24th August 1721

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Rev. E pl. 51


Allan Ramsay
I S P
F. Vercruysse S.

POEMS

BY

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Let them cenſure, what care I?
The Herd of Criticks I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the Numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is ſweet,
And all is Senſe that they repete.

PRIOR from ANACREON.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN, for the Author.
M. DCC. XXI.

To the most Beautiful,

THE

SCOTS LADIES.

Fair Patronesses,

OR your innocent Diversion, and to invite those engaging Smiles which heighten your other Beauties, the most part of my Poems were wrote, having had the Pleasure to be sometimes approv'd of by you, which was the Mark I chiefly aim'd at. Allow me then to lay the following Collection at your Feet; accept of it as a grateful Return of every Thought happily express'd by me, they being less owing to my natural Genius, than to the Inspiration of your Charms.

I ſhall hope to be excus'd, when I drop the common Form, and enter not into a Detail of your Qualities, altho the faireſt Field for Panegyrick, but too extenſive for a Dedication, and many of them the Subjects which embelliſh the whole Book.

With Difficulty I curb my ſelf, and decline ſo delightful a Theme: The raviſhing Images crowd upon me; but I'll reſerve them for Numbers. Proſe is too low, and looks affected, when dreſs'd in the Ornaments of Panegyrick.

Dear Ladies, pardon my Eſcapes, and honour me always with your indulgent Protection, and allow me ever to be,

May it pleaſe your Ladyſhips,

Your moſt humble,

Moſt obedient,

And moſt faithful

Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edinb. 14. July, 1721.

THE PREFACE.

IS none of the least of my Diversions to see one Part of the World laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own Opinions and Abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any Man whose Temper is the reverse of mine, and enters not into the Taste of the same Pleasures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be disobliged at another's different Way of Thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a Nose not of a Shape with his. Every Man is born with a particular Bent, which will discover itself in Spite of all Opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged my self in the Pursuit, tho many Difficulties lay in my Way.

Whether Poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous Study in the World, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so. Yet I am afraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent Character that belongs to the Epick Master, whose Fire and Flegm is equally blended. —— But Anacreon, Horace *and* Waller *were Poets, and had Souls warmed with true Poetick Flame, altho their Patience fell short of those who could bestow a Number of Years on the finishing one Heroick Poem, and justly claim the Preeminence.*

If I know any Faults in my own Productions, I am not fool enough to blaze them: Perhaps they may be overlook'd by the Indulgence of my best Friends, for whom I write.---'Tis not to be doubted that I have Enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four Satyrs, but such wretched Stuff, that several of my Friends would alledge upon me that I had wrote

and

and published them my self (none of the worst Politicks I own) to make the World believe I had no Foes but Fools. Such Pedants as confine Learning to the critical Understanding of the dead Languages, while they are ignorant of the Beauties of their Mother Tongue, do not view me with a friendly Eye: But I'm even with them, when I tell them to their Faces, without Blushing, that I understand Horace *but faintly in the Original, and yet can feast on his beautiful Thoughts dress'd in* British; --- *and do not see any great Occasion for every Man's being made capable to translate the Classicks, when they are so elegantly done to his Hand. Nor do I value tho Doctor* Bentley *heard this: And perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick, that this same Doctor had understood the Latin Tongue as little as I. -- If this Paragraph chance to raise a Nest of Wasps, let them read the next to blunt their Stings.*

My chearful Friends will pardon (a very essential Qualification of a Poet) my Vanity, when in self Defence I inform the Ignorant, that many of the finest Spirits, and of the highest Quality and Distinction, eminent for Literature, and Knowledge of Mankind, from an Affability which ever accompanies great Minds, tell me, "They are pleased with what "I have done; and add, That my small Knowledge of the dead or foreign "Languages is nothing to my Disadvantage. King David, Homer *and "*Virgil, *say they, were more ignorant of the* Scots *and* English *Tongue, "than you are of* Hebrew, Greek *and* Latin: *Pursue your own natural "Manner, and be an original." One may very easily imagine that I hear this with Abundance of secret Satisfaction and Joy; the Ladies too are on my side, they grace my Song with the Sweetness of their Voices, conn over my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry Tale.*

Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair,
My Foes may envy, but despair.

That I have exprest my Thought in my native Dialect, was not only Inclination, but the Desire of my best and wisest Friends; and most reasonable, since good Imagery, just Similies, and all Manner of ingenious Thoughts, in a well laid Design, disposed into Numbers, is Poetry. —— Then good Poetry may be in any Language. —— But some Nations speak rough

rough, and their Words are confounded with a Multitude of hard Consonants, which makes the Numbers unharmonious. Besides, their Language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable Repetition of the same Words. —— *These are no Defects in our's, the Pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the* English, *of which we are Masters, by being taught it in our Schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native Words, of eminent Significancy, makes our Tongue by far the completest: For Instance, I can say,* an empty House, a toom Barrel, a boss Head, *and* a hollow Heart. —— *Many such Examples might be given, but let this one suffice.*

I cannot here omit a Paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, *to a* London *Edition of one of my Pastorals, after he has said some Things very handsomely in my Favour.* —— *In behalf of our Language he expresses himself thus,* The following Poem, if I am not mistaken (for I set up for no Critic) is a true and just Pastoral, abounding with those Beauties, which are either requir'd, or are to be found in the best esteem'd Pastorals.

The *Scotticisms*, which perhaps may offend some over-nice Ear, give new Life and Grace to the Poetry, and become their Place as well as the *Doric* Dialect of *Theocritus*, so much admired by the best Judges. When I mention that Tongue, I bewail my own little Knowledge of it, since I meet with so many Words and Phrases so expressive of the Ideas they are intended to represent. A small Acquaintance with that Language, and our old *English* Poets, will convince any Man, that we spend too much Time in looking abroad for trifling Delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial, as well as a more elegant Entertainment.

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon English *Poetry, such as the* Morning Interview, Content, *&c. but all their Difference from the others is only in the Orthography of some Words, such as* from *for* frae, bold *for* bauld, *and some few Names of things; and in those, tho' the Words be pure* English, *the Idiom or Phraseology is still* Scots.

Through

Throughout the whole, I have only copied from Nature, and with all Precaution have ſtudied, as far as it came within the Ken of my Obſervation and Memory, not to repeat what has been already ſaid by others, tho it be next to impoſſible ſometimes to ſtand clear of them, eſpecially in the little Love-Plots of a Song.—— There are towards the End of this Miſcellany, five or ſix Imitations of Horace, *which any acquainted with that Author will preſently obſerve.—— I have only ſnatched at his Thought and Method in groſs, and dreſs'd them up in* Scots, *without confining my ſelf to no more or no leſs; ſo that theſe are only to be reckoned a following of his Manner.*

This is all I think needfull in Defence of my Book, and to keep it in Countenance with a Preface.

TO
Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY
ON HIS
Poetical Works.

HAIL Northern Bard! thou Fav'rite of the Nine,
Bright, or as *Horace* did, or *Virgil* ſhine.
In ev'ry Part of what thou'ſt done we find
How they, and great *Apollo* too, have joyn'd
To furniſh thee with an uncommon Skill,
And with Poetick Fire thy Boſom fill.

THY *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught
With tuneful Numbers and Majeſtick Thought:
And *Celia*, who her Lover's Suit diſdain'd,
Is by all-powerful Gold at length obtain'd.

WHEN Winter's hoary Aſpect makes the Plains
Unpleaſant to the Nymphs, and jovial Swains;

 Sweetly

Sweetly thou do'ſt thy rural Couples call
To Pleaſures known within *Edina*'s Wall.

WHEN, *Allan*, thou, for Reaſons thou know'ſt beſt,
Doom'd buſy *Cowper* to eternal Reſt:
What Mortal could thine El'gy on him read,
And not have ſworn he was defunct indeed?
Yet, that he might not loſe accuſtom'd Dues,
You rous'd him from the Grave to open Pews;
Such Magick, worthy *Allan*, hath thy Muſe.

TH' experienc'd Bawd, in apteſt Strains thou'ſt made
Early inſtruct her Pupils in their Trade;
Leſt when their Faces wrinkled are with Age,
They ſhould not Cullies as when young engage.
But on our Sex why art thou ſo ſevere,
To wiſh for Pleaſure we may pay ſo dear:
Suppoſe that thou had'ſt after cheerful Juice,
Met with a ſtrolling Harlot wondrous ſpruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to reſort
Where Claret might be drunk, or, if not, Port;

Suppoſe

Suppoſe, I ſay, that this thou granted had,
And Freedom took with the enticing Jade;
Would'ſt thou not hope ſome Artiſt might be found
To cure, if ought you ail'd the ſmarting Wound?

WHEN of the *Caledonian* Garb you ſing,
(Which from *Tartana*'s diſtant Clime you bring,)
With how much Force you recommend the Plaid,
To ev'ry jolly Swain, and lovely Maid.
But if, as Fame reports, ſome of thoſe Wights,
Who canton'd are among the rugged Heights
No Breeks put on, ſhould'ſt thou not them adviſe,
(Excuſe me, *Ramſay*, if I am too nice)
To take, as fitting 'tis, ſome ſpeedy Care
That what ſhould hidden be appears not bare;
Leſt Damſels, yet unknowing, ſhould by Chance,
Their nimble Ogle t'wards the Object glance?
If this thou doſt, we, who the South Poſſeſs,
May teach our Females how they ought to dreſs;
But chiefly let them underſtand, 'tis meet
They ſhould their Legs hide more, if not their Feet,

Too much by Help of Whale-bone now diſplay'd,
Ev'n from the Dutches to the Kitchen-maid;
But with more Reaſon, thoſe who give Diſtaſte,
When on their uncouth Limbs our Eyes we caſt.

THY other Sonnets in each Stanza ſhew,
What, when of Love you think, thy Muſe can do.
So movingly thou'ſt made the am'rous Swain,
Wiſh on the Moor his Laſs to meet again,
That I, methinks, find an unuſual Pain.
Nor haſt thou, chearful Bard, expreſt leſs Skill,
When the brisk Laſs you ſang of *Peattie's-mill*,
Or *Suſſie*, whom the Lad with yellow Hair
Thou'ſt made in ſoft and pleaſing Notes prefer
To Nymphs leſs handſome, conſtant, gay and fair.

IN lovely Strains kind *Nancy* you addreſs,
And make fond *Willie* his coy *Jean* poſſeſs:
Which done, thou'ſt bleſt the Lad in *Nellie*'s Arms,
Who long had abſent been 'midſt dire Alarms.
And artfully you've plac'd within the Grove,
Jammie to hear his Miſtreſs own her Love.

A gentle Care you've found for *Strephon*'s Breaſt,
By ſcornful *Betty* long depriv'd of Reſt.
And when the bliſful Pairs you thus have crown'd,
You'd have the Glaſs go merrily arround
To ſhake off Care, and render Sleep more ſound.

WHO e'er ſhall ſee, or hath already ſeen,
Thoſe bonny Lines call'd *Chriſt's-kirk on the Green*,
Muſt own that thou haſt, to thy laſting Praiſe,
Deſerv'd as well as Royal JAMES the Bays.
'Mong other Things you've painted to the Life,
A Sot unactive lying by his Wife,
Which oft 'twixt wedded Folks makes wofull Strife.

WHEN 'gainſt the ſcribling Knaves your Pen you drew,
How didſt thou laſh the vile preſumptuous Crew!
Not much fam'd *Butler*, who had gone before,
E'er ridicul'd his Knight, or *Ralpho* more;
So well thou's done it, equal Smart they feel,
As if thou'd pierc'd their Hearts with killing Steel.

THEY thus ſubdu'd, you in pathetick Rhyme,
A Subject undertook that's more ſublime,

By

By noble Thoughts, and Words diſcreetly join'd,
Thou'ſt taught me how I may Contentment find.
And when to *Addie*'s Fame you touch'd the Lyre,
Thou ſang'ſt like one of the Seraphick Choir.
So ſmoothly flow thy nat'ral rural Strains,
So ſweetly too, you've made the mournful Swains
His Death lament, what mortal can forbear,
Shedding like us upon his Tomb a Tear.

Go on, fam'd Bard, thou Wonder of our Days,
And crown thy Head with never-fading Bays.
While grateful *Britons* do thy Lines revere,
And value, as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.

TO THE AUTHOR.

AS once I view'd a rural Scene,
With Summer's Sweets profusely wild;
Such Pleasure sooth'd my giddy Sense,
I ravish'd stood, while Nature smil'd.

STRAIGHT I resolv'd and chose a Field,
Where all the Spring I might transfer;
There stood the Trees in equal Rows,
Here *Flora*'s Pride in one Parterre.

THE Task was done, the Sweets were fled,
Each Plant had lost its sprightly Air,
As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
Or to their Will not matched were.

THE narrow Scene displeas'd my Mind,
Which daily still more homely grew:
At length I fled the loathed Sight,
And fly'd me to the Fields anew.

HERE

HERE Nature wanton'd in her Prime;
My Fancy rang'd the boundless Waste.
Each different Sight pleas'd with Surprise,
I welcom'd back the Pleasures past.

THUS some who feel *Apollo*'s Rage,
Would teach their Muse her Dress and Time,
Till hamper'd so with Rules of Art,
They smother quite the vital Flame.

THEY daily chime the same dull Tone,
Their Muse no daring Sallies grace,
But stifly held with Bit and Curb,
Keeps heavy Trot, tho equal Pace.

BUT who takes Nature for his Rule,
Shall by her gen'rous Bounty shine;
His easy Muse revells at Will,
And strikes new Wonders every Line.

KEEP then, my Friend, your native Guide,
Never distrust her plenteous Store,
Ne'er less propitious will she prove
Than now; but, if she can, still more.

C. T.

TO
Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

TOo blindly partial to my native Tongue,
Fond of the Smoothneſs of our *Engliſh* Song;
At firſt thy Numbers did uncouth appear,
And ſhock'd th' affected Niceneſs of the Ear.
Thro' Prejudice's Eye each Page I ſee;
Tho all were Beauties, none were ſo to me.
Yet ſham'd at laſt, whilſt all thy Genius own,
To have that Genius hid from me alone;
Reſolv'd to find, for Praiſe or Cenſure, cauſe,
Whether to join with all, or all oppoſe;
Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again:
At length the uſeful Search requites my Pain;
My falſe Diſtaſte to inſtant Pleaſure's turn'd,
As much I envy as before I ſcorn'd:
And thus the Error of my Pride to clear,
I ſign my honeſt Recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

TO
Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY
ON THE
Publication of his Poems.

DEAR *Allan*, who that hears your Strains,
Can grudge that you ſhould wear the Bays,
When 'tis ſo long ſince *Scotia*'s Plains
Could boaſt of ſuch melodious Lays?

WHAT tho the Criticks, ſnarling Curs!
Cry out, Your *Pegaſus* wants Reins;
Bid them provide themſelves of Spurs;
Such Riders need not fear their Brains.

A Muſe that's healthy, fair and ſound,
With noble Ardor fearleſs haſtes
O'er Hill and Dale; but Carpet-Ground
Was ay for tender footed Beaſts.

E'EN

E'EN let the fuſtian Coxcombs chuſe
Their Carpet-Ground; but the green Field
Was held a Walk for *Virgil*'s Muſe,
And *Virgil* was an unco' Chield!

YOUR Muſe, upon her native Stock
Subſiſting, raiſes thence a Name;
While they are forc'd to pick the Lock
Of other Bards, and pilfer Fame.

OFT when I read your joyous Lines,
So full of pleaſant Jeſts and Wit,
So blyth and gay the Humor ſhines,
It gives me many a merry Fit.

THEN when I hear of *Maggy*'s Charms,
And *Roger* tholing ſair Diſdain,
The bonny Laſs my Boſom warms,
And mickle I bemoan the Swain.

FOR who can hear the Lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artleſs undiſſembled Pain,
Unleſs he has a Heart of Steel.

BUT *Patie*'s Wiles and cunning Arts
Appeaſe th' imaginary Grief,
Declare him well a Clown of Parts,
And bring the wretched Wight Relief.

MORE might be ſaid; but in a Friend
Encomiums ſeem but dull and flat,
The Wiſe approve, but Fools commend,
A *Pope*'s Authority for that.

ELSE *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,
To grudge the Muſe's utmoſt Force,
Or ſpare in ſuch a Cauſe my Feet,
To clinch at leaſt in Praiſe of yours.

JA. ARBUCKLE.

AN

A N

Alphabetical List

Of such of the Subscribers Names as have come to Hand.

A

DUke *of* Argyle *and* Greenwich.
Marquis of Annandale.
Sir John Anstruther *of that Ilk, Bar.*
Lady Margaret Anstruther.
Captain James Abercromby.
James Adam *of* Vogrie.
Mr. William Aikman *of* Cairnie.
Mr. Robert Alexander *of* Blackhouse, *one of the principal Clerks of Session.*
Mr. John Alves *Advocate.*
Mr. James Anderson *Writer to the Signet.*
Mr. David Anderson *Writer.*
Mr. Patrick Anderson *Writer.*
Mr. John Anderson.
Jean Anderson *Lady* Logy-Wishart.
Colonel Philip Anstruther.
Mrs. Elizabeth Arthur.
John Arbuthnot, *M D.* Lond.
John Arbuthnot *of* Boston, *Mert.*
James Arbuckle *of* Belfast, *A. M.*

B.

M*Arquis of* Bowmont, *eldest Son to the Duke of* Roxburgh.
Earl of Broadalbin.
Earl of Bute.
Lord Blantire.
Lord Binning, *eldest Son to the Earl of* Hadington.
Sir William Bennet *of* Grubbet, *Bar.*
Sir William Baird *of* Newbyth, *Bar.*
Sir Robert Baird *of* Sauchtonhall, *Bar.*
Sir Thomas Brand *Knight, Usher of the Green Rod, and daily Waiter to his Majesty.*
The Right Honourable George Baillie *of* Jerwiswood, *one of the Commissioners of the Treasury.*
Mr. James Baillie *Writer to the Sig.*
William Baillie *Esq; Governor of* Guida.
Robert Baillie, *M. D.*
John Baillie *of* Edinburgh, *Mert.*

John Baird *Esq; of* Newbyth *Jun.*
Alexander Baird, *Esq;*
Captain Arthur Balfour.
James Balfour *of* Pilrig.
Mr. James Barclay *of* Balmakeuan, *Advocate.*
Captain John Bennet, *of the Royal Regiment of blew Guards.*
William Bennet, *Esq; of* Grubbet, *Junior.*
Mrs. Elizabeth Bennet.
Henry Bethune *of* Edinb. *Jeweller.*
Mr. Alexander Birnie, *Advocate.*
Mr. Alexander Blackwood *of* Edinburgh *Merchant.*
Mr. Walter Boswell.
Alexander Brodie *of that Ilk.*
Mr. William Brown *Writer.*
Mr. James Brownhill.
Alexander Bruce *of* Kenneth.
Mr. David Bruce.
Thomas Brugh *of* Leith *Merchant.*
Arch. Buchanan *of* Drumikil.
Francis Buchanan *of* Arnpryor.
Mr. John Buchanan *Writer.*
James Budge *of* Toftengal.
Josiah Burchet, *Esq; Secretary of the Admiralty.*
Gilbert Burnet, *Esq; one of the Commissioners of Excise.*

C.

Duke of Chandois.
Marquis of Carnarvon, *eldest Son to the Duke of* Chandois.
Earl of Crawford.
Earl of Cassils.
Earl of Caithness.
Earl of Carnwath.
Lord Cranstoun.
Lord Colvill.
Lord Carnegie.
Colonel Charles Cathcart, *eldest Son to the Lord* Cathcart.
Sir William Calderwood *of* Polton, *one of the Senators of the College of Justice.*
Sir Ja. Campbel *of* Ardkinlas, *Bar.*
Sir Dun. Campbel *of* Lochnel, *Bar.*
Sir Ja. Campbel *of* Aberuchil, *Bar.*
Sir James Carmichael *of* Bonnington, *Bar.*
Sir William Cuningham *of* Capringtoun, *Bar.*
Sir James Cuningham *of* Milncraig *Bar. for four Books.*
The Right Honourable John Campbel, *Esq; Lord Provost of* Edinb.
Mr. James Callender *Advocate.*
Donald Cameron *of* Loch-iol.
Colonel Campbel *of the Royal Regiment of the* Scots *Dragoons.*
Colonel Campbel *of* Finab.
Jo. Campbel *of* Shawfield *Jun.*
Colin Campbel *of* Skipnish,
Archbald Campbel *of* Rudel.
James Campbel *of* Stonefield.
Robert Campbel *of* Stockholm, *Merchant.*
Colin Campbel, *Esq;*
Charles Campbel, *Esq;*
Mr. Archbald Campbel *Writer to the Signet.*
Mr. Daniel Campbel *Writer.*
William Carmichael *of* Edin. *Mert.*
James Carnegie *of* Finhaven.
Mr. William Castillaw.
Captain Walter Cheisly.
Alexander Cleghorn *of* Edinb. *Mert.*
The Honourable John Clerk, *Esq; one of the Barons of Exchequer.*

John

John Clerk, *Esq; Son to Baron* Clark.
John Clerk, *M. D.*
Hugh Clerk *of* Edinb. *Mert.*
Tho. Cocheran *of* Kilmaronach, *Esq;*
Mr. Charles Cockburn, *Adv. one of the Commissioners of Excise.*
William Cockburn, *Esq;*
Andrew Cockburn *of* London, *Mert.*
Thomas Cornwall *of* Bonhard.
Mr. Jo. Crawfurd *of* Jordanhill, *Adv.*
Mr. John Corse *Writer.*
David Crawfurd *of* Allantoun.
Robert Crawfurd, *Esq;*
William Crawfurd, *Esq;*
Charles Crockat *of* Edinb. *Mert.*
Patrick Crisp, *Esq; Comptroller of the Excise.*
George Cuming *of* Edinb. *Mert.*
Mrs. Anna Cuningham.
Mrs. Margaret Cuningham.
Henry Cuningham *of* Buchquhan.
John Cuningham *of* Pitairthy.

D.

Duke of Douglas.
Earl of Dalhousie.
Lord Deskford, *eldest Son to the Earl of* Findlater.
Lord John Drummond.
Sir David Dalrymple *of* Hales, *Bar.*
Sir John Dalrymple *of* Cowsland, *Bar.*
Sir Robert Dalrymple *of* Castletoun.
The Honourable George Dalrymple *Esq;, one of the Barons of Exch.*
Ja. Dalrymple *of* Hales, Junior.
Mr. Hew Dalrymple *Advocate.*
Mr. Hugh Dalrymple *Advocate.*
William Dale *Esq;*
Mr. George Davidson *Writer.*
John Don *of* Attenburn.
Captain Thomas Don.
William Don *of* Edinburgh *Mert.*
Lodwick Donaldson *Writer in* Edin.
James Donaldson *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Richard Dowdeswell *Esq; Secretary to the Board of Excise.*
William Douglas Junior *of* Glenbervie.
Colonel William Douglas.
Patrick Douglas *of* Edin. *Merchant.*
David Drummond *of* Cultmalindie,
Mr. George Drummond *of* Edinburgh *Merchant.*
Mr. William Drummond *of* Abbots-Grange.
Alex. Drummond *of* Edin. *Mert.*
The Right Honourable Robert Dundas *of* Arnistoun Junior, *Lord Advocate.*
James Dundas *of* Brestmill.
Robert Dundas *of* Edin. *Merchant.*

E.

Earl of Eglinton.
Lord Elphinston.
The Honourable Patrick *Master of* Elibank.
The Honourable Mr. James Erskine *of* Grange, *one of the Senators of the Colledge of Justice.*
The Honourable David Erskine *of* Dun, *one of the Senators of the Colledge of Justice.*
The Honourable Mr. James Elphinston *of* Cowpar, *one of the Senators of the Colledge of Justice.*
Sir Gilbert Elliot *of* Minto *Bar. for two Books.*
Sir John Erskine *of* Alva.
Mr. John Edgar *Advocate.*

Captain William Erskine.
Mr. Charles Erskine, *Brother to the Earl of* Buchan, *Advocate.*
Mr. David Erskine.
Charles Eyre *Esq; Solicitor of the Customs of* Scotland.

F

Lord Forrester.
Sir Alexander Forbes *of* Foveran, *Bar.*
William Fall *of* Dunbar *Merchant.*
Nicholas Fenwick *Esq; Mayor of* Newcastle.
Mr. John Fergus *of* Edinburgh *Merchant.*
Mr. James Fergusson *of* Pitfour *Advocate.*
Alexander Ferrier *of* Dundee *Mert.*
Mr. Tho. Finlay *Writer to the Sig.*
Mr. Andrew Fletcher *of* Salton Jun. *Advocate.*
John Forbes *of* Culloden *for two Books.*
Mr. Duncan Forbes *Advocate, for four Books.*
Mr. John Forbes *of* Newhall *Adv.*
Mr. Will. Forbes *Writer to the Sig.*
Will. Fullerton *of that Ilk.*
Tho. Fullerton *of* Galroe.
John Fullerton *Esq;.*

G

Duke of Gordon.
Marquis of Graham, *eldest Son to the D. of* Montrose.
Viscount of Garnock.
Lord Garlies, *eldest Son to the Earl of* Galloway.
The Honourable Master of Gray.
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Sir Edward Gibson *Bar.*
Sir William Gordon *of* Invergordon, *Bar.*
Alex. Gibson *of* Paintland.
Mr. Thomas Gibson Junior.
William Gilmour *of* Craigmillar, Junior.
Charles Gilmour *Esq;.*
Robert Glass *of* Bourdeaux, *Mert.*
James Glen *Esq;.*
Bernham Good, *Esq;.*
Alexander Gordon *of* Ardoch.
Adam Gordon *of* Dalpholly.
Mr. George Gordon *of* Nethermuir Junior, *Advocate.*
Mr. Thomas Gordon.
Thomas Gordon *Esq;.*
Charles Gordon *of* Edinburgh, *Merchant.*
Mr. James Graham *Advocate, and Judge Admiral.*
Mungo Græme *of* Gorthy.
David Graham *of* Orchel.
James Grame *of* Bucklivie Junior.
——Graham *of* Colairn.
Colonel William Grant.
Mr. Archibald Grant *Advocate.*
Mr. John Grant *Writer.*
Mr. James Gregory *Professor of Mathematicks at* Edinburgh.
Mr. Charles Gregory *Professor of Mathematicks at St.* Andrews.

H

Duke of Hamilton *and* Brandon.
Earl of Hadingtoun.
Earl of Hopetoun.

Lord

Lord Hope, *eldest Son to the Earl of* Hoptoun.
Lord James Hay, *Brother to the Marquis of* Twedale.
The Hon. Captain John Hamilton, *eldest Son to the Lord* Belhaven.
Sir Andrew Hume *of* Kimmerghame, *one of the Senators of the Colledge of Justice.*
Sir James Hall *of* Dunglass, *Bar.*
Sir Ja. Hamilton *of* Rosehall, *Bar.*
Mungo Haldane *of* Gleneagles.
Patrick Haldane *Esq;*.
Mr. Andrew Haliburton *Writer to the Signet.*
George Haliburton *of* Edin. *Mert*
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John Hamilton *of* Pancaitland Junior.
Alex. Hamilton *of* Dechmont.
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Mr. Archibald Hamilton.
Lieutenant William Hamilton.
Robert Hamilton *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Hugh Hawthorn *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Robert Hay *of* Naughton.
Mrs. Helen Hay.
John Hay *of* Hops.
Magnus Henderson *of* Gardie.
James Hepburn Riccard *of* Keith Junior.
Robert Hepburn *of* Beanstoun.
John Hepburn *of* Humby.
Patrick Hepburn *of* Smeaton.
Mr. Rob. Hepburn *Writ. to the Sig.*
Henry Hepburn *Chirurgeon.*
Robert Heriot *of* Ramornie.
Aaron Hill *Esq; for six Books.*
Mr. John Hog *Collector of the Cess of* Edinburgh.
——Hume *of* Kames.
John Hume *Chamberlain to the D. of* Roxburgh.
William Hutton *of* Leith *Mert.*

I

Earl of Hay.
Lord William Johnstoun *Son to the late Marq. of* Annandale.
Sir John Inglis *of* Cramond, *Bart.*
William Jamison *of* Leith *Mert.*
Mr. James Johnstoun *of* Westerhal Junior, *Advocate.*
Robert Johnstoun *of* Kelton.
Mr. George Irvine *of* Newton *Writer to the Signet.*

K

Earl of Kintore.
Earl of Kinnoul.
Lord Kinaird.
Lord John Ker, *Son to the late Marquess of* Lothian.
The Honourable Colonel Ker, *Brother to the D. of* Roxburgh.
Sir Francis Kinloch *of* Gilmertoun, *Bar.*
Sir William Ker *of* Greenhead, *Bar.*
Mr. William Keir.
Robert Keith *of* Craig Jun.
Mr. Alexander Keith *Writer.*
The Hon. Thomas Kennedy *one of the Barons of Exchequer.*
And. Kennedy *Esq; Conservator of the* Scots *Privileges at* Campvere.
William Kennedy *Esq;*
Mr. Geo. Kennedy *Writer to the Sig.*
John Ker *of* Frogton.
Mr. Colin Kirk *Writer to the Signet.*

Mar-

L.

Marquis of Lothian.
Earl of Lauderdale.
Earl of Leven.
Lord Lovat.
Lord Lesly, *eldest Son to the Earl of* Rothes.
Mr. William Lindsay *Brother to the Earl of* Crawfurd.
Mr. Charles Lesly, *Son to the Earl of* Rothes.
Sir James Lockhart *of* Carstairs.
John Laing *of* Edinburgh *Mert.*
John Lindsay *of St.* Andrews *Mert. for 7 Books.*
Patrick Lindsay *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Robert Lindsay *of* Edin. *Mert.*
William Livingstoun *present Conveener of the Crafts of* Edin.
Mr. George Livingstoun *one of the Clerks of the Session.*
Mr. Lockhart *of* Carnwath Jun.
George Lockhart *of* Douglas, *Mert.*
Mr. Lumsdane *of* Invergelly.
Mr. John Lumsdane *Writer to the Signet.*
Mr. William Lumsdane *Writer.*

M.

Duke of Montrose.
Earl of Murray.
Earl of March.
Lady Mary Macdonel.
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Sir Robert Montgomery *of* Skelmorlie, *Bar.*
Sir Rob. Menzies *of that Ilk, Bar.*
Sir Alex. Maxwell *of* Monreith, *Bar.*
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Archbald M' Aulay *of* Ardincaple.
Archbald M' Aulay *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Mrs. Barbara Macdougal.
Walter Macfarlane *of that Ilk.*
Mr. John Macfarlane *Writer to the Signet.*
Andrew Macfarlane *of* Gullich.
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Mr. John Macgovan *Writer to the Signet.*
Patrick Mackay *of* Cyderhall.
Alexander Mackenzie, *one of the principal Clerks of the Session.*
Alex. Mackey *of* Palgowan.
Mr. Alexander M'millan *Writer.*
John M'naughton *of that Ilk.*
Alexander Maitland *of* Edinb. *Mert.*
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Captain John Medden.
Mr. Alexander Menzies *of* Culterallers, *Advocate.*
John Miller *of* Glenlee.
Robert Mitchel *of* Fountainbrigs.
William Mitchel *of* Leith, *Mert.*
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Robert Moor *of* Blairstoun, *Provost of* Air.
——Murray *of* Abercarnie.
Alex. Murray *of* Broughton.
Alex. Murray *of* Stanhope *Jun.*

James

James Murray *of* Scotscraig.
John Murray *of* Cavens.
Patrick Murray *of* Cherrytrees.
Richard Murray *of* Mugdrum.

N.

L*ord* Napier.
The Honourable John *Master of* Nairn.
Sir Richard Newton *of that Ilk, Bar.*
Sir David Nairn.
Sir James Nasmith *of* Posso, *Bar.*
John Nairn *of* Segiden.
James Nasmith *of Earlshall.*
James Newlands *of* Edinb. *Merchant.*
James Nimmo *of* Edinburgh *Merchant,*
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William Nisbet *of* Dirletoun, *Jun.*
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Mrs. Nisbet.
John Nisbet *Chirurgeon.*
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O.

V*Iscount of* Oxenford.
Mr. George Ogilvy *Son to the Earl of* Findlater.
Mr. John Ouchterlony *of* Flemingtoun.
John Ouchterlony *of* Guynd, *Jun.*
Mr. John Ogilvy *of* Balbegno, *Advocate.*
Captain James Ogilvy.
Captain James Ogilvy *of the* Scots *Fusileers.*
Mr. William Ogilvy.
Anthony Osburn, *Esq;*

P.

E*Arl of* Portmore.
Countess of Panmure.
Lady Polwarth.
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Sir Walter Pringle *of* Newhall, *one of the Senators of the College of Justice.*
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Mr. James Paterson *of* Kirkton, *Advocate.*
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Mr. James Pollock *Writer.*
Mr. Alexander Pope.
Brigadeer Preston.
George Preston *of* Edinburgh *Merchant.*
Robert Pringle *of* Glifton, *Jun.*
Mrs. Christian Pringle.
Mr. Thomas Pringle *Writer to the Signet.*

Q.

D*Uke of* Queensberry *and* Dover.

R.

D*Uke of* Roxburgh.
Countess of Roxburgh.
Earl of Rothes.
Earl of Roseberry.
Lord Rae.
Lord Rollo.
Lord Ramsay, *eldest Son to the Earl of* Dalhousie.
Lady Anna Ramsay.
The Honourable Master of Ross.
Sir Alexander Ramsay *of* Balmain, *Bart.*
Sir James Ramsay *of* Bamf, *Bart.*
Mr. Andrew Ramsay *Secretary to the late famous Arch-Bp. and Duke of* Cambray.
Gilbert Ramsay *Chamberlain to the Duke of* Roxburgh.
Mungo Renny *of* Edinburgh *Mert.*
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Hugh Ross *of* Kilravock.
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David Ross Junior *of* Inverchasly.
William Ross Junior *of* Shandwick.
Thomas Ruddiman, *A. M.*
Mr. John Russel *of* Bradshaw.

S

E*Arl of* Strathmore.
Lord Salton.
Lord Somervail.

Sir George Sinclair *of* Kinaird, *Bar.*
Sir Rob. Sinclair *of* Longformacus, *Bar.*
Sir William Scot *of* Thirlstane, *Bar.*
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Walter Scot *of* Harden.
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Major George Skeen *his Lady.*
Lieutenant George Skeen *of the Royal* Scots *Fusileers.*
John Smibert *Painter.*
Mr. James Smith *of* Whitehill.
Mr. George Smollet *of* Inglestoun *Adv.*
Captain William Spence.
Mr. John Steil.
Robert Steil *Esq*;
William Stephen *Esq*;
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George Strachan *Bookseller of* London, *for six Books.*
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Mrs. Anna Stewart.
Mr. Archbald Stewart.
Mr. Henry Stewart-Barclay *of* Colernie, *Advocate.*
William Stewart *of* Hartwood.
James Stewart *Attorney of the Court of Exchequer.*
Mr. Robert Stewart *Professor of Philosophy in the University of* Edinburgh.
Robert Stewart *of* Aberdeen *Merchant.*
Francis Sutherland *of* Force.
James Sym *his Majesties Sclater,*
Alexander Symmer *Bookseller of* Edin.

