clever, swift.
Gleib, a glebe.
Glint, glance.
Gloamin, twilight.
Glowr’, look earnestly, stare.
Goav, look, round with a strange inquiring gaze, stare stupidly.
Gos, hawk, falcon.
Gowan, the daisy.
Gowd, gold.
Gowdfink, goldfinch.
Gowk, fool.
Grat, wept.
Grce, a prize, to agree.
Greet, to weep.
Grfzet, a gooseberry.
Gruiistane, a grindstone.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Grutten, wept.
Gude, the Supreme Being, good.
Gillie, a large knife.
Gumlie, muddy, discolored.
M.\h.ill., have; here (in the sense of take).
Haet, the least thing. Deil haet, an oath of negation.
Haftets, the temples.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, etc.
Hern, heron.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Heugh, a coal pit, a steep.
Hirple, walks with difficulty, limp.
Hissel, flock.
Histie, dry, barren.
Hizzie, young woman.
Hoast, a cough.
Hoddin, the motion of a man on horseback; undyed wool.
Hog-shouter, a kind of horse-play by justling with the shoulder.
Hoolie! stop!
Horrie, Satan.
Hotch’d, fidgeted.
Houlet, owl.
Hove, hollow dell.
Hove-backit, sunk in the back.
Howk, dig.
Hoyle, to move clumsily.
Hughoc, Hugh.
Hunder, a hundred.
Hurecheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, hips, buttocks.
Hurl, to fall down ruinously, to ride.
ICKER, an ear of corn.
I lk, each.
Ilka, every.
Indentin, indenturing.
Ingle-cheek, the fireside.
Ingle-lowe, the household fire.
Ither, other, each other.
JAD, a jade.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaup, splash.
Jink, to dodge, run.
Jo, sweetheart, lover, friend.
Jocteleg, clasp-knife.
Jorum, the jig.
Jouk, to duck, to make obeisance.
Jundie, to jostle.
KAIL, broth, cabbage.
Kain, farm produce paid as rent.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Kebbuck-heel, the remaining portion of a cheese.
Keckle, to cackle, to laugh.
Keek, peep.
Keekin'-glass, a looking-glass.
Keepit, kept.
Kelpie, water-spirit.
Ken, know.
Kennin, a little bit.
Kep, to catch anything when falling.
Ket, a fleece.
Kilt, to tuck up.
Kinslra, country.
Kirk, church.
Kirn, a churn.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.
Knag-gie, knotty.
Knowe, a hillock.
Knurl, a churl.
Knurlin, a dwarf.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district of Ayrshire.
Kyte, belly.
LAG, sluggish.
Lair, lore.
Laird, lord, landlord.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful.
Lallan, lowland.
Lap, leap.
Lauping, leaping.
Lave, the rest.
Lav'rocks, larks.
Leal, true, loyal.
Lear, lore, learning.
Lea-rig, a grassy ridge.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leeosome, pleasant.
Leeze me, blessing, a phrase of congratulatory endearment, I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
Leuk, look, appearance.
Ley, lea.
Lien, lain.
Lift, heaven; a large quantity
Limmer, a kept mistress; a strumpet.
Lin, linn, a waterfall.
Linket, tripped deftly.
Link, trip.
Lint, flax. Sin lint was i' the bell, since flax was in flower.
Lintwhite, linnet; flaxen.
Lippen, trust.
Loan, milking-place lane.
Lon' on, London.
Loof, palm of the hand.
Loot, let.
Lough, a lake.
Loup, lowp, leap.
Low, flame.
Lowse, to loosen.
Luckie, a designation applied to an elderly woman.
Lug, the ear, to produce, to bring out.
Luggies, small wooden dishes with handles.
Lunardi, a bonnet called after Lunardi the aeronaut.
Lunt, smoke.
Luver, lover.
Lyart, gray.
MAE, more.
Maillie, Molly.
Maillen, farm.
Mang, among.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Maut, matt.
Mavis, the thrush.
Meere, a mare.
Meikle, much, large.
Melder, corn or grain of any kind sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle.
Mense, good manners.
Messin, a dog of mixed breeds, mongrel.
Midden, the dunghill.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, dark.
Mither, mother.
Mizzl'd, having different colors; muzzled.
Moop, to nibble, to keep company with.
Moss, a morass.
Mottie, full of motes.
Mou, mouth.
Moundioworts, moles.
Muckle, great, big, much.
Muir, moor.
NA', not, no.
Naig, a nag.
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Nappy, ale
Neebors, neighbors.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neist, next.
Neuk, nook, corner.
Niest, next.
Nieve, first.
Niffer, exchange, bargain.
Nit, nut.
Nocht, nothing.
Nowt, cruzz.
OCH, ah.
O'erlay, an outside dress, an overall.
Or, ere.
Owsen, oxen.