T

MArquis *of* Twedale.
Alexander Tait *Esq*;
Jonathan Taylor *of* London.
Mr. Archibald Tod *Writer.*

W

EArl *of* Wigtoun.
Countess of Weemyss.
Sir William Weir *of* Blackwood, *Bar.*
Sir John Wedderburn.
Andrew Wauchop *of* Niddrey Marishal.
Andrew Wauchop *of* Edmistoun.
George Waddel *A. M.*
John Walker *of* Edinburgh *Mert.*
------Wardlaw *of* Abden.
Mr. Hugh Warrander.
Robert Watson *of* Murehouse.
Mr. Alexander Wedderburn *Advocate, one of the Commissioners of Excise.*
Mrs. Wedderburn.
Mr. Peter Wedderburn *Advocate.*
Daniel Weir *of* Stonebyers.
Robert Welsted.
Mr. West.
-----White *Esq*;
John Whiteford.
Robert Wightman *Merchant, and present Dean of Gild of* Edinburgh.
William Wightman *Ship master.*
Archibald Wightman *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Abraham Wightman *of* Edin. *Mert.*
Cornet William Wilkinson.
Alexander Wilson *of* Edin. *Mert.*
John Wilson *Professor of the Mathemat.*
Mr. Robert Wood *Secretary to the D. of* Roxburgh.

U

CAptain Robert Urquhart *of* Burdsyards.
Alexander Urquhart *of* Newhall.

Y

GEorge Yeaman *of* Dundee *Mert.*
Mungo Yorstan *of* Edinburgh *Goldsmith.*
David Young *of* Auldbar.
John Young *Esq*;
Robert Young *of the* Water of Leith.
George Young *Chirurgeon.*

THE

THE

Morning Interview.

Such killing Looks, ſo thick the Arrows fly,
That 'tis unſafe to be a Stander by :
Poets approaching to deſcribe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds inſtructed how to write.

WALLER, 130.

HEN ſilent Show'rs refreſh the pregnant Soil,
And tender Sallats eat with *Tuſcan* Oil,
Harmonious Muſick gladens ev'ry Grove,
While bleating Lambkins from their Parents rove,
And o'er the Plain the anxious Mothers ſtray, 5
Calling their tender Care with hoarſer Bae.

Now cheerful *Zephyr* from the Weſtern Skies
With eaſy Flight o'er painted Meadows flies,
To kiſs his *Flora* with a gentle Air,
10 Who yields to his Embrace, and looks more fair.

WHEN from Debauch with ſp'rituous Juice oppreſt,
The Sons of *Bacchus* ſtagger Home to Reſt,
With tatted Wigs, foul Shoes, and uncock'd Hats,
And all bedaub'd with Snuff their looſe Cravats.
15 The Sun began to ſip the morning Dew,
As *Damon* from his reſtleſs Pillow flew.

HIM late from *Celia*'s Cheek a Patch did wound,
A Patch high ſeated on the bluſhing Round.
His painful Thoughts all Night forbid him Reſt,
20 And he employ'd that Night as one oppreſt;
Muſing Revenge, and how to countermine
The ſtrongeſt Force, and ev'ry deep Deſign
Of Patches, Fans, of Necklaces and Rings,
Ev'n Muſick's Pow'r, when *Celia* plays or ſings.

25 FATIGU'D with running Errands all the Day,
Happy in want of Thought his Valet lay,

Re-

Recruiting Strength with Sleep.—— His Maſter calls,
He ſtarts with lock'd up Eyes, and beats the Walls.
A ſecond Thunder rouſes up the Sot,
He yawns and murmurs Curſes through his Throat: 30
Stockings awry, and Breeches-knees unlac'd,
And Buttons do miſtake their Holes for Haſte.
His Maſter raves,—— cries, *Roger*, make Diſpatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and lookt his Watch:
Haſte, do my Wig, ty't with the careleſs Knots, 35
And run to *Civet*'s, let him fill my Box.
Go to my Laundreſs, ſee what makes her ſtay,
And call a Coach and Barber in your Way.

THUS Orders juſtle Orders in a Throng:
Roger with laden Mem'ry trots along. 40
His Errands done; with Bruſhes next he muſt
Renew his Toil amidſt perfuming Duſt;
The yielding Comb he leads with artful Care,
Through crook'd Meanders of the flaxen Hair:
E'er this perform'd he's almoſt chok'd to Death, 45
The Air is thicken'd, and he pants for Breath.

The Trav'ler thus in the *Numidian* Plains,
A Conflict with the driving Sands ſuſtains.

TWO Hours are paſt, and *Damon* is equipt,
50 Penſive he ſtalks, and meditates the Fight:
Arm'd *Cap-a-pee*, in Dreſs a killing Beau,
Thrice view'd his Glaſs, and thrice reſolv'd to go,
Fluſht full of Hope to overcome his Foe.
His early Pray'rs were all to *Paphos* ſent,
55 That *Jove*'s Sea-daughter would give her Conſent:
Cry'd, *Send thy little Son unto my Aid.*
Then took his Hat, tript out, and no more ſaid.

WHAT lofty Thoughts do ſometimes puſh a Man
Beyond the Verge of his own native Span!
60 Keep low thy Thoughts, frail Clay, nor boaſt thy Pow'r;
Fate will be Fate: And ſince there's nothing ſure,
Vex not thy ſelf too much, but catch th' auſpicious Hour.

THE tow'ring Lark had thrice his Mattins ſung,
And thrice were Bells for pious Service rung.
65 In Plaids wrapt up, Prudes throng the ſacred Dome,
And leave the ſpacious Petticoat at Home:

While

While ſofteſt Dreams ſeal'd up fair *Celia*'s Eyes,
She dreams of *Damon*, and forgets to riſe.
A ſportive *Sylph* contrives the ſubtile Snare,
Sylphs know the charming Baits which catch the Fair; 70
She ſhews him handſome, brawny, rich and young,
With Snuff-box, Cane, and Sword-knot finely hung,
Well skill'd in Airs of Dangle, Toſs and Rap,
Thoſe Graces which the tender Hearts entrap.

WHERE *Aulus* oft makes Law for Juſtice paſs, 75
And *CHARLES*'s Statue ſtands in laſting Braſs,
Amidſt a lofty Square which ſtrikes the Sight,
With ſpacious Fabricks of ſtupendous Hight;
Whoſe ſublime Roofs in Clouds advance ſo high,
They ſeem the Watch-tow'rs of the nether Sky; 80
Where once Alas! where once the Three Eſtates
Of *Scotland*'s Parliament held free Debates:
Here *Celia* dwelt, and here did *Damon* move,
Preſs'd by his rigid Fate, and raging Love.

TO her Apartment ſtraight the daring Swain 85
Approach'd, and ſoftly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.

The

The Nymph new wak'd ſtarts from the lazy Down,
And rolls her gentle Limbs in Morning-Gown:
But half awake, ſhe judges it muſt be
90 *Frankalia* come to take her Morning Tea;
Cries, Welcome, Couſin. But ſhe ſoon began
To change her Viſage, when ſhe ſaw a Man:
Her unfixt Eyes with various Turnings range,
And pale Surpriſe to modeſt Red exchange:
95 Doubtful 'twixt Modeſty and Love ſhe ſtands,
Then ask'd the bold Impertinent's Demands.
Her Strokes are doubled, and the Youth now found
His Pains increaſe, and open ev'ry Wound.
Who can deſcribe the Charms of looſe Attire?
100 Who can reſiſt the Flames with which they fire?
Ah, barbarous Maid! he cries, ſure native Charms
Are too too much: Why then ſuch Store of Arms?
Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneaſy Pains,
Caus'd by a Wound from you, and want Revenge;
105 A borrow'd Pow'r was poſted on a Charm:
A Patch, damn'd Patch! Can Patches work ſuch Harm?

He

He ſaid; then threw a Bomb, lay hid within
Love's Mortar-piece, the Dimple of his Chin:
It miſs'd for once, ſhe lifted up her Head,
And bluſh'd a Smile, that almoſt ſtuck him dead, 110
Then cunningly retir'd, but he purſu'd
Near to the Toilet, where the War renew'd.
Thus the great *Fabius* often gain'd the Day
O'er *Hannibal*, by frequent giving Way:
So warlike *Bruce* and *Wallace* ſometimes deign'd 115
To ſeem defeat, yet certain Conqueſt gain'd.

Thus was he led in midſt of *Celia*'s Room,
Speechleſs he ſtood, and waited for his Doom:
Words were but vain, he ſcarce could uſe his Breath,
As round he view'd the Implements of Death. 120
Her dreadful Arms in careleſs Heaps were laid
In gay Diſorder round her tumbled Bed:
He often to the ſoft Retreat would ſtare,
Still wiſhing he might give the Battel there.
Stunn'd with the Thought, his wand'ring Looks did ſtray 125
To where lac'd Shoes and her ſilk Stockings lay,
And Garters which are never ſeen by Day.

His

His dazl'd Eyes almoſt deſerted Light;
No Man before had ever got the Sight,
A Lady's Garters, Earth! their very Name,
Tho yet unſeen, ſets all the Soul on Flame.
The Royal *Ned* knew well their mighty Charms,
Elſe he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *Engliſh* Arms.
Let barb'rous Honours crown the Sword and Lance,
Thou next their King does *Britiſh* Knights advance,
O GARTER! *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

O who can all theſe hidden Turns relate,
That do attend on a raſh Lover's Fate!
In deep Diſtreſs the Youth turn'd up his Eyes,
As if to ask Aſſiſtance from the Skies.
The Petticoat was hanging on a Pin,
Which the unlucky Swain ſtar'd up within:
His curious Eyes too daringly did rove,
Around this oval conick Vault of Love:
Himſelf alone can tell the Pain he found,
While his wild Sight ſurvey'd forbidden Ground.

He

132. *The Royal* Ned] *Edward* III. King of *England* who eſtabliſhed the moſt honourable Order of the Garter.

He view'd the ten-fold Fence, and gave a Grone,
His trembling Limbs beſpoke his Courage gone:
Stupid and pale he ſtood, like Statue dumb,
The amber Snuff dropt from his careleſs Thumb. 150
Be ſilent here, my Muſe, and ſhun a Plea
May riſe betwixt old *Bickerſtaff* and me;
For none may touch a Petticoat but he.

Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying Tone,
Aſſiſt ye Powers of Love, elſe I am gone. 155
The ardent Pray'r ſoon reach'd the *Cyprian* Grove,
Heard and accepted by the Queen of Love.
Fate was propitious too, her Son was by,
Who 'midſt his dread Artillery did ly
Of *Flanders* Lace, and Straps of curious Dy. 160
On *India* Muſlin Shades the God did loll,
His Head reclin'd upon a tinſy Roll.

THE Mother Goddeſs thus her Son beſpoke,
" Thou muſt, my Boy, aſſume the Shape of Shock,
" And leap to *Celia*'s Lap; whence thou may ſlip 165
" Thy Paw up to her Breaſt, and reach her Lip:

" Strike deep thy Charms, thy pow'rful Art diſplay,
" To make young *Damon* Conqueror to Day.
" Thou need not bluſh to change thy Shape, ſince *Jove*
170 " Try'd moſt of brutal Forms to gain his Love;
" Who that he might his loud *Saturnia* gull,
" For fair *Europa*'s Sake inform'd a Bull.

SHE ſpoke —— Not quicker does the Lamp of Day
Dart on the Mountain Tops a gilded Ray,
175 Swifter than Lightning flies before the Clap,
From *Cyprus* Iſle he reach'd *Celia*'s Lap:
Now fawns, now wags his Tail, and licks her Arm;
She hugs him to her Breaſt, nor dreads the Harm.
So in *Aſcanius* Shape, the God unſeen
180 Of old deceiv'd the *Carthaginian* Queen.

SO now the ſubtile Pow'r his Time eſpies,
And threw two barbed Darts in *Celia*'s Eyes:
Many were broke before he cou'd ſucceed;
But that of Gold flew whizzing through her Head:
185 Theſe were his laſt Reſerve.—— When others fail,
Then the refulgent Metal muſt prevail.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure produc'd by Money now appears,
Coaches and Six run rattling in her Ears.
O Liv'ry Men! Attendants! Houſhold-plate!
Court-poſts and Viſits! pompous Air and State! 190
How can your Splendor eaſy Acceſs find,
And gently captivate the fair one's Mind?
Succeſs attends, *Cupid* has plaid his Part,
And ſunk the pow'rful Venom to her Heart.
She cou'd no more, ſhe's catched in the Snare, 195
Sighing ſhe fainted in her eaſy Chair.
No more the ſanguine Streams in Bluſhes glow,
But to ſupport the Heart all inward flow,
Leaving the Cheek as cold and white as Snow.
Thus *Celia* fell, or rather thus did riſe: 200
Thus *Damon* made, or elſe was made a Prize;
For both were Conquerors, and both did yield,
Firſt ſhe, now he, is Maſter of the Field.

NOW he reſumes freſh Life, abandons Fear,
Jumps to his Limbs, and does more gay appear. 205
Not gaming Heir when his rich Parent dies,
Not Zealot reading *Hackney*'s Party-lies,

Not ſoft Fifteen on her Feet-waſhing Night,
Not Poet when his Muſe ſublimes her Flight,
210 Not an old Maid for ſome young Beauty's Fall,
Not the long tending *Stibler* at his Call,
Not Husband-man in Drought when Rain deſcends,
Not Miſs when *Limberham* his Purſe extends,
E'er knew ſuch Raptures as this joyful Swain,
215 When yielding, dying *Celia* calm'd his Pain.
The rapid Joys now in ſuch Torrents roul,
That ſcarce his Organs can retain his Soul.

VICTOR he's gen'rous, courts the Fair's Eſteem,
And takes a Baſon fill'd with limpid Stream,
220 Then from his Fingers form'd an artful Rain,
Which rouz'd the dormant Spirits of her Brain,
And made the purple Channels flow again.
She lives, he ſings; ſhe ſmiles, and looks more tame:
Now Peace and Friendſhip is the only Theme.

THE

211. *Stibler*] A Probationer.
213. *Limberham*] A kind Keeper.

THE Muſe owns freely here ſhe does not know
If Language paſs'd between the *Belle* and *Beau*,
Or if in Courtſhip ſuch uſe Words or no.
But ſure it is there was a Parley beat,
And mutual Love finiſht the proud Debate.
Then to complete the Peace and ſeal the Bliſs,
He for a Diamond Ring receiv'd a Kiſs
Of her ſoft Hand.— Next the aſpiring Youth,
With eager Tranſports preſs'd her glowing Mouth.
So by Degrees the Eagles teach their Young
To mount on high and ſtare upon the Sun.

A ſumptuous Entertainment crowns the War,
And all rich Requiſites are brought from far.
The Table boaſts its being from *Japan*,
Th' ingenious Work of ſome great Artiſan.
China, where Potters coarſeſt Mould refine,
That Rays through the tranſparent Veſſels ſhine;
The coſtly Plates and Diſhes are from thence,
And *Amazonia* muſt her Sweets diſpence;

To

227. *Uſe Words*] It being alledged that the Eloquence of this Specie lies in the Elegance of Dreſs.
243. *Amazonia*] A famous River in *South America*, whence we have our Sugar.

To her warm Banks our Veſſels cut the Main,
245 For the ſweet Product of her luſcious Cane.
Here *Scotia* does no coſtly Tribute bring,
Only ſome Kettles full of *Todian* Spring.

WHERE *Indus* and the double *Ganges* flow,
On odorif'rous Plains the Leaves do grow,
250 Chief of the Treat, a Plant the Boaſt of Fame,
Sometimes call'd *Green*, *Bohea*'s its greater Name.

O happieſt of Herbs! Who would not be
Pythagoriz'd into the Form of thee,
And with high Tranſports act the Part of *Tea*?
255 Kiſſes on thee the haughty *Belles* beſtow,
While in thy Steams their coral Lips do glow;
Thy Vertues and thy Flavour they commend,
While Men, even *Beaux*, with parched Lips attend.

EPI-

243. *Todian Spring*] *Tod's*-Well, which ſupplies the City with Water.

EPILOGUE.

THE Curtain's drawn: Now gen'rous Reader ſay,
Have ye not read worſe Numbers in a Play? 260
Sure here is Plot, Place, Character and Time,
All ſmoothly wrought in good firm Britiſh *Rhime.*
I own 'tis but a Sample of my Lays,
Which asks the Civil Sanction of your Praiſe.
Beſtow't with Freedom, let your Praiſe be ample, 265
And I my ſelf will ſhow you good Example.
Keep up your Face, altho dull Criticks ſquint,
And cry, with empty Nod, There's Nothing in't:
They only mean there's Nothing they can uſe;
Becauſe they find moſt where there's moſt Refuſe. 270

ELEGY

ELEGY

ON

MAGGY JOHNSTON,

who died *Anno* 1711.

AULD *Reeky* mourn in Sable Hue,
Let Fouth of Tears dreep like *May* Dew,
To braw Tippony bid Adieu,
Which we with Greed
Bended as faſt as ſhe cou'd brew,
6 But ah! ſhe's dead.

To

Maggy Johnſton liv'd about a Mile Southward of *Edinburgh*, kept a little Farm, and had a particular Art of brewing a ſmall Sort of Ale agreeable to the Taſte, very white, clear and intoxicating, which made People who lov'd to have a good Pennyworth for their Money be her frequent Cuſtomers. And many others of every Station, ſometimes for Diverſion, thought it no Affront to be ſeen in her Barn or Yard.

1. *Auld Reeky*] A Name the Country People give *Edinburgh* from the Cloud of Smoak or Reek that is always impending over it.

3. *To braw Tippony*] She ſold the *Scots* Pint, which is near two Quarts *Engliſh*, for Twopence.

T O tell the Truth now *Maggy* dang,
Of Cuſtomers ſhe had a Bang;
For Lairds and Souters a' did gang
To drink bedeen,
The Barn and Yard was aft ſae thrang,
We took the Green. 12

AND there by Dizens we lay down,
Syne ſweetly ca'd the Healths arown,
To bonny Laſſes black or brown,
As we loo'd beſt;
In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown,
And took our Reſt. 18

WHEN in our Poutch we fand ſome Clinks,
And took a Turn o'er *Bruntsfield-Links*,
Aften in *Maggy*'s at Hy-jinks,
We guzl'd Scuds,
Till we cou'd ſcarce wi hale out Drinks
Caſt aff our Duds. 24

7. *Maggy dang*] He *dings*, or *dang*, is a Phraſe which means *to excel or get the better.*
20. *Bruntsfield-Links*] Fields between *Edinburgh* and *Maggy*'s, where the Citizens commonly play at the Gowff.
21. *Hy jinks*] A drunken Game, or new Projeſt to drink and be rich; thus, The Quaff

WE drank and drew, and fill'd again,
O wow but we were blyth and fain!
When ony had their Count miſtain,
O it was nice,
To hear us a' cry, Pike ye'r Bain
30 And ſpell ye'r Dice.

FOU cloſs we us'd to drink and rant,
Until we did baith glowre and gaunt,
And piſh and ſpew, and yesk and maunt,
Right ſwaſh I true;
Then of auld Stories we did cant
36 Whan we were fou.

WHAN

or Cup is fill'd to the Brim, then one of the Company takes a Pair of Dice, and after crying *Hy-jinks*, he throws them out: The Number he caſts up points out the Perſon muſt drink, he who threw, beginning at himſelf Number One, and ſo round till the Number of the Perſon agree with that of the Dice, (which may fall upon himſelf if the Number be within Twelve;) then he ſets the Dice to him, or bids him take them: He on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a ſmall Forfeiture in Money; then throws, and ſo on: But if he forget to cry *Hy-jinks* he pays a Forfeiture into the Bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any Thing in Bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then with a great Deal of Caution he empties his Cup, ſweeps up the Money, and orders the Cup to be fill'd again, and then throws; for if he err in the Articles, he loſes the Privilege of drawing the Money. The Articles are, (1) Drink, (2) Draw, (3) Fill, (4) Cry *Hy-jinks*, (5) Count juſt, (6) Chuſe your doublet Man, *viz.* when two equal Numbers of the Dice is thrown, the Perſon whom you chuſe muſt pay a Double of the common Forfeiture, and ſo muſt you when the Dice is in his Hand. A rare Project this, and no Bubble I can aſſure you; for a covetous Fellow may ſave Money, and get himſelf as drunk as he can deſire in leſs than an Hour's Time.

29. *Pike ye'r Bain*] Is a Cant Phraſe, when one leaves a little in the Cup, he is adviſed to pike his Bone, *i. e.* Drink it clean out.

WHAN we were weary'd at the Gowff,
Then *Maggy Johnſton*'s was our Howff;
Now a' our Gameſters may ſit dowff,
Wi' Hearts like Lead,
Death wi' his Rung rax'd her a Yowff,
And ſae ſhe died. 42

MAUN we be forc'd thy Skill to tine?
For which we will right ſair repine;
Or haſt thou left to Bairns of thine
The pauky Knack
Of brewing Ale amaiſt like Wine?
That gar'd us crack. 48

SAE brawly did a Peaſe-ſcon Toaſt
Biz i' the Queff, and flie the Froſt;
There we gat fou wi' little Coſt,
And muckle Speed,
Now wae worth Death, our Sport's a' loſt,
Since *Maggy*'s dead. 54

41. *Rax'd her a Youff*] Reach'd her a Blow.
50. *Flie the Froſt*] Or fright the Froſt or Coldneſs out of it.

AE Simmer Night I was ſae fou,
Amang the Riggs I geed to ſpew ;
Syne down on a green Bawk, I trow
I took a Nap,
And ſoucht a' Night Balillilow,
60 As ſound's a Tap.

AND whan the Dawn begoud to glow,
I hirſl'd up my dizzy Pow,
Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirricow,
Wi' Bains ſae ſair,
And ken'd nae mair than if a Ew
66 How I came there.

SOME ſaid it was the Pith of Broom
That ſhe ſtow'd in her Masking-loom,
Which in our Heads rais'd ſic a Foom,
Or ſome wild Seed,
Which aft the Chaping Stoup did toom,
72 But fill'd our Head.

BUT

55. *Ae Simmer Night*, &c.] The two following Stanzas are a true Narrative.
On that ſlid Place where I 'maiſl brake my Bains,
To be a Warning I ſet up twa Stains,
That nane may venture there as I have done,
Unleſs wi' froſted Nails he clink his Shoon.

BUT now ſince 'tis ſae that we muſt
Not in the beſt Ale put our Truſt,
But whan we're auld return to Duſt,
Without Remead,
Why ſhou'd we tak it in Diſguſt
That *Maggy*'s dead. 78

OF warldly Comforts ſhe was rife,
And liv'd a lang and hearty Life,
Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife,
Till ſhe was ſtale,
And ken'd to be a kanny Wife
At brewing Ale. 84

THEN farewell *Maggy* douce and fell,
Of Brewers a' thou boor the Bell;
Let a' thy Goſſies yelp and yell,
And without Feed,
Gueſs whether ye're in Heaven or Hell,
They're ſure ye're dead. 90

EPITAPH.

O *Rare* MAGGY JOHNSTON.

ELEGY

ELEGY

ON

JOHN COWPER Kirk-Treasurer's Man,

ANNO 1714.

I WAIRN ye a' to greet and drone,
John Cowper's dead, Ohon ! Ohon !
To fill his Post, alake there's none,
That with sic Speed
Cou'd sa'r Sculdudry out like *John*,
But now he's dead.

6

HE

'Tis necessary for the Illustration of this Elegy to Strangers to let them a little into the History of the Kirk-Treasurer and his Man; The Treasurer is chosen every Year, a Citizen respected for Riches and Honesty; he is vested with an absolute Power to seise and imprison the Girls that are too impatient to have on their green Gown before it be hem'd; them he strictly examines, but no Liberty to be granted till a fair Account be given of these Persons they have obliged. It must be so: A List is frequently given sometimes of a Dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unfair Traders whom they secretly assisted in running their Goods, these his Lordship makes pay to some purpose according to their Ability, for the Use of the Poor: If the Lads be obstreperous, the Kirk-Sessions, and worst of all, the Stool of Repentance is threatned, a Punishment which few of any Spirit can bear.

The Treasurer being changed every Year, never comes to be perfectly acquainted with the Affair; but their general Servant continuing for a long Time, is more expert at discovering such Persons, and the Places of their Resort, which makes him capable to do himself and Customers both a good or an ill Turn. *John Cowper* maintain'd this Post with Activity and good Success for several Years.

5. *Sa'r Sculdudry*] In Allusion to a scent Dog, *Sa'r* from *Savour* or *Smell*, *Sculdudry* a Name commonly given to *whoring*.

HE was right nacky in his Way,
And eydent baith be Night and Day,
He wi' the Lads his Part cou'd play,
When right ſair fleed,
He gart them good Bill-ſiller pay,
But now he's dead. 12

OF Whore-hunting he gat his Fill,
And made be't mony Pint and Gill :
Of his braw Poſt he thought nae Ill,
Nor did nae need,
Now they may mak a Kirk and Mill
O't, ſince he's dead. 18

ALTHO he was nae Man of Weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi quaking Fear,
Durſt ſcarce afore his Face appear,
But hide their Head ;
The wylie Carle he gather'd Gear,
And yet he's dead. 24

AY

11. *Bill-ſiller*] Bull-ſilver.
She ſaw the Cow well ſerv'd, and took a Groat.

GAY.

AY now to ſome Part far awa,
Alas he's gane and left it a' !
May be to ſome ſad Whilliwhaw
O' fremit Blood,
'Tis an ill Wind that dis na blaw
30 Some Body good.

FY upon Death, he was to blame
To whirle poor *John* to his lang Hame :
But tho his Arſe be cauld, yet Fame,
Wi' Tout of Trumpet,
Shall tell how *Cowper*'s awfou Name
36 Cou'd flie a Strumpet.

HE kend the Bawds and Louns fou well,
And where they us'd to rant and reel,
He paukily on them cou'd ſteal,
And ſpoil their Sport ;
Aft did they wiſh the muckle De'll
42 Might tak him for't.

BUT

27. *Whilliwha of fremit Blood*] *Whilliwha* is a kind of an infinuating deceitful Fellow, *Fremit Blood*, not a Kin, becauſe he had then no legitimate Heirs of his own Body.

BUT ne'er a ane of them he ſpar'd,
E'en tho there was a drunken Laird
To draw his Sword, and make a Faird
In their Defence,
John quietly put them in the Guard
To learn mair Senſe. 48

THERE maun they ly till ſober grown,
The Lad neiſt Day his Fault maun own;
And to keep a' Things huſh and low'n,
He minds the Poor,
Syne after a' his Ready's flown,
He damns the Whore. 54

AND ſhe, poor Jade, withoutten Din,
Is ſent to *Leith*-Wynd Fit to ſpin,
With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,
And hungry Wame,
And ilky Month a well paid Skin,
To mak her tame. 60

45. *Make a Faird*] A Buſtle like a Bully.
52. *He minds the Poor*] Pays huſh Money to the Treaſurer.
56. Leith-*Wynd Fit*] The Houſe of Correction at the Foot of *Leith*-Wynd, ſuch as *Bridewell* in *London*.

BUT now they may ſcoure up and down,
And ſafely gang their Wakes arown,
Spreading the Clap throw a' the Town,
But Fear or Dread ;
For that great Kow to Bawd and Lown,
66 *John Cowper*'s dead.

SHAME faw ye'r Chandler Chafts, O Death,
For ſtapping of *John Cowper*'s Breath ;
The Loſs of him is publick Skaith :
I dare well ſay,
To quat the Grip he was right laith
72 This mony a Day.

POSTSCRIPT.

OF umquhile *John* to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill Will, and looks right ſhan,
But ſome tell odd Tales of the Man,
For Fifty Head

Can

67. *Chandler Chafts*] Lean or meager Cheeked, when the Bones appear like the Sides or Corners of a Candleſtick, which in *Scots* we call a *Chandler*.

Can gi'e their Aith they've ſeen him gawn
Since he was dead. 78

KEEK but up throw the *Stinking Stile*,
On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,
At the Kirk Door out frae an Iſle,
It will appear;
But tak good Tent ye dinna file
Ye'r Breeks for Fear. 84

FOR well we wat it is his Ghaiſt,
Wow, wad ſome Fouk that can do't beſt
Speak till't, and hear what it confeſt;
'Tis a good Deed
To ſend a wand'ring Saul to reſt
Amang the Dead. 90

77. *Seen him gawn*] The common People when they tell their Tales of Ghoſts appearing, they ſay, he has been ſeen *gawn* or ſtalking.
79. *Stinking Stile*] Oppoſite to this Place is the Door of the Church which he attends, being a Beadle.
86. *Wow, wad ſome Fouk that can do't beſt*] 'Tis another vulgar Notion, that a Ghoſt will not be laid to reſt, till ſome Prieſt ſpeak to it, and get Account what diſturbs it.

ELEGY

ON

Lucky *WOOD* in the *Canongate*, *May* 1717.

O *Cannigate !* poor elritch Hole,
What Loſs, what Croſſes does thou thole!
London and Death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy Head;
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld Coal
6 To blaw indeed.

HEAR me ye Hills, and every Glen,
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,
And Echo ſhrill, that a' may ken
The waefou Thud,

Be

Lucky *Wood* kept an Ale-houſe in the *Canongate*, was much reſpected for Hoſpitality, Honeſty, and the Neatneſs both of her Perſon and Houſe.

3. *London and Death*] The Place of her Reſidence being the greateſt Sufferer, by the Loſs of our Members of Parliament, which *London* now enjoys, many of them having their Houſes there, being the Suburb of *Edinburgh* neareſt the King's Palace; this with the Death of Lucky *Wood* are ſufficient to make the Place ruinous.

Be rackleſs Death, wha came unſenn
To Lucky *Wood.* 12

SHE's dead o'er true, ſhe's dead and gane,
Left us and *Willie* Burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to ſob and mane,
And rugg our Hair,
Becauſe we'll ne'r ſee her again
For evermair. 18

SHE gae'd as fait as a new Prin,
And kept her Houſie ſnod and been;
Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een
Like Siller Plate;
She was a donſie Wife and clean,
Without Debate. 24

IT did ane good to ſee her Stools,
Her Boord, Fire-ſide, and facing Tools;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,
Basket wi' Bread.

Poor

11. *Came unſenn*] or *unſent for*; There's nothing extraordinary in this, it being his common Cuſtom, except in ſome few Inſtances of late ſince the falling of the Bubbles.
14. *Willie*] Her Husband *William Wood.*
26. *Facing Tools*] Stoups [or Pots] and Cups, ſo call'd from the *Facers.* *See* l. 29.

Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,
30 Since Lucky's dead.

SHE ne'er gae in a Lawin fauſe,
Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Hauſe,
Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Waw's,
But reaming Swats;
She never ran ſour Jute, becauſe
36 It gee's the Batts.

SHE had the Gate ſae well to pleaſe,
With *gratis* Beef, dry Fiſh, or Cheeſe;
Which kept our Purſes ay at Eaſe,
And Health in Tift,
And lent her freſh Nine Gallon Trees
42 A hearty Lift.

SHE ga'e us aft hail Legs o' Lamb,
And did nae hain her Mutton Ham;

Than

29. *Poor Facers*] The Facers were a Club of fair Drinkers who inclined rather to ſpend a Shilling on Ale than Twopence for Meat; they had their Name from a Rule they obſerved of obliging themſelves to throw all they left in the Cup in their own Faces: Wherefore to ſave their Face and Cloaths, they prudently ſuck'd the Liquor clean out.

31. *She ne'er gae in*, &c.] All this Verſe is a fine Picture of an honeſt Ale-ſeller; *A Rarity*.

Than ay at *Yule*, when e'er we came,
A bra' Goose Pye,
And was na that good Belly Baum ?
Nane dare deny. 48

THE Writer Lads sow well may mind her,
Furthy was she, her Luck design'd her
Their common Mither, sure nane kinder
Ever brake Bread ;
She has na left her Make behind her,
But now she's dead. 54

TO the sma' Hours we aft sat still,
Nick'd round our Toasts and Snishing Mill ;
Good Cakes we wanted ne'r at Will,
The best of Bread,
Which aften cost us mony a Gill
To *Aikenhead*. 60

COU'D our saut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,
And had we Cheeks like *Corra*'s Lin,
That

60. *To* Aikenhead'*s*] The Nether-bow Porter, to whom Lucky's Customers were often obliged for opening the Port for them, when they staid out 'till the small Hours after Midnight.
62. *Like* Corra'*s Lin*] A very high Precipice nigh *Lanerk*, over which the River of *Clyde* falls making a great Noise, which is heard some Miles off.

That a' the Warld might hear the Din
Rair frae ilk Head ;
She was the Wale of a' her Kin,
66 But now ſhe's dead.

O Lucky *Wood*, 'tis hard to bear
The Loſs ; but Oh ! we maun forbear :
Yet ſall thy Memory be dear
While blooms a Tree,
And after Ages Bairns will ſpear
72 'Bout Thee and Me.

EPITAPH.

BEneath this Sod
Lies Lucky Wood,
Whom a' Men might put Faith in ;
Wha was na ſweer,
While ſhe winn'd here,
To cramm our Wames for naithing.

Lucky

Lucky Spence's *laſt Advice.*

THREE Times the Carline grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the Cod her Pow ſhe lifted,
In bawdy Policy well gifted,
When ſhe now faun,
That Death na langer wad be ſhifted,
She thus began : 6

MY loving Laſſes, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi' ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your Draunts and Droning deave me,
But bring's a Gill ;
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainſt my Will. 12

Lucky *Spence*, a famous Bawd who flouriſhed for ſeveral Years about the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century; ſhe had her Lodgings near *Holyrood-houſe*; ſhe made many a benefit Night to herſelf, by putting a Trade in the Hands of young Laſſes that had a little Pertneſs, ſtrong Paſſions, Abundance of Lazineſs, and no Fore-thought.

O black Ey'd *Beſs* and mim Mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg;
Lay Sunkots up for a ſair Leg,
For whan ye fail,
Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,
18 Nor yet ye'r Tail.

WHAN e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice, but ſtick to him like Glew;
And whan ſet down,
Drive at the Jango till he ſpew,
24 Syn he'll ſleep ſoun.

WHAN he's aſleep, then dive and catch
His ready Caſh, his Rings or Watch;
And gin he likes to light his Match
At your Spunk-box,
Ne'er ſtand to let the fumbling Wretch
30 E'en take the Pox.

CLEEK

13. *Mim Mou'd*] Expreſſes an affected Modeſty, by a preciſeneſs about the Mouth.
27. *Light his Match*,&c.] I could give a large Annotation on this Sentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, left I diſoblige future Criticks, by leaving nothing for them to do.

CLEEK a' ye can be Hook or Crook,
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook ;
Be ſure to truff his Pocket-book,
Saxty Pounds *Scots*
Is nae deaf Nits : In little Bouk
Lie great Bank-Notes. 36

TO get a Mends of whinging Fools,
That's frighted for Repenting-Stools,
Wha often, whan their Metal cools,
Turn ſweer to pay,
Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools
Anither Day. 42

BUT dawt Red Coats, and let them ſcoup,
Free for the Fou of cutty Stoup ;
To gee them up, ye need na hope
E'er to do well :

35. *Is nae deaf Nits*] or *empty Nuts*; This is a negative manner of ſaying a thing is ſubſtantial.
37. *To get a Mends*] To be revenged ; *of whinging Fools*, Fellows who wear the wrong ſide of their Faces outmoſt, Pretenders to Sanctity, who love to be ſmugling in a Corner.
40. *Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools*] Delate them to the Kirk-Treaſurer. *Hale the Dools* is a Phraſe uſed at Foot-ball, where the Party that gains the *Goal* or *Dool* is ſaid to hail it or win the Game, and ſo draws the Stake.
44. *Cutty Stoup*] Little Pot, *i. e.* a Gill of Brandy.

They'll rive ye'r Brats and kick your Doup,
48 And play the Deel.

THERE's ae ſair Croſs attends the Craft,
That curſt Correction-houſe, where aft
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggings ſaft
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a Body daft;
54 But what'll ye ſay.

NANE gathers Gear withoutten Care,
Ilk Pleaſure has of Pain a Skare;
Suppoſe then they ſhould tirle ye bare,
And gar ye fike,
E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair
60 Ye're Nibour like.

FORBY, my Looves, count upo' Loſſes,
Ye'r Milk-white Teeth and Cheeks like Roſes,

Whan

51. *Hangy's Taz*] If they perform not the Task aſſign'd them, they are whipt by the Hangman.

54. *But what'll ye ſay*] The Emphaſis of this Phraſe, like many others, cannot be underſtood but by a Native.

Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noſes,
Faw down wi' Dads
To keep your Hearts up 'neath ſic Croſſes,
Set up for Bawds. 66

WI' well criſh'd Loofs I hae been canty,
Whan e'er the Lads wad fain ha'e faun t' ye;
To try the auld Game *Taunty Raunty*,
Like Cooſers keen,
They took Advice of me your Aunty,
If ye were clean. 72

THEN up I took my Siller Ca'
And whiſtl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa;
Roun'd in his Lug, That there was a
Poor Country *Kate*,
As haleſom as the Well of *Spaw*,
But unka blate. 78

SAE whan e'er Company came in,
And were upo' a merry Pin,
I ſlade

74. *And whiſtled ben*] *But* and *Ben* ſignify different Ends or Rooms of a Houſe; to gang *But* and *Ben* is to go from one End of the Houſe to the other.
75. *Roun'd in his Lug*] Whiſper'd in his Ear.

I ſlade away wi' little Din,
And muckle Menſe,
Left Conſcience Judge, it was a' ane
84 To Lucky *Spence.*

MY Benniſon come on good Doers,
Who ſpend their Caſh on Bawds and Whores;
May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures
For a ſair Snout:
Foul fa' the Quacks wha that Fire ſmoors,
90 And puts nae out.

MY Maliſon light ilka Day
On them that drink, and dinna pay,
But tak a Snack and rin away;
May't be their Hap
Never to want a *Gonorrhæa,*
96 Or rotten Clap.

LASS

83. *Left Conſcience Judge*] It was her uſual Way of vindicating herſelf to tell ye, *When Company came to her Houſe, could ſhe be ſo uncivil as to turn them out? If they did any bad thing,* ſaid ſhe, *between GOD and their Conſcience be't.*

88. *Fire ſmoors*] Such Quacks as bind up the external Symptoms of the Pox, and drive it inward to the ſtrong Holds, whence it is not ſo eaſily expelled.

LASS gi'e us in anither Gill,
A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our Fill ;
Let Death ſyne regiſtrate his Bill
Whan I want Senſe,
I'll ſlip away with better Will,
Quo' Lucky *Spence.* 102

TARTANA,

TARTANA,

OR THE

PLAID.

YE *Caledonian* Beauties, who have long
Been both the Muſe, and Subject of my Song,
Aſſiſt your Bard, who in harmonious Lays
Deſigns the Glory of your Plaid to raiſe:
5 How my fond Breaſt with blazing Ardour glows,
When e'er my Song on you juſt Praiſe beſtows.

Phœbus, and his imaginary Nine,
With me have loſt the Title of Divine;
To no ſuch Shadows will I Homage pay,
10 Theſe to my real Muſes ſhall give Way:

My

My Muſes, who on ſmooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
Stray through the Groves, or grace the Clover Mead ;
Or theſe who bath themſelves where haughty *Clyde*
Does roaring o'er his lofty Cat'racts ride ;
Or you who on the Banks of gentle *Tay* 15
Drain from the Flowers the early Dews of *May*,
To varniſh on your Cheek the Crimſon Dy,
Or make the White the falling Snow outvy :
And you who on *Edina*'s Streets diſplay
Millions of matchleſs Beauties every Day ; 20
Inſpir'd by you, what Poet can deſire
To warm his Genius at a brighter Fire ?

I ſing the Plaid, and ſing with all my Skill,
Mount then O Fancy, Standard to my Will ;
Be ſtrong each Thought, run ſoft each happy Line, 25
That Gracefulneſs and Harmony may ſhine,
Adapted to the beautiful Deſign.
Great is the Subject, vaſt th' exalted Theme,
And ſhall ſtand fair in endleſs Rolls of Fame.

30 THE Plaid's Antiquity comes firſt in View,
Precedence to Antiquity is due :
Antiquity contains a certain Spell,
To make ev'n Things of little Worth excell ;
To ſmalleſt Subjects gives a glaring Daſh,
35 Protecting high born Idiots from the Laſh :
Much more 'tis valu'd, when with Merit plac'd,
It graces Merit, and by Merit's grac'd.

O firſt of Garbs ! Garment of happy Fate !
So long employ'd of ſuch an antique Date ;
40 Look back ſome Thouſand Years, till Records fail,
And loſe themſelves in ſome Romantick Tale,
We'll find our Godlike Fathers nobly ſcorn'd
To be with any other Dreſs adorn'd ;
Before baſe foreign Faſhions interwove,
45 Which 'gainſt their Int'reſt and their Brav'ry ſtrove.
'Twas they could boaſt their Freedom with proud *Rome*,
And arm'd in Steel deſpiſe the Senate's Doom ;
Whil'ſt o'er the Globe their Eagle they diſplay'd,
And conquer'd Nations proſtrate Homage paid,

They

They only, they unconquer'd ſtood their Ground,
And to the mighty Empire fixt the Bound.
Our native Prince who then ſupply'd the Throne,
In Plaid array'd magnificently ſhone :
Nor ſeem'd his Purple, or his Ermine leſs,
Tho cover'd by the *Caledonian* Dreſs.
In this at Court the Thanes were gayly clad,
With this the Shepherds and the Hinds were glad,
In this the Warrior wrapt his brawny Arms,
With this our beauteous Mothers vail'd their Charms ;
When ev'ry Youth, and every lovely Maid
Deem'd it a *Deſhabille* to want their Plaid.

O Heav'ns! How chang'd ? How little look their Race ?
When foreign Chains with foreign Modes take Place ;
When *Eaſt* and *Weſtern-Indies* muſt combine
To deck the Fop, and make the Gewgaw ſhine.
Thus while the *Grecian* Troops in *Perſia* lay,
And learn'd the Habit to be ſoft and gay,
By Luxury enerv'd, they loſt the Day.

I ask'd *Varell*, what Soldiers he thought beſt ?
And thus he anſwer'd to my plain Requeſt ;
" Were I to lead Battalions out to War,
" And hop'd to triumph in the Victor's Car,
" To gain the loud Applauſe of worthy Fame,
" And Columns rais'd to eternize my Name,
" I'd chooſe, had I my Choice, that hardy Race
" Who fearleſs can look Terrors in the Face ;
" Who midſt the Snows the beſt of Limbs can fold
" In Tartan Plaids, and ſmile at chilling Cold :
" No uſeleſs Traſh ſhould pain my Soldier's Back,
" Nor Canvaſs Tents make loaden Axles crack ;
" No rattling Silks I'd to my Standards bind,
" But bright Tartana's waving in the Wind :
" The Plaid alone ſhould all my Enſigns be,
" This Army from ſuch Banners would not flie.
" Theſe, theſe were they, who naked taught the Way
" To fight with Art, and boldly gain the Day.
Ev'n great *Guſtavus* ſtood himſelf amaz'd,
While at their wond'rous Skill and Force he gaz'd.

With

With ſuch brave Troops one might o'er *Europe* run,
Make out what *Richlieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun. 90

DEGENERATE Men! Now Ladies pleaſe to ſit,
That I the Plaid in all its Airs may hit,
With all the Powers of Softneſs mixt with Wit.

WHILE ſcorching *Titan* tawns the Shepherd's Brow,
And whiſtling Hinds ſweat lagging at the Plow: 95
The piercing Beams *Brucina* can defy,
Not Sun-burnt ſhe's, nor dazl'd is her Eye.
Ugly's the Mask, the Fan's a trifling Toy
To ſtill at Church ſome Girl or reſtleſs Boy.
Fixt to one Spot's the Pine and Myrtle Shades, 100
But on each Motion wait th' Umbrellian Plaids,
Repelling Duſt when Winds diſturb the Air,
And give a Check to every ill bred Stare.

LIGHT as the Pinions of the airy Fry,
Of Larks and Linnets who traverſe the Sky, 105
Is the *Tartana* ſpun ſo very fine,
Its Weight can never make the Fair repine,

By

By raiſing Ferments in her glowing Blood,
Which cannot be eſcap'd within the Hood:
110 Nor does it move beyond its proper Sphere,
But let's the Gown in all its Shapes appear;
Nor is the Straightneſs of her Waiſt deny'd
To be by every raviſht Eye ſurvey'd.
For this the Hoop may ſtand at largeſt Bend,
115 It comes not nigh, nor can its Weight offend.

THE *Hood* and *Mantle* make the tender faint;
I'm pain'd to ſee them moving like a Tent.
By Heather *Jenny* in her Blanket dreſt,
The *Hood* and *Mantle* fully are expreſt;
120 Which round her Neck with Rags is firmly bound,
While Heather Beſoms loud ſhe ſcreams around.
Was Goody *Strode* ſo great a Pattern, ſay?
Are ye to follow when ſuch lead the Way?
But know each Fair who ſhall this *Sur-tout* uſe,
125 You're no more *Scots*, and ceaſe to be my Muſe.

THE ſmootheſt Labours of the *Perſian* Loom
Lin'd in the Plaid, ſet off the Beauty's Bloom;

Faint

Faint is the Gloſs, nor come the Colours nigh,
Tho white as Milk, or dipt in Scarlet Dy.
The Lily pluckt by fair *Pringella* grieves, 130
Whoſe whiter Hand outſhines its ſnowy Leaves:
No wonder then white Silks in our Eſteem,
Match'd with her fairer Face, they ſully'd ſeem.

If ſhining Red *Campbella*'s Cheeks adorn,
Our Fancies ſtraight conceive the bluſhing Morn; 135
Beneath whoſe Dawn the Sun of Beauty lies,
Nor need we Light but from *Campbella*'s Eyes.

If lin'd with Green *Stuarta*'s Plaid we view,
Or thine *Ramſeia* edg'd around with Blue;
One ſhews the Spring when Nature is moſt kind, 140
The other Heav'n, whoſe Spangles lift the Mind.

A Garden Plot enrich'd with choſen Flowers,
In Sun Beams basking after vernal Showers,
Where lovely Pinks in ſweet Confuſion riſe,
And Amaranths and Eglintines ſurpriſe; 145
Hedg'd round with fragrant Brier and Jeſſamine,
The roſie Thorn and variegated Green;

Theſe give not half that Pleaſure to the View,
As when, *Fergufia*, Mortals gaze on you :
You raiſe our Wonder, and our Love engage,
Which makes us curſe, and yet admire the Hedge ;
The Silk and Tartan Hedge, which does conſpire
With you to kindle Love's ſoft ſpreading Fire.
How many Charms can every fair one boaſt !
How oft's our Fancy in the Plenty loſt !
Theſe more remote, theſe we admire the moſt.
What's too familiar often we deſpiſe,
But Rarity makes ſtill the Value riſe.

If *Sol* himſelf ſhou'd ſhine through all the Day,
We cloy, and loſe the Pleaſure of his Ray :
But if behind ſome marly Cloud he ſteal,
Nor for ſometime his radiant Head reveal,
With brighter Charms his Abſence he repays,
And every Sun Beam ſeems a double Blaze.
So when the Fair their dazling Luſtres ſhroud,
And diſappoint us with a Tartan Cloud,

How

How fondly do we peep with wiſhful Eye,
Tranſported when one lovely Charm we ſpy ?
Oft to our Coſt, ah me ! we often find
The Power of Love ſtrikes deep, tho he be blind ; 170
Perch'd on a Lip, a Cheek, a Chin, or Smile,
Hits with Surpriſe, and throws young Hearts in Jail.

FROM when the Cock proclaims the riſing Day,
And Milk-maids ſing around ſweet Curds and Whey ;
Till gray-ey'd Twilight, Harbinger of Night, 175
Purſues o'er Silver Mountains ſinking Light,
I can unwearied from my Caſements view
The Plaid, with ſomething ſtill about it new.
How are we pleas'd, when with a handſome Air
We ſee *Hepburna* walk with eaſy Care ? 180
One Arm half circles round her ſlender Waiſt,
The other like an Ivory Pillar plac'd,
To hold her Plaid around her modeſt Face,
Which ſaves her Bluſhes with the gayeſt Grace :
If in white Kids her taper Fingers move, 185
Or unconfin'd jet thro' the ſable Glove.

176. *Silver Mountains*] *Ochel* Hills.

WITH what a pretty Action *Keitha* holds
Her Plaid, and varies oft its airy Folds;
How does that naked Space the Spirits move,
190 Between the ruſl'd Lawn and envious Glove?
We by the Sample, tho no more be ſeen,
Imagine all that's fair within the Skreen.

THUS Belles in Plaids vail and diſplay their Charms,
The Love-ſick Youth thus bright *Humea* warms,
195 And with her graceful Meen her Rivals all alarms.

THE Plaid itſelf gives Pleaſure to the Sight,
To ſee how all its Setts imbibe the Light;
Forming ſome Way, which even to me lies hid,
White, Black, Blew, Yellow, Purple, Green and Red.
200 Let *Newton*'s Royal Club through Priſms ſtare,
To view Celeſtial Dyes with curious Care,
I'll pleaſe my ſelf, nor ſhall my Sight ask Aid
Of Criſtal Gimcracks to ſurvey the Plaid.

HOW decent is the Plaid when in the Pew,
205 It hides th' inchanting Fair from Ogler's View.

The

The Mind's oft crowded with ill tim'd Desires,
When Nymphs unvail'd approach the sacred Quires.
Even Senators who guard the Common-weal,
Their Minds may rove ;— Are Mortals made of Steel ?
The finisht Beaux stand up in all their Airs, 210
And search out Beauties more than mind their Prayers.
The wainscot Forty Six's are perplext
To be eclips'd, Spite makes them drop the Text.
The younger gaze at each fine Thing they see ;
The Orator himself is scarcely free. 215
Ye then who wou'd your Piety express,
To sacred Domes ne'er come in naked Dress.
The Power of Modesty shall still prevail ;
Then *Scotian* Virgins use your native Vail.

THUS far young *Cosmel* read ; then star'd and curst, 220
And askt me very gravely how I durst
Advance such Praises for a Thing despis'd ?
He smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd.

TO you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,
And Numbers vast, nor Fools may side with you : 225

As many ſhall my Sentiments approve ;
Tell me what's not the Butt of Scorn and Love ?
Were Mankind all agreed to think one Way,
What wou'd Divines and Poets have to ſay ?
No Enſigns wou'd on Martial Fields be ſpread,
And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read :
We'd need no Councils, Parliaments, nor Kings,
Ev'n Wit and Learning wou'd turn ſilly Things.
You miſs my Meaning ſtill, I'm much afraid,
I would not have them always wear the Plaid.

OLD *Salem*'s Royal Sage, of Wits the Prime,
Said, *For each Thing there was a proper Time.*
Night's but *Aurora*'s Plaid, that ta'en away,
We loſe the Pleaſure of returning Day ;
Ev'n through the Gloom, when view'd in ſparkling Skies,
Orbs ſcarcely ſeen, yet gratify our Eyes :
So through *Hamilla*'s op'ned Plaid, we may
Behold her heavenly Face, and heaving milky Way.
Spaniſh Reſerve, joind with a *Gallick* Air,
If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* Fair.

NOW

NOW you ſay well, ſaid he ; But when's the Time
That they may drop the Plaid without a Crime ?

THEN I,
Leſt, O fair Nymphs, ye ſhould our Patience tire,
And ſtarch Reſerve extinguiſh gen'rous Fire ;
Since Heaven your ſoft victorious Charms deſign'd 250
To form a Smoothneſs on the rougher Mind :
When from the bold and noble Toils of War,
The rural Cares, or Labours of the Bar ;
From theſe hard Studies which are learn'd and grave,
And ſome from dang'rous Riding o'er the Wave : 255
The *Caledonian* manly Youth reſort
To their *Ædina*, Love's great Mart and Port,
And crowd her Theatres with all that Grace
Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* Race ;
At Conſort, Ball, or ſome Fair's Marriage-Day, 260
O then with Freedom all that's ſweet diſplay.
When Beauty's to be judg'd without a Vail,
And not its Powers met out as by Retail,

But

But Wholeſale, all at once, to fill the Mind
With Sentiments gay, ſoft, and frankly kind ;
Throw by the Plaid, and like the Lamp of Day,
When there's no Cloud to intercept his Ray.
So ſhine *Maxella*, nor their Cenſure fear,
Who, Slaves to Vapours, dare not ſo appear.

ON *Ida*'s Height, when to the Royal Swain,
To know who ſhould the Prize of Beauty gain,
Jove ſent his two fair Daughters and his Wife,
That he might be the Judge to end the Strife :
Hermes was Guide, they found him by a Tree,
And thus they ſpake with Air divinely free,
Say, Paris, *which is faireſt of us three.*
To *Jove*'s high Queen, and the Celeſtial Maids,
E're he wou'd paſs his Sentence, cry'd, *No Plaids.*
Quickly the Goddeſſes obey'd his Call,
In ſimple Nature's Dreſs he view'd them all,
Then to *Cyth'rea* gave the Golden Ball.

GREAT Criticks hail ! our Dread, whoſe Love or Hate,
Can with a Frown, or Smile, give Verſe its Fate ;

Attend,

Attend, while o'er this Field my Fancy roams,
I've ſomewhat more to ſay, and here it comes. 285

WHEN Virtue was a Crime, in *Tancred*'s Reign,
There was a noble Youth who wou'd not deign
To own for Sovereign one a Slave to Vice,
Or blot his Conſcience at the higheſt Price;
For which his Death's devis'd with helliſh Art, 290
To tear from his warm Breaſt his beating Heart.
Fame told the tragick News to all the Fair,
Whoſe num'rous Sighs and Groans bound through the Air:
All mourn his Fate, Tears trickle from each Eye,
Till his kind Siſter threw the Woman by; 295
She in his Stead a gen'rous Off'ring ſtaid,
And he, the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her Plaid.
So when *Æneas* with *Achilles* ſtrove,
The Goddeſs Mother haſted from above,
Well ſeen in Fate, prompt by maternal Love, 300
Wrapt him in Miſt, and warded off the Blow
That was deſign'd him by his valiant Foe.

298. Homer.

I of the Plaid could tell a hundred Tales,
Then hear another, ſince that Strain prevails.

305 THE Tale no Records tell, it is ſo old,
It happned in the eaſy Age of Gold,
When am'rous *Jove* Chief of th' *Olympian* Gods,
Pall'd with *Saturnia*, came to our Abodes,
A Beauty-hunting ; for in theſe ſoft Days,
310 Nor Gods, nor Men delighted in a Chace
That would deſtroy, not propagate their Race.
Beneath a Fir-Tree in *Glentanar*'s Groves,
Where, e'er gay Fabricks roſe, Swains ſung their Loves,
Iris lay ſleeping in the open Air,
315 A bright *Tartana* vail'd the lovely Fair ;
The wounded God beheld her matchleſs Charms,
With earneſt Eyes, and graſp'd her in his Arms.
Soon he made known to her, with gaining Skill,
His Dignity, and Import of his Will.

Speak

312. *Glentanar's Groves*] A large Wood in the North of *Scotland*.

Speak thy Desire, the Divine Monarch said.
Make me a Goddess, cry'd the *Scotian* Maid,
Nor let hard Fate bereave me of my Plaid.
Be thon the Hand-maid to my mighty Queen,
Said *Jove, and to the World be often seen*
With the celestial Bow, and thus appear
Clad with these radiant Colours as thy Wear.

NOW say my Muse, e're thou forsake the Field,
What Profit does the Plaid to *Scotia* yield,
Justly that claims our Love, Esteem and Boast,
Which is produc'd within our native Coast.
On our own Mountains grows the Golden Fleece,
Richer than that which *Jason* brought to *Greece* :
A beneficial Branch of *Albion*'s Trade,
And the first Parent of the Tartan Plaid.
Our fair ingenious Ladies Hands prepare
The equal Threeds, and give the Dyes with Care :
Thousands of Artists sullen Hours decoy
On rattling Looms, and view their Webs with Joy.

MAY ſhe be curſt to ſtarve in *Frogland Fens*,
To wear a *Fala* ragg'd at both the Ends,
Groan ſtill beneath an *antiquated Suit*,
And die a Maid at *fifty five* to boot;
May ſhe turn *quaggy Fat*, or *crooked Dwarff*,
Be *ridicul'd* while primm'd up in her *Scarff*;
May *Spleen* and *Spite* ſtill keep her on the *Fret*,
And live till ſhe *outlive* her Beauty's Date;
May all this fall, and more than I have ſaid,
Upon that *Wench* who diſregards the Plaid.

BUT with the Sun let ev'ry Joy ariſe,
And from ſoft Slumbers lift her happy Eyes;
May blooming Youth be fixt upon her Face,
Till ſhe has ſeen her fourth deſcending Race;
Bleſt with a Mate with whom ſhe can agree,
And never want the fineſt of *Bohea*:
May ne'er the *Miſer*'s Fears make her afraid,
Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.

Let

340. *Fala*] A little ſquare Cloath wore by the *Dutch* Women.

Let bright *Tartana*'s henceforth ever ſhine,
And *Caledonian* Goddeſſes enſhrine.

FAIR Judges to your Cenſure I ſubmit,
If you allow this Poem to have Wit, 360
I'll look with Scorn upon theſe muſty Fools,
Who only move by old worm-eaten Rules.
But with th' ingenious if my Labours take,
I wiſh them ten Times better for their Sake;
Who ſhall eſteem this vain are in the wrong, 365
I'll prove the Moral is prodigious ſtrong:
I hate to trifle, Men ſhould act like Men,
And for their Country only draw their Sword and Pen.

SCOTS SONGS.

The happy Lover's Reflections.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me ;
Ye Pow'rs ! What Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Idea's mind me :
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
8 In fit Retreats for wooing.

BENEATH the cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd Time away,
'Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings, when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

SHOU'D I be call'd where Cannons rore,
Where mortal Steel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

IN all my Soul there's not one Place
To let a Rival enter ;
Since ſhe excells in ev'ry Grace,
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

THE next Time I go o'er the Moor
She ſhall a Lover find me,
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho I left her behind me :
Then *Hymen*'s ſacred Bonds ſhall chain
My Heart to her fair Boſom,
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

The

The Lass of Peattie's *Mill.*

THE Lass of *Peattie's* Mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In spite of all my Skill,
She stole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midst her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een. 8

HER Arms white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their Dawn,
To Age it wou'd give Youth,
To press 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extasy of Bliss,
When I such Sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiss. 16

WITHOUT the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
When e'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd;
24 I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth
Hopeton's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſure at my Will;
I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bonny She,
The Laſs of *Peattie*'s Mill
32 Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

DELIA.

25. Hopeton's *high Moutains*] Thirty three Miles South weſt of *Edinburgh*, where the Right Honourable the Earl of *Hopeton*'s Mines of Gold and Lead are.

DELIA.

To the Tune of Green Sleeves.

YE watchful Guardians of the Fair,
Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a Care,
And repreſent her Lover
With all the Gayety of Youth,
With Honour, Juſtice, Love and Truth,
Till I return, her Paſſions ſooth
For me, in Whiſpers move her. 8

BE careful, no baſe ſordid Slave,
With Soul ſunk in a golden Grave,
Who knows no Virtue but to ſave,
With glaring Gold bewitch her.
Tell her for me ſhe was deſign'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more Plenty in my Mind,
Than one who's ten Times richer. 16

LET all the World turn upſide down,
And Fools run an eternal Round,
In Queſt of what can ne'er be found,
To pleaſe their vain Ambition.
Let little Minds great Charms eſpy
In Shadows which at Diſtance ly,
Whoſe hop'd for Pleaſure when come nigh,
24 Prove nothing in Fruition.

BUT caſt into a Mold Divine,
Fair *Delia* does with Luſtre ſhine,
Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,
Which yeilds a conſtant Treaſure.
Let Poets in ſublimeſt Lays,
Imploy their Skill her Fame to raiſe;
Let Sons of Muſick paſs whole Days,
32 With well tun'd Reeds to pleaſe her.

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN *April* when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go
To Wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn-trees grow. 4

THERE under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Loves, Ev'ning and Morn;
He ſang with ſo ſoft and inchanting a Sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unſeen danc'd around. 8

THE Shepherd thus ſung, Tho young *Maya* be fair,
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful proud Air;
But *Suſie* was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring. 12

THAT *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,
Like the Moon was unconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth;
But *Suſie* was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.

THAT Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dowr,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſowr:
Then ſighing, he wiſhed, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet *Suſie* his Miſtreſs might be.

NANNY O.

WHILE ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave my ſelf, and without Stealth,
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny*—*O*.

She

2. *Lais*] A famous *Corinthian* Courtizan.

She bids more fair t' ingage a *Jove,*
Than *Leda* did or *Danae*—*O* ;
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhou'd ſit but *Nanny*—*O.* 8

HOW joyfully my Spirits riſe,
When dancing ſhe moves finely—O,
I gueſs what Heav'n is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely O.
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breath in the bleſt *Britannio,*
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny*—*O.* 16

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
My loving charming Nanny—O,
I care not tho the World do know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

BONNY

6. *Leda and Danae*] Two Beauties to whom *Jove* made Love; to one in the Figure of a Swan, to the other in a Golden Shower.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a Myrtle Grove
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with Speed,
Nor let the Shaft at Random rove,
For *Jeanie*'s haughty Heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling Boy, with divine Art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the Heart,
8 And kill'd the Pride of bonny *Jean*.

NO more the Nymph with haughty Air
Refuſes *Willie*'s kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt every Day he ſpies ſome new
16 Surpriſing Charms in bonny *Jean*.

⁂

A Thouſand Tranſports crowd his Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind :
Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean,
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean.* 24

⁂

THE Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which even in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems :
When ſunk in Downs with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.
All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy*'s fair Prize, the *Spartan* Queen :
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean.* 32

THE

The Kind Reception.

To the Tune of Auld lang ſyne.

SHOULD auld Acquaintance be forgot,
Tho they return with Scars?
Theſe are the noble Heroe's Lot,
Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
Welcome my *Varo* to my Breaſt,
Thy Arms about me twine,
And make me once again as bleſt,
8 As I was lang ſyne.

METHINKS around us on each Bough,
A Thouſand *Cupids* play,
Whilſt thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay.
Since your Return the Sun and Moon
With brighter Beams do ſhine,
Streams murmur ſoft Notes while they run,
16 As they did lang ſyne.

DE-

DESPISE the Court and Din of State,
Let that to their Share fall;
Who can eſteem ſuch Slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball?
But ſunk in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline,
We'll pleaſe our ſelves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang ſyne. 24

O'ER Moor and Dale with your gay Friend
You may purſue the Chace;
And after a blyth Bottle end
All Cares in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You ſhall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run ſmooth away,
And laugh at lang ſyne. 32

THE Heroe pleas'd with the ſweet Air,
And Signs of gen'rous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
Bow'd to the Pow'rs above :
Next Day with Conſent and glad Haſte
Th' approach'd the ſacred Shrine,
Where the good Prieſt the Couple bleſt,
And put them out of Pine.

The PENITENT.

To the Tune of the Laſs of Livingſton.

PAIN'D with her ſlighting *Jamie*'s Love,
Bell dropt a Tear,— *Bell* dropt a Tear,
The Gods deſcended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear,— Well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the Praiſes of the Youth
From her own Tongue,— From her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus ſhe ſung,— And thus ſhe ſung,

BLEST

BLEST Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
More frank and kind,— More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But ſpoke their Mind,— But ſpoke their Mind.
Repenting now ſhe promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,— Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or Cauſe to mourn,— Or Cauſe to mourn. 16

WHY lov'd I the deſerving Swain,
Yet ſtill thought Shame,— Yet ſtill thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame,— To own my Flame?
Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy,— And ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted Joy,— My ſlighted Joy. 24

YE Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Desire,— Own your Desire;
While Love's young Power with his soft Wing
Fans up the Fire,— Fans up the Fire.
O do not with a silly Pride,
Or low Design,— Or low Design,
Refuse to be a happy Bride,
But answer plain,— But answer plain.

THUS the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes,— With flowing Eyes;
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,
With sweet Surprise,— With sweet Surprise,
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd,— His Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, My Love,
I am reveng'd,— I am reveng'd!

LOVE's CURE.

To the Tune of Peggy I muſt love th

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief,
The Shipwreckt *Colin* ſpying
His native Home, o'ercome with Grief,
Half ſunk in Waves and dying;
With the next Morning Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpriſe,
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion. 8

SO when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy*'s Mind and Face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Virtue more engaging. 16

THEN

THEN now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe our ſelves in ſtaying;
I'll haſte dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe,
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
24 Since *Peggy* I muſt love thee?

MEN may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh, and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
Falſe *Betty*'s Charms now diſappear,
32 Since *Peggy*'s far outſhine them.

ODE.

ODE.

HENCE every Thing that can
Disturb the Quiet of Man;
Be blyth my Soul,
In a full Bowl
Drown thy Care,
And repair
The vital Stream:
Since Life's a Dream,
Let Wine abound,
And Healths go round,
We'll sleep more sound;
And let the dull unthinking Mob pursue
Each endless Wish, and still their Toil renew.

Bessy

Beſſy Bell *and* Mary Gray.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*
They are twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes.
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
But *Mary Gray*'s twa pawky Een,
8 They gar my Fancy falter.

NOW *Beſſy*'s Hair's like a Lint Tap,
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis*' Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning :
White is her Neck, ſaft is her Hand,
Her Waſte and Feet's ſow genty,
With ilka Grace ſhe can command,
16 Her Lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And

AND *Mary*'s Locks are like the Craw,
Her Eye like Diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, red-up and braw,
She kills when e'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae gracefou ſtill,
O *Jove*! ſhe's like thy *Pallas*. 24

DEAR *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
Ye unco' ſair oppreſs us,
Our Fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw Cuts and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented. 32

The Young LAIRD *and* Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen
Coming down the Street, my Jo,
My Miſtreſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fou bonny, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night
That never wiſht a Lover ill;
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *Katy* wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſom Town a while,
The Bloſſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to ſmile;
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleeting Lambs and whiſtling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
16 Will nouriſh Health and glad ye'r Mind.

SOON

8. *Up to the Hill*] The *Caſtle*-hill, where young People frequently take the Air on an Evening.

SOON as the clear Goodman of Day
Does bend his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burn-ſide and play,
And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Daizies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog ;
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the Velvet Fog. 24

THERE's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny, ſaft and flowry Den,
Which circling Birks has form'd a Bower :
When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love. 32

KATY's ANSWER.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho ſhe did the ſame before me,
I canna get Leave
To look to my Loove,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

RIGHT fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,
Then *Sandy* ye'll fret,
And wyt ye'r poor *Kate*,
When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

FOR tho my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Pleniſhing dainty,
Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his Gear;
And ſae we had need to be tenty.

TUTOR my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion;
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion. 20

EDINBURGH's Addreſs

TO THE

COUNTRY.

NOVEMBER 1718.

FROM me *Edina*, to the Brave and Fair,
Health, Joy and Love, and Baniſhment of Care :
Foraſmuch as bare Fields and gurly Skies
Make rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes ;
5 When *Hyperborean* Blaſts confound the Plain,
Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain ;
Ye Swains and Nymphs, forſake the withered Grove,
That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love ;
Since Winds and Tempeſts o'er the Mountains ride,
10 Haſte here where Choice of Pleaſures do reſide ;
Come to my Tow'rs, and leave th' unpleaſant Scene,
My cheerful Boſom ſhall your Warmth ſuſtain,

Screen'd

Screen'd in my Walls, you may bleak Winter ſhun,
And, for a while, forget the diſtant Sun:
My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and ſparkling Wine, 15
As Summer Sun ſhall warm, like him ſhall ſhine.

MY witty Clubs of Minds that move at large,
With every Glaſs can ſome great Thought diſcharge:
When from my Senate, and the Toils of Law,
T' unbend the Mind from Bus'neſs you withdraw, 20
With ſuch gay Friends to laugh ſome Hours away,
My Winter Even ſhall ding the Summer's Day.

MY Schools of Law produce a manly Train
Of fluent Orators, who Right maintain,
Practis'd t' expreſs themſelves a graceful Way, 25
An Eloquence ſhines forth in all they ſay.

SOME *Raphael*, *Ruben*, or *Vandike* admire,
Whoſe Boſoms glow with ſuch a Godlike Fire.
Of my own Race I have, who ſhall ere long,
Challenge a Place amongſt the immortal Throng. 30

OTHERS

OTHERS in ſmootheſt Numbers are profuſe,
And can in *Mantuan* Dactyl's lead the Muſe:
And others can with Muſick make you gay,
With ſweeteſt Sounds *Correlli*'s Art diſplay,
While they arround in ſofteſt Meaſures ſing,
Or beat melodious *Solo*'s from the String.

WHAT Pleaſure can exceed to know what's great,
The Hinge of War, and winding Draughts of State?
Theſe and a Thouſand Things th' aſpiring Youth
May learn, with Pleaſure, from the Sages Mouth;
While they full fraughted Judgments do unload,
Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.
The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,
To emulate victorious *Eugene*'s Fame,
Who with freſh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne,
Making the haughty *Ott'man* Empire grone.
He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
The *Danes* and *Pruſſians* ſhall demit the War;
T' obſerve what mighty Turns of Fate may ſpring
From this new War rais'd by *Iberia*'s King.

LONG

LONG ere the Morn from Eaſtern Seas ariſe, 50
To ſweep Night-ſhades from off the vaulted Skies,
Oft *Love* or *Law* in Dream your Mind may toſs,
And puſh the ſluggiſh Senſes to their Poſts;
The *Hautboys* diſtant Notes ſhall then oppoſe
Your phantom Cares, and lull you to Repoſe. 55

TO *Viſit* and take *Tea*, the well dreſs'd Fair
May paſs the Crowd unruffled in her Chair;
No Duſt or Mire her ſhining Foot ſhall ſtain,
Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain.
For *Beaux* and *Belles* no City can compare, 60
Nor ſhew a *Galaxy* ſo made, ſo fair;
The Ears are charm'd, and raviſh'd are the Eyes,
When at the Conſort my *fair Stars* ariſe.
What Poets of fictitious Beauties ſing,
Shall in bright Order fill the dazling Ring: 65
From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Spouſe of *Jove*,
They'd gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love:
Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade,
Compar'd with my *ſweet White* and *bluſhing Red*.