PACK, pack an' thick, on friendly or intimate terms.
Paidle, to paddle; wander about without object or motive.
Paunch, punch, stomach.
Paisley hurn, coarse linen.
Pa'trick, partridge.
Parritch, oatmeal boiled in water, stirabout.
Pattle, a plough-staff.
Pechan, the stomach.
Pluck, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
Pleugh, plough.
Poin'd, to seize for sequestration.
Poortith, poverty.
Poupet, the pulpit.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pree, to taste.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, print.
Priggin, haggling.
Proveses, provosts.
Pund, pound.
Pyle, grain.

QUAICK, quack.
Quat, quit, quitted.
Queen, young woman.

RAGWEED, the plant ragwort.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Rantin, rant, noisy, full of animal spirits.

Rash, a rush.
Rash-buss, a clump of rushes.
Rattan, ratton, a rat.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream, foam.
Reave, rob.
Red, rede, counsel.
Red-wat, shod, over shoes in blood.
Reek, smoke; to smoke.
Reestit, withered, singed; stood restive.
Remead, remedy.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin rafters.
Rigwooddie, withered, sapless.
Rip, a handful of unthrashed corn.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rive, to burst, tear.
Roon, round.
Roupet, hoarse as with a cold.
Routhie, well filled, abundant.
Rowe, roll.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.

SARK, a shirt, shift.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, willow.
Saugh woodie, rope made of willow withes.
Saumont-cable, a salmon-boat.
Saut, salt.
Sax, six.
Scaith, hurt.
Scaud, to scald.
Scaur, to scare; frightened.
Scaul, a scold.
Sconner, to loathe; loathing.
Screed, a tear, a rent, to repeat glibly.
Scrimp, scant.
Seizin, seizing.
Seventeen-hunner linen, linen woven in a reed of 1,700 divisions.
Shachl't, deformed.
Shaird, a shred.
Shaw, show, wooded dell.
Sheep-shank, who thinks himself nae sheep-shank bane, who thinks himself no unimportant personage.
Sheugh, a trench.
Shiel, a shieling, a hut, shed.
Shog, a shock.
Shool, shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to threaten, offer.
Sic, such.
Siller, money; of the color of silver.
Sin', since.
Sindry, sundry.
Sinfu', sinful.
Singet, singed.
Sin't, sing it.
Sinn, the sun.
Sinsyne, since.
Skaitli, sirnry.
Skeiyh, high-mettled, shy, proud, disdainful.
Skelvuni, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, a slap; to strike, to run.
Skelpie-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, walking smartly, resounding.
Skelping, slapping.
Skelpit, hurried.
Skinklin, glittering.
Shirl, to shriek.
Sklen, to deviate from truth; slant.
Skreech, to scream.
Skreigh, to scream.
Slap, flash, gate, style, breach in hedge.
Slee, shy.
Sleekit, sleek.
Slidd'ry, slippery.
Sloken, to quench, to allay thirst.
Slypet, slipped, fell over.
Smeddum, dust, powder.
Sineek, smoke.
Smidie, a smithy.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smytrie, a number huddled together.
Snash, abuse, impertinence.
Snaw, snow.
Snaw broo, melted snow.
Sned, to lop, to cut.
Snell, bitter, biting.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snick, latch.
Snool, to cringe, to submit tamely, to snub.
Snoov't, went smoothly.
Snowkit, sniffed.
Sodger, a soldier.
Son'ic, jolly, comely.
Soupe, a spoonful.
Soupie, supple.
Souter, sowther, a shoemaker.
Sowther, to soldier, to make up.
Spairge, dash or scatter about.
Spate, a flood.
Spear, to swing.
Sperry, spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spence, the country parlor.
Sprackle, spracle, clamber.
Sprattle, to struggle.
Spritty, full of spirits; full of roots.
Spin, fire, mettle, a spark.
Spunkie, Will o' the wisp; full of spirit, whiskey.
Spurtle, a stick with which porridge, broth, etc., are stirred while boiling.
Squad, crew.
Squatter, to flutter across the water like a duck.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Stacher, stagger, walk unsteadily.
Stang, to sting.
Stank, a stagnant pool or pond.
Stark, strong.
Stars, stars.
Staumrel, half-witted.
Staw, to steal, to surfeit.
Stechnu, cramming, panting with repletion.
Steck, stitch, reticulation.
Steer, to injure, to stir up, molest.
Steve, firm, compacted.
Sten, a leap or bound. Hasty stens, hasty stretchers or rushes.
Sten't, reared.
Stent, assessment, dues, stint, task.
Stibble, stubble.
Stilt, halt.
Stimpurt, a half peck.
Stoor, sound, hollow or hoarse.
Stoup, jug.
Stoure, dust; pleasure of circumstances.
Stown, stolen.
Straught, straight.
Streekit, stretched. Streekit owre, stretched across.
Stroan, spout, squirt.
Studdie, a stithy, anvil.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
Sturt, to molest, to vex, frighten.
Sugh, a rushing sound.
Swaid, sward.
Swall’d, swallowed.
Swank, stately, limber, jolly.
Swat, sweat.
Swats, ale.
Swirl, a curlie.
Swith, swift.
Syne, since, then.
TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
Taet, small quantity.
Tassie, a goblet.
Tauld, told.
Tawie, tame.
Tawted, matted, uncombed.
Teen, provocation, chagrin.
Tent, to take heed; mark.
Tentie, heedful.
Teug’ly, toughly.
Thack an’ rape, thatch and rope, clothes; “in good order.”
Thae, these.
Thairm, fiddlestring.
Theekit, thatched, covered up, secured.
Thegither, together.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spiteful.
Thir, these, their.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowes, thaw.
Thrang, busy, crowd.
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves of corn, including two shocks.
Thraw, to sprain or twist, to cross or contradict.
Threar, to argue.
Threeteen, thirteen.
Thrisisle, the thistle.
Thud, make a loud, intermittent noise, resounding blow.
Till, unto.
Timmer, timber, the tree boughs.
Tine, tyne, to lose; to go astray.
Tint, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, ram.
Tippence, twopence.
Tippenny, two penny ale.
Tirl, to strip, knock, unroof.
Tither, the other.
Tocher, marriage portion, dowry.
Todlin, tottering.
Tod, fox.
Toop, a ram.
Toozie, rough, shaggy.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Towzie, towzling, rumpling, dishevelling.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter.
Transmogrify’d, metamorphosed.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trinkling, trickling, flowing.
Trowth, a petty oath.
Tulzie, a quarrel.
Tup, a ram.
Twa, two.
Tval, twelve, twelve o’clock.
Tyke, a vagrant dog.
UNCHANCY, dangerous.
Unco, very, great, extreme, strange.
Uncos, strange things, news of the country side.
Usquebae, whiskey.
VAUNTIE, proud, in high spirits.
Vera, very.
Virla, ring round a column.
Vow, an interjection expressive of admiration or surprise.
WAD, would, a wager.
Waif, stray sheep.
Wale, choice. Pick and wale, of choicest quality.
Walie, waly, wawlie, ample, large.
Wallop in a tether, to hang one’s self.
Wame, the belly.
Wanchancie, unlucky.
Warrestfu’, restless.
Ware, to spend, worn.
Wark-lume, a tool to work with.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly.
Glossary:

Warsle, to wrestle.

Wast, west.

Wastrie, prodigality, riot.

Wat, wet coat; wot, know.

Wattle, a switch.

Wauble, to swing, to reel, wobble.

Waukit, thickened with toil.

Wawlie, strapping.

Wean, child.

Wee, little. A wee, a short period of time.

Weel, well.

Weelhaind, carefully saved.

Weet, vet, detv, rain.

Westlin, western; whistling.

Whaizle, to wheeze.

Whalpit, whelped.

Whib, run as a hare.

Whigmeleerics, crochets.

Whing, cry, complain, fret.

Whin, furze bush.

Whirlygig-ums, useless ornaments.

Whisht, peace. Held my whisht, kept silence.

Whan-stanc, whinstone, granite.

Whyles, sometimes.

Widdiefu, ill-tempered.

Willie-waught, a hearty draught.

Willyart, wild, strange, timid.

Wimple, wave, meander.

Winnock-bunker, a seat in a window.

Wintle, stagger.

Wiss, wish.

Wist, knew.

Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.

Won, dwell.

Woo', wool.

Woodie, the gallows, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows.

Wordy, worthy.

Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.

Wyliecoat, a flannel coat.

YEALIN, yearling, contemporaneous.

Yell, barren. As yell's the Bill, giving no more milk than the bull.

Yerkit, jerked, lashed.

Yestreen, yesternight.

Yett, gate.

Yil, ale.

Yird, yirth, earth.

Yont, beyond.

Younkers, youngsters.

Yowe, ewe.

Yule, Christmas.
NOTES.

P. 57. Title and structure of poem suggested by Robert Fergusson’s “Farmer’s Ingle.” Composed 1785, and repeated to Gilbert Burns as the two brothers were taking a Sunday afternoon walk. When Burns made his first and only visit on English soil, he knelt with bared head and recited the last two stanzas. In the earlier editions the second line of the last stanza reads: —

“That stream’d thro’ great, unhappy Wallace’ heart.”