70 The Character of Beauties ſo Divine,
The Muſe for Want of Words cannot define.
The panting Soul beholds with awful Love,
Impreſs'd on Clay th' Angelick Forms above,
Whoſe ſofteſt Smiles can pow'rfully impart
75 Raptures ſublime, in dumb Show, to the Heart.

THE Strength of all theſe Charms, if ye defy,
My *Court of Juſtice* ſhall make you comply.
Welcome, my *Seſſion*, thou my Boſom warms,
Thrice three Times welcome to thy Mother's Arms:
80 Thy Father long, rude Man! has left my Bed,
Thou'rt now my Guard, and Support of my Trade;
My Heart yearns after thee with ſtrong Deſire,
Thou deareſt Image of thy ancient Sire:
Should proud *Auguſta* take thee from me too,
85 So great a Loſs would make *Edina* bow;
I'd ſink beneath a Weight I cou'd not bear,
And in a Heap of Rubbiſh diſappear.

VAIN are ſuch Fears; I'll rear my Head in State,
My bodding Heart foretells a glorious Fate:

New

New ſtately Structures on new Streets ſhall riſe,
And new-built Churches tow'ring to the Skies.
From utmoſt *Thule* to the *Dover* Rock,
Britain's beſt Blood in Crowds to me ſhall flock ;
A num'rous Fleet ſhall be my *Fortha*'s Pride,
While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride :
Theſe from each Coaſt ſhall bring what's Great and Rare,
To animate the *Brave*, and pleaſe the *Fair*.

Written beneath the Hiſtorical Print of the wonderful Preſervation of Mr. David Bruce, *and others his School-fellows,*

St. Andrews, Auguſt 19. 1710.

SIX Times the Day with Light and Hope aroſe,
As oft the Night her Terrors did oppoſe,
While toſs'd on roring Waves the tender Crew
Had nought but Death and Horror in their View :
Pale Famine, Seas, bleak Cold at equal Strife,
Conſpiring all againſt their Bloom of Life :

Whilſt like the Lamp's laſt Flame, their trembling Souls
Are on the Wing to leave their mortal Goals;
And Death before them ſtands with frightful Stare,
10 Their Spirits ſpent, and ſunk down to deſpair.

BEHOLD th' indulgent providential Eye,
With watchful Rays deſcending from on high;
Angels come poſting down the Divine Beam
To ſave the Helpleſs in their laſt Extreme:
15 Unſeen the heav'nly Guard about them flock,
Some rule the Winds, ſome lead them up the Rock,
While other Two attend the dying Pair,
To waft their young white Souls thro' Fields of Air.

CHRIST's

CHRIST's KIRK ON THE GREEN,

In Three CANTO's.

Κονσιδερ ἰτ ὑαριλι ριδ ἀφτνὴρ θὰν ἔνις,
ὑἰλ ἀτ ἐν βλὶνκ σλὶ ῳόετρι νὸτ τέν ἰς.

Γ. Δυγλας.

CANTO I.

WAS ne'er in *Scotland* heard or ſeen
Sic Dancing and Deray;
Nowther at *Fakland* on the Green,
Nor *Peebles* at the Play, 4

As

This Edition of the firſt *Canto* is taken from an old Manuſcript Collection of *Scots Poems* written 150 Years ago, where it is found that *James*, the firſt of that Name, King of *Scots*, was the Author; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned Prince was unfortunately kept Priſoner in *England* by *Henry* VI. about the Year 1412. *Ballenden* in his Tranſlation of *H. Boece*'s Hiſtory, gives this Character of him, *He was weil lernit to fecht with the Sweord, to iuſt, to turnay, to worſyl, to ſyng and dance, was an expert Medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of Lute and Harp, and ſindry othir Inſtrumentis of Muſik. He was expert in Gramer, Oratry and Poetry, and maid ſae flowand and ſententious Verſis, apperit weil he was ane natural and borne Poete*, lib. 16. cap. 16.

3. *Fakland*] In the Shire of *Fife* where our Kings for ſome Time had their Reſidence.

4. Peebles *at the Play*] *Peebles* one of our Royal Burroughs where the Gentlemen of the Shire frequently meet for the Diverſion of Horſe-Races and the like.

As was of Woers, as I ween,
At *Chrift's Kirk* on a Day;
There came our Kitties wafhen clean,
8 In new Kirtles of Gray,
Fou gay that Day.

To dance thefe Damefels them dight,
Thir Laffes light of Laits,
Their Gloves were of the Raffel right,
12 Their Shoon were of the Straits,
Their Kirtles were of *Lincome* light,
Well preft with mony Plaits,
They were fo nice when Men them nicht,
16 They fqueel'd like ony Gaits
Fou loud that Day.

Of all thefe Maidens mild as Mead,
Was nane fae jimp as *Gilly*,

As

6. *Chrift's Kirk*] The Place where our Wedding held is either at *Lefly* (the Church there bearing that Name) or a Place fo named a little diftant from *Windfor* where our King was the Time of his Confinement.
9. *Them dight*] Made themfelves ready.
10. *Light of Laits*] Light or wanton in their Manners.
13. Lincome *Light*] Stuff made at *Lincoln*.

As ony Rofe her Rude was red,
  Her Lire was like the Lilly: 20
Fou yellow, yellow was her Head,
  But fhe of Love was filly;
Tho a' her Kin had fworn her dead,
  She wald have but fweet *Willy* 24
    Alane that Day.

SHE fcorned *Jack*, and fcraped at him,
  And murgeon'd him with Mocks;
He wad have loo'd, fhe wad na lat him,
  For a' his yellow Locks. 28
He cherifht her, fhe bade gae chat him,
  Counted him not twa Clocks;
Sae fhamefully his fhort Gown fet him,
  His Legs were like twa Rocks, 32
    Or Rungs that Day.

Tam

26. *Murgeon'd him*] Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous manner of aping his Gate or Actions.
29. *Go chat him*] She bid him go hang himfelf.
30. *Twa Clocks*] Reckoned him not worth a Couple of Beetles.
32. *Twa Rocks*] Two Diftaffs. This Defcription of *Gilly*'s Love to *Willy*, and her defpifing *Jack*, notwithftanding his Affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comick Delicacy.

Tam Lutter was their Minſtrel meet,
Good Lord how he cou'd lance,
He play'd ſae ſhill, and ſang ſae ſweet,
36 While *Touſie* took a Trance ;
Auld *Lightfoot* there he did forleet,
And counterfeited *France* :
He us'd himſelf as Man diſcreet,
40 And up the Morice Dance
He took that Day.

THEN *Steen* came ſteppand in with Stends,
Nae Rink might him arreſt :
Plaitfoot did bob with mony Bends,
44 For *Mauſe* he made Requeſt ;
He lap till he lay on his Lends,
But riſand was ſae preſt,
While that he hoſtit at baith Ends,
48 For honour of the Feaſt,
And danc'd that Day.

SYNE

33. *Minſtrel meet*] A Muſician fit for them.
37. *Auld* Lightfoot *there he did forleet, and counterfeited* France] He forgot to play the good old *Scots* Tunes like *Auld Lightfoot*, and imitated the *French*, like our modern Minſtrels, that dare play nought but *Italiano*'s, for fear they ſpoil their Fiddles.
42. *Nae Rink might him arreſt*] The ſwifteſt Courſe could not ſtop him.

SYNE *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him rugged:
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him Jevel,
And by the Tail him tugged; 52
The Kenſie cleekit to a Cavel,
But Lord as they twa lugged;
They parted manly on a Navel:
Men ſay that Hair was rugged 56
Between them twa.

ANE bent a Bow, ſic Sturt did ſteer him,
Great Skaith was't to have ſcar'd him;
He cheſit a Flane as did affear him,
Th' other ſaid, *Dirdum*, *Dardum*: 60
Throw baith the Cheeks he thought to ſheer him,
Or throw the Arſe have char'd him;
B' ane Akerbraid it came na neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him 64
Sae wide that Day.

N WITH

59. *He cheſit a Flane*] He choſe an Arrow.
60. *Dirdum, Dardum*] A ſlighting manner of ſpeaking. When one makes a Boaſt of ſome Action which we think but meanly of, we readily ſay, *A* Dirdum *of that.*

WITH that a Friend of his cry'd, Fy,
And up an Arrow drew,
He forged it ſae furiouſly,
68 The Bow in Flinders flew :
Sae was the Will of God, trow I,
For had the Tree been true,
Men ſaid, wha kend his Archery,
72 That he had ſlain anew,
Belyve that Day.

A yap young Man that ſtood him neiſt,
Loos'd aff a Shot with Ire,
He etled the Bairn in at the Breaſt,
76 The Bolt flew o'er the Bire :
Ane cry'd, Fy, he has ſlain a Prieſt,
A Mile beyond a Mire ;
Then Bow and Bag frae him he kieſt,
80 And fled as fierce as Fire
Frae Flint that Day.

ANE

75. *He etled the Bairn*] He deſign'd his Arrow at the Lad's Breaſt.
76. *The Bolt flew o'er the Bire*] He expreſſes his miſſing him, by a Metaphor of a Thunder-bolt flying over the Bire or Cow-houſe.

ANE hafty Henfure, called *Hary*,
Wha was ane Archer, hynd
Fit up a Tackle withoutten tarry,
That Torment fae him tynd. 84
I watna whither's Hand cou'd vary,
Or the Man was his Friend;
For he efcap'd throw' Mights of *Mary*,
As ane that nae ill mean'd, 88
But Good that Day.

THEN *Laurie* like a Lion lap,
And foon a Flane can fedder;
He hecht to pierce him at the Pap,
Thereon to wed a Wedder: 92
He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
It bufft like ony Bladder;
But fae his Fortune was and Hap,
His Doublet made of Leather 96
Sav'd him that Day.

83. *Hynd fit up a Tackle*, &c.] Immediately made ready his fhooting Tackle.
84. *That Torment fae him tynd*] His Vexation made him angry.
90. *A Flane can fedder*] Feathered an Arrow.
92. *Wed a Wedder*] He wagered a Wedder he would pierce him at the Pap.

THE Buff ſae boiſterouſly abaiſt him,
He to the Earth duſht down ;
The tither Man for dead there left him;
100 And fled out of the Town.
The Wives came furth, and up they reft him,
And fand Life in the Lown ;
Then with three Routs on's Arſe they rais'd him,
104 And cur'd him out of Sown,
Frae Hand that Day.

WITH Forks and Flails they lent great Slaps,
And flang together like Frigs ;
With Bougers of Barns they beft blew Caps,
108 While they of Bairns made Brigs.
The Rierd raiſe rudely with the Raps,
When Rungs were laid on Riggs ;
The Wives came furth wi' Crys and Claps,
112 See where my Liking liggs
Fou low this Day !

THEY

107. *Bougers*] Rafters.
112. *My Liking liggs*] My Sweet-heart lies on the Ground.

THEY girned and let Gird with Grains;
Ilk Gossip other griev'd :
Some strake with Stings, some gather'd Stains,
Some fled and ill mischiev'd. 116
The Minstrel wan within twa Wains,
That Day he wisely priev'd ;
For he came hame wi' unbruis'd Bains,
Where Fighters were mischiev'd 120
Fou ill that Day.

HEICH *Hutchon* with a Hissil Rice,
To red can throw them rummil ;
He maw'd them down like ony Mice,
He was na Baity Bummil : 124
Tho he was wight, he was na wise,
With sic Jangleurs to jummil ;
For frae his Thumb they dang a Slice,
While he cry'd, Barlafumil, 128
I'm slain this Day.

WHEN

117. *Wan within two Wains*] Got between two Wains or Wagons, and hid himself.
124. *Baity Bummil*] Or petty Fumbler; An actionless Fellow.
128. *Barlafumil*] Cry'd, *Barley*, or, *A Parleyfumil, I'm fallen.*

WHEN that he ſaw his Blood ſae red,
To flee might nae Man let him;
He ween'd it had been for auld Feed,
132 He thought and bade have at him;
He gart his Feet defend his Head,
The far fairer it ſet him,
While he was paſt out of all Plead,
136 He ſoud been ſwift that gat him,
Throw Speed that Day.

THE Town Souter in Grief was bowden,
His Wife hang at his Waiſt,
His Body was with Blood a browden,
140 He grain'd like ony Ghaiſt;
Her glittering Hair that was ſo gowden,
So hard in Love him lac'd,
That for her Sake he was not yowden,
144 While he a Mile was chac'd,
And mair that Day.

THE

137. *In Grief was Bowden*] Was furniſht with Abundance of Grief. One who has enough of any Thing, we ſay, He is well bodin.

139) *Blood a browden*) All beſmear'd with Blood. But browden more commonly means forward or fond.

143 *Not yowden*) Not tired.

THE Miller was of manly Make,
To meet him was nae Mows;
There durst nae tensome there him take,
Sae neyted he their Pows: 148
The Bushment heal about him brake,
And bickered him wi' Bows;
Syne traitrously behind his Back,
They hew'd him on the Howes, 152
Behind that Day.

TWA that were Headsmen of the Herd,
On ither ran like Rams,
They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd,
Beat on with Barrow-Trams: 156
But where their Gabs they were ungear'd,
They gat upon the Gams;
While bloody barkn'd was their Beards,
As they had worried Lambs, 160
Maist like that Day.

THE

152 *They hew'd him on the Hows*] Threw him on his Back by striking him on his Hows, *i.e.* Houghs.

THE Wives keift up a hideous Yell,
When all thefe Yonkiers yoked;
As fierce as Flags of Fire-flaughts fell,
164 Frieks to the Fields they flocked:
The Carles with Clubs did others quell
On Breafts, while Blood out boaked;
Sae rudly rang the common Bell,
168 That a' the Steeple rocked
For Dread that Day.

BY this *Tam Taylor* was in's Gear,
When that he heard the Bell,
He faid he fhould make all a fteer,
172 When he came there himfel:
He gaed to fight in fic a Fear,
While to the Ground he fell;
A Wife that hat him on the Ear,
176 With a great Knocking-mell,
Fell'd him that Day.

WHEN

164. *Frieks*] Young Fellows.
166. *Out boaked*] Gush'd out.

WHEN they had bierd like baited Bulls,
And Brain-wood brynt in Bails ;
They were as meek as any Mules ;
That mangit are with Mails ; 180
For Faintnefs thae forfoughten Fools
Fell down like flaughter'd Fails ;
Frefh Men came in, and hal'd the Dools,
And dang them down in Dails, 184
Bedeen that Day.

WHEN a' was done, *Dick* with an Aix,
Came furth to fell a Fiddir,
Quoth he, Where are yon hangit Smaiks,
That wad have flain my Brither ? 188
His Wife bad him gae hame *Gib Glaicks*,
And fae did *Meg* his Mither ;
He turn'd and gave them baith their Paiks,
For he durft ding nae ither, 192
But them that Day.

O CHRIST's

178. *And Brain-wood*] Being diftracted, or Brain-fick.
180. *Mangit are with Mails*] Wearied and gall'd with their Loading.
182. *Flaughter'd Fails*] Turf that the Country People flea for covering their Houfes.
183. *Hal'd the Dools*] See Lucky *Spence*, Line 40.
184. *Down in Dails, bedeen*] In Heaps a great Deal of them. *Bedeen*, Speedily.
186. *Came furth to fell a Fidder*) Cut down a Fidder, or Load of Wood.

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair Blood and Skaith,
Sair Harſhip and great Spulie,
And mony a ane had gotten his Death
By this unſonſie Tooly :
But that the bauld Good-wife of *Braith*
Arm'd wi' a great Kail Gully,

Came

The King having painted the ruſtick Squabble with an uncommon Spirit, in a moſt ludicrous Manner, in a Stanza of Verſe the moſt difficult to keep the Senſe complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring in Words for Crambo's ſake, where they return ſo frequently:

Ambitious to imitate ſo great an Original, I put a Stop to the War ; called a Congreſs, and made them ſign a Peace, that the World might have their Picture in the more agreeable Hours of Drinking, Dancing and Singing. The following *Canto*'s were wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718, about 300 Years after the firſt. Let no worthy Poet deſpair of Immortality ; good Senſe will be always the ſame in ſpite of the Revolution of Words.

Came bellyflaught, and loot an Aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly 8
Fou faft that Day.

BLYTH to win aff fae wi' hale Banes,
Tho mony had clowr'd Pows ;
And dragl'd fae 'mang Muck and Stanes,
They look'd like Wirry-kows : 12
Quoth fome, who 'maift had tint their Aynds,
Let's fee how a' Bowls rows :
And quat this Brulziement at anes,
Yon Gully is nae Mows, 16
Forfooth this Day.

QUOTH *Hutchon*, I am well content,
I think we may do war ;
Till this Time Toumond I'fe indent
Our Claiths of Dirt will fa'r : 20

7. *Came bellyflaught*] Came in great Hafte, as it were flying full upon them with her Arms fpread, as a Falcon with expanded Wings comes fouffing upon her Prey.
8. *Be hooly fou faft*] Defift immediately.
14. *Let's fee how a' Bowls rows*] A Bowling-green Phrafe, commonly ufed when People would examine any Affair that's a little ravel'd.
17. *Quoth Hutchon*] *Vide Canto* 1. Line. 121. He's brave, and the firft Man for a honourable Peace.

Wi' Nevels I'm amaift fawn faint,
My Chafts are dung a char;
Then took his Bonnet to the Bent,
24 And daddit aff the Glar,
Fou clean that Day.

Tam Taylor, wha in Time of Battle
Lay as gin fome had fell'd him;
Gat up now wi' an unco' Rattle,
28 As nane there durft a quell'd him:
Bauld *Befs* flew till him wi' a Brattle,
And fpite of his Teeth held him
Clofs by the Craig, and with her fatal
32 Knife fhored fhe would geld him,
For Peace that Day.

SYNE a' wi' ae Confent fhook Hands,
As they ftood in a Ring;
Some red their Hair, fome fet their Bands,
36 Some did their Sark Tails wring:

Then

25. *Tam Taylor*] *Vide Canto* 1. Line 169. He's a Coward, but would appear valiant when he finds the reft in Peace.

Then for a Hap to shaw their Brands,
They did there Minstrel bring,
Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,
At ilka blythsome Spring
Lap high that Day. 40

Claud Peky was na very blate,
He stood nae lang a dreigh;
For by the Wame he gripped *Kate*,
And gar'd her gi'e a Skreigh: 44
Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slate,
Ye stink o' Leeks, O figh!
Let gae my Hands, I say, be quait;
And wow gin she was skeigh,
And mim that Day. 48

NOW settl'd Gossies sat, and keen
Did for fresh Bickers birle;
While the young Swankies on the Green
Took round a merry Tirle: 52
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky Een,
Gart *Lawrie*'s Heart-strings dirle,
And

50. *Did for fresh Bickers birle*] Contributed for fresh Bottles.

And Fouk wad threep, that ſhe did green
56 For what wad gar her skirle
And skreigh ſome Day.

THE manly Miller, haff and haff,
Came out to ſhaw good Will,
Flang by his Mittens and his Staff,
60 Cry'd, Gi'e me *Paty's-Mill* ;
He lap Bawk-hight, and cry'd, Had aff,
They rus'd him that had Skill;
He wad do't better, quoth a Cawf,
64 Had he another Gill
Of Uſquebae.

FURTH ſtarted neiſt a penſy Blade,
And out a Maiden took,
They ſaid that he was *Falkland* bred,
68 And danced by the Book ;
A ſouple Taylor to his Trade,
And when their Hands he ſhook,

Ga'e

57. *Haff and haff*] Half fuddled.
61. *He lap Bawk-hight*] So high as his Head could ſtrike the Loft, or Joining of the Couples.
67. *Falkland bred*] Been a Journey-man to the King's Taylor, and had ſeen Court-dancing.

Ga'e them what he got frae his Dad,
Videlicet the Yuke, 72
To claw that Day.

WHAN a' cry'd out he did sae weel,
He *Meg* and *Bess* did call up;
The Lasses bab'd about the Reel,
Gar'd a' their Hurdies wallop, 76
And swat like Pownies whan they speel
Up Braes, or when they gallop,
But a thrawn Knublock hit his Heel,
And Wives had him to haul up, 80
Haff fell'd that Day.

BUT mony a pauky Look and Tale
Gaed round whan Glowming hous'd them,
The Ostler Wife brought ben good Ale,
And bade the Lasses rouze them; 84
Up wi' them Lads, and I'se be Bail
They'll loo ye an ye touze them:

Quoth

82. *Glowming hous'd them*] Twilight brought them into the House.

Quoth Gawſſie, this will never fail
88 Wi' them that this Gate woes them,
On ſic a Day.

SYNE Stools and Furms were drawn aſide,
And up raiſe *Willy Dadle*,
A ſhort Hought Man, but fou o' Pride,
92 He ſaid the Fidler play'd ill;
Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beſide;
Quoth a', That is nae ſaid ill;
He ſits the Floor ſyne wi' the Bride
96 To *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*,
Thick, thick that Day.

IN the mean Time in came the Laird,
And by ſome Right did claim,
To kiſs and dance wi' *Maſie Aird*,
100 A dink and dortie Dame:
But O poor *Mauſe* was aft her Guard,
For back gate frae her Wame,
Beckin

96. *Cuttymun*, &c.] A Tune that goes very quick.

Beckin ſhe loot a fearfu' Raird,
That gart her think great Shame, 104
And bluſh that Day.

AULD *Steen* led out *Maggie Forſyth*,
He was her ain Good-brither ;
And ilka ane was unco' blyth,
To ſee auld Fouk ſae clever. 108
Quoth *Jock*, wi' laughing like to rive,
What think ye o' my Mither ?
Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But ſhe wa'd get anither 112
Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Diſh,
And betwiſht ilka Tune,
He laid his Lugs in't like a Fiſh,
And ſuckt till it was done ; 116
His Bags were liquor'd to his Wiſh,
His Face was like a Moon :

118. *His Face was like a Moon*] Round, full and ſhining. When one is ſtaring full of Drink, he's ſaid to have a Face like a full Moon.

But he cou'd get nae Place to pish
120 In, but his ain twa Shoon,
For Thrang that Day.

THE Latter-gae of haly Rhime,
Sat up at the Boord-head,
And a' he said was thought a Crime
124 To contradict indeed:
For in Clark-Lear he was right prime,
And cou'd baith write and read,
And drank sae firm till ne'er a Styme
128 He cou'd keek on a Bead,
Or Book that Day.

WHEN he was strute, twa sturdy Chiels,
Be's Oxter and be's Coller,
Held up frae cowping o' the Creels
132 The liquid Logick Scholar.
When he came hame his Wife did reel,
And rampage in her Choler,

With

121. *The Latter-gae of haly Rhime*] The Reader or Church Precenter, who *lets go, i. e.* Gives out the Tune to be sung by the rest of the Congregation.
126. *Baith write and read*] A Rarity in those Days.
128. *Keek on a Bead*] Pray after the *Roman* Catholick Manner, which was the Religion then in Fashion.
131. *Frae cowping of the Creels*] From turning topsy turvy.

With that he brake the Spining-wheel,
That cost a good Rix-dollar, 136
And mair some say.

NEAR Bed-time now ilk weary Wight
Was gaunting for his Rest;
For some were like to tyne their Sight,
Wi' Sleep and Drinking strest. 140
But ithers that were Stomach-tight,
Cry'd out, It was nae best
To leave a Supper that was dight,
To *Brownies*, or a Ghaist, 144
To eat or Day.

ON whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,
On them stood mony a Goan,
Some fill'd wi' Brachan, some wi' Kail,
And Milk het frae the Loan. 148
Of Daintiths they had Routh and Wale,
Of which they were right fon;

144. *To Brownies*] Many whimsical Stories are handed down to us by old Women of these *Brownies*: They tell us they were a Kind of good drudging Spirits, who appeared in Shape of rough Men, would have lyen familiarly by the Fire all Night, threshen in the Barn, brought a Midwife at a Time, and done many such kind Offices. But none of them has been seen in *Scotland* since the Reformation, as saith the wise *John Brown*.

But nathing wad gae down but Ale
152 Wi' drunken *Donald Don*,
The Smith that Day.

TWA Times aught Bannocks in a Heap,
And twa good Junts of Beef,
156 Wi' hind and fore Spaul of a Sheep,
Drew Whitles frae ilk Sheath:
Wi' Gravie a their Beards did dreep,
They kempit with their Teeth;
160 A Kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep
Its lane pat on the Sheaf,
In Stous that Day.

THE Bride was now laid in her Bed,
Her left Leg Ho was flung;
164 And *Geordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
Because it hit *Jean Gun*:
She was his Jo, and aft had said,
Fy, *Geordie*, had your Tongue,
Ye's

159. *A Kebuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep its lane pat on the Sheaf*] A Cheese full of crawling Mites crown'd the Feast.

162. *Her left Leg Ho was flung*] The Practice of throwing the Bridegroom or the Bride's Stocking when they are going to Bed, is well known; The Person who it lights on is to be next married of the Company.

Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride:
But chang'd her Mind when bung, 168
That very Day.

Tehee, quoth *Touzie*, when ſhe ſaw
The Cathel coming ben,
It pypin het gae'd round them a',
The Bride ſhe made a Fen, 172
To ſit in Wylicoat ſae braw,
Upon her nether En;
Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,
That meets a Clockin Hen, 176
And blyth were they.

THE Souter, Miller, Smith and *Dick*,
Lawrie and *Hutchon* bauld,
Carles that keep nae very ſtrict
Be Hours, tho they were auld; 180
Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,
But whare good Ale was ſald,

They

169. *Tehee*] An Interjection of Laughter.
176. *Clokin Hen*] A hatching Hen.

They drank a' Night, e'en tho auld Nick
184 Shou'd tempt their Wives to ſcald
Them for't neiſt Day.

WAS ne'er in *Scotlaud* heard or ſeen
Sic Banqueting and Drinkin,
Sic Revelling and Battles keen,
188 Sic Dancing, and ſic Jinkin,
And unko Wark that fell at E'en,
Whan Laſſes were haff winkin,
They loſt their Feet and baith their Een,
192 And Maidenheads gae'd linkin
Aff a' that Day.

CHRIST's

CHRIST's KIRK ON THE GREEN.

CANTO III.

NOW frae East Nook of *Fife* the Daw'n
Speel'd Westlines up the Lift,
Carles wha heard the Cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax and rift: 4
And greedy Wives wi' girning Thrawn,
Cry'd, Lasses up to Thrift;
Dogs barked, and the Lads frae Hand
Bang'd to their Breeks like Drift, 8
Be Break of Day.

But

Curious to know how my Bridal Folks would look next Day after the Marriage, I attempted this third *Canto*, which opens with a Description of the Morning. Then the Friends come and present their Gifts to the new married Couple. A View is taken of one Girl (*Kirsh*) who had come fairly off, and of *Mause* who had stumbled with the Laird. Next a new Scene of Drinking is represented, and the young Good-man is creel'd. Then the Character of the Smith's Ill-natured Shrew is drawn, which leads in the Description of ridiug the Stang. Next *Magy Murdy* has an exemplary Character of a good wise Wife. Deep drinking and bloodless Quarrels, makes an end of an old Tale.

1. *East Nook of* Fife] Where Day must break upon my Company; if, as I have observed, the Scene is at *Lesly* Church.

BUT ſome wha had been fow Yeſtreen,
Sic as the Latter-gae,
Air up had nae will to be ſeen,
12 Grudgin their Groat to pay.
But what aft friſted's no forgeen,
When Fouk has nought to ſay;
Yet ſweer were they to rake their Een,
16 Sic dizzy Heads had they,
And het that Day.

BE that Time it was fair foor Days,
As fou's the Houſe cou'd pang,
To ſee the young Fouk or they raiſe,
20 Goſſips came in ding dang,
And wi' a Soſs aboon the Claiths,
Ilk ane their Gifts down flang:
Twall Toop Horn-ſpoons down *Maggy* lays,
24 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,
For Kale or Whey.

HER

12. *Their Groat to pay*] Payment of the drunken Groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common People next Morning; but if they frankly confeſs the Debt due, they are paſſed for Two-pence.
15. *Rake their Een*] Rub open their Eyes.
17. *Fair foor Days*] Broad Day Light.
21. *Aboon the Claiths*] They commonly throw their Gifts of Houſhold Furniture above the Bed-cloaths where the young Folks are lying.

HER Aunt a Pair of Tangs fufh in,
Right bauld fhe fpake and fpruce,
Gin your Goodman fhall make a Din,
And gabble like a Goofe, 28
Shorin whan fou to skelp ye're Skin,
Thir Tangs may be of Ufe;
Lay them enlang his Pow or Shin,
Wha wins fyn may make Roofe, 32
Between you twa.

AULD *Beffie* in her red Coat braw,
Came wi' her ain Oe *Nanny*,
An odd like Wife, they faid that faw,
A moupin runckled Granny, 36
She fley'd the Kimmers ane and a',
Word gae'd fhe was na kanny;
Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
Till fhe was burnt wi' Branny, 40
Like mony mae.

38. *Word gade fhe was na kanny*] It was reported fhe was a Witch.

Steen freſh and faſtin 'mang the reſt
Came in to get his Morning,
Speer'd gin the Bride had tane the Teſt;
44 And how ſhe loo'd her Corning?
She leugh as ſhe had fun a Neſt,
Said, Let a be ye'r Scorning.
Quoth *Roger*, Fegs I've done my beſt,
48 To ge'er a Charge of Horning,
As well's I may.

KIND *Kirſh* was there, a kanty Laſs,
Black-ey'd, black-hair'd, and bonny;
Right well red up and jimp ſhe was,
52 And Wooers had fow mony:
I wat na how it came to paſs,
She cutled in wi' *Jonnie*,
And tumbling wi' him on the Graſs,
56 Dung a' her Cockernonny
A jee that Day.

But

43. *Had tane the Teſt*] I do not mean an Oath of that Name we all have heard of.
48. *Charge of Horning*] Is a Writ charging to make Payment, declaring the Debitor a Rebel. *N. B.* It may be left in the Lock-hole, if the Doors be ſhut.

BUT *Mauſe* begrutten was and bleer'd,
Look'd thowleſs, dowf and ſleepy;
Auld *Maggy* kend the Wyt, and ſneer'd,
Caw'd her a poor daft Heepy: 60
It's a wiſe Wife that kens her Weird,
What tho ye mount the Creepy;
There a good Leſſon may be lear'd,
And what the war will ye be 64
To ſtand a Day.

OR Bairns can read, they firſt maun ſpell,
I learn'd this frae my Mammy,
And cooſt a Legen-girth my ſell,
Lang or I married *Tammie*: 68
I'ſe warrand ye have a' heard tell,
Of bonny *Andrew Lammy*,
Stifly in Loove wi' me he fell,
As ſoon as e'er he ſaw me: 72
That was a Day.

62. *Mount the Creepy*] The Stool of Repentance.
67. *Cooſt a Legen-girth*] Like a Tub that loſes one of its Bottom Hoops.

HAIT Drink, frufh butter'd Caiks and Cheefe,
That held their Hearts aboon,
Wi' Clafhes mingled aft wi' Lies,
76 Drave aff the hale Forenoon :
But after Dinner an ye pleafe,
To weary not o're foon,
We down to E'ning Edge wi' Eafe
80 Shall loup, and fee what's done
I' the Doup o' the Day.

NOW what the Friends wad fain been at,
They that were right true blue ;
Was e'en to get their Wyfons wat,
84 And fill young *Roger* fou :
But the bauld Billy took his Maut,
And was right ftiff to bow ;
He fairly ga'e them Tit for Tat,
88 And fcour'd aff Healths anew,
Clean out that Day.

A

84, *Fill young* Roger *fou*] 'Tis a Cuftom for the Friends to endeavour the next Day after the Wedding to make the new married Man as drunk as poffible.

A Creel bout fow of muckle Stains
They clinked on his Back,
To try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins,
They gart him cadge this Pack. 92
Now as a Sign he had tane Pains,
His young Wife was na flack,
To rin and eafe his Shoulder Bains,
And fneg'd the Raips fow fnack, 96
We'er Knife that Day.

SYNE the blyth Carles, Tooth and Nail,
Fell keenly to the Wark;
To eafe the Gantrees of the Ale,
And try wha was maift ftark; 100
'Till Boord and Floor, and a' did fail,
Wi' fpilt Ale i'the Dark;
Gart *Jock*'s Fit flide, he like a Fail,
Play'd dad, and dang the Bark 104
Aff's Shins that Day.

THE

89. *A Creel*, &c.] For Merryment, a Creel or Basket is bound, full of Stones, upon his Back; and if he has acted a manly Part, his young Wife with all imaginable Speed cuts the Cords, and relieves him from the Burthen. If she does not, he's rallied for a Fumbler.

THE Souter, Miller, Smith and *Dick*,
Et cet'ra, cloſs ſat cockin,
Till waſted was baith Caſh and Tick,
108 Sae ill were they to ſlocken;
Gane out to piſh in Gutters thick,
Some fell, and ſome gae'd rockin,
Sawny hang ſneering on his Stick,
112 To ſee bauld *Hutchon* bockin
Rainbows that Day.

THE Smith's Wife her black Deary ſought,
And fand him Skin and Birn:
Quoth ſhe, This Day's Wark's be dear bought,
116 He ban'd, and gae a Girn;
Ca'd her a Jade, and ſaid ſhe mucht
Gae hame and ſcum her Kirn;
Whiſht Ladren, for gin ye ſay ought
120 Mair, I'ſe wind ye a Pirn
To reel ſome Day.

YE'LL

105. *The Souter*, &c.] *Vide* Canto II. Line 177.
114. *Skin and Birn*] The Marks of a Sheep; The Burn on the Noſe, and the Tar on the Skin. *i. e.* She was ſure it was him, with all the Marks of her drunken Husband about him.
120. *Wind ye a Pirn*] Is a threatning Expreſſion, when one deſigns to contrive ſome malicious thing to vex you.

YE'LL wind a Pirn! Ye silly Snool,
Wae-worth ye'r drunken Saul,
Quoth she, and lap out o'er a Stool,
And claught him be the Spaul: 124
He shook her, and sware muckle Dool
Ye's thole for this, ye Scaul;
I'se rive frae aff ye'r Hips the Hool,
And learn ye to be baul 128
On sic a Day.

YOUR Tippanizing, scant o' Grace,
Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;
Our Nibour *Pate* sin Break o' Day's
Been thumpin at his Studdy, 132
An it be true that some Fowk says,
Ye'll girn yet in a Woody;
Syne wi' her Nails she rave his Face,
Made a' his black Baird bloody, 136
Wi' Scarts that Day.

A Gilpy that had ſeen the Faught,
I wat he was nae lang,
Till he had gather'd ſeven or aught
140 Wild Hempies ſtout and ſtrang;
They frae a Barn a Kaber raught,
Ane mounted wi' a Bang,
Betwiſht twa's Shouders, and ſat ſtraught
144 Upon't, and rade the Stang
On her that Day.

The Wives and Gytlings a' ſpan'd out
O'er Middings, and o'er Dykes,
Wi' mony an unco Skirl and Shout,
148 Like Bumbees frae their Bykes;
Thro thick and thin they ſcour'd about,
Plaſhin thro Dubs and Sykes,
And ſic a Reird ran thro the Rout,
152 Gart a' the hale Town Tykes
Yamph loud that Day.