P. 64. Said on the authority of Mrs. Burns to have been composed in one day. Completed Jan. 23, 1791.

P. 71. Composed after deciding to publish his poems; just before Feb. 17, 1786. Luath was the name of Burns’s favorite dog, wantonly killed the night before his father’s death.

P. 79. The New Bridge, begun May, 1786; completed November, 1788; due largely to John Ballantyne, Dean of Guild, and afterwards Provost of the Burough. Poem suggested by Fergusson’s “The Plainstones and Causeway” and “The Twa Ghaists.”

P. 88. Captain Henderson was one of the subscribers to the edition of 1787. He died in November, 1788. Burns says in a letter dated Aug. 2, 1790: “I have not flattered his memory.”

P. 93. Originally sixty stanzas; then condensed to thirty-eight. In the Edinburgh edition the seven that conclude Duan I. were restored, and the verse “And when the Bard or hoary Sage” added. Duan is an Ossianic term. Coila from Kyle, an Ayrshire district, or from Coil, a traditional Pictish monarch. The poem was possibly suggested by Cowley’s “Vision.”

P. 102. Written in April, 1786: first entitled “The Gowan.”
P. 104. Composed, according to Gilbert Burns, while the author was holding the plough. John Blane, a gaudsman or farm servant, was driving the plough when the mouse ran before them. He would have killed it, but Burns restrained him.

P. 106. Burns's scrap-book title: "A Prayer when fainting-fits and other alarming symptoms of a pleurisy or some other dangerous disorder which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm." Written early in 1781.


P. 108. The "lady" was a Mauchline belle well known.

P. 110. Date of composition not known: probably after the summer of 1786.

P. 113. Written about February, 1791. This poem particularly pleased Burns himself.

P. 115. Miss Wilhelmina Alexander was the heroine. Probably composed in the summer of 1786.

P. 116. Composed in part on the plan of an old song of the same name printed in Robert Jamieson's Ballads (1806), taken from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Library. Burns wrote and undoubtedly preferred the first line to read: "There was three kings into the East."

P. 119. Suggested by an old Scots dirge called "The Life and Age of Man," known by Burns's mother, and by her given to Cromeck.

P. 122. Composed in the winter of 1784-85. Repeated to Gilbert Burns as the two brothers were going with carts for coal.

P. 127. Written in December, 1791, in reference to "Clarin-da's" proposed visit to her husband in Jamaica. Burns saw Mrs. M'Lehose on Dec. 6. She sailed in February, 1792, on the Roselle, the same ship which Burns had expected to take in 1786. Though she soon returned to Scotland, she and the poet never met again. On the 6th of December, 1831, she, being 72, wrote: "This day I never can forget. Parted with Burns in the year 1791, never more to meet in this world. Oh, may we meet in heaven!"
P. 128. It has been conjectured that the Mary of Afton water was Highland Mary, and that the poem was composed before her death. Afton is an Ayrshire stream and flows into the Nith.

P. 129. Composed in reference to the sad and romantic history of Miss Peggy Kennedy of Carrick, to whom in 1785 he had written the song "Young Peggy." The version on page 130 was the earlier form, and was written in 1787: "While here I sit," wrote Burns, "sad and solitary by the side of a fire in a little country inn, and drying my wet clothes."

P. 131. Later variation of an old song remodelled by Burns in 1794. Clouden is a stream that flows into the Nith. The "silent towers" were a favorite haunt of the poet and are mentioned in the song "A Lassie all alone":—

"As I stood by yon roofless tower
Where the waiflower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower
And tells the midnight moon her care."

P. 132. The final poem of the first edition of Burns's poems.

P. 133. Burns had sent a letter to Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, detailing certain changes in his circumstances. The letter was lost, and Dr. Blacklock, Aug. 24, 1789, wrote Burns an epistle beginning:—

"Dear Burns, thou brother of my heart," and asking various questions:—

"Most anxiously I wish to know
With thee of late how matters go:
How keeps thy much-loved Jean her health?
What promises thy farm of wealth,
Whether the Muse persists to smile
And all thy anxious cares beguile?
Whether bright fancy keeps alive
And how thy darling infants thrive?"

This letter was Burns's reply. Blacklock was born in 1721, died 1791.

P. 136. Written to Andrew Aiken, who died English Consul in Riga in 1831. It was written on Monday, May 15, 1786, the
very day that Highland Mary left her place at Mauchline, and following "the day of lasting love."

P. 139. William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, beheaded on Tower Hill, 1716, for fighting for Prince Charles Edward in 1715. In the rebellion Burns's grandfather was also concerned. Song founded on an old ballad.