BUT

144. *Rade the Stang on her*] The Riding of the Stang on a Woman that hath beat her Huſband, is as I have deſcribed it, by one's riding upon a Sting, or a long Piece of Wood, carried by two others on their Shoulders, where, like a Herauld, he proclaims the Woman's Name, and the Manner of her unnatural Action.

BUT d'ye ſee ſou better bred
Was menſ-ſou *Maggy Murdy*,
She her Man like a Lammy led
Hame, wi' a well wail'd Wordy : 156
Faſt frae the Company he fled,
As he had tane the Sturdy ;
She fleech'd him fairly to his Bed,
Wi' ca'ing him her Burdy, 160
Kindly that Day.

BUT *Lawrie* he took out his Nap
Upon a Mow of Peaſe,
And *Robin* ſpew'd in's ain Wife's Lap ;
He ſaid it ga'e him Eaſe. 164
Hutchon wi' a three lugged Cap,
His Head bizzin wi' Bees,
Hit *Geordy* a miſluſhios Rap,
And brake the Brig o's Neeſe 168
Right ſair that Day.

R SYNE

158. *Tane the Sturdy*] A Diſeaſe amongſt Sheep that makes them giddy, and run off from the reſt of the Herd.

SYNE ilka Thing gae'd Arſe o'er Head,
Chanlers, Boord, Stools and Stowps,
Flew thro' the Houſe wi' muckle ſpeed,
And there was little Hopes,
But there had been ſome ill done Deed,
They gat ſic thrawart Cowps;
But a' the Skaith that chanc'd indeed,
Was only on their Dowps,
Wi' Faws that Day.

SAE whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
Till a' their Senſe was ſmor'd;
And in their Maws there was nae Mank,
Upon the Furms ſome ſnor'd:
Ithers frae aff the Bunkers ſank,
Wi' Een like Gollops ſcor'd:
Some ram'd their Noddles wi' a Clank,
E'en like a thick ſcull'd Lord,
On Poſts that Day.

THE

THE young Good-man to Bed did clim,
His Dear the Door did lock in;
Crap down beyont him, and the Rim
O' 'er Wame he clapt his Dock on: 188
She fand her Lad was not in Trim,
And be this ſame good Token,
That ilka Member, Lith and Limb,
Was ſouple like a Doken, 192
'Bout him that Day.

Notwithſtanding all this my publick ſpirited Pains, I am well aſſured there are a few heavy Heads, who will bring down the Thick of their Cheeks to the Sides of their Mouths, and richly ſtupid, alledge there's ſome Things in it have a Meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handſomer in a few Lines to ſay Something, than talk a great Deal, and mean Nothing. Pray, is there any Thing vicious or unbecoming in ſaying, *Mens Liths and Limbs are ſouple when intoxicated*? Does it not ſhow, that exceſſive Drinking enervates and unhinges a Man's Conſtitution, and makes him uncapable of performing divine or natural Duties. There is the Moral. And believe me, I could raiſe many uſeful Notes from every Character, which the Ingenious will preſently find out.

Great Wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to Faults true Criticks dare not mend;
From vulgar Bounds with brave Diſorder part,
And ſnatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art.
POPE.

Thus have I purſued theſe Comical Characters, having Gentlemens Health and Pleaſure, and the good Manners of the Vulgar in View: The main Deſign of Comedy being to repreſent the Follies and Miſtakes of low Life in a juſt Light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a Spectator, may evite his being the Object of Laughter. Any Body that has a mind to look ſour upon it, may uſe their Freedom.

Not laugh, Beaſts, Fiſhes, Fowls, nor Reptiles can;
That's a peculiar Happineſs of Man:
When govern'd with a prudent chearful Grace,
'Tis one of the firſt Beauties of the Face.

THE SCRIBLERS LASH'D

You write Pindaricks ! and be d——nd,
Write Epigrams for Cutlers ;
None with thy Nonſenſe will be ſham'd
But Chamber-maids and Butlers.
In t' other World expect dry blows,
No Tears ſhall wipe thy Stains out :
Horace *ſhall pluck thee by the Noſe,*
And Pindar *beat thy Brains out.*

T. BROWN to T. D'URFY.

THAT I thus proſtitute my Muſe
On Theme ſo low, may gain Excuſe ;
When following Motives ſhall be thought on,
Which has this dogrel Fury brought on.

I'm

I'm call'd in Honour to protect
The Fair when tret with Disrespect :
Besides, a Zeal transports my Soul,
Which no Constraint can e'er controul ;
In Service of the Government,
To draw my Pen, and Satyr vent,
Against vile Mungrels of *Parnassus*,
Who through Impunity oppress us.
'Tis to correct this scribbling Crew,
Who, as in former Reigns, so now
Torment the World, and load our Time
With Jargon cloath'd in wretched Rhime,
Disgrace of Numbers ! Earth ! I hate them !
And as they merit, so I'll treat them.

AND first, these ill bred Things I lash,
That hated Authors of the Trash,
In publick spread with little Wit,
Much Malice, rude and bootless Spite,
Against the Sex, who have no Arms
To shield them from insulting Harms,

Ex-

25 Except the Light'ning of their Eye,
Which none but ſuch blind Dolts defy.

UNGEN'ROUS War! t' attack the Fair:
But Ladies fear not, ye're the Care
Of every Wit of true Deſcent,
30 At once their Song and Ornament:
They'll ne'er neglect the lovely Crowd:
But ſpite of all the Multitude
Of ſcribbling Fops, aſſert your Cauſe,
And execute *Apollo*'s Laws:
35 *Apollo*, who the Bard inſpires
With ſofteſt Thoughts and divine Fires;
Than whom on all the Earth there's no Man
More complaiſant to a fine Woman.
Such Veneration mixt with Love,
40 Points out a Poet from above:
But *Zanny*'s void of Senſe and Merit,
Love, Fire, or Fancy, Wit or Spirit:
Weak, frantick, clowniſh, and chagreen,
Pretending, prompt by zealous Spleen,

T'af-

T' affront your Head-dress, or your Bone-fence, 45
Make Printers Presses groan with Nonsense.
But while *Sol*'s Offspring lives, as soon
Shall they pull down his Sister Moon.

THEY with low incoherent Stuff,
Dark Sense, or none, Lines lame and rough; 50
Without a Thought, Air or Address,
All the whole Logerhead confess.
From clouded Notions in the Brain,
They scrible in a cloudy Strain:
Desire of Verse they reckon Wit, 55
And rhime without one Grain of it.
Then hurry forth in publick Town
Their Scrawls, lest they should be unknown.
Rather than want a Fame, they choose
The Plague of an infamous Muse. 60
Unthinking, thus the Sots aspire,
And raise their own Reproach the high'r:
By meddling with the Modes and Fashions
Of Women of politest Nations.

Per-

65 Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,
That in their Spirit ſomething bold is,
To challenge thoſe who have the Skill,
By Charms to ſave, and Frowns to kill.

If not Ambition, then 'tis Spite,
70 Which makes the puny Inſects write.
Like old and mouldy Maids turn'd ſour,
When diſtant Charms have loſt their Pow'r,
Fly out in loud Tranſports of Paſſion,
When ought that's new comes firſt in Faſhion;
75 'Till by Degrees it creeps right ſnodly
On Hips and Head-dreſs of the g——y.
Thus they to pleaſe the ſighing Siſters,
Who often beet them in their Miſters,
With their malicious Breath ſet ſail,
80 And write theſe ſilly Things they rail.
Pimps! Such as you can ne'er extend
A Flight of Wit, which may amend
Our Morals; that's a Plot too nice
For you to laugh Folks out of Vice.

Sighing,

78. *Beet them in their Miſters*] Oblige them upon Occaſion.

Sighing, Oh hey! Ye cry, Alace! 85
This Fardingale's a great Disgrace!
And all indeed, because an Ancle,
Or Foot is seen, might Monarchs mancle;
And makes the Wife, with Face upright,
Look up, and bless Heav'n for their Sight. 90

IN your Opinion nothing matches,
O horrid Sin! the Crime of Patches!
'Tis false, ye Clowns; I'll make't appear,
The glorious Sun does Patches wear:
Yea, run thro' all the Frame of Nature, 95
You'll find a Patch for ev'ry Creature:
Even you your selves, ye blackned Wretches,
To *Heliconians* are the Patches.

BUT grant that Ladies Modes were Ills
To be reform'd; your creeping Skills, 100
Ye Rhimers, never would succeed,
Who write what the polite ne'er read.
To cure an Error of the Fair,
Demands the nicest prudent Care;

105 Wit utter'd in a pleasing Strain,
A Point so delicate may gain:
But that's a Task as far above
Your shallow Reach, as I'm from *Jove*.

NO more then let the World be vexed
110 With Baggage empty and perplexed:
But learn to speak with due Respect
Of *Peggie*'s Breasts and Ivory Neck.
Such purblind Eyes as yours 'tis true,
Shou'd ne'er such divine Beauties view.
115 If *Nellie*'s Hoop be twice as wide,
As her two pretty Limbs can stride;
What then? Will any Man of Sense
Take Umbrage, or the least Offence,
At what even the most modest may
120 Expose to *Phebus*' brightest Ray?
Does not the handsome of our City,
The Pious, Chaste, the Kind and Witty,
Who can afford it, great and small,
Regard well shapen Fardingale?

And

And will you, *Mag-pyes*, make a Noise? 125
You grumble at the Lady's Choice?
Pray leav't to them, and Mothers wise,
Who watch their Conduct, Mein and Guise,
To shape their Weeds as fits their Ease;
And place their Patches as they please. 130
This shou'd be granted without grudging,
Since we all know they're best at judging,
What from Mankind demands Devotion,
In Gesture, Garb, free Airs, and Motion.
But you! Unworthy of my Pen! 135
Unworthy to be class'd with Men!
Haste to *Caffar*, ye clumsy Sots,
And there make Love to *Hottentots*.

ANOTHER Sett with Ballads waste
Our Paper, and debauch our Taste 140
With endless 'larms on the Street,
Where Crowds of circling Rabble meet.
The Vulgar judge of Poetry,
By what these Hawkers sing and cry:

145 Yea, ſome who claim to Wit amiſs,
Cannot diſtinguiſh That from This.
Hence Poets are accounted now
In *Scotland* a mean empty Crew;
Whoſe Heads are craz'd, who ſpend their Time
150 In that poor wretched Trade of Rhime.
Yet all the learn'd diſcerning Part
Of Mankind own the heav'nly Art
Is as much diſtant from ſuch Traſh,
As lay'd *Dutch* Coin from *Sterling* Caſh.

155 OTHERS in lofty Nonſenſe write;
Incomprehenſible's their Flight;
Such magick Pow'r is in their Pen,
They can beſtow on worthleſs Men
More Virtue, Merit and Renown,
160 Than ever they cou'd call their own.
They write with arbitrary Power,
And Pity 'tis they ſhou'd fall lower;
Or ſtoop to Truth, or yet to meddle
With common Senſe, for Crambo didle.

BUT

BUT none of all the rhiming Herd 165
Are more encourag'd and rever'd
By heavy Souls to their's ally'd,
Than ſuch who tell who lately dy'd.
No ſooner is the Spirit flown,
From its Clay Cage, to Lands unknown, 170
Than ſome raſh Hackney gets his Name,
And thro' the Town laments the ſame:
An honeſt Burgeſs cannot dy,
But they muſt weep in Elegy;
Even when the virtuous Soul is ſoaring 175
Thro' middle Air, he hears it roaring.

THESE Ills, and many more Abuſes,
Which plague Mankind, and vex the Muſes,
On Pain of Poverty ſhall ceaſe,
And all the Fair ſhall live in Peace: 180
And every one ſhall die contented,
Happy when not by them lamented.
For great *Apollo* in his Name,
Has ord'red me thus to proclaim:

FOR

185 " FORASMUCHAS a grov'ling Crew,
" With narrow Mind, and brazen Brow,
" Wou'd fain to Poets Title mount,
" And with vile Maggots rub Affront
" On an old Virtuoso Nation,
190 " Where our lov'd Nine maintain their Station :
" We order strick, that all refrain
" To write, who Learning want, and Brain ;
" Pedants, with *Hebrew* Roots o'ergrown,
" Learn'd in each Language but their own.
195 " Each spiritless half starving Sinner,
" Who knows not how to get his Dinner :
" Dealers in small Ware, Clinks, Whim Whams,
" Acrosticks, Puns, and Anagrams ;
" And all who their Productions grudge,
200 " To be canvast by skilful Judge,
" Who can find out indulgent Trip,
" Whilst 'tis in harmless Manuscript.
" But to all them who disobey,
" And jog on still in their own Way ;

" BE'T

BE'T kend to all Men that our Will is, 205
" Since all they write so wretched ill is;
" They must dispatch their shallow Ghosts,
" To *Pluto*'s Jakes, and take their Posts;
" There to attend, 'till *Dis* shall deign
" To use their Works; the Use is plain. 210

NOW know, ye Scoundrels, if ye stand
To humph and ha at this Command,
The Furies have prepar'd a Halter,
To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,
Through Bogs and Moors, like Rats and Mice, 215
Pursu'd with Hunger, Rags and Lice,
If e'er ye dare again to croak,
And God of Harmony provoke.
Wherefore pursue some Craft for Bread,
Where Hands may better serve than Head; 220
Nor ever hope in Verse to shine,
Or share in *Homer*'s Fate or ——.

CONTENT.

A

POEM.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;
And happy he who can that Treasure find:
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Broods on his Gold, and gripping still for more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

DRYDEN.

Virtue was taught in Verse, and Athens' *Glory rose.*

PRIOR.

WHEN genial Beams wade thro' the dewy Morn,
And from the Clod invite the sprouting Corn;
When chequer'd Green, wing'd Musick, new blown Scents,
Conspir'd to sooth the Mind, and please each Sense:

Then

Then down a ſhady Haugh I took my Way, 5
Delighted with each Flower and budding Spray ;
Muſing on all that Hurry, Pain and Strife,
Which flow from the phantaſtick Ills of Life.
Enlarg'd from ſuch Diſtreſſes of the Mind,
Due Gratitude to Heav'n my Thoughts refin'd, 10
And made me in the laughing Sage's Way,
As a mere Farce the murm'ring World ſurvey ;
Finding imagin'd Maladies abound,
Tenfold for one, which gives a real Wound.

GODLIKE is he whom no falſe Fears annoy, 15
Who lives content, and graſps the preſent Joy ;
Whoſe Mind is not with wild Convulſions rent
Of Pride, and Avarice, and Diſcontent :
Whoſe well train'd Paſſions, with a pious Aw,
Are all ſubordinate to Reaſon's Law : 20
Then ſmooth Content ariſes like the Day,
And makes each rugged Phantom fly away.

11. *Laughing Sage*] *Democritus.*

To loweſt Men ſhe gives a lib'ral Share
Of ſolid Bliſs, ſhe mitigates our Care,
Enlarging Joys, adminiſtrating Health;
The rich Man's Pleaſure, and the poor Man's Wealth;
A Train of Comforts on her Nod attend,
And to her Sway Profits and Honours bend:

HAIL bleſt Content! who art by Heav'n deſign'd
Parent of Health and Chearfulneſs of Mind;
Serene Content ſhall animate my Song,
And make the immortal Numbers ſmooth and ſtrong.

Silenus, thou whoſe hoary Beard and Head
Experience ſpeak, and Youth's Attention plead;
Retail thy gather'd Knowledge, and diſcloſe
What State of Life enjoys the moſt Repoſe.
Thus I addreſt: —And thus the ancient Bard; —
Firſt, to no State of Life fix thy Regard.
All Mortals may be happy, if they pleaſe,
Not rack'd with Pain, nor lingering Diſeaſe.

Midas the Wretch, wrapt in his patched Rags,
With empty Paunch, ſits brooding o'er his Bags;
Meager his Look, his Mind in conſtant Fright,
If Winds but move his Windows in the Night;
If Dogs ſhould bark, or but a Mouſe make Din, 45
He ſweats and ſtarts, and thinks the Thief's got in:
His Sleep forſakes him 'till the Dawn appears,
Which every Thing but ſuch a Caitiff chears;
It gives him Pain to buy a Farthing-Light,
He jums at Home in Darkneſs all the Night. 50
What makes him manage wirh ſuch cautious Pain?
'Twould break a Sum; a Farthing ſpent ſo vain!
If e'er he's pleaſed, 'tis when ſome needful Man
Gives Ten *per Cent* with an inſuring Pawn,
Tho he's provided in as much would ſerve 55
Whole *Neſtor*'s Years, he ever fears to ſtarve.
Tell him of Alms, alas! he'd rather chuſe
Damnation and the promis'd Bliſs refuſe.
—*And is there ſuch a Wretch beneath the Sun* —?
Yes, he return'd, Thouſands inſtead of one, 60
To whom Content is utterly unknown.——

Are all the rich Men ſuch? — He anſwer'd, No;
Marcus hath Wealth, and can his Wealth beſtow
Upon himſelf, his Friends, and on the Poor,
65 Enjoys enough, and wiſhes for no more.

REVERSE of theſe, is he who braves the Skie,
Curſing his Maker when he throws the Die:
Gods, Devils, Furies, Hell, Heaven, Blood and Wounds,
Promiſcuous fly in Burſts of tainted Sounds;
70 He to Perdition doth his Soul bequeath,
Yet inly trembles when he thinks of Death.
Except at Game, he ne'er employs his Thought
Till hiſs'd and pointed at, — not worth a Groat.
The deſp'rate Remnant of a large Eſtate
75 Goes at one Throw, and points his gloomy Fate;
He finds his Folly now, but finds too late.
Ill brooks my fondling Maſter to be poor,
Bred up to nought but Bottle, Game, and Whore.
How pitiful he looks without his Rent!
80 They who fly Vertue, ever fly Content,

NOW I beheld the Sage look'd leſs ſevere,
Whilſt Pity join'd his old Satyrick Lear.
The weakly Mind, ſaid he, is quickly torn,
Men are not Gods, ſome Frailties muſt be born :
Heaven's bounteous Hand all in their Turn abuſe,
The happieſt Men at Times their Fate refuſe,
Befool themſelves,—— and trump up an Excuſe.

IS *Lucius* but a Subaltern of Foot ?
His Equal *Gallus* is a Coronet.

Sterilla ſhuns a Goſſiping, and why ?
The teeming Mother fills her with Envy.
The pregnant Matron's Grief as much prevails,
Some of the Children always ſomething ails :
One Boy is ſick, t'other has broke his Head,
And Nurſe is blam'd when little Miſs is dead.

A Dutcheſs on a Velvet Couch reclin'd,
Blabs her fair Cheeks till ſhe is almoſt blind ;
Poor *Phili*'s Death the briny Pearls demands,
Who ceaſes now to ſnarl and lick her Hands.

THE

THE Politicians, who in learn'd Debates,
With Penetration carve out Kingdoms Fates,
Look ſour, drink Coffee, ſhrug, and read Gazettes:
Deep ſunk in Craft of State their Souls are loſt,
And all their Hopes depend upon the Poſt:
Each Mail that's due they curſe the contrair Wind,
'Tis ſtrange if this Way Men Contentment find.
Tho old, their Humors I am yet to learn,
Who vex themſelves in what they've no Concern.

Ninny the glaring Fop, who always runs
In Tradeſmen's Books, which makes the careful Duns
Often e'er Ten to break his ſlumb'ring Reſt:
Whilſt with their craving Clamours he's oppreſt,
He frames Excuſes 'till his Cranny akes,
Then thinks he juſtly damns the curſed Snakes.
The diſappointed Dun with as much Ire,
Both threats and curſes till his Breaſt's on Fire:
Then home he goes, and pours it on his Houſe,
His Servants ſuffer oft, and oft his Spouſe.

SOME

SOME groan thro' Life amidſt a Heap of Cares,
To load with too much Wealth their lazy Heirs: 120
The lazy Heir turns all to Ridicule,
And all his Life proclaims his Father Fool.
He toils in ſpending.—— Leaves a Threed-bare Son,
To ſcrape anew, as had his Grandſire done.

HOW is the fair *Myrtilla*'s Boſom fir'd, 125
If *Leda*'s ſable Locks are more admir'd;
While *Leda* does her ſecret Sighs diſcharge,
Becauſe her Mouth's a Straw-breadth, ah! too large.

THUS ſung the Sire, and left me to evite
The ſcorching Beams in ſome cool green Retreat; 130
Where gentle Slumber ſeiz'd my weary'd Brain,
And mimick Fancy op'd the following Scene.

METHOUGHT I ſtood upon a riſing Ground,
A ſplendid Landskip open'd all around,
Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, Gardens, Parks and Woods, 135
And Domes, which hid their Turrets in the Clouds;

To me approach'd a Nymph divinely fair,
Celeſtial Virtue ſhone through all her Air:
A Nymph for Grace, her Wiſdom more renown'd
Adorn'd each Grace, and both true Valour crown'd.
Around her heav'nly Smiles a Helmet blaz'd,
And graceful as ſhe mov'd, a Spear ſhe gently rais'd.
My Sight at firſt the Luſtre ſcarce could bear,
Her dazling Glories ſhone ſo ſtrong and clear:
A Majeſty ſublime, with all that's ſweet,
Did Adoration claim, and Love invite.
I felt her Wiſdom's Charm my Thoughts inſpire,
Her dauntleſs Courage ſet my Soul on Fire.
The Maid, when thus I knew, I ſoon addreſt,
My preſent wiſhful Thoughts the Theme ſuggeſt:
" Of all th' etherial Powers thou nobleſt Maid,
" To humane Weakneſs lend'ſt the readieſt Aid:
" To where Content and her bleſt Train reſide,
" Immortal *Pallas*, deign to be my Guide.
With my Requeſt well pleas'd, our Courſe we bent,
To find the Habitation of Content.

THRO'

THRO' fierce *Bellona*'s Tents we first advanc'd,
Where Cannons bounc'd, and nervous Horses pranc'd:
Here *Vi & Armis* sat with dreadful Aw
And daring Front, to prop each Nation's Law: 160
Attending Squadrons on her Motions wait,
Array'd in Deaths, and fearless of their Fate.
Here Chiftain Souls glow'd with as great a Fire,
As his who made the World but one Empire.
Even in low Ranks brave Spirits might be found, 165
Who wanted nought of Monarchs but a Crown.
But ah! Ambition stood a Foe to Peace,
Shaking the Empty Fob and ragged Fleece;
Which were more hideous to these Sons of War,
Than Brimstone, Smoak, and Storms of Bullets are. 170
Here, said my Guide, Content is rarely found,
Where Blood and noisy Jars beset the Ground.

TRADE's wealthy Ware-house next fell in our Way,
Where in great Bales Part of each Nation lay,
The *Spanish* Citron, and *Hesperia*'s Oil, 175
Persia's soft Product, and the *Chinese* Toil;

Warm *Borneo*'s Spices, *Arab*'s ſcented Gum,
The *Poliſh* Amber, and the *Saxon* Mum,
The *Orient* Pearl, *Holland*'s Lace and Toys,
And Tinſie Work, which the fair Nun imploys.
From *India* Ivory, and the clouded Cane,
And Coacheneal from Straits of *Magellan*.
The *Scandinavian* Roſin, Hemp and Tar,
The *Lapland* Furs, and *Ruſſia*'s Caviare,
The *Gallick* Punchion charg'd with Ruby Juice,
Which makes the Hearts of Gods and Men rejoice.
Britannia here pours from her plenteous Horn,
Her ſhining Mirrors, Clock-work, Cloaths and Corn.
Here *Cent per Cents* ſat poring o'er their Books,
While many ſhew'd the Bankrupts in their Looks,
Who by Miſmanagement their Stock had ſpent,
Curs'd theſe hard Times, and blam'd the Government.
The Miſſive Letter, and peremptor Bill,
Forbade them reſt, and call'd forth all their Skill.
Uncertain Credit bore the Sceptre here,
And her prime Miniſters were Hope and Fear.

The

The ſurly Chufs demanded what we ſought,
Content, ſaid I, may ſhe with Gold be bought?
Content! ſaid one, then ſtar'd and bit his Thumb,
And leering ask'd, if I was worth a Plum. 200

LOVE's fragrant Fields, where mildeſt weſtern Gales,
Loaden with Sweets, perfume the Hills and Dales;
Where longing Lovers haunt the Streams and Glades,
And cooling Groves, whoſe Verdure never fades;
Thither with Joy and haſty Steps we ſtrode, 205
There ſure I thought our long'd for Bliſs abode.
Whom firſt we met on that enchanted Plain,
Was a tall Yellow-hair'd young penſive Swain;
Him I addreſt, — "O Youth, what heavenly Power
"Commands and graces yon *Elyſian* Bower? 210
"Sure 'tis Content, elſe much I am deceiv'd.
The Shepherd ſigh'd, and told me that I rav'd.
Rare ſhe appears, unleſs on ſome fine Day
She grace a Nuptial, but ſoon haſts away:
If her you ſeek, ſoon hence you muſt remove, 215
Her Preſence is precarious in Love.

200. *Worth a Plum*] 100000 *Lib.*

THRO' these and other Shrines we wander'd long,
Which merit no Description in my Song:
'Till at the last, methought we cast our Eye
220 Upon an antique Temple, square and high,
Its Area wide, its Spire did pierce the Sky;
On adamantine *Dorick* Pillars rear'd,
Strong *Gothick* Work the massy Pile appear'd:
Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,
225 Which pleas'd the Eye at once, and fill'd the Mind.
Whilst Wonder did my curious Thoughts engage,
To us approach'd a studious rev'rend Sage:
Both Aw and Kindness his grave Aspect bore,
Which spoke him rich with Wisdom's finest Store.
230 He ask'd our Errand there, — "Straight, I reply'd,
"Content; in these high Towers does she reside?
Not far from hence, said he, her Palace stands,
Ours she regards, as we do her Demands,
Philosophy sustains her peaceful Sway,
235 And in Return she feasts us every Day.

Then

Then ſtraight an antient Teleſcope he brought,
By *Socrates* and *Epictetus* wrought,
Improved ſince, made eaſier to the Sight,
Lengthen'd the Tube, the Glaſſes ground more bright:
Through this he ſhew'd a Hill, whoſe lofty Brow 240
Enjoy'd the Sun, while Vapours all below,
In pitchy Clouds, encircled it around,
Where Phantoms of moſt horrid Forms abound;
The ugly Brood of lazy Spleen and Fear,
Frightful in Shape, moſt monſtrous appear. 245
Then thus my Guide,——
Your Way lies through yon Gloom, be not agaſt,
Come briskly on, you'll jeſt them when they're paſt:
Mere empty Spectres, harmleſs as the Air,
Which merit not your Notice, leſs your Care. 250
Encourag'd with her Word, I thus addreſt
My noble Guide, and grateful Joy expreſt.
" O ſacred Wiſdom! Thine's the Source of Light,
" Without thy Blaze the World would grope in Night.
" Of Woe and Bliſs thou only art the Teſt, 255
" Falſhood and Truth before thee ſtand confeſt:

" Thou

" Thou mak'ſt a double Life : One Nature gave,
" But without thine, what is it Mortals have ?
" A breathing Motion grazing to the Grave.

NOW through the Damps methought we boldly went,
Smiling at all the Grins of Diſcontent :
Tho oft pull'd back, the riſing Ground we gain'd,
Whilſt inward Joy my weary'd Limbs ſuſtain'd.
Arriv'd the Height, whoſe Top was large and plain,
And what appear'd ſoon recompens'd my Pain,
Nature's whole Beauty deck'd the enamell'd Scene.

AMIDST the Glade the ſacred Palace ſtood,
The Architecture not ſo fine as good ;
Nor ſcrimp, nor gouſty, regular and plain,
Plain were the Columns which the Roof ſuſtain :
An eaſy Greatneſs in the whole was found,
Where all that Nature wanted did abound.
But here no Beds are ſcreen'd with rich Brocade,
Nor Fewel-Logs in Silver Grates are laid :
No broken *China* Bowls diſturb the Joy
Of waiting Handmaid, or the running Boy ;

Nor

Nor in the Cupboard Heaps of Plate are rang'd,
To be with each ſplenetick Faſhion chang'd.

A weather-beaten Sentry watch'd the Gate,
Of Temper croſs, and practis'd in Debate: 280
Till once acquaint with him, no Entry here,
Tho brave as *Cæſar*, or as *Helen* fair:
To Strangers fierce, but with Familiars tame,
And *Touchſtone Diſappointment* was his Name.

THIS fair Inſcription ſhone above the Gate, 285
Fear none but him whoſe Will directs thy Fate.
With Smile auſtere he lifted up his Head,
Pointed the Characters and bid us read.
We did, and ſtood reſolv'd. The Gates at laſt
Op'd of their own Accord, and in we paſt. 290

EACH Day a Herauld, by the Queen's Command,
Was order'd on a Mount to take his Stand,
And thence to all the Earth this Offer make,
" Who are inclin'd her Favours to partake,
" Shall have them free, if they ſmall Rubs can bear, 295
" Of Diſappointment, Spleen and bug-bear Fear.

RAIS'D

RAIS'D on a Throne within the outer Gate,
The Goddeſs ſat, her Vot'ries round her wait:
The beautiful Divinity diſclos'd
300 Sweetneſs ſublime, which roughest Cares compos'd:
Her looks ſedate, yet joyful and ſerene,
Not rich her Dreſs, but ſuitable and clean:
Unfurrow'd was her Brow, her Cheeks were ſmooth,
Tho old as Time, enjoy'd immortal Youth;
305 And all her Accents ſo harmonious flow'd,
That ev'ry liſtning Ear with Pleaſure glow'd.
An Olive Garland on her Head ſhe wore,
And her right Hand a *Cornucopia* bore.
Croſs *Touchſtone* fill'd a Bench without the Door,
310 To try the *Sterling* of each humane Ore:
Grim Judge he was, and them away he ſent,
Unfit t'approach the Shrine of calm Content.

TO him a hoary Dotard load with Bags:
Unweildy Load! to one who hardly drags
315 His Being.—— More than Seventy Years, ſaid he,
I've ſought this Court, 'till now unfound by me:

Now

Now let me reſt.—— "Yes, if ye want no more ;
"But e'er the Sun has made his annual Tour,
"Know, grov'ling Wretch, thy Wealth's without thy Pow'r.
The Thoughts of Death, and ceaſing from his Gain, 320
Brought on the old Man's Head ſo ſharp a Pain,
Which dim'd his optick Nerves, and with the Light
He loſt the Palace, and crawl'd back to Night.

POOR gripping Thing, how uſeleſs is thy Breath,
While nothing's ſo much long'd for as thy Death ? 325
How meanly haſt thou ſpent thy Leaſe of Years ?
A Slave to Poverty, to Toils and Fears ;
And all to vie with ſome black rugged Hill,
Whoſe rich Contents Millions of Cheſts can fill.
As round the greedy Rock clings to the Mine, 330
And hinders it in open Day to ſhine,
Till Diggers hew it from the Spar's Embrace,
Making it circle, ſtampt with *Cæſar*'s Face ;
So doſt thou hoard, and from thy Prince purloin
His uſeful Image, and thy Country Coin, 335

Till gaping Heirs have free'd th' impriſon'd Slave,
When to their Comfort thou haſt fill'd a Grave.

THE next who with a janty Air approach'd,
Was a gay Youth, who thither had been coach'd:
340 Sleek were his *Flanders* Mares, his Liv'ries fine,
With glittering Gold his Furniture did ſhine.
Sure ſuch methought may enter when they pleaſe,
Who have all theſe Appearances of Eaſe.
Strutting he march'd, nor any Leave he crav'd,
345 Attemp't to paſs, but found himſelf deceiv'd:
Old *Touchſtone* gave him on the Breaſt a Box,
Which op'd the Sluces of a latent Pox,
Then bid his Equipage in haſte depart.
The Youth look'd at them with a fainting Heart;
350 He found he could not walk, and bid them ſtay,
Swore three cramp Oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

THE Pow'r expreſs'd herſelf thus with a Smile,
" Theſe changing Shadows are not worth our while;
" With ſmalleſt Trifles oft their Peace is torn,
355 " If here at Night, they rarely wait the Morn.

ANO-

ANOTHER Beau as fine, but more vivace,
Whose Airs sat round him with an easy Grace,
And well bred Motion, came up to the Gate,
I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his Fate.
The Sentry broke his clouded Cane,— He smil'd, 360
Got fairly in, and all our Fears beguil'd.
The Cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the Vertue to the Circle spoke,
" Each Thing magnificent or gay we grant,
" To them who're capable to bear their Want. 365

TWO handsome Toasts came next, them well I knew,
Their lovely Make the Court's Observance drew;
Three waiting Maids attended in the Rear,
Each loaden with as much as she could bear:
One mov'd beneath a Load of Silks and Lace, 370
Another bore the Offsets of the Face;
But the most bulky Burden of the Three,
Was hers who bore the Utensils of *Bohee*.
My Mind indulgent in their Favour pled,
Hoping no Opposition would be made: 375

So mannerly, ſo ſmooth, ſo mild their Eye,
Enough almoſt to give Content Envy.
But ſoon I found my Error, the bold Judge,
Who acted as if prompted by ſome Grudge,
380 Them thus ſaluted with a hollow Tone,
" You're none of my Acquaintance, get you gone;
" What Loads of Trump'ry theſe?--- Ha, where's my Croſs?
" I'll try if theſe be ſolid Ware or boſs,
The *China* felt the Fury of his Blow,
385 And loſt a Being, or for Uſe or Show;
For Uſe or Show no more's each Plate or Cup,
But all in Shreds upon the Threſhold drop.
Now every Charm which deck'd their Face before,
Give Place to Rage, and Beauty is no more.
390 The brinny Stream their roſy Cheeks beſmear'd,
Whilſt they in Clouds of Vapours diſappear'd.

A ruſtick Hynd, attir'd in home-ſpun Gray,
With forked Locks, and Shoes bedaub'd with Clay;
Palms ſhod with Horn, his Front freſh, brown and broad,
395 With Legs and Shoulders fitted for a Load;

He

He 'midſt ten bawling Children laugh'd and ſung,
While Conſort Hobnails on the Pavement rung :
Up to the Porter unconcern'd he came,
Forcing along his Offspring and their Dame.
Croſs *Touchſtone* ſtrove to ſtop him, but the Clown 400
At Handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down ;
And ſpite of him into the Palace went,
Where he was kindly welcom'd by Content.

TWO *Busbian* Philoſophs put in their Claims,
Gamaliel and *Critis* were their Names ; 405
But ſoon's they had our *Britiſh Homer* ſeen,
With Face unruffl'd waiting on the Queen,
Envious Hate their ſurly Boſoms fir'd,
Their Colour chang'd, they from the Porch retir'd :
Backward they went, reflecting with much Rage 410
On the bad Taſte and Humor of the Age,
Which pay'd ſo much Reſpect to nat'ral Parts,
While they were ſtarving Graduates of Arts.
The Goddeſs fell a laughing at the Fools,
And ſent them packing to their Grammar Schools ; 415

Or

Or in ſome Garret elevate to dwell,
There with *Siſyphian* Toil to teach young *Beaus* to ſpell.

NOW all this while a Gale of Eaſtern Wind,
And cloudy Skies oppreſt the humane Mind;
420 The Wind ſet Weſt, back'd with the radiant Beams,
Which warm'd the Air, and danc'd upon the Streams,
Exhal'd the Spleen, and ſooth'd a World of Souls,
Who crowded now the Avenue in Shoals.
Numbers in black, of Widowers, Relicts, Heirs,
425 Of new wed Lovers many handſome Pairs;
Men landed from Abroad, from Camps and Seas;
Others got through ſome dangerous Diſeaſe:
A Train of *Belles* adorn'd with ſomething new,
And even of ancient Prudes there were a few,
430 Who were refreſh'd with Scandal and with Tea,
Which for a Space ſet them from Vapours free.
Here from their Cups the lower Species flockt,
And Knaves with Bribes and cheating Methods ſtockt.

THE Pow'r ſurvey'd the Troop, and gave command
435 They ſhould no longer in the Entry ſtand,

But

But be convey'd into *Chimera*'s Tower,
There to attend her Pleasure for an Hour.

SOON as they entred, Apprehension shook
The Fabrick: Fear was fixt on every Look,
Old Age and Poverty, Disease, Disgrace, 440
With horrid Grin, star'd full in every Face,
Which made them, trembling at their unknown Fate,
Issue in Haste out by the postern Gate.

NONE waited out their Hour but only two,
Who had been wedded Fifteen Years ago. 445
The Man had learn'd the World, and fixt his Mind;
His Spouse was chearful, beautiful and kind:
She neither fear'd the Shock, nor Phantoms Stare:
She thought her Husband wise, and knew that he was there.
Now while the Court was sitting, my fair Guide 450
Into a fine *Elysium* me convey'd;
I saw, or thought I saw the spacious Fields
Adorn'd with all prolifick Nature yields,
Profusely rich, with her most valu'd Store:
But as m' enchanted Fancy wander'd o'er 455

The

The happy plain, new Beauties ſeem'd to riſe,
The Fields were fled, and all was painted Skies.
Pleas'd for a while, I wiſh'd the former Scene ;
Straight all return'd and eas'd me of my Pain.
460 Again the flow'ry Meadows diſappear,
And Hills and Groves their ſtately Summits rear ;
Theſe ſink again, and rapid Rivers flow,
Next from the Rivers Cities ſeem to grow.

SOMETIME the fleeting Scene I had forgot,
465 In buſie Thought intranc'd, with Pain I ſought
To know the hidden Charm, ſtraight all was fled
And boundleſs Heav'ns o'er boundleſs Ocean ſpread ;
Impatient I obteſt my noble Guide,
Reveal this wond'rous Secret, ſhe reply'd.

470 WE carried on what greatly we deſign'd,
When all theſe humane Follies you reſign'd,
Ambition, Lux'ry, and a cov'tous Mind :
Yet think not true Content can thus be bought,
There's wanting ſtill a Train of virtuous Thought.

WHEN

WHEN me your Leader prudently you chose, 475
And listning to my Counsel, didst refuse
Fantastick Joys, your Soul was thus prepar'd
For true Content; and thus I do reward
Your gen'rous Toil. Observe this wondrous Clime;
Of Nature's Blessings here are hid the Prime: 480
But wise and virtuous Thought in constant Course,
Must draw these Beauties from their hidden Source;
The smallest Intermissions will transform
The pleasant Scene, and spoil each perfect Charm.
'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of Content, 485
And to your View all hellish Woes present.
Nor grudge the Care in Vertue you employ,
Your present Toil will prove your future Joy.
Then smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said,
Hold fast your virtuous Mind, of nothing be afraid. 490

A while the charming Voice so fill'd my Ears,
I grieve the divine Form no more appears.
Then to confirm my yet unsteady Mind,
Under a lonely Shadow I reclin'd,

495 To try the Virtues of the Clime I ſought :
Then ſtraight call'd up a Train of hideous Thought,
Famine, and Blood, and Peſtilence appear,
Wild Shrieks and loud Laments diſturb mine Ear ;
New Woes and Horrors did my Sight alarm.
500 Envy and Hate compos'd the wretched Charm.

SOON as I ſaw, I dropt the hateful View,
And thus I ſought paſt Pleaſures to renew.
To heav'nly Love my Thoughts I next compoſe,
Then quick as thought the following Sighs diſcloſe :
505 Streams, Meadows, Grotto's, Groves, Birds carrolling,
Calmneſs, and temp'rate Warmth, and endleſs Spring ;
A perfect Tranſcript of theſe upper Bowers,
The Habitation of th' immortal Powers.

BACK to the Palace raviſhed I went,
510 Reſolved to reſide with bleſt Content,
Where all my ſpecial Friends methought I met,
In Order 'mongſt the beſt of Mankind ſet :
My Soul with too much Pleaſure overcharg'd,
The captiv'd Senſes to their Poſt enlarg'd :

Lifting

Lifting mine Eyes I view'd declining Day, 515
Sprang from the Green, and homeward bent my Way,
Reflecting on that Hurry, Pain and Strife
Which flow from falſe and real Ills of Life.

RICHY and *SANDY*,

A

PASTORAL

On the Death of

JOSEPH ADDISON, *Esq*;

RICHY.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear *Sandy*, say?
Chear up dull Fallow, take thy Reed and play,
My Apron Deary, —or some wanton Tune:
Be merry Lad, and keep thy Heart aboon.

SAN-

An Explanation of Richy *and* Sandy, *by* Josiah Burchet *Esq*;

RICHY.

WHat makes thee look so sad? dear *Sandy* say.
Rouse up dull Fellow, take thy Reed and play
A merry Jig, or try some other Art,
To raise thy Spirits, and cheer up thy Heart.

Richy *and* Sandy] Sir *Richard Steel* and Mr. *Alexander Pope*.

SANDY

SANDY.

NA, na, It winna do! Leave me to mane,
This aught Days twice o'er tell'd I'll whiſtle nane.

RICHY.

WOW Man, that's unco' ſad,—— Is that ye'r Jo
Has ta'en the Strunt?—— Or has ſome Bogle-bo
Glowrin frae 'mang auld Waws gi'en ye a Fleg?
Or has ſome dawted Wedder broke his Leg?

SANDY.

NAITHING like that, ſic Troubles eith were born,
What's Bogles,—— Wedders,—— or what's *Mauſy*'s Scorn?

Our

EXPLANATION.

SANDY.

No. no, it will not do! Leave me to moan,
Till twice eight Days are paſt I'll whiſtle none.

RICHY.

That's ſtrange indeed! Has *Jenny* made the ſad?
Or, tell me, hath ſome horrid Spectre, Lad,
(Glaring from Ruins old, in ſilent Night)
Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic Fright?
Or ails that Wedder ought, thy Favourite?

SANDY.

Such Troubles might with much more Eaſe be born:
What's Goblins, Wedders, or what's Woman's Scorn?

Our

Our loſs is meikle mair, and paſt Remeed,
Edie, that play'd, and ſang ſae ſweet, is dead.

RICHY.

15 DEAD, ſay'ſt thou; Oh! Had up my Heart O *Pan*!
Ye Gods! What Laids ye lay on feckleſs Man!
Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r Wae,
I'll bear ye Company for Year and Day.
A better Lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a Kent,
20 Or hounded Coly o'er the moſſy Bent:
Blyth at the Bought how aft ha' we three been,
Heartſome on Hills, and gay upon the Green.

SANDY.

EXPLANATION.

Our Loſs is greater far; for *Addy*'s dead,
Addy, who ſang ſo ſweetly on the Mead.

RICHY.

Dead is he, ſay'ſt thou? Guard my Heart, oh *Pan*!
What Burthens, Gods, ye lay on feeble Man!
Alack I cannot blame thee for thy Grief;
Nor hope I, more than thou, to find Relief.
A better Lad ne'er lean'd on Shepherd's Crook,
Nor after Game halloo'd his Dog to look.
How glad where Ews give Milk have we three been,
Merry on Hills, and gay upon the Green!

SANDY.

SANDY.

THAT's true indeed! But now thae Days are gane,
And with him a' that's pleasant on the Plain.
A Summer Day I never thought it lang 25
To hear him make a Roundel or a Sang.
How sweet he sung where Vines and Myrtles grow,
Of wimpling Waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* Herd wha lang sinsyne
Best sung on aeten Reed the Lover's Pine, 30
Had he been to the fore now in our Days,
Wi' *Edie* he had frankly dealt his Bays.
As lang's the Warld shall *Amaryllis* ken,
His *Rosamond* shall eccho thro' the Glen;

While

EXPLANATION.

SANDY.

That's true indeed; but now, alas! in vain
We seek for Pleasure on the rural Plain:
I never thought a Summer's Day too long
To hear his Couplets, or his tuneful Song.
How sweet he sang where Vines and Myrtles grow,
And winding Streams which in old *Latium* flow!
Titry, the *Mantuan* Herd, who long ago
Sang best on Oaten Reed the Lover's Woe,
Did he, fam'd Bard, but live in these our Days,
He would with *Addy* freely share his Bays.
As long as Shepherds *Amaryllis* hear,
So long his *Rosamond* shall please the Ear.

27. *How swe*[illegible]] His Poetick Epistle from *Italy* to the Earl *Halifax*.
34. *Rosamond*] An Opera wrote by him.

While

35 While on Burn Banks the yellow Gowan grows,
Or wand'ring Lambs rin bleeting after Ews,
His Fame ſhall laſt: laſt ſhall his Sang of Weirs,
While *Britiſh* Bairns brag of their bauld Forbears.
We'll mickle miſs his blyth and witty Jeſt
40 At Spaining Time, or at our *Lambmaſs* Feaſt.
O, *Richy*, but 'tis hard that Death ay reaves
Away the beſt Fowck, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r Heads ye Hills, greet out ye'r Springs.
Upon ye'r Edge na mair the Shepherd ſings.

RICHY.

45 THAN he had ay a good Advice to gi'e,
And kend my Thoughts amaiſt as well as me;

Had

EXPLANATION.

While ſpangled Daiſie near the Riv'let grows,
And tender Lambs ſeek after bleating Ews,
His Fame ſhall laſt. Laſt ſhall his Song of Wars,
While *Britiſh* Youngſters boaſt of Anceſtors.
Much ſhall we miſs his merry witty Jeſts,
At weaning Times, and at our *Lambmaſs* Feaſts.
Oh *Richy! Richy!* Death hath been unkind
To take the Good, and leave the Ill behind.
Bow down your Heads ye Hills, weep dry your Springs,
For on their Banks no more the Shepherd ſings.

RICHY.

Then he had always good Advice to give,
And could my Thoughts, like as my ſelf, conceive.

37. *Sang of Weirs*] His Campaign; An heroick Poem.

When

Had I been thowleſs, vext, or oughtlins ſow'r,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an Hour.
Had *Roſie* ta'en the Dorts,---- or had the Tod
Worry'd my Lamb,---- or were my Feet ill ſhod, 50
Kindly he'd laugh when ſae he ſaw me dwine,
And tauk of Happineſs like a Divine.
Of ilka Thing he had an unco' Skill,
He kend be Moon Light how Tides ebb and fill.
He kend, what kend he no? E'en to a Hair 55
He'd tell o'er Night gin neiſt Day wad be fair.
Blind *John*, ye mind, wha ſang in kittle Phraſe,
How the ill Sp'rit did the firſt Miſchief raiſe;

Z Mony

EXPLANATION.

When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the Spleen,
In one half Hour with him I've merry been.
Had *Jenny* froward been, or *Raynard* bold
Worry'd my Lamb, or were my Shoes grown old;
Kindly he'd ſmile, when he obſerv'd me grieve,
And by his Talk divine my Breaſt relieve.
Addy did all Things to Perfection know;
Saw by the Moon how Tides would ebb or flow.
He knew, what knew he not? E'en to a Hair
He'd tell o'er Night if next Day would be fair.
The fam'd blind Bard ſang in myſterious Phraſe
How envious *Satan* did firſt Miſchief raiſe;

57. *Blind* John] The famous Mr. *Milton*, the Author of the excellent Poem on *Paradice loſt*, was blind.

But

Mony a Time beneath the auld birk-tree,
60 What's bonny in that Sang he loot me ſee.
The Laſſes aft flang down their Rakes and Pales,
And held their Tongues, O ſtrange! to hear his Tales.

SANDY.

SOUND be his Sleep, and ſaft his Wak'ning be,
He's in a better Caſe than thee or me;
65 He was o'er good for us; the Gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back,—— he was a borrow'd Len.
Let us be good, gin Virtue be our Drift,
Then may we yet forgether 'boon the Lift.
But ſee the Sheep are wyſing to the Cleugh;
70 *Thomas* has loos'd his Ouſen frae the Pleugh;

Maggy

EXPLANATION.

But oft beneath the well-ſpread Birchen-Tree
The Beauties of that Song he made me ſee.
The Laſſes oft flung down their Rakes and Pales,
And held their Tongues, Oh ſtrange! to hear his Tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his Sleep, and ſoft his Waking be;
More happy is he far than thee or me:
Too good he was for us; the Gods but lent
Him here below, when hither he was ſent.
Let us be good, if Virtue be our Aim,
Then we may meet above the Skies again.
But ſee how tow'rds the Glade the Fatlings go;
Thomas hath ta'en the Oxen from the Plough;

Joan

Maggy by this has bewk the Supper-Scones,
And nuckle Kye ſtand rowting on the Loans:
Come, *Richy*, let us truſe and hame o'er bend,
And make the beſt of what we canna mend.

EXPLANATION.

Joan hath prepar'd the Supper 'gainſt we come,
And late calf'd Cows ſtand lowing near their Home:
Then let's have done, and to our Reſt repair,
And what we cannot help, with Patience bear.

TO *Mr.* ALLAN RAMSAY, ON HIS Richy and Sandy.

By Mr. BURCHET.

WELL fare thee, *Allan*, who in Mother Tongue,
So ſweetly hath of breathleſs *Addy* ſung.
His endleſs Fame thy nat'ral Genius fir'd,
And thou haſt written as if he inſpir'd.

5 *Richy* and *Sandy*, who do him ſurvive;
Long as thy rural Stanza's laſt, ſhall live.
The grateful Swains thou'ſt made, in tuneful Verſe,
Mourn ſadly o'er their late —— loſt Patron's Hearſe.
Nor would the *Mantuan* Bard, if living, blame
10 Thy pious Zeal, or think thou'ſt hurt his Fame,
Since *Addiſon*'s inimitable Lays
Give him an equal Title to the Bays.
When he of Armies ſang, in lofty Strains,
It ſeem'd as if he in the hoſtile Plains
15 Had preſent been. His Pen hath to the Life:
Trac'd ev'ry Action in the ſanguine Strife.
In Council now ſedate the Chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in *Bavarian* Ears;
And ſtill purſuing the deſtructive Theme,
20 He puſhes them into the rapid Stream.
Thus beaten out of *Blenheim*'s neighb'ring Fields,
The *Gallic* Gen'ral to the Victor yields,
Who, as *Britannia*'s *Virgil* hath obſerv'd,
From threatn'd Fate all *Europe* then preſerv'd.

NOR

NOR doſt thou, *Ramſay*, ſightleſs *Milton* wrong, 25
By ought contain'd in thy melodious Song;
For none but *Addy* could his Thoughts ſublime
So well unriddle, or his myſtick Rhime.
And when he deign'd to let his Fancy rove
Where Sun-burnt Shepherds to the Nymphs make Love, 30
No one e'er told in ſofter Notes the Tales
Of rural Pleaſures in the ſpangled Vales.

SO much, Oh *Allan!* I thy Lines revere,
Such Veneration to his Mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my Thanks refrain 35
For what thou'ſt ſung of the lamented Swain.

To JOSIAH BURCHET *Eſq;*

THIRSTING for Fame, at the *Pierian* Spring
The Poet takes a Waught, then ſeys to ſing
Nature, and with the tentieſt View to hit
Her bonny Side with bauldeſt Turns of Wit.

Streams

5 Streams slide in Verse, in Verse the Mountains rise,
When Earth turns toom he rummages the Skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the Fields of Rest,
Doups down to visit ilka laigh-land Ghaist.
O hartsome Labour! Wordy Time and Pains,
10 That, frae the Best, Esteem and Friendship gains.
Be that my Luck, and let the greedy Bike
Stock-job the Warld among them as they like.

IN blyth braid *Scots* allow me, Sir, to shaw
My Gratitude, but Fleetching or a Flaw.
15 May Rowth o' Pleasures light upon ye lang,
Till to the blest *Elysian* Bowers ye gang;
Wha've clapt my Head sae brawly for my Sang.
When honour'd *Burchet* and his Maiks are pleas'd
With my Corn-pipe, up to the Starns I'm heez'd;
20 Whence far I glowr to the Fag-end of Time,
And view the Warld delighted wi' my Rhime.
That when the Pride of sprush new Words are laid,
I like the *Classick* Authors shall be read.

Stand

14. *But fleetching*] *But* is frequently used for *without*, *i. e.* without flat'ring.

Stand yont proud *Czar*, I wadna niffer Fame
With thee, for a' thy Furrs and paughty Name. 25

IF sic great Ferlies, Sir, my Muse can do,
As spin a three-plait Praise where it is due,
Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you.
Frae me! Frae ilky ane; for sure a Breast
Sae gen'rous is of a' that's Good possest. 30
Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weell,
And aft in sparkling Claret drink your Heel:
Minding the Mem'ry of the Great and Good
Sweet *Addison*, the Wale of humane Blood,
Wha fell, (as *Horace* anes said to his Billy) 35
Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili.

SIR,

Your's, &c.

AL. RAMSAY.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES

BETWEEN

Lieutenant *William Hamilton* and *Allan Ramsay*.

EPISTLE I.

Gilbertfield June 26th, 1719.

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN!
Renowned RAMSAY, canty Callan,
There's nowther Highlandman nor Lawlan,
In Poetrie,
4 But may as soon ding down *Tamtallan*
As match wi' thee.

FOR ten Times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae *Parnassus* thou didst thunder,
Wi' Wit and Skill,
8 Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
And quat my Quill.

Of

4. *Tamtallon*] An old Fortification upon the Firth of *Forth* in *East Lothian*.

OF Poetry the hail Quinteſſence
Thou has ſuck'd up, left nae Excreſcence
To petty Poets, or ſic Meſſens,
Tho round thy Stool,
They may pick Crumbs, and lear ſome Leſſons 12
At *Ramſay*'s School.

THO *Ben* and *Dryden* of Renown
Were yet alive in *London* Town,
Like Kings contending for a Crown;
'Twad be a Pingle,
Whilk o' you three wad gar Words ſound 16
And beſt to gingle.

TRANSFORM'D may I be to a Rat,
Wer't in my Pow'r but I'd create
Thee upo' ſight the Laureat
Of this our Age,
Since thou may'ſt fairly claim to that 20
As thy juſt Wage.

13. *Tho* Ben.] Tho celebrated *Ben Johnſton.*
19. *The Laureat*] Scots Ramſay *preſs'd hard, and ſturdily vaunted,*
He'd fight for the Laurel before he would want it:
But riſit Apollo, *and cry'd, Peace there old Stile,*
Your Wit is obſcure to one half of the Iſle
B. Seſſ. of Poets.

LET modern Poets bear the Blame
Gin they respect not *Ramsay*'s Name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for Shame,
To their great Loss;
And send them a' right sneaking hame
Ee Weeping-Cross.

WHA bourds wi' thee had need be warry,
And lear wi' Skill thy Thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy Dictionary
Of ancient Words,
Which come from thy Poetick Quarry,
As sharp as Swords.

NOW tho I should baith reel and rottle,
And be as light as *Aristotle*,
At *Ed'nburgh* we sall ha'e a Bottle
Of reaming Claret,
Gin that my haff-pay Siller Shottle
Can safely spare it.

AT

32. *Haff Pay*] He held his Commission honourably in my Lord *Hyndford*'s Regiment.
And may the Stars wha shine aboon
With Honour notice real Merit,
Be to my Friend auspicious soon,
And cherish ay sae fine a Spirit.

AT Crambo then we'll rack our Brain,
Drown ilk dull Care and aiking Pain,
Whilk aften does our Spirits drain
Of true Content;
Wow, Wow! but we's be wonder fain, 36
When thus acquaint.

WI' Wine we'll gargarize our Craig,
Then enter in a laſting League,
Free of Ill Aſpect or Intrigue,
And gin you pleaſe it,
Like Princes when met at the *Hague*, 40
We'll ſolemnize it.

ACCEPT of this and look upon it
With Favour, tho poor I have done it;
Sae I conclude and end my Sonnet,
Who am moſt fully,
While I do wear a Hat or Bonnet, 44
Yours---wanton *Willy*.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my Poſtſcript I incline
To let you ken my hail Deſign
Of ſic a lang imperfect Line,
Lyes in this Sentence,
48 To cultivate my dull Ingine
By your Acquaintance.

YOUR Anſwer therefore I expect,
And to your Friend you may direct,
At *Gilbertfield* do not neglect
When ye have Leiſure,
52 Which I'll embrace with great Reſpect
And perfect Pleaſure.

A N-

51. *Gilbertfield*] Nigh *Glaſgow.*

ANSWER I.

Edinburgh, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE ſa me, witty, wanton *Willy*,
Gin blyth I was na as a Filly;
Not a ſow Pint, nor ſhort Hought Gilly,
Or Wine that's better,
Cou'd pleaſe ſae meikle, my dear Billy, 4
As thy kind Letter.

BEFORE a Lord and eik a Knight,
In Goſſy *Don*'s be Candle Light,
There firſt I ſaw't, and ca'd it right,
And the maiſt feck
Wha's ſeen't ſinſyne, they ca'd as tight 8
As that on *Heck*.

HA, heh! thought I, I canna ſay
But I may cock my Noſe the Day,
When *Hamilton* the bauld and gay
Lends me a Heezy,
In Verſe that ſlides ſae ſmooth away, 12
Well tell'd and eaſy.

SAE

SAE roos'd by ane of well kend Mettle,
Nae ſma did my Ambition pettle
My canker'd Criticks it will nettle,
And e'en ſae be't:
16 This Month I'm ſure I winna ſettle,
Sae proud I'm wi't.

WHEN I begoud firſt to cun Verſe,
And cou'd your *Ardry Whins* rehearſe,
Where *Bonny Heck* ran faſt and fierce,
It warm'd my Breaſt;
20 Then Emulation did me pierce,
Whilk ſince ne'er ceaſt.

MAY I be licket wi' a Bittle,
Gin of your Numbers I think little;
Ye're never rugget, ſhan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby,
24 And hit the Spirit to a Title,
Of Standart *Habby*.

YE'LL

18. *Ardry Whins*] The laſt Words of *Bonny Heck*, of which he was Author.
24. *Standart Habby*] The Elegy on *Habby Simpſon* Piper of *Kilbarchan*, a finiſh'd Piece of its Kind.

YE'LL quat your Quill! That were ill-willy,
Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle Haining wad but spill ye,
And gar ye sour,
Then up and war them a' yet, *Willy*, 28
'Tis in your Power.

TO knit up Dollers in a Clout,
And then to eard them round about,
Syne to tell up, they downa lout
To lift the Gear;
The Malison lights on that Rout, 32
Is plain and clear.

THE Chiels of *London*, *Cam*, and *Ox*,
Ha'e rais'd up great Poetick Stocks
Of *Rapes*, of *Buckets*, *Sarks* and *Locks*,
While we neglect
To shaw their betters. This provokes 36
Me to reflect

ON

ON the lear'd Days of *Gawn Dunkell*,
Our Country then a Tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nane mair ſnack and ſnell
At Verſe or Proſe;
40 Our Kings were Poets too themſell,
Bauld and Jocoſe.

TO *Ed'nburgh*, Sir, when e'er ye come,
I'll wait upon ye, there's my Thumb,
Were't frae the Gill-bells to the Drum,
And take a Bout,
44 And faith I hope we'll no ſit dumb,
Nor yet caſt out.

EPISTLE

36. *Gawn Dunkell*] *Gawn Douglaſs* Brother to the Earl of *Angus* Biſhop of *Dunkell*, who beſides ſeveral original Poems, hath left a moſt exact Tranſlation of *Virgil's Æneis*.

40. *Our Kings*] *James* the Firſt and Fifth.

43. *Frae the Gill-Bells*] From Half an Hour before Twelve at Noon, when the Muſick Bells begin to play, frequently called the Gill-Bells, from Peoples taking a wheting Dram at that Time. *To the Drum*, Ten a Clock at Night, when the Drum goes round to warn ſober Folks to call for a Bill.

EPISTLE II.

Gilbertfield, July 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind Epiſtle,
It made me dance, and ſing, and whiſtle;
O ſic a Fyke, and ſic a Fiſtle
I had about it!
That e'er was Knight of the *Scots* Thiſtle 4
Sae fain, I doubted.

THE bonny Lines therein thou ſent me,
How to the Nines they did content me;
Tho', Sir, ſae high to compliment me,
Ye might defer'd,
For had ye but haſt well a kent me, 8
Some leſs wad ſer'd.

4. *Knight of the* Scots *Thiſtle*] The antient and moſt noble Order of Knighthood, erected by King *Achaius*. The ordinary Enſign worn by the Knights of the Order, was a green Ribband, to which was appended a Thiſtle of Gold crown'd with an imperial Crown, within a Circle of Gold, with this Motto, *Nemo me impune laceſſet*.

WITH joyfou Heart beyond Expreſſion,
They're ſafely now in my Poſſeſſion :
O gin I were a Winter-Seſſion
Near by thy Lodging,
12 I'd cloſs attend thy new Profeſſion,
Without e'er budging.

IN even down earneſt, there's but few
To vie with *Ramſay* dare avow,
In Verſe, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,
16 Thou's better at that Trade, I trow,
Than ſome's at preaching.

FOR my Part, till I'm better leart,
To troke with thee I'd beſt forbear't ;
For an' the Fouk of *Edn'burgh* hear't,
They'll ca' me daft,
20 I'm unco' irie and Dirt-feart
I make wrang Waft.

THY

16. *Than ſome's at Preaching*] This Compliment is intirely free of the fulſome Hyperbole,

THY Verſes nice as ever nicket,
Made me as canty as a Cricket;
I ergh to reply, leſt I ſtick it,
Syne like a Coof
I look, or ane whoſe Poutch is picket 24
As bare's my Loof.

HEH winſom! How thy ſaft ſweet Stile,
And bonny auld Words gar me ſmile;
Thou's travel'd ſure mony a Mile
Wi' Charge and Coſt,
To learn them thus keep Rank and File, 28
And ken their Poſt.

FOR I maun tell thee, honeſt *Allie*,
I uſe the Freedom ſo to call thee,
I think them a' ſae bra and walie,
And in ſic Order,
I wad nae care to be thy Vallie, 32
Or thy Recorder.

HAS thou with *Roſycrucians* wandert?
Or thro' ſome doncie Deſart danert?
That with thy Magick, Town and Landart,
For ought I ſee,
36 Maun a' come truckle to thy Standart
Of Poetrie.

DO not miſtake me, deareſt Heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black Art;
'Tis thy good Genius ſtill alart,
That does inſpire
40 Thee with ilk Thing that's quick and ſmart,
To thy Deſire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky Tale,
Bra to ſet o'er a Pint of Ale:
For Fifty Guineas I'll find Bail,
Againſt a Bodle,
44 That I wad quat ilk Day a Mail,
For ſic a Nodle.

AND

33. *Roſycrucians*] A People deeply learn'd in the ocult Sciences, who convers'd with aerial Beings. Gentlemanny Kind of Necromancers, or ſo.

AND on Condition I were as gabby,
As either thee, or honeſt *Habby*,
That I lin'd a' thy Claes wi' Tabby,
Or Velvet Pluſh,
And then thou'd be ſae far frae ſhabby, 48
Thou'd look right ſpruſh.

WHAT tho young empty airy Sparks
May have their critical Remarks
On thir my blyth diverting Warks;
'Tis ſma Preſumption
To ſay they're but unlearned Clarks, 52
And want the Gumption.

LET Coxcomb Criticks get a Tether
To ty up a' their lang looſe Lether;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it,
For an' they winna had their Blether, 56
They's get a Flewet.

To

To learn them for to peep and pry
In secret Drolls 'twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy Pen in Wrath, and cry,
And ca' them Skellums,
60 I'm sure thou needs set little by
To bide their Bellums.

Wi' Writing I'm so bleirt and doited,
That when I raise, in Troth I stoited;
I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
For wi' a Gird,
64 Upon my Bum I fairly cloited
On the cald Eard.

Which did oblige a little Dumple
Upon my Doup, close by my Rumple:
But had ye seen how I did trumple,
Ye'd split your Side,
68 Wi' mony a long and weary Wimple,
Like Trough of *Clyde*.

AN-

ANSWER II.

Edinburgh, August 4th, 1719.

DEAR *Hamilton* ye'll turn me Dyver,
My Muse sae bonny ye describe her,
Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,
For wi' a Whid,
Gin ony higher up ye drive her, 4
She'll rin red-wood.

SAID I, —— "Whisht, quoth the vougy Jade,
"*William*'s a wise judicious Lad,
"Has Havins mair than e'er ye had,
"Ill bred Bog-staker;
"But me ye ne'er sae crouse had craw'd, 7
"Ye poor Scull-thacker.

IT

4. *Rin Red-wood*] Run distracted.
7. *Illbred Bogstaker, but me*, &c.] The Muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in Mind of the Favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over Bogs or wild Marishes, to lift my Head a little Brisker among the polite World, which could never been acquired by the low Movements of a Mechanick. *Scul-thacker, i. e.* Thatcher of Sculs.

" IT ſets you well indeed to gadge!
" E'er I t' *Appollo* did ye cadge,
" And got ye on his Honour's Badge,
" Ungratefou Beaſt,
12 " A *Glaſgow* Capon and a Fadge
" Ye thought a Feaſt.

" SWITH to *Caſtalius'* Fountain-Brink,
" Dad down a Grouf, and take a Drink,
" Syne whisk out Paper, Pen and Ink,
And do my Bidding;
16 " Be thankfou, elſe I'ſe gar ye ſtink
Yet on a Midding.

MY Miſtreſs dear, your Servant humble,
Said I, I ſhou'd be laith to drumble
Your Paſſions, or e'er gar ye grumble,
'Tis ne'er be me
20 Shall ſcandalize, or ſay ye bummil
Ye'r Poetrie.

FRAE

9. *It ſets ye well indeed to gadge*] Ironically ſhe ſays, It becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily and afront my Benefactoreſs, by alledging ſo meanly that it were poſſible to praiſe her out of her Solidity.

12. *A* Glaſgow *Capon*,&c.] A Herring. *A Fadge*. A courſe kind of leaven'd Bread, uſed by the common People.

14. *Dad down a Grouf*] Fall flat on your Belly.

FRAE what I've tell'd, my Friend may learn
How sadly I ha'e been forfairn,
I'd better been a yont Side *Kairn-*
amount, I trow;
I've kiss'd the Taz like a good Bairn, 24
Now, Sir to you.

HEAL be your Heart, gay couthy Carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a Barrel;
Be thy Crown ay unclowr'd in Quarrel,
When thou inclines
To knoit thrawn gabbed Sumphs that snarl 28
At our frank Lines.

ILK good Chiel says, Ye're well worth Gowd,
And Blythness on ye's well bestow'd,
Mang witty *Scots* ye'r Name's be row'd,
Ne'er Fame to tine;
The crooked Clinkers shall be cow'd, 32
But ye shall shine.

23. *Karn-amount*] A noted Hill in the North of *Scotland*
24. *I've kiss'd the Taz*] Kiss'd the Rod. Own'd my Fault like a good Child.
32. *The crooked Clinkers*,&c.] The scribling Rhimers, with their lame Versification. *Shall be cow'd*, *i. e.* shorn off.

SET out the burnt Side of your Shin,
For Pride in Poets is nae Sin,
Glory's the Prize for which they rin,
And Fame's their Jo;
36 And wha blaws beſt the Horn ſhall win:
And wharefore no?

Quiſquis vocabit nos Vain-glorious,
Shaw ſcanter Skill, than *malos mores*,
Multi & magni Men before us
Did ſtamp and ſwagger,
40 *Probatum eſt, exemplum* Horace,
Was a bauld Bragger.

THEN let the Doofarts faſh'd wi' Spleen,
Caſt up the wrang Side of their Een,
Pegh, fry and girn wi' Spite and Teen,
And fa a flyting,
44 Laugh, for the lively Lads will ſcreen
Us frae Back-biting.

IF

33. *Set out the burnt Side of your Shin*] As if one would ſay, Walk ſtately with your Toes out. An Expreſſion uſed when we wou'd bid a Perſon (merrily) look briſk.

IF that the Gypſies dinna ſpung us,
And foreign Whiskers ha'e na dung us;
Gin I can ſnifter thro' Mundungus,
Wi' Boots and Belt on,
I hope to ſee you at St. *Mungo*'s 48
Atween and Beltan.

EPISTLE III.

Gilbertfield Auguſt 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and laſt Eſſay
Of rural Rhyme, I humbly pray,
Bright *Ramſay*, and altho it may
Seem doilt and donſie,
Yet thrice of all Things, I heard ſay 4
Was ay thought ſonſie,

48. *St.* Mungo's] The high Church of *Glaſgow*.

WHEREFORE I ſcarce cou'd ſleep or ſlumber,
Till I made up that happy Number,
The Pleaſure counterpois'd the Cumber,
In ev'ry Part,
8 And ſnoov't away like three Hand Omber,
Sixpence a Cart.

OF thy laſt Poem, bearing Date
Auguſt the Fourth, I grant Receipt;
It was ſae bra, gart me look blate,
'Maiſt tyne my Senſes,
12 And look juſt like poor Country *Kate*
In Lucky *Spence*'s.

I ſhaw'd it to our Pariſh Prieſt,
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a Feaſt;
He ſays, Thou may had up thy Creeſt,
And craw fu' crouſe,
16 The Poets a' to thee's but Jeſt,
Not worth a Souce.

THY

8. *Snoov't away*] Whirl'd ſmoothly round. *Snooving* always expreſſes the Action of a Top or Spindle, &c.
12. *Country* Kate] *Vide* Lucky *Spence* Elegy, Line 51.

THY blyth and cheerfu' merry Muſe,
Of Compliments is ſae profuſe ;
For my good Haivens dis me rooſe
Sae very finely
It were ill Breeding to refuſe 20
To thank her kindly.

WHAT tho ſometimes in angry Mood,
When ſhe puts on her Barlick-hood,
Her Dialect ſeem rough and rude ;
Let's ne'er be flee't,
But take our Bit when it is good, 24
And Buffet wi't.

FOR gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her Banter,
She'll take the Flings ; Verſe may grow ſcanter,
Syne wi' great Shame
We'll rue the Day that we do want her, 28
Then wha's to blame ?

BUT

27. *She'll take the Flings*] Turn ſullen, reſtive, and kick.

BUT let us ſtill her Kindneſs culzie,
And wi' her never breed a Toulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little Spulzie
In ſic a Barter;
32 And ſhe'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for Quarter.

SAE little worth's my rhyming Ware,
My Pack I ſcarce dare apen mair,
Till I take better wi' the Lair,
My Pen's ſae blunted;
36 And a' for Fear I file the Fair,
And be affronted.