P. 140. Written April, 1793. The "Mill o' Ness" at the Linn, near Sundrum House, is the scene. The mill is now demolished, but the trysting thorn still blooms.

P. 142. Composed before Burns went to Irvine, in his 23d year. The Stinchar flows through the moors of Carrick.

P. 144. Composed in three-quarters of an hour, June 25, 1793.

P. 145. Composed probably May, 1789, at a time when "the delightful sensations of an omnipotent toothache" so engrossed all his inner man as to put it out of his power "to write anything but nonsense." "Fifty troops of infernal spirits," he wrote Creech, "are driving fast, from ear to ear, along my jawbones."

P. 146. This "glorious fragment" was, as Burns said, a song of the olden times. Burns furnished the two stanzas beginning, "We two," and probably altered the others. He sent it to Mrs. Dunlop, December, 1788.

P. 147. Composed September, 1793. "There is a tradition," says the poet in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this ode, "that the old air, 'Hey, tuttie taitie,' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence which I have thrown into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning." This ode Professor Wilson called "the grandest out of the Bible."

P. 148. Supposed to have been composed on the sixth anniversary of Mary Campbell's death. Furnished to Thomson Nov. 14, 1792. Burns wrote, "I think it is in my happiest manner."
P. 150. Composed on the third anniversary of Highland Mary's death. Lockhart calls it the noblest of all Burns's songs.

P. 151. Long supposed to be a song addressed to Highland Mary, but discovered in 1871 to be a copy of verses from the Greek of Euripides printed in the Edinburgh Magazine in 1774. Burns had liked it and sent it to Thomson.

P. 152. Burns's first song contributed to Thomson's collection, October, 1792.

P. 153. An improvement on the old song,

"My wife's a wanton wee thing."

Thomson changed the word *wanton* to *winsome*, and added his name as joint author. It was sent Nov. 8, 1792.

P. 154. Composed in Burns's last illness and addressed to his faithful attendant, Jessie Lewars.

P. 155. Mary Morison is believed to be Burns's poetic name for Ellison Begbie, with whom he was in love when he was about twenty-two, and whom he celebrated as "the lass o' Cessnock Bank." This poem was sent to Thomson March 20, 1793.

P. 156. Sent to Thomson November, 1792. Miss Lesley Baillie, with her father and sister, called on Burns at Dumfries on their way to England. Burns accompanied them some fifteen miles, and composed the song as he rode back alone.

P. 157. An old song revised by Burns. It does not refer to the river Rye.

P. 158. Composed January, 1795.

P. 160. The first four lines of "The Siller Tassie" are not by Burns. Written December, 1788.

P. 160. "Young Jessie" composed April, 1793. Jessie was the daughter of Provost Staig of Dumfries.

P. 161. Sent to Thomson December, 1792. The original from which the idea was borrowed was very coarse. Burns retained only the first line and a part of the third.

P. 162. Sent to Mrs. M'Lehose early in December, 1791; also to Johnson, "to set to a most beautiful air, out of compliment to the first of women, my ever-beloved, my ever-sacred Clarinda,"
He sent it also to Mrs. Dunlop inscribed: "To my dear and much-honored friend, Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop."

P. 163. Burns's abridgment of a long, ancient rant.

P. 164. Suggested by an old Jacobite song. Supposed to have been composed about 1792, in compliment to the Reform leaders in Parliament. "Charlie, the chief of the clan," is Charles James Fox; "Tammie, the Norland laddie," is Thomas Erskine.

P. 165. Burns wrote: "The first half stanza is old—the rest is mine." It was suggested by a ditty entitled "The strong walls of Derry," which was a great favorite with Sir Walter Scott. The chorus ran:

"Let us drink and gae hame, boys—drink and gae hame,
If we stay ony langer, we'll get a bad name;
We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill oursel's fou,
And the strong walls of Derry are ill to win through."

P. 166. This song, says Burns, "I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns. N. B.—It was during the honeymoon." Burns spent his honeymoon, June, 1788, mostly at Ellisland, while "Young Jean" was at Mossgiel, to the west. John Hamilton, a music-seller of Edinburgh, added the two following stanzas, which are often attributed to Burns, and sung in addition to his beautiful song:

"O blaw, ye westlin' winds, blaw saft amang the leafy trees!
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale, bring hame the laden bees;
An' bring me her can cheer my soul, an' brighten every scene,—
Ae blink o' her can banish care,—sae charming is my Jean!

What sighs an' vows amang the knowes, atween us twa hae past!
How fain to meet, how wae to part, when partin' came at last!
The Powers aboon can only ken, to whom the heart is seen,
That dearer than my deathless soul, I lo'e my darling Jean!"
In the second line of Burns's first stanza "like" was afterwards changed to "lo'e," and the twelfth to

"Wi' music charm the air."