THE dull Draff-drink makes me ſae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;
Yet ſet me in a Claret Howff,
Wi' Fowk that's chancy,
40 My Muſe may len me then a Gowff
To clear my Fancy.

THEN

36. *For Fear I file the Fair*] This Phraſe is uſed when one attempts to do what's handſome, and is affronted by not doing it right,---- not a reaſonable Fear in him.
37. *Dull Draff drink*] Heavy Malt Liquor.

THEN *Bacchus* like I'd bawl and bluſter,
And a' the Muſes 'bout me muſter;
Sae merrily I'd ſqueeze the Cluſter,
And drink the Grape,
'Twad gi my Verſe a brighter Luſtre, 44
And better Shape.

THE Pow'rs aboon be ſtill auſpicious
To thy Atchievements maiſt delicious,
Thy Poems ſweet and nae Way vicious,
But blyth and kanny;
To ſee, I'm anxious and ambitious, 48
Thy Miſcellany.

A' Bleſſings, *Ramſay*, on thee row,
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld Man's Pow;
And thro' thy Creed,
Be keeped frae the Wirricow 52
After thou's dead.

A N-

49. *A Bleſſings*, &c.] All this Verſe is a ſuccinct Cluſter of kind Wiſhes, elegantly expreſs'd, with a friendly Spirit, to which I take the Liberty to add *Amen*.

ANSWER III.

Edinburgh, September 2d, 1719.

My Truſty TROJAN,

THY laſt Oration orthodox,
Thy innocent auldfarren Jokes,
And ſonſie Saw of Three provokes
Me anes again,
4 Tod Lowrie like, to looſe my Pocks,
And pump my Brain.

BY a' your Letters I ha'e red,
I eithly ſcan the Man well bred,
And Soger that where Honour led,
Has ventur'd bauld;
8 Wha now to Youngſters leaves the Yed
To 'tend his Fald.

THAT

4. *Tod Lowrie like.*] Like Rynard the Fox, to betake my ſelf to ſome more of my Wiles.
8. *Leaves the Yed to 'tend his Fald*] Leaves the Martial Contention, and retires to a Country Life.

THAT Bang'ſter Billy *Cæſar July*,
Wha at *Pharſalia* wan the Tooly,
Had better ſped, had he mair hooly
Scamper'd thro' Life,
And 'midſt his Glories ſheath'd his Gooly, 12
And kiſs'd his Wife.

HAD he like you, as well he cou'd,
Upon Burn Banks the Muſes woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the Crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?
The Senate's Durks, and Faction loud, 16
Had ne'er undone him.

YET ſometimes leave the Riggs and Bog,
Your Howms, and Braes, and ſhady Scrog,
And helm-a-lee the Claret cog,
To clear your Wit:
Be blyth, and let the Warld e'en ſhog, 20
As it thinks fit.

13. *As well he cowd*] 'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.

NE'ER fash about your neist Year's State,
Nor with superior Powers debate,
Nor Cantrapes cast to ken your Fate ;
There's Ills anew
24 To cram our Days, which soon grow late ;
Let's live just now.

WHEN Northern Blasts the Ocean snurl,
And gars the Heights and Hows look gurl,
Then left about the Bumper whirl,
And toom the Horn,
28 Grip fast the Hours which hasty hurl,
The Morn's the Morn.

THUS to *Leuconoe* sang sweet *Flaccus*,
Wha nane e'er thought a *Gillygacus* :
And why should we let Whimsies bawk us,
When Joy's in Season,
32 And thole sae aft the Spleen to whauk us
Out of our Reason?

THO

27. *Toom the Horn*] 'Tis frequent in the Country to drink Beer out of Horn Cups, made in Shape of a Water Glass.
29. *Thus to* Leuconoe] *Vide* Book I. 11. Ode of *Horace*.

THO I were Laird of Tenſcore Acres,
Nodding to Jouks of Hallenſhakers,
Yet cruſh'd wi' Humdrums, which the Weaker's
Contentment ruines,
I'd rather rooſt wi' Cauſey-Rakers, 36
And ſup cauld Sowens.

I think, my Friend, an Fowk can get
A Doll of roſt Beef pypin het,
And wi' red Wine their Wyſon wet,
And Cleathing clean,
And be nae ſick, or drown'd in Debt, 40
They're no to mean.

I red this Verſe to my ain Kimmer,
Wha kens I like a Leg of Gimmer,
Or ſic and ſic good Belly Timmer;
Quoth ſhe, and leugh,
" Sicker of thae Winter and Simmer, 44
" Ye're well enough.

34. *Hallenſhakers*] A Hallen is a Fence (built of Stone, Turf, or a moveable Flake of Heather) at the Sides of the Door in Country Places, to defend them from the Wind. The trembling Attendant about a forgetfull great Man's Gate or Levee, is all expreſs'd in the Term *Hallenſhaker*.

MY hearty Goſs, there is nae Help,
But Hand to Nive we twa maun skelp
Up *Rhine* and *Thames*, and o'er the *Alp-*
pines and *Pyrenians*;
48 The chearfou Carles do ſae yelp
To ha'e 's their Minions.

THY raffan rural Rhyme ſae rare,
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd Ware,
Sae gaſh and gay, gars Fowk gae gare
To ha'e them by them;
52 Tho gaffin they wi' Sides ſae ſair,
Cry,—— " Wae gae by him!

FAIR fa that Sodger did invent
To eaſe the Poets Toil wi' Print:
Now, *William*, wi' maun to the Bent,
And pouſs our Fortune,
56 And crack wi' Lads wha're well content
Wi' this our Sporting.

Gin

51. *Gars Fowk gae gare*] Make People very earneſt.
52. *Wi' Sides ſae ſair, Cry, " Wae gae by him!* 'Tis uſual for many, after a full Laugh, to complain of ſore Sides, and to beſtow a kindly Curſe on the Author of the Jeſt. But the Folks of more tender Conſciences have turned their Expletives to friendly Wiſhes, ſuch as this; or, *Sonſe fa' ye*, and the like.

GIN ony ſour-mou'd girning Bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling Chucky,
That we like Nags whaſe Necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our Teeth;
I'll anſwer fine,----- Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky 60
She dwells i' *Leith.*

I ne'er wi' lang Tales faſh my Head,
But when I ſpeak, I ſpeak indeed:
Wha ca's me droll, but ony Feed,
I'll own I am ſae, 64
And while my Champers can chew Bread,
Yours —— ALLAN RAMSAY.

AN

60. *Gae kiſs ye'r Lucky*, &c.] Is a cant Phraſe, from what Riſe I know not; but 'tis made uſe of when one thinks it not worth while to give a direct Anſwer, or think themſelves fooliſhly accuſed.

A N

EPISTLE

To Lieutenant HAMILTON

On the receiving the Compliment of a Barrel of *Loch-Fine* Herrings from him.

YOUR Herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,
In healſome Brine a' ſoumin,
Fu' fat they are and guſty Gear,
As e'er I laid my Thumb on:
Bra ſappy Fiſh
As an cou'd wiſh
To clap on Fadge or Scon;
They reliſh fine
Good Claret Wine,
That gars our Cares ſtand yon.

RIGHT

1. *Hale and feer*] Whole, without the leaſt Fault or Want.

RIGHT mony Gabs wi' them ſhall gang
About *Auld Reeky*'s Ingle,
When kedgy Carles think nae lang,
Where Stoups and Trunchers gingle;
Then my Friend leal, 15
We toſs ye'r Heal,
And with bald Brag advance,
What's hoorded in
Lochs *Broom* and *Fine*
Might ding the Stocks of *France.* 20

A jelly Sum to carry on
A Fiſhery's deſign'd,
Twa Million good of *Sterling* Pounds,
By Men of Money's ſign'd.
Had ye but ſeen 25
How unco' keen
And thrang they were about it,
That we are bald,
Right rich and ald-
Farran ye ne'r wad doubted. 30

NOW

19. Broom *and* Fine] Two Lochs on the Weſtern Seas, where Plenty of Herrings are tane.
22. *A Fiſhery*] The Royal Fiſhery; Succeſs to which is the Wiſh and Hope of every good Man.

NOW, now I hope we'll ding the *Dutch*,
As fine as a round *Robin*,
Gin Greedineſs to grow ſoon rich
Invites not to Stock-jobbing :
That poor boſs Shade
Of ſinking Trade,
And Weather-Glaſs Politick,
Which heaves and ſets,
As Publick gets
A Heezy, or a wee Kick.

FY, fy! But yet I hope 'tis daft
To fear that Trick come hither,
Na, we're aboon that dirty Craft
Of biting an anither.
The Subject rich
Will gi' a Hitch
T' increaſe the publick Gear,
When on our Seas,
Like biſy Bees,
Ten thouſand Fiſhers ſteer.

COULD

COULD we catch the united Shoals
That crowd the Weſtern Ocean,
The *India*'s wad prove hungry Holes,
Compar'd to this our *Goſhen*:
Then let's to wark 55
With Net and Bark,
Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up;
Gin ſae we join,
We'll cleek in Coin
Frae a' the Ports of *Europe*. 60

THANKS t'ye Captain for this Swatch
Of our Store, and your Favour;
Gin I be ſpar'd, your Love to match
Shall ſtill be my Endeavour.
Next unto you, 65
My Service due
Pleaſe gi'e to *Matthew Cumin*,
Wha with fair Heart
Has play'd his Part,
And ſent them true and trim in. 70

67. *M. C.*] Merchant in *Glaſgow*, and one of the late Magiſtrates of that City.

PATIE and *ROGER*:

A

PASTORAL

Inſcrib'd to

JOSIAH BURCHET, Eſq;

Secretary of the Admiralty.

THE nipping Froſts and driving Sna
Are o'er the Hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* ſleeps, the *Zephyres* blaw,
And ilka Thing
4 Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'
Invites to ſing.

THEN let's begin by creek of Day,
Kind Muſe skiff to the Bent away,
To try anes mair the Landart Lay,
With a' thy Speed,
8 Since *Burchet* awns that thou can play
Upon the Reed.

ANES,

ANES, anes again beneath ſome Tree
Exert thy Skill and nat'ral Glee,
To him wha has ſae courteouſly,
To weaker Sight,
Set theſe rude Sonnets ſung by me
In trueſt Light.

IN trueſt Light may a' that's fine
In his fair Character ſtill ſhine,
Sma' need he has of Sangs like mine,
To beet his Name;
For frae the North to Southern Line,
Wide gangs his Fame.

HIS Fame, which ever ſhall abide,
While Hiſt'ries tell of Tyrants Pride,
Wha vainly ſtrave upon the Tide
T' invade theſe Lands,
Where *Briton*'s Royal Fleet doth ride,
Which ſtill commands.

11. *To weaker Sight, ſet theſe*, &c.] Having done me the Honour of turning ſome of my paſtoral Poems into Engliſh juſtly and elegantly.

THESE doughty Actions frae his Pen,
Our Age, and these to come, shall ken,
How stubborn Navies did contend
Upon the Waves,
24 How free-born *Britons* faught like Men,
Their Faes like Slaves.

SAE far inscribing, Sir, to you,
This Country Sang my Fancy flew,
Keen your just Merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
28 In giving Praises that are due,
I grate your Ear.

YET tent a Poet's zealous Pray'r;
May Powers aboon with kindly Care,
Grant you a lang and muckle Skair
Of a' that's Good,
32 Till unto langest Life and mair
You've healthfu' stood.

MAY

21. *Frae his Pen*] His valuable naval History.

MAY never Care your Bleſſings ſowr,
And may the Muſes ilka Hour
Improve your Mind, and Haunt your Bower :
I'm but a Callan :
Yet may I pleaſe you; while I'm your 36
Devoted ALLAN.

Patie and Roger.

BENEATH the South-ſide of a Craigy Bield,
Where a clear Spring did healſome Water yield,
Twa youthſou Shepherds on the Gowans lay,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of *May* :
5 Poor *Roger* gran'd till hollow Echoes rang,
While merry *Patie* humm'd himſel a Sang :
Then turning to his Friend in blythſome Mood,
Quoth he, How does this Sunſhine chear my Blood ?
How heartſome is't to ſee the riſing Plants ?
10 To hear the Birds chirm o'er their Morning Rants ?
How toſie is't to ſnuff the cauller Air,
And a' the Sweets it bears, when void of Care ?
What ails thee, *Roger*, then ? What gars thee grane ?
Tell me the Cauſe of thy ill ſeaſon'd Pain.

ROGER.

4. *Poor* Roger] Yet the richeſt Shepherd in his Stores, but diſconſolate, whom
6. *Merry* Patie] A chearful Shepherd of leſs Wealth endeavours to comfort.

ROGER.

I'M born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart Fate! 15
I'm born to ſtrive with Hardſhips dire and great;
Tempeſts may ceaſe to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:
But I oppreſt with never ending Grief,
Maun ay deſpair of lighting on Relief. 20

PATIE.

THE Bees ſhall loath the Flower and quite the Hive,
The Saughs on boggy Ground ſhall ceaſe to thrive,
E'er ſcornfou Queans, or Loſs of warldly Gear,
Shall ſpill my Reſt, or ever force a Tear.

ROGER.

SAE might I ſay, but it's nae eaſy done 25
By ane wha's Saul is ſadly out o' Tune:
You have ſae ſaft a Voice and ſlid a Tongue,
You are the Darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a Sang, or ſpeak,
They dit their Lugs, ſyn up their Leglens cleek, 30

And

And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought :
Yet I am tall, and as well ſhap'd as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a Laſſe's Eye :
35 For ilka Sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And ſhould, as ane might think, come farrer ben.

PATIE.

BUT ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
Nor downa eithly wi' your Cunzie part :
If that be true, what ſignifies your Gear ?
40 And mind that's ſcrimpit never wants ſome Care.

ROGER.

MY Byar tumbled, Nine braw Nowt were ſmoor'd,
Three Elf-ſhot were, yet I theſe Ills endur'd.
In Winter laſt my Cares were very ſma,
Tho Scores of Wedders periſh'd in the Sna.

PATIE

42. *Elf-ſhot*] Bewitch'd, ſhot by Fairies, Country People tell odd Tales of this Diſtemper amongſt Cows. When Elf-ſhot, the Cow falls down ſuddenly dead, no Part of the Skin is pierced, but often a little triangular flat Stone is found near the Beaſt, as they report, which is call'd the Elf's Arrow.

PATIE.

WERE your bein Rooms as thinly ſtock'd as mine, 45
Leſs you wad loſs, and leſs you wad repine:
He wha has juſt enough can ſoundly ſleep,
The O'ercome only faſhes Fowk to keep.

ROGER.

MAY Plenty flow upon thee for a Croſs,
That thou may'ſt thole the Pangs of frequent Loſs; 50
O may'ſt thou dote on ſome fair paughty Wench,
Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,
Till, birſs'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool.

PATIE.

SAX good fat Lambs, I ſald them ilka Cloot 55
At the *Weſt-Port*, and bought a winſome Flute,
Of Plumb-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round,
A dainty Whiſtle wi' a pleaſant Sound;
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry Dool,
Than you with a your Gear, ye dowie Fool. 60

56. *Weſt-Port*] The Sheep Market Place of *Edinburgh*.

ROGER.

NA, *Patie*, na, I'm nae ſic churliſh Beaſt,
Some ither Things ly heavier at my Breaſt;
I dream'd a dreery Dream this hinder Night,
That gars my Fleſh a' creep yet wi' the Fright.

PATIE.

NOW to your Friend how ſilly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens:
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well-ſeen Love, and dorty *Jenny*'s Pride.
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And ſafely think nane kens them but your ſell.

ROGER.

O *Patie*, ye have gheſt indeed o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon aſquint,
To ſpeak but till her I dare hardly mint;
In ilka Place ſhe jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbas'd and unco blate,

But

64. *Fleſh a' creep*] A Phraſe which expreſſes Shuddering.
72. *Keep up*] Hide or retain.

But Yesterday I met her yont a Know,
She fled as frae a Shellycoat or Kow;
She *Bauldy* loo's, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
But gecks at me, and says I smell o' Tar. 80

PATIE.

BUT *Bauldy* loo's nae her right well I wat,
He sighs for *Neps*; —— Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'd na loo her, —— but in vain,
I still maun dote and thole her proud Disdain.
My *Bauty* is a Cur I dearly like, 85
Till he youl'd sair, she strake the poor dumb Tyke:
If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
She wad ha'e shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn,
With a' her Face she shaws a cauldrife Scorn: 90
Last Time I play'd, ye never saw sic Spite,
O'er Bogie was the Spring, and her Delyte,

78. *Shellycoat*] One of those frightful Spectres the ignorant People are terrified at, and tell us strange Stories of; that they are clothed with a Coat of Shells, which make a horrid rattling, that they'll be sure to destroy one, if he gets not a running Water between him and it; it dares not meddle with a Woman with Child, &c.
89. *Stock and Horn*] A Reed or Whistle, with a Horn fix'd to it by the smaller End.

Yet tauntingly ſhe at her Nibour ſpeer'd
Gin ſhe cou'd tell what Tune I play'd, and ſneer'd.
95 Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care;
I'll break my Reed, and never whiſtle mair.

PATIE.

E'EN do ſae, *Roger*, wha can help Miſluck,
Saebeins ſhe be ſic a thrawn-gabet Chuck;
Yonder's a Craig, ſince ye have tint a' Hope,
100 Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the Lover's Loup.

ROGER.

I need na make ſic Speed my Blood to ſpill,
I'll warrand Death come ſoon enough a will.

PATIE.

DAFT Gowk! Leave aff that ſilly whindging Way,
Seem careleſs, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
105 Laſt Morning I was unco airly out,
Upon a Dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about;
I ſaw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee,
I ſaw my *Meg*, but *Maggie* ſaw na me:

For

For yet the Sun was wading throw the Mist,
And she was closs upon me e'er she wist. 110
Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare Legs, which whiter were than Snaw:
Her Cokernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet Locks hung waving on her Cheek:
Her Cheek sae ruddy! and her Een sae clear! 115
And O! her Mouth's like ony hinny Pear.
Neat, neat she was in Bustine Wastecoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy Green:
Blythsome I cry'd, My bonny *Meg* come here,
I fairly wherefore ye'er sae soon a steer: 120
But now I guess ye'er gawn to gather Dew.
She scour'd awa, and said what's that to you?
Then fare ye well, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en 's ye like,
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack 125
With a right thieveles Errand she came back;

Miscau'd

120. *Soon a Steer*] Soon stirring, or up.

Miſcau'd me firſt, ----then bade me hound my Dog
To weer up three waff Ews were on the Bog.
I leugh, and ſae did ſhe, then wi' great Haſte
I claſp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waſte ;
About her yielding Waſte, and took a fouth
Of ſweeteſt Kiſſes frae her glowan Mouth :
While hard and faſt I held her in my Grips,
My very Saul came louping to my Lips.
Sair, ſair ſhe flete wi' me 'tween ilka Smak,
But well I kend ſhe mean'd na as ſhe ſpak.
Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
Do ye ſae too, and never faſh your Thumb :
Seem to forſake her, ſoon ſhe'll change her Mood ;
Gae woo anither, and ſhe'll gang clean wood.

ROGER.

KIND *Patie*, now fair faw your honeſt Heart,
Ye'r ay ſae kedgie, and ha'e ſick an Art
To hearten ane : --- For now as clean's a Leek
Ye've cheriſht me ſince ye began to ſpeak :

Sae

138. *Never faſh your Thumb*] Be not the leaſt vex'd, be eaſy.
143. *Clean's a Leek*] Perfectly claver and right.

Sae for your Pains I'll make you a Propine, 145
My Mither, honeſt Wife, has made it fine;
A Tartan Plaid, ſpun of good hauſlock Woo,
Scarlet and green the Sets, the Borders Blue,
With Spraings like Gou'd and Siller, croſs'd wi' black,
I never had it yet upon my Back. 150
Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e ſae kind
Redd up my ravel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

PATIE.

WELL, hadd ye there, — and ſince ye've frankly made
A Preſent to me of your bra new Plaid,
My Flute's be yours, and ſhe too that's ſae nice, 155
Shall come a Will, if you'll take my Advice.

ROGER.

As ye adviſe, I'll promiſe to obſerv't,
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye beſt deſerv't;
Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny Spring,
For I'm in tift to hear you play or ſing. 160

PATIE.

147. *Hauſlock Woo*] A fine Wool which is pull'd off the Necks of Sheep before the Knife be put in, this being ſo much gain'd without ſpoiling the Sale of the Skin, is gather'd for ſuch an Uſe.

152. *Red up*] Is a Metaphorical Phraſe from the putting in Order, or winding up Yarn that has been ravel'd.

156. *Come a Will*] Come willingly, of her own Accord, without Conſtraint.

PATIE.

BUT firſt we'll take a Turn up to the Hight,
And ſee gin a' our Flocks be feeding right:
Be that Time Bannocks and a Shave of Cheeſe
Will make a Breakfaſt that a Laird might pleaſe;
165 Might pleaſe our Laird, gin he were but ſae wiſe
To ſeaſon Meat wi' Health inſtead of Spice:
When we ha'e ta'en the Grace-Drink at this Well,
I'll whiſtle fine, and ſing t'ye like my ſell.

167. *The Grace Drink*] The King's Health, begun firſt by the religious *Margaret* Queen of *Scots*, known by the Name of St. *Margaret*. The Piety of her Deſign was to oblige the Courtiers not to riſe from Table till the Thankſgiving Grace was ſaid, well judging, that tho ſome Folks have little Regard for Religion, yet they will be mannerly to their Prince.

EDINBURGH's SALUTATION

To the Most HONOURABLE,

My Lord Marquess of *CARNARVON.*

WELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n be your Guide,
And furder your Intention,
To what e'er Place you sail or ride,
To brighten your Invention. 4
The Book of Mankind lang and wide
Is well worth your Attention:
Wherefore please some Time here abide,
And measure the Dimension 8
Of Minds right stout.

Marquess of Carnarvon] Eldest Son to his Grace the Duke of *Chandois*, who in *May* 1720 was at *Edinburgh* in his Tour through *Scotland*.

O that ilk worthy *Britiſh* Peer
Wad follow your Example,
My auld Gray-Head I yet wad rear,
And ſpread my Skirts mair ample.
12 Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the Gear?
She might ſpare me a Sample:
In trouth his Highneſs ſhou'd live here;
16 For without Oyl our Lamp will
Gang blinkan out.

LANG ſyne, my Lord, I had a Court,
And Nobles fill'd my Cawſy;
But ſince I have been Fortune's Sport,
20 I look nae haff ſae gawſy.
Yet here brave Gentlemen reſort,
And mony a handſome Laſſy:
Now that you're lodg'd within my Port,
24 Fow well I wat they'll a' ſay,
Welcome, my Lord.

FOR

12. *Shou'd* London] *Edinburgh* too juſtly complains that the North of *Britain* is ſo remote from the Court, and ſo rarely enjoys the Influence of *Britiſh* Stars of the firſt Magnitude.

FOR you my best Chear I'll produce,
I'll no make muckle vaunting;
But routh for Pleasure and for Use,
Whatever you be wanting, 28
You's have at Will to chap and chuse;
For few Things am I scant in;
The Wale of well-set Ruby Juice,
When you like to be rantin, 32
I can afford.

THAN I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,
Nor *Rome*, I trow's mair able
To busk you up a better Bed,
Or trim a tighter Table. 36
My Sons are honourably bred,
To Truth and Friendship stable:
What my detracting Faes have said,
You'll find a feigned Fable, 40
At the first Sight.

26. *The Wale of well-set*, &c.] The most choice of fine clear Claret.
38. *What my detracting Faes*] These who from a malicious low Prejudice (only the Scum indeed of our Neighbours) have falsly reproached us with being rude, unhospitable and false.

MAY Classic Lear and Letters Belle,
And Travelling conspire,
Ilk unjust Notion to repell,
44 And God-like Thoughts inspire;
That in ilk Action wise and snell
You may shaw Manly Fire:
Sae the fair Picture of himsell,
48 Will give his Grace your Sire.

Immense Delig

WEALT

WEALTH, or the *WOODY*.

A POEM on the

SOUTH-SEA.

Wrote June 1720.

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, ------

HOR.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brass,
Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea
With Hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this Isle,
Descend, and glad the Nation with a Smile
See frae yon Bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,
How Sand-blind Chance Woodies and Wealth bestows:

Aided

1. Thalia *ever welcome*] *Thalia* the chearful Muse that delights to imitate the Actions of Mankind, and produces the laughing Comedy. ---- That Kind of Poetry ever acceptable to *Britons*.

5 Aided by thee, I'll ſail the wondrous Deep,
And throw the crowded Alleys cautious creep.
Not eaſy Task to plough the ſwelling Wave,
Or in Stock-jobbing Preſs my Guts to ſave:
But naething can our wilder Paſſions tame,
10 Wha rax for Riches or immortal Fame.

LONG had the Grumblers us'd this murm'ring Sound,
Poor Britain *in her Publick Debt is drown'd*!
At fifty Millions late we ſtarted a',
And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa';
15 But ſonſy Sauls wha firſt contriv'd the Way,
With Project deep our Charges to defray;
O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treaſure brings,
That Fouk be gueſs become as rich as Kings.
Lang Heads they were that firſt laid down the Plan,
20 Into the which the Round anes headlang ran,
Till overſtockt, they quat the Sea, and fain wa'd been at Land.

Thus

21. *Fain wad be at Land*] Land, in the Time of this Golden two or three Months, was ſold at 45, or 50 Years Purchaſe.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clade the Green,
Aften I have young ſportive Gilpies ſeen,
The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleaſure row,
Till paſt their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.

'Tis ſtrange to think what Changes may appear
Within the narrow Circle of a Year.
How can ae Project, if it be well laid,
Supply the ſimple Want of trifling Trade!
Saxty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,
Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi' Pain,
And die at laſt in Debt, inſtead of Gain.
But O South-Sea! What mortal Mind can run
Throw a' the Miracles that thou haſt done?
Nor ſcrimply thou thy ſell to bounds confines,
But like the Sun on ilka Party ſhines.
To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wiſe,
With Hand impartial ſtretches out the Prize.

LIKE

92. *Trifling Trade*] All Manner of Traffick and Mechanicks was at that Time deſpiſed; Subſcriptions and Transfers were the only Commodities.

40 LIKE *Nilus* ſwelling frae his unkend Head,
Frae Bank to Brae o'erflows ilk Rig and Mead,
Inſtilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,
Whence Sun-burn'd Gypſies reap a plenteous Crap:
Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence wide,
But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide;
45 Ours aft ilk Day, t' enrich the Common Weal,
Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Ægyptian Nile.*

YE Rich and Wiſe, we own Succeſs your due,
But your Reverſe their Luck with Wonder view.
How without Thought theſe dawted Petts of Fate
50 Have jobb'd themſelves into ſae high a State,
By pure Inſtinct ſae leal the Mark have hit,
Without the Uſe of either Fear or Wit.
And ithers wha laſt Years their Garrets kept,
Where Duns in Viſion faſh'd them while they ſlept;

Wha

39. *Like* Nilus] A River which croſſes a great Part of *Africa*; the Spring-head thereof unknown till of late. In the Month of *June* it ſwells and overflows *Egypt*. When it riſes too high, the Innundation is dangerous, and threatens a Famine. In this River are the monſtrous amphibious Animals named *Crocodiles*, of the ſame Specie with the late Alligators of the *South-Sea*, which make a Prey of, and devour all humane Creatures they can lay hold on.

48. *Your Reverſe*] Poor Fools.

52. *Of either Fear or Wit*] One was reckoned a timorous thinking Fool who took Advice of his Reaſon in the grand Affair.

Wha only durſt in Twilight or the Dark, 55
Steal to a common Cook's with haff a Mark,
A' their hale Stock. — Now by a kanny Gale,
In the o'erflowing Ocean ſpread their Sail,
While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,
Look down on Fiſher Boats wi' meikle Pride. 60

MEAN time the Thinkers wha are out of Play,
For their ain Comfort kenna what to ſay;
That the Foundation's looſe fain wa'd they ſhaw,
And think na but the Fabrick ſoon will fa'.
That's a' but Sham, — for inwardly they fry, 65
Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.
Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully ſtood afar,
Tholling your Reaſon great Attempts to mar;
While the brave Dauntleſs, of ſic Fetters free,
Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden Sea: 70

60. *Look down on Fiſher Boats*] Deſpis'd the virtuous Deſign of propagating and carrying on a Fiſhery, which can never fail to be a real Benefit to *Britain*.

61. *The Thinkers*] Many of juſt Thinking at that Time were vex'd to ſee themſelves trudging on Foot, when ſome others of very indifferent Capacities were ſetting up gilded Equipages; and notwithſtanding of all the Doubts they formed againſt it, yet fretted becauſe they were not ſo lucky as to have ſome Shares.

70. *Jumpt headlong*] Threw off all the Fetters of Reaſon, and plung'd glorioufly into Confuſion.

Where now like Gods they rule each wealthy Jaw,
While you may thump your Pows againſt the Wa'.

ON Summers E'en the Welkin cawm and fair,
When little Midges frisk in lazy Air,
75 Have ye not ſeen thro' ither how they reel,
And Time about how up and down they wheel ?
Thus Eddies of Stock-jobbers drive about ;
Upmoſt to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out
With penſive Face, when e'er the Market's hy,
80 *Minutius* crys, Ah ! what a Gowk was I.
Some Friend of his, wha wiſely ſeems to ken
Events of Cauſes mair than ither Men,
Puſh for your Intereſt yet, Nae Fear, he crys,
For South-Sea will to twice ten hunder riſe.
85 Waes me for him that ſells paternal Land,
And buys when Shares the higheſt Sums demand :
He ne'er ſhall taſte the Sweets of riſing Stock,
Which faws neiſt Day : Nae Help for't, he is broke.

DEAR

81. *Wha wiſely*] With Grave Faces many at that Time pretended they could demonſtrate this hop'd for Riſe of South-Sea.

DEAR Sea, be tenty how thou flows at Shams
Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their Froggy Dams, 90
Left in their muddy Boggs thou chance to ſink,
Where thou may'ſt ſtagnate,ſyne of Courſe maun ſtink.

THIS I forſee, (and Time ſhall prove I'm right ;
For he's nae Poet wants the ſecond Sight,)
When Autumn's Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard, 95
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Winter's Beard ;
When bleak *November* Winds make Forreſts bare,
And with ſplenetick Vapours fill the Air :
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or ſilent Glen,
When Trees bear naething elſe, they'll carry Men, 100
Wha ſhall like paughty *Romans* greatly ſwing
Aboon Earth's Diſappointments in a String.
Sae ends the towring Saul that downa ſee
A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

HAPPY that Man wha has thrawn up a Main, 105
Which makes ſome Hundred thouſands a' his ain,

 And

91. *Hogland Gad'rens*] The *Dutch*, whom a learned Author of a late Eſſay has endeavoured to prove to be deſcended after a ſtrange Manner from the *Gaderens* ; which Eſſay *Lewis* the XIV. was mightily pleas'd with, and bounteouſly rewarded the Author.

And comes to anchor on ſae firm a Rock,
Britannia's Credit, and the South-Sea Stock.
Ilk blythſome Pleaſure waits upon his Nod,
And his Dependants eye him like a God.
Cloſs may he bend *Champain* frae E'en to Morn,
And look on Cells of Tippony with Scorn.
Thrice lucky Pimps, or ſmug-fac'd wanton Fair,
That can in a' his Wealth and Pleaſure skair.
Like *Jove* he ſits, like *Jove*, high Heavens Goodman,
While the inferiour Gods about him ſtand,
Till he permits with condeſcending Grace,
That ilka ane in Order take their Place.
Thus with attentive Look mensfow they ſit,
Till he ſpeak firſt, and ſhaw ſome ſhining Wit;
Syne circling wheels the flattering Gaſlaw,
As well they may, he gars their Beards wag a'.
Imperial Gowd, What is't thou canna grant?
Poſſeſt of thee, What is't a Man needs want?

Com-

122. *Their Beards wag a'*] Feaſts them at his own proper Coſt; hence the Proverb, *'Tis fair in Ha', where Beards wag a'*.

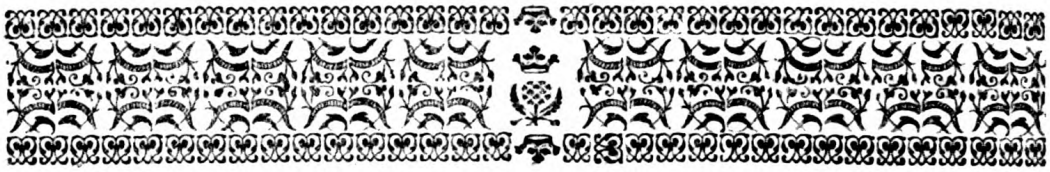
Commanding Coin, there's nathing hard to thee, 125
I canna guefs how rich Fowk come to die.

UNHAPPY Wretch, link'd to the threed-bare Nine,
The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine:
Deftin'd to toil thro' Labyrinths of Verfe,
Dar'ft fpeak of great Stock-jobbing as a Farce. 130
Poor thoughtlefs Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,
Thy flying Horfe, and bright *Apollo*'s Beams,
And *Helicon*'s werfh Well thou ca's Divine,
Are nathing like a Miftrefs, Coach and Wine.

Wad fome good Patron (whafe fuperior Skill 135
Can make the South-Sea ebb and flow at Will,)
Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,
In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair;
Immortalize him, and what e'er he loves,
In flowing Numbers I fhall fing, *Approves*; 140
If not, Fox like, I'll thraw my Gab, and gloom,
And ca' your Hundred Thoufand a *four Plum*.

The

142. *A four Plum*] The Fox in the Fable that defpifed the Plumbs he could not reach, is well known. 100000 Pounds being called a Plumb, make this a right Pun; and fome Puns deferve not to be clafs'd amongft low Wit, tho the Generality of them do.



The Prospect of Plenty:

A

POEM

ON THE

North-Sea Fishery,

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Royal Burrows of *Scotland.*

——Βαιῷ δε πόνῳ μέγα κερδος ὀπηδεῖ.

Opian. Halieutic. Lib. III.

THALIA anes again in blythsome Lays,
In Lays immortal chant the North-Sea's Praise.
Tent how the *Caledonians* lang supine,
Begin, mair wise, to open baith their Een;
5 And, as they ought, t'imploy that Store which Heav'n
In sic Abundance to their Hands has given.

Sae

Sae heedlefs Heir, born to a Lairdfhip wide,
That yields mair Plenty than he kens to guide;
Not well acquainted with his ain good Luck,
Lets ilka fneaking Fellow take a Pluck; 10
Till at the Lang-run, wi' a Heart right fair,
He fees the Bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger Glour,
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

NAE Nation in the Warld can parallel 15
The plenteous Product of this happy Ifle:
But Paft'ral Heights, and fweet prolifick Plains,
That can at Will command the fafteft Strains.
Stand yont; for *Amphitrite* claims our Sang,
Wha round fair *Thule* drives her finny Thrang, 20
O'er Shaws of Coral, and the Pearly Sands,
To *Scotia*'s fmootheft Lochs and Chriftal Strands.
There keeps the Tyrant Pike his awfu' Court,
Here Trouts and Salmond in clear Channels fport.

Wae

19. *Amphitrite*] The Wife of *Neptune*.
20. *Thule*] The Northern Iflands of *Scotland* are allow'd by all to be the *Thule* of the Antients.