P. 167. "It is na Jean." Burns says: "These were originally English verses; I gave them their Scotch dress."

P. 167. Composed September, 1788, in honor of Captain Riddel's wedding anniversary, which occurred Nov. 7.

P. 168. Says Burns: "This song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruickshank, only child to my worthy friend Mr. William Cruickshank of the High School, Edinburgh." Burns for a time resided with Mr. Cruickshank. The "rose-bud" was proficient in music. Professor Walker called on Burns in October, 1787, and says he "found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sung and accompanied, and adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed, that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment.

P. 169. Composed September, 1787. Says Robert Chambers: "James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire (Nov. 7, 1700), along with certain gypsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus:

"'I've spent my time in rioting;
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I squander'd fast as piillage came,
And fell to shame at length.

But dantonily, and wantonly,
And rantingly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows-tree.'"
NOTES.

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff (Nov. 16), he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments; after which he submitted to his fate. The traditional accounts of Macpherson's immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men."


P. 171. Sent to Thomson in October, 1794, with the remark: "I have been at Duncan Gray to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid."

P. 172. The first two stanzas only are by Burns. Those beginning "O give my love" were published in the second volume of Hurd's collection, 1776. Burns confessed that his lines were far inferior. It has been remarked that birds would not take shelter in a lilac-tree on account of the peculiar odor of the flower.

P. 173. Written Feb. 27, 1792, while Burns was out watching a brig suspected of being engaged in contraband trade. When the captured brig with her cargo was sold at auction at Dumfries, the poet bought four carronades for three pounds, and sent them as a present to the French Convention, with a letter testifying his admiration and respect. The guns and letter were stopped at the custom-house at Dover.

P. 173. "The Highland Lassie," said Burns, "was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was at all known in the world." It referred to Mary Campbell.

P. 175. Composed December, 1789. Jean, the daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey of Lochmaben, at whose house Burns occasionally visited. He gave it to her one morning at breakfast. She was married afterwards to a Mr. Renwick, and lived in New York.
P. 176. Peggy was Miss Margaret Chalmers, to whom was written also "My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form." Both were sent to her December, 1787, in a letter in which he wrote: "I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you? I will: so look to it! Personal attractions, madam, you have above par — wit, understanding, and worth you possess in the first class." Miss Chalmers was a cousin of Burns's first patron, Gavin Hamilton.

P. 176. "Here's a health." Composed May, 1796, while he was in his last sickness. Jessy, of course, was Miss Jessy Lewars, sister of his friend and brother exciseman, Lewars.

P. 177. Burns's composition except two or three lines.

P. 183. Sent to Professor Dugald Stewart, Jan. 20, 1789, as a part of an intended poem to be called "The Poet's Progress." The portrait was probably meant as that of Creech, the Edinburgh publisher of his poems.

P. 183. "Weary fa' you" was taken from an old song with considerable alteration.

P. 184. Composed 1786. Burns became a Mason July 4, 1781. He was Deputy-Master and often "honored with supreme command." Down to March 1, 1786, he signed the minutes as Robert Burness.

P. 186. Composed on "New-year-day morning," 1789, at Ellisland. The scarcity of water at Edinburgh, and the illness of George III., which raised talk concerning his son as probable regent, are referred to in the last lines.

P. 187. Major was Mrs. Dunlop's son, afterwards General Dunlop. Rachael and Keith were her daughters: the one was painting a picture from Burns's "Vision;" the other, one from Gray's "Elegy."

P. 189. Sent incomplete to Mrs. Dunlop, April 4, 1789.

P. 191. This song was first published in 1846, in the New York Mirror. It was supplied by Mrs. Renwick, née Jean Jeffrey, to whom Burns also wrote: "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen." Its authenticity has been questioned, but it is said to have been collated with a copy in Burns's handwriting.

not to publish it. "Do not," she wrote, "for your sake and for mine."

P. 194. The last song Burns composed for Johnson’s Museum. Mally (also Mailie) is Scots for Molly, Mary.

P. 195. Mrs. Begg, Burns’s sister, believed that this was an old song known in Ayrshire when the poet was a child.

P. 196. An old ballad fragment with a few verbal alterations by Burns.

P. 197. "O lay thy loof." Written for a song sung on St. Crispin’s Day.

P. 198. An old song by Theobald (1727), remodelled.

P. 199. The heroine was Miss Margaret Kennedy, daughter of a landed proprietor of Carrick. She was betrothed to Captain Maxwell, but was ruined by M’Dougal of Logan. See "Ye banks and Braes," p. 129, 287.


P. 202. Burns’s variation of a “fine old song” in Herd’s collection, February, 1788.


P. 204. Bonny Bell, published Aug. 13, 1792.

P. 205. August, 1795. Inspired by "Chloris"—Jean Lorimer—to whom he wrote a number of beautiful songs. See note to "Sweet fa’s the eve," p. 216, 296.

P. 206. "Bonny wee thing." Burns wrote: "Composed on my little idol, the charming, lovely Davies." Miss Davies was a connection of Captain Riddel. She died a victim of unrequited love.


P. 208. The interview took place in 1786 at Professor Dugald Stewart’s villa at Catrine. Lord Daer, heir to the earldom of Selkirk, died November, 1794.

P. 210. Published in the Caledonian Mercury, Dec. 20, 1786. A haggis is composed of minced offal of mutton, mixed with meal and suet, to which are added various condiments by
way of seasoning, and the whole is tied up tightly in a sheep's stomach, and boiled therein. See Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosiana," where is a graphic and humorous description of a monster haggis. The Edinburgh Literary Journal, 1829, made the following statement: "At Mauchline Mr. Robert Morrison, cabinet-maker, was a great crony of Burns's, and it was in his house that he wrote his celebrated 'Address to a Haggis;' after partaking liberally of that dish as prepared by Mrs. Morrison."

P. 212. Burns wrote Alexander Cunningham, May 4, 1789: "One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass-seeds, I heard the burst of an echo from a neighboring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came crippling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season when all of them have young ones." The sportsman was James Thomson, who afterwards said: "He cursed me, and said he would not mind throwing me into the water; and I'll warrant he could ha'e done 't, though I was both young and strong." Burns excised the following stanza which came next the last:—

"Perhaps a mother's anguish add its woe,
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow?"

Burns's friend, Dr. Gregory, to whom he sent a copy of the poem the following June, made some severe criticisms on it, in reference to which Burns soon after wrote: "Dr. Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me. I believe in his iron justice; but like the devils, I believe and tremble."

P. 213. The first sketch of this song furnished the Museum in the winter of 1787; the complete song in August, 1793, when he was enraptured with Jean Lorimer. He directed Thomson to change the last line of the chorus to:—

"Thy Jeanie will venture wi' you, my lad."

P. 214. Gilbert Burns and Robert Chambers believed this to be not by Burns. Allan Cunningham decides that he has no doubt it was the work of Burns.
NOTES.

P. 216. Burns said: "The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale." She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer at Kemmis-Hall. When she was eighteen or nineteen (in 1793) she contracted a Gretna Green marriage with an English scapegrace who soon became bankrupt and ran away. In October, 1794, Burns wrote: "The young lady on whom it [Craigie-burn Wood] was made is one of the finest women in Scotland; and in fact (entre nous) is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, a friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love."


P. 217. Composed, or, as Burns expressed it, "carded and spun," early in December, 1786, immediately after his arrival at Edinburgh. The "fair Burnet" was Lord Monboddo's daughter, who died in 1789. Burns wrote an elegy upon her. "There has not been anything," he wrote, "nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the Creator has formed since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence."

P. 220. Burns made two versions of this poem. The first was written in June 28, 1788. The MS. of the amended copy is headed, "Altered from the foregoing, in December, 1788." The hermitage was on the property of Captain Riddel of Friar's Carse, a beautiful house with fine grounds, a mile above Ellisland. Burns had a key and was permitted to wander at will in the beautiful grounds. The first six lines were graven with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the "ivied cot." It is now in ruins.

P. 222. "On Scaring some Waterfowl." Composed October, 1787, while making an excursion to Ochtertyre in Strathearn. Back of the house was a valley in which Loch-Turit lies.

P. 224. Composed July 2, 1793. "The heroine," wrote Burns, "is Miss Macmurdo, daughter of Mr. Macmurdo, of Drumlanrig."

P. 226. Burns wrote: "I composed these stanzas standing
under the Falls of Moness, at or near Aberfeldy," Thursday, Aug. 30, 1787.

P. 227. Published Aug. 30, 1792.

P. 228. Composed May, 1795.

P. 229. Composed in August, 1777. Inspired by Miss Peggy Thomson, who lived next door to the school at Kirkoswald where he was studying mensuration. He was in love with her for several years; but in November, 1784, he wrote Thomas Orr, telling him he was glad to have got Peggy off his hands. Peggy Thomson was not Montgomerie's Peggy or Peggy Kennedy.

P. 231. Published Sept. 4, 1789, and signed "Thomas A. Linn." Francis Grose was a broken-down English gentleman who took to antiquarian literature and published several works with engravings from his own drawings. He died in Dublin, May, 1791, three weeks after the publication of his book containing Burns's "Tam O' Shanter." Maidenkirk, or rather Kirkmaiden, in line two, is the most southerly parish in Scotland.