25 Wae to that Hand, that dares by Day or Night
Defile the Stream where sporting Fries delight.
But Herrings, lovely Fish, like best to play
In rowan Ocean, or the open Bay:
In Crouds amazing thro the Waves they shine,
30 Millions on Millions form ilk equal Line:
Nor dares th' imperial Whale, unless by Stealth,
Attack their firm united Common-wealth.
But artfu' Nets, and Fishers' wylie Skill,
Can bring the scaly Nations to their Will.
35 When these retire to Caverns of the Deep,
Or in their oozy Beds thro' Winter sleep,
Then shall the tempting Bait, and stented String,
Beguile the Cod, the Sea-Cat, Tusk, and Ling.
Thus may our Fishery thro' a' the Year
40 Be still imploy'd, t' increase the publick Gear.

DELYTFOU' Labour, where the Industrious gains
Profit surmounting ten Times a' his Pains.

Nae

25. *Wae to that Hand*, &c.] There are Acts of Parliament, which severely prohibite steeping of Lint, or any other Way defiling these clear Rivers where Salmond abound.

Nae Pleasure like Success; then Lads stand be,
Ye'll find it endless in the *Northern-Sea.*
O'er lang with empty Brag we have been vain
Of toom Dominion on the plenteous Main,
While others ran away with a' the Gain.
Thus proud *Iberia* vaunts of sov'reign Sway
O'er Countries rich, frae Rise to Set of Day;
She grasps the Shadow, but the Substance tines,
While a' the rest of *Europe* milk her Mines.

BUT dawns the Day sets *Britain* on her Feet,
Lang look'd for's come at last, and welcome be't:
For numerous Fleets shall hem *Æbudan* Rocks,
Commanding Seas, with Rowth to raise our Stocks.
Nor can this be a toom Chimera found,
The Fabrick's bigget on the surest Ground.
Sma is our need to toil on foreign Shores,
When we have baith the *Indies* at our Doors.
Yet, for Diversion, laden Vessels may
To far aff Nations cut the liquid Way;

48. *Iberia*] *Spain.*
54. *Æbudan Rocks*] The *Lews*, and other Western Islands.

And fraught frae ilka Port what's nice or braw,
While for their Trifles we maintain them a'.
Goths, *Vandals*, *Gauls*, *Hesperians*, and the *Moors*,
65 Shall a' be treated frae our happy Shores:
The rantin *Germans*, *Russians*, and the *Poles*,
Shall feast with Pleasure on our gusty Sholes:
For which deep in their Treasures we shall dive:
Thus, by fair Trading, North-Sea Stock shall thrive.

70 SAE far the bonny Prospect gave delight,
The warm Ideas gart the Muse take Flight:
When straight a Grumbletonian appears,
Peghing fou sair beneath a Lade of Fears:
" Wow! That's braw News, *quoth he*, to make Fools fain,
75 " But gin ye be nae Warluck, How d'ye ken?
" Does *Tam* the *Rhimer* spae oughtlins of this?
" Or do ye prophesy just as ye wish?
" Will Projects thrive in this abandon'd Place?
" Unsonsy we had ne'er sae meikle Grace.

" I

76. *Tam* the *Rhimer*] *Thomas Learmond*, *alias* the *Rhimer*, liv'd in the Reign of *Alexander* III. King of *Scots*, and is held in great Esteem by the Vulgar for his dark Predictions.

" I fear, I fear, your towring Aim fa' ſhort,
" Alake we winn o'er far frae King and Court?
" The *Southerns* will with Pith your Project bauk,
" They'll never thole this great Deſign to tak.

THUS do the Dubious ever countermine,
With Party wrangle, ilka fair Deſign.
How can a Saul that has the Uſe of Thought,
Be to ſic little creeping Fancies brought?
Will *Britain*'s King or Parliament gainſtand
The univerſal Profit of the Land?
Now when nae ſep'rate Intereſt eags to Strife,
The antient Nations join'd like Man and Wife,
Maun ſtudy cloſs for Peace and Thriving's ſake,
Aff a' the wiſſen'd Leaves of Spite to ſhake:
Let's weave and fiſh to ane anither's Hands,
And never mind wha ſerves or wha commands;
But baith alike conſult the Common Weal,
Happy that Moment Friendſhip makes us leal
To Truth and Right, —— Then ſprings a ſhining Day,
Shall Clouds of ſma' Miſtakes drive faſt away.

100 Mistakes and private Int'rest hence be gane,
Mind what ye did on dire *Pharsalia*'s Plain,
Where doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* slain.

A meaner phantom neist, with meikle Dread,
Attacks with senseless Fears the weaker Head.
105 " The *Dutch, say they,* will strive your Plot to stap,
" They'll toom their Banks before you reap their Crap:
" Lang have they ply'd that Trade like bisy Bees,
" And suck'd the Profit of the *Pictland* Seas,
" Thence Riches fish'd mair by themselves confest,
110 " Than e'er they made by *India's* East and West.

O mighty fine, and greatly was it spoke!
Maun bauld *Britannia* bear *Batavia*'s Yoke?
May she not open her ain Pantry-door,
For fear the paughty State shou'd gi'e a Roar?
115 Dare she nane of her Herrings sel or prive,
Afore she say, Dear *Matkie* wi' ye'r leave?
Curse on the Wight wha tholes a Thought sae tame,
He merits not the manly *Briton*'s Name.

Grant

Grant they're good Allies, yet it's hardly wise,
To buy their Friendship at sae high a Price. 120
But frae that Airth we needna fear great Skaith,
These People, right auldfaran, will be laith
To thwart a Nation, wha with Ease can draw
Up ilka Sluce they have, and drown them a'.

AH slothfu' Pride ! a Kingdom's greatest Curse, 125
How dowf looks Gentry with an empty Purse ?
How worthless is a poor and haughty Drone,
Wha thowless stands a lazy Looker on ?
While active Sauls a stagnant Life despise,
Still ravish'd with new Pleasures as they rise. 130
O'er lang, in Troth, have we By-standers been,
And loot Fowk lick the White out of our Een :
Nor can we wyt them, since they had our Vote ;
But now they'se get the Wistle of their Groat.

HERE did the Muse intend a while to rest, 135
Till hame o'er spitefu' Din her Lugs oppreſt ;

Anither

132. *And loot Fowk lick*, &c.] This Phrase is always applied when People with Pretence of Friendship, do you an ill Turn, as one licking a Mote out of your Eye makes it Bloodshot.

Anither Sett of the envyfou Kind
(With narrow Notions horridly confin'd)
Wag rheir bofs Noddles ; fyne with filly Spite
140 Land ilka worthy Project in a Bite.
They force with aukward Girn their Ridicule,
And ca' ilka ane concern'd a fimple Fool,
Excepting fome, wha a' the leave will nick,
And gie them nought but bare Whop-fhafts to lick.

145 MALICIOUS Envy ! Root of a' Debates,
The Plague of Government and Bane of States ;
The Nurfe of pofitive deftructive Strife,
Fair Friendfhip's Fae, which fowrs the Sweets of Life ;
Promoter of Sedition and bafe Fead,
150 Still overjoy'd to fee a Nation bleed.
Stap, ftap, my Lafs, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
If ye rin on, Heav'n kens where ye may land ;
Turn to your Fifhers Sang, and let Fowk ken
The North-Sea Skippers are leal-hearted Men,

Vers'd

151. *Lafs*] The Mufe.
154. *North-Sea Skippers*] The Managers.

Vers'd in the critick Seasons of the Year, 155
When to ilk Bay the Fishing-Bush should steer;
There to hawl up with Joy the plenteous Fry,
Which on the Decks in shining Heaps shall ly;
Till carefou Hands, even while they've vital Heat,
Shall be employ'd to save their Juices sweet: 160
Strick Tent they'll tak to stow them wi' strang Brine,
In Barrels tight, that shall nae Liquor tine;
Then in the foreign Markets we shall stand
With upright Front, and the first Sale demand.
This, this our faithfou Trustees have in View, 165
And honourably will the Task Pursue:
Nor are they bigging Castles in a Cloud,
Their Ships already into Action scud.

NOW, dear ill-naturd Billies, say nae mair,
But leave the Matter to their prudent Care: 170
They're Men of Candor, and right well they wate
That Truth and Honesty hads lang the Gate:

Shouder

159. *Vital Heat*] 'Tis a vast Advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.
161. *Strang Brine*] Foreign Salt.
168. *Into Action scud*] Several large Ships are already imploy'd, and took in their Salt and Barrels a Month ago.
172. *Hads lang the Gate*] Holds long up its Head, longest keeps the high Way or Gate.

Shouder to Shouder let's ſtand firm and ſtout,
And there's nae Fear but well ſoon make it out ;
175 We've Reaſon, Law, and Nature on our Side,
And have nae Bars, but Party, Slowth, and Pride.

WHEN a's in Order, as it ſoon will be,
And Fleets of Buſhes fill the Northern-Sea,
What hopefou' Images with Joy ariſe,
180 In Order rang'd before the Muſe's Eyes ?
A Wood of Maſts, — well mann'd, —, their jovial Din,
Like eydent Bees gawn out and coming in.
Here haff a Nation, healthfou, wiſe, and ſtark,
With Spirits only tint for want of Wark,
185 Shall now find Place their Genius to exert,
While in the common Good they act their Part.
Theſe, fit for Servitude, ſhall bear a Hand,
And theſe find Government form'd for Command.
Beſides, this as a Nurſery ſhall breed
190 Stout skill'd Marines, when *Britains* Navies need.
Pleas'd with their Labour, when their Task is done,
They'll leave green *Thetis* to embrace the Sun :

Then

Then freſheſt Fiſh ſhall on the Brander Bleez,
And lend the biſy Browſter-wife a Heez :
While healthfou Hearts ſhall own their honeſt Flame, 155
With reaming Quaff, and whomelt to her Name,
Whaſe active Motion to his Heart did reach,
As ſhe the Cods was turning on the Beech.
Curs'd Poortith, Love, and *Hymen*'s deadly Fae,
(That gars young Fowk in Prime cry aft, *Oh hey*, 160
And ſingle live, till Age and Runkles ſhaw
Their canker'd Spirit's good for nought at a' ;)
Now flit your Camp, far frae our Confines ſcour,
Our Lads and Laſſes ſoon ſhall ſlight your Power ;
For Rowth ſhall cheriſh Love, and Love ſhall bring 165
Mae Men t'improve the Soil and ſerve the King.
Thus univerſal Plenty ſhall produce
Strength to the State, and Arts for Joy and Uſe.

O Plenty, thou Delyt of great and ſma,
Thou nervous Sinnow of baith War and Law : 170

158. *The Beech*] The Beech is a Number of big Stones, where they dry the Cod and Ling.

The Statesman's Drift, Spur to the Artist's Skill,
Nor does the very *Flamens* like thee ill;
The shabby Poet hate thee! That's a Lye,
Or else they are nae of a Mind wi' me.

175 PLENTY shall cultivate ilk Scawp and Moor,
Now Lee and bare, because the Landlord's poor.
On scroggy Braes shall Akes and Ashes grow,
And bonny Gardens clead the brecken How.
Does others backward dam the raging Main,
180 Raising on barren Sands a flowry Plain?
By us then shou'd the Thought o't be endur'd,
To let braid Tracts of Land ly unmanur'd?
Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear,
But shine with a' the Beauties of the Year;
185 Which start with Ease frae the obedient Soil,
And ten Times o'er reward a little Toil.

ALANG wild Shores, where tumbling Billows break,
Plenisht with nought but Shells and Tangle-Wreck,

Braw

72. *Flamens*] Priests.
179. *The raging Main*] The *Dutch* have gain'd a great Deal from the Sea.

Braw Towns ſhall riſe, with Steeples mony a ane,
And Houſes bigget a' with Eſtler Stane : 190
Where Schools polite ſhall lib'ral Arts diſplay,
And make auld barb'rous Darkneſs fly away.

NOW *Nereus* riſing frae his watry Bed,
The Pearly Drops hap down his lyart Head ;
Oceanus with Pleaſure hears him ſing, 195
Tritons and *Nereids* form a jovial Ring ;
And dancing on the deep, Attention draw,
While a' the Winds in Love, but ſighing, blaw.
The Sea-born Prophet ſang in ſweeteſt Strain,
" *Britons* be blyth, fair Queen of Iſles be fain ; 200
" A richer People never ſaw the Sun :
" Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun ;
" Spread a' your Sails and Streamers in the Wind,
" For ilka Power in Sea and Air's your Friend ;
" Great *Neptune*'s unexhauſted Bank has Store 205
" Of endleſs Wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er."
He ſang ſae loud, round Rocks the Echoes flew,
'Tis true, he ſaid ; they are return'd, 'tis true.

September 1720.

SCOTS SONGS.

Spoken to MRS. N.

A Poem wrote without a Thought,
By Notes may to a Song be brought,
Tho Wit be ſcarce, low the Deſign,
And Numbers lame in ev'ry Line :
5 But when fair *Chriſty* this ſhall ſing
In Conſort with the trembling String,
O then the Poet's often prais'd,
For Charms ſo ſweet a Voice hath rais'd.

MARY.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the Love which meets Return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to diſcover
Torments of a hopeleſs Lover. 4
Ye Regiſters of Heav'n relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee mark'd for my Marrow
Mary Scot the Flower of *Yarrow*.

AH no! Her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare,
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at Diſtance due adore her. 12
O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile;
Alace! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*. 16

BE hush ye Fears, I'll not despair,
My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish;
20 She is too good to let me languish;
With Success crown'd I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky,
When *Mary Scot*'s become my Marrow,
24 We'll make a Paradice on *Yarrow*.

O'er BOGIE.

4 *I will awa' wi' my Love,*
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho a' my Kin had sworn and said,
4 *I'll o'er* Bogie *wi' her.*
If I can get but her Consent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho ilka ane be discontent,
8 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

FOR

FOR now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna part,
For Siller or for Land. 12
Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaus admire fine Lace,
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty*'s bonny Face. 16
I will awa', &c.

THERE a' the Beauties do combine
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare: 20
Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms,
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms. 24
I will awa', &c.

THERE

THERE blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range,
I'll cry, Your humble Servant King,
28 Shamefa' them that wa'd change
A Kiſs of *Betty* and a Smile,
Abeet ye wa'd lay down
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle,
32 And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
Her Wit and Sweetneſs call me,
Then to my Fair I'll ſhow my Mind,
4 Whatever may befal me.
If ſhe love Mirth, I'll learn to ſing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus*' Spring,
8 And invocate *Apollo*.

IF ſhe admire a martial Mind,
I'll ſheath my Limbs in Armour;
If to the ſofter Dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt Airs I'll charm her; 12
If ſhe love Grandeur, Day and Night
I'll plot my Nations Glory,
Find Favour in my Prince's Sight,
And ſhine in future Story. 16

BEAUTY can Wonders work with Eaſe,
Where Wit is correſponding,
And braveſt Men know beſt to pleaſe,
With Complaiſance abounding. 20
My bonny *Maggy*'s Love can turn
Me to what Shape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her Breaſt that Flame ſhall burn
Which in my Boſom bleezes. 24

I'll never leave Thee.

JONNY.

THo' for ſeven Years and mair Honour ſhou'd reave me,
To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee;
For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are indented,
And love ſhall preſerve ay what Love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the World as it will, Dearest believe me.

NELLY.

O *Jonny* I'm jealous, when e'er ye diſcover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe Rover;
And nought i' the Warld wa'd vex my Heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

MY *Nelly* let never ſic Fancies oppreſs ye,
For while my Blood's warm I'll kindly careſs ye,

Your

Your blooming ſaft Beauties firſt beeted Love's Fire,
Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the hyer:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Deareſt believe me. 18

NELLY.

THEN *Jonny* I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Miſtreſs, for Love gars me trow ye,
And gin ye prove fa'ſe, to ye'r ſel be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns! it wad reave me,
Of my Reſt Night and Day, if ye deceive me. 24

JONNY.

BID Iceſhogles hammer red Gauds on the Study,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee. 30

Polwart *on the Green.*

AT Polwart *on the Green*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Lasses do conveen
4 *To dance about the Thorn* ;
A kindly Welcome you ſhall meet,
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad complete,
8 The Lad and Lover you.

LET dorty Dames ſay Na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
12 While inwardly they bleeze ;
But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee ;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
16 That langs na to be free.

AT

AT *Polwart* on the Green,
Among the new mawn Hay,
With Sangs and Dancing keen
We'll paſs the heartſome Day, 20
At Night if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine. 24

JOHN HAY's *Bonny Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding *Tay* a Swain was reclining,
Aft ory'd he, Oh hey! Maun I ſtill live pining
My ſell thus away, and darna diſcover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her Lover. 4

NAE mair it will hide, the Flame waxes ſtranger,
If ſhe's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,
May be e'er we part my Vows may content her. 8

SHE's

SHE's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When Birds mount and ſing bidding Day a Good-morrow.
The Sward of the Mead enamel'd with Daiſies,
12 Look wither'd and dead when twin'd of her Graces.

BUT if ſhe appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers ſmell the Sweeter,
'Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
16 Her Smiles and bright Eye ſet my Spirits a glowing.

THE mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded;
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to careſs ye,
20 For a' my Deſire is *Hay*'s bonny Laſſie.

Genty

Genty Tibby *and ſonſy* Nelly.

To the Tune of Tibby Fowler *in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a Store of Charms,
Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,
How ſtarkly can her ſma' white Arms
Fetter the Lad wha looks but at her; 4
Frae Ancle to her ſlender Waſte,
Theſe Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
Her roſie Cheek and riſing Breaſt,
Gar ane's Mouth guſh bowt fou' o' Water. 8

Nelly's gawſy, ſaft and gay,
Freſh as the lucken Flowers in *May*,
Ilk ane that ſees her cries *Ah hey*!
She's bonny, O I wonder at her! 12
The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
And Limbs ſae plump invite to dawt her,
Her Lips ſae ſweet, and Skin ſae ſleek,
Gar mony Mouths beſide mine water. 16

Now

NOW ſtrike my Finger in a Bore,
My Wyſon with the Maiden ſhore,
Gin I can tell whilk I am for
20 When theſe twa Stars appear thegether.
O Love! Why doſt thou gi'e thy Fires
Sae large? while we're oblig'd to nither
Our ſpacious Sauls immenſe Deſires,
24 And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,
And *Nelly*'s Beauties are divine;
But ſince they canna baith be mine,
28 Ye Gods give Ear to my Petition,
Provide a good Lad for the tane,
But let it be with this Proviſion,
I get the other to my lane,
32 In Proſpect *plano* and Fruition.

Up

Up in the Air.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
Beet the Ingle, and ſnuff the Light:
In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
And Witches wallop o'er to *France*, 4
Up in the Air
On my bonny grey Mare.
And I ſee her yet, and I ſee her yet,
Up in, *&c.* 8

THE Wind's drifting Hail and Sna'
O'er frozen Hags like a Foot Ba',
Nae Starns keek throw the Azure Slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony Pit, 12
The Man i' the Moon
Is carowſing aboon,
D'ye ſee, d'ye ſee, d'ye ſee him yet.
The Man, *&c.* 16

TAKE your Glaſs to clear your Een,
'Tis the *Elixir* hales the Spleen,
Baith Wit and Mirth it will inſpire,
20 And gently puffs the Lover's Fire,
Up in the Air,
It drives away Care,
Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye Lads yet,
24 Up in, *&c.*

STEEK the Doors, keep out the Froſt,
Come *Willy* gi'es about ye'r Toſt,
Til't Lads, and lilt it out,
28 And let us ha'e a blythſom Bowt,
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, Huzza, and Huzza Lads yet,
32 Up wi't, *&c.*

THE

THE RISE and FALL OF STOCKS, 1720.

An Epiſtle to the Right Honourable my Lord *Ramſay*, now in *Paris*.

Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls !
To ſhare with Knaves in cheating Fools,
And Merchants vent'ring on the Main
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns for Gain.

HUDIBRAS.

MY LORD,

WIthoutten Preface or Preamble,
My Fancy being on the Ramble ;
Tranſported with an honeſt Paſſion,
Viewing our poor bambouzl'd Nation,
Biting her Nails, her Knuckles wringing, 5
Her Cheek ſae blae, her Lip ſae hinging ;

Grief and Vexation's like to kill her,
For tyning baith her Tick and Siller.

ALLOW me then to make a Comment
10 On this Affair of greatest Moment
Which has fa'n out, my Lord, since ye
Left *Lothian* and the *Edge-well* Tree:
And, with your Leave, I needna stickle
To say we're in a sorry Pickle,
15 Since Poortith o'er ilk Head does hover
Frae *John a Groat*'s House, South to *Dover*.
Sair have we pelted been with Stocks,
Casting our Credit at the Cocks.
Lang guilty of the highest Treason
20 Against the Government of Reason;
We madly at our ain Expences,
Stock-job'd away our Cash and Senses.

As

12. *Edge-well* Tree] An Oak Tree which grows on the Side of a fine Spring, nigh the Castle of *Dalhousie*, very much observed by the Country People, who give out, that before any of the Family died, a Branch fell from the *Edge-well* Tree. The old Tree some few Years ago fell altogether, but another sprung from the same Root, which is now tall and flourishing, and *lang be't sae*.

16. John a Groat's *House*] The Northmost House in *Scotland*.

As little Bairns frae Winnocks hy
Drap down Saip Bells to waiting Fry,
Wha run and wreſtle for the Prize, 25
With Face erect and watchfou' Eyes ;
The Lad wha gleggeſt waits upon it,
Receives the Bubble on his Bonnet,
Views with Delight the ſhining Beau-thing,
Which in a Twinkling burſts to Nothing. 30
Sae *Britain* brought on a' her Troubles,
By running daftly after Bubles.

IMPOS'D on by langnebit Juglers,
Stock-Jobbers, Brokers, cheating Smuglers,
Wha ſet their Gowden Girns ſae wylie, 35
Tho ne'er ſae cautious they'd beguile ye.
The covetous Infatuation
Was ſmittle out o'er a' the Nation,
Clergy and Lawyers and Phyſicians,
Mechanicks, Merchants, and Muſicians ; 40
Baith Sexes of a' Sorts and Sizes
Drap'd ilk Deſign and jobb'd for Prizes.

Frae

Frae Noblemen to Livery Varlets,
Frae topping Toasts to Hackney Harlots.
45 Poetick Dealers were but scarce,
Less browden still on Cash than Verse;
Only ae Bard to Coach did mount,
By singing Praise to Sir *John Blount*;
But since his mighty Patron fell,
50 He looks just like *Jock Blunt* himsel.

SOME Lords and Lairds sell'd Riggs and Castles,
And play'd them aff with tricky Rascals,
Wha now with Routh of Riches vapour,
While their late Honours live on Paper.
55 But ah! the Difference 'twixt good Land,
And a poor Bankrupt Bubble's Band.

THUS *Europeans Indians* rifle,
And give them for their Gowd some Trifle;
As Deugs of Velvet, Chips of Christal,
60 A Facon's Bell, or Baubie Whistle.

MER-

47. *Only ae Bard*, &c.] *Vide Dick Franklin's* Epistle.
50. *He looks just like* Jock Blunt] This is commonly said of a Person who is out of Countenance at a Disapointment.

MERCHANTS and Bankers Heads gade wrang,
They thought to Millions they might ſpang;
Deſpis'd the virtuous Road to Gain,
And look'd on little Bills with Pain:
The well win Thouſands of ſome Years,
In ae big Bargain diſappears.
'Tis ſair to bide, but wha can help it,
Inſtead of Coach, on Foot they skelp it.

THE Ten *per Cents* wha durſtna venture,
But lent great Sums upon Indenture,
To Billies wha as frankly war'd it,
As they out of their Guts had ſpar'd it,
When craving Money they have lent,
They're anſwer'd, *Item*, A' is ſpent.
The Miſer hears him with a Gloom,
Girns like a Brock and bites his Thumb,
Syne ſhores to grip him by the Wyſon,
And keep him a' his Days in Priſon.
Sae may ye do, replies the Debter,
But that can never mend the Matter:

As

As soon can I mount *Charle-wain*,
As pay ye back your Gear again.
Poor Mouldy rins quite by himsel,
And bans like ane broke loose frae Hell.
85 It lulls a wee my Mullygrubs,
To think upon these bitten Scrubs,
When naething saves their vital Low,
But the Expences of a Tow.

THUS Children oft with carefu' Hands,
90 In Summer dam up little Strands,
Collect the Drizel to a Pool,
In which their glowing Limbs they cool;
Till by comes some ill-deedy Gift,
Wha in the Bulwark makes a Rift,
95 And with ae Strake in Ruins lays,
The Work of Use, Art, Care and Days.

EVEN Handy-crafts-men too turn'd saucy,
And maun be Coaching't thro' the Causy;

Syne

83. *By himsel*] Mad, out of his Wits.
93. *Ill deedy Gift*] A Roguish Boy, who is seldom without doing a bad Action.

Syne ſtroot fou paughty in the Alley,
Transferring Thouſands with ſome Valley: 100
Grow rich in Fancy, treat their Whore,
Nor mind they were, or ſhall be poor.
Like little *Joves* they treat the Fair,
With Gowd frae Banks built in the Air;
For which their *Danaes* lift the Lap, 105
And compliment them with a Clap,
Which by aft jobbing grows a Pox,
Till Brigs of Noſes fa' with Stocks.

HERE Coachmen, Grooms, or Paſment Trotter,
Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to Snoter: 110
Like a ſhot Starn, that thro' the Air
Skyts Eaſt or Weſt with unko Glare,
But found neiſt Day on Hillock Side,
Nae better ſeems nor Paddock Ride.

SOME Reverend Brethren left their Flocks, 115
And ſank their Stipends in the Stocks;

105. Danaes] *Danae* the Daughter of *Acriſius* King of *Argos*, to whom *Jupiter* deſcended in a Shower of Gold.

But tining baith, like *Æsop*'s Colly,
O'er late they now lament their Folly.

FOR three warm Months, *May*, *June*, and *July*,
120 There was odd scrambling for the Spulzy;
And mony a ane, till he grew tyr'd,
Gather'd what Gear his Heart desir'd.
We thought that Dealer's Stock an ill ane,
That was not wordy haf a Million.
125 O had this Golden Age but lasted,
And no sae soon been broke and blasted,
There is a Person well I ken
Might wi' the best gane right far ben;
His Project better had succeeded,
130 And far less Labour had he needed:
But 'tis a Daffin to debate,
And aurgle-bargain with our Fate.
Well, had this Gowden Age but lasted,
And not so soon been broke and blasted,

O

127. *A Person*, &c.] Meaning my self, with Regard to my printing this Volume by Subscription.

O wow, my Lord, these had been Days 135
Which might have claim'd your Poet's Lays;
But soon alake! the mighty *Dagon*
Was seen to fa' without a Rag on.
In Harvest was a dreadfu' Thunder,
Which gart a' *Britain* glowr and wonder; 140
The phizzing Bowt came with a Blatter,
And dry'd our great Sea to a Gutter.

BUT mony Fowk with Wonder speir,
What can become of a' the Gear?
For a' the Country is repining, 145
And ilka ane complains of tining.
Plain Answer I had best let be,
And tell ye just a Similie.

LIKE *Belzie* when he nicks a Witch,
Wha sells her Saul she may be rich; 150
He finding this the Bait to damn her,
Casts o'er her Een his cheating Glamour:
She signs and seals, and he affords
Her Heaps of visionary Hoords;

155 But when ſhe comes to count the Cunzie,
'Tis a' Sklate-ſtanes inſtead of Money.

THUS we've been trick'd with braw Projectors,
And faithfu' managing Directors,
Wha for our Caſh, the Saul of Trade,
160 Bonny Propines of Paper made;
On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vaniſht into Air.

WHEN *South-Sea* Tyde was at a Hight,
My Fancy took a daring Flight,
165 *Thalia*, lovely Muſe, inſpired
My Breaſt, and me with Fore-ſight fired;
Rapt into future Months, I ſa'
The rich Aerial *Babel* fa'.
'Yond Seas I ſaw the Upſtarts drifting,
170 Leaving their Coaches for the lifting.
Theſe Houſes fit for Wights gane mad,
I ſaw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;

While

164. *My Fancy*, &c.] *Wealth or the Woody*, wrote in the Month of *June* laſt.

While little Sauls ſunk with Deſpair,
Implor'd cauld Death to end their Care.
But now a ſweeter Scene I view, 175
Time has, and Time ſhall prove I'm true;
For fair *Aſtrea* moves frae Heav'n,
And ſhortly ſhall make a' Odds Ev'n.
The honeſt Man ſhall be regarded,
And Villains as they ought rewarded. 180
The ſetting Moon and roſie Dawn
Beſpeak a ſhining Day at Hand;
A glorious Sun ſhall ſoon ariſe,
To brighten up *Britannia*'s Skies.
Our King and Senate ſhall engage 185
To drive the Vultures off the Stage:
Trade then ſhall flouriſh, and ilk Art,
A lively Vigour ſhall impart
To Credit languiſhing and famiſht,
And *Lombard-ſtreet* ſhall be repleniſht. 190
Got ſafe aſhore after this Blaſt,
Britons ſhall ſmile at Follies paſt.

GOD grant your Lordſhip Joy and Health,
Lang Days and Rowth of real Wealth ;
195 Safe to the Land of Cakes Heav'n ſend ye,
And frae croſs Accidents defend ye.

Edinb. March 25.
1721.

PATIE

PATIE and *PEGIE*:

A

SANG.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmneſs of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye, which ſmiling tells the Truth,
I gueſs, my Laſſie, that, as well as I
You're made for Love, and why ſhould ye deny.

PEGIE.

BUT ken ye, Lad, gin we confeſs o'er ſoon,
Ye think us cheap, and ſyne the Wooing's done:
The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Power,
Like unripe Fruit, will taſte but hard and ſowr.

PATIE.

BUT when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetneſs they may tine, and ſae may ye:
Red Cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGIE.

PEGIE.

THEN dinna pou me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie*'s Arms for good and a' :
But ſtint your Wiſhes to this frank Embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armfou ! Hence ye Cares away,
I'll kiſs my Treaſure a' the live lang Day ;
A' Night I'll dream my Kiſſes o'er again,
Till that Day come, that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

Sun gallop down the Weſtlin Skyes,
Gang ſoon to Bed, and quickly riſe ;
O laſh ye'r Steeds, poſt Time away,
And haſte about our Bridel-Day ;
And if ye'r weary'd, honeſt Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by one of the young Gentlemen, who, for their Improvement and Diverſion, acted The Orphan, *and* Cheats of Scapin, *the laſt Night of the Year* 1719.

BRAW Lads, and bonny Laſſes, welcome here, —
But wha's to entertain ye, – never ſpeer. –
Quietneſs is beſt. -- Tho we be leal and true,
Good Senſe and Wit's mair than we dare avow. --
Some Body ſays to ſome Fowk, We're to blame, 5
That 'tis a Scandal and black-burning Shame
To thole young Callands thus to grow ſae ſnack,
And lear — O mighty Crimes ! -- to ſpeak and act. –
Stage-Plays, quoth Dunce, are unco' Things indeed !
He ſaid, – he gloom'd, -- and ſhook his thick boſs Head. 10
They're *Papery*, *Papery* ! – cry'd his Nibour neiſt,
Contriv'd at *Rome* by ſome malignant Prieſt,
To witch away Fowks Minds frae doing well,
As ſaith *Rab Ker*, *M'Millan* and *M'Neil*.

16. Rab Ker] One who puts the canting Phraſes of *M'Millan* and *M'Neil* (two nonconforming Hill Preachers) into wretched Rhime.

15 BUT let them tauk. -- In Spite of ilk Cadaver,
We'll cherish Wit, and scorn their Fead or Favour;
We'll strive to bring in active Eloquence,
Tho for a while upon our Fame's Expence. --
I'm wrang. -- Our Fame will mount with metled Carles,
20 And for the rest, we'll be aboon their Snarls. --
Knock down the Fools, wha dare with empty Rage
Spit in the Face of Virtue and the Stage.
'Cause Hereticks in Pulpits thump and rair,
Must naithing orthodox b' expected there;
25 Because a Rump cut off a Royal Head,
Must not anither Parli'ment succeed.
Thus tho the *Drama*'s aft debauch'd and rude,
Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good:
Answer me that, -- if there be ony Log,
30 That's come to keek upon us here *incog*,
Anes, -- Twice, Thrice. -- But now I think on't, stay,
Iv'e something else to do, and must away. --
This Prologue was design'd for Use and Sport,
The Chiel that made it, let him answer for't.

THE

The Life and Acts of,

OR,

An ELEGY on PATIE BIRNIE,

The Famous Fidler of Kinghorn ;

Who gart the Lieges gawff and girn ay,

Aft till the Cock proclaim'd the Morn :

*Tho baith his * Weeds and Mirth were pirny,*

He roos'd these Things were langest worn,

The brown Ale Barrel was his Kirn ay,

And faithfully he toom'd his Horn.

And then besides his valliant Acts,
At Bridals he wan mony Placks.
HAB. SIMPSON.

IN Sonnet slee the Man I sing,
His rare Engine in Rhyme shall ring,
Wha slaid the Stick out o'er the String
With sic an Art ;
Wha sang sae sweetly to the Spring,
And rais'd the Heart.

* *Weeds and Mirth were pirny*] When a Piece of Stuff is wrought unequally, Part coarse and Part fine, of Yarn of different Colours, we call it pirny, from the Pirn, or little hollow Reed which holds the Yarn in the Shuttle.

Kingborn may rue the ruefou Day
That lighted *Patie* to his Clay,
Wha gart the hearty Billies ſtay
And ſpend their Caſh,
To ſee his Snowt, to hear him play,
12 And gab ſae gaſh.

WHEN Strangers landed, wow ſae thrang
Fuffin and peghing he wa'd gang
And crave their Pardon that ſae lang
He'd been a coming;
Syne his Bread-winner out he'd bang,
18 And fa' to Bumming.

YOUR Honour's Father dead and gane,
For him he firſt wa'd make his Mane,
But ſoon his Face cou'd make ye fain
When he did ſough,
O wiltu, wiltu do't again !
24 And gran'd and leugh.

THIS

13. *When Strangers landed*] It was his Cuſtom to watch when Strangers went into a publick Houſe, and attend them, pretending they had ſent for him, and that he could not get away ſooner from other Company.

19. *Your Honour's Father*] It was his firſt Compliment to one (tho he had never perhaps ſeen him, nor any of his Predeceſſors) That well he kend his Honour's Father, and been merry with him, and an excellent Good-fellow he was.

21. *Soon his Face wad make ye fain*] Shewing a very particular Comicalneſs in his Looks and Geſtures, laughing and groaning at the ſame time, he plays, ſings, and breaks in with ſome quire Tale twice or thrice e'er he get through the Tune. His Beard is no ſmall Addition to the Diverſion.

23. *O Wiltu*] The Name of a Tune he play'd on all Occaſions.

THIS Sang he made frae his ain Head,
And eke *The auld Man's Mare ſhe's dead,*
Tho Peets and Tures and a's to lead,
O fy upon her!
A bonny auld Thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r Honour. 30

AFTER ilk Tune he took a Sowp,
And bann'd wi' Birr the corky Cowp,
That to the Papiſts Country ſcowp,
To lear Ha