P. 233. William Simpson, schoolmaster of Ochiltree, and afterwards of New Cumnock, who died in 1815. He was something of a poet, though he never published his effusions.

P. 239. The woods were felled by the Duke of Queensbury, in order by their sale to enrich his supposed natural daughter, the Countess of Yarmouth. The verses, according to the newspaper in which they were first printed, "were found written on the window shutter of a small inn on the banks of the Nith soon after the beauty of the finest scenes that were perhaps to be met with in the south of Scotland had been sacrificed to sordid avarice. Burns is supposed to have been their author." Their authorship was doubted by Allan Cunningham, but they are in his best manner, and quite in accordance with his custom of leaving verses in public places.


P. 244. Written at Irvine in 1782. Due to a real incident in
which, however, the pet yowe was saved from strangling. The Elegy (p. 247) is probably of later composition.

P. 249. "How long, etc." Written in 1787. In some editions in the third line of the last stanza a comma or dash seems to make the meaning a little clearer.

P. 250. Composed November, 1794. Burns, in May, 1795, wrote Thomson to engrave a vignette of his head, as an illustration to it, "in order that the portrait of his face and the picture of his mind might go down the stream of time together."

P. 251. Composed March, 1793. Suggested by an old ditty in Hurd's collection. Possibly has reference to "Clarinda," who the year before sailed to join her unworthy husband, Mr. M'Lehose, in Jamaica.

P. 252. "My Nannie's Awa." Sent December, 1794. Supposed to have reference to "Clarinda."


P. 254. The Bard's song in "The Jolly Beggars," omitting the first two verses for which the opening verse and a new chorus are substituted.


P. 257. This song is to be found in Hurd's collection (vol. ii., p. 202), 1776, and cannot be Burns's, though generally included in his works. A concluding verse—

"An' ay she cam' at e'enin fa'  
Amang the yellow broom sae eerie,  
To seek the snood o' silk she tint,  
She fand no that, but met her dearie,"

is supposed to be by Burns.

The silken snood or ribbon on the hair was a popular symbol of virginity.


P. 258. "Auld Rob Morris." Sent to Thomson Dec. 4, 1792. The second stanza was meant to describe Miss Charlotte Hamilton.
NOTES.

P. 259. Composed October, 1787. The heroine was Miss Euphemia Murray, cousin of Sir William Murray, at whose home Burns visited at Ochtertyre.

P. 260. Composed August or September, 1789, after Mr. William Nicol of the Edinburgh High School, Mr. Masterton, a musician, and Burns had had a convivial meeting at Moffat.

P. 262. Supposed to refer to Miss Peggy Chalmers. Probably written November, 1787.

P. 263. An imitation of an old song. The historical reference is to the battle of Culloden in 1746.

P. 264. Burns wrote: "The chorus of this song is old; the two stanzas are mine." Published in vol. ii. of Musical Museum, Feb. 14, 1788.

P. 265. "There's a youth." "The first stanza," says Burns, "is old—the rest is mine." Published in vol. iii. of Johnson's Museum, Feb. 2, 1790.

P. 265. "The Rigs o' Barley." Written at Lochlea, 1782. The "Annie" is not known.

P. 267. Published in Dumfries Journal May 5, 1795. Burns joined the regiment. Allan Cunningham thus wrote: "I well remember the appearance of that respectable corps; their odd but not ungraceful dress; white Kerseymere breeches and waistcoat, short blue coat faced with red, and round hat, surmounted by a bear skin, like the helmets of our Horse Guards; and I remember the poet also—his very swarthy face, his ploughman's stoop, his large dark eyes, and his indifferent dexterity in the handling of his arms." The threatened invasion was not made, but the poem became immensely popular. Burns had a broadside of it struck off and distributed among the "volunteers."

P. 268. Composed in the summer of 1795. The "Jean" was probably not "bonny Jean," his wife, but "Jean Lorimer," his "Chloris."

P. 269. Written for Thomson in July, 1795. It was so popular that Johnson, his rival introduced the same song with a few verbal variations, pretending that it had been sent to him before it appeared in Thomson's collection.
P. 270. Sent to Thomson in April, 1793. A song with the same title—the picture of a drunken wedding—was furnished by Burns to Johnson's *Museum*.

P. 271. Composed just before Mrs. Burns joined him at Ellisland in December, 1788.

P. 272. This immensely popular song records the tradition that on the night Burns was born “a blast o' Jan'war win'” blew in a portion of the “auld clay biggin” erected by William Burns, and the mother and child had to be removed to a neighbor's.
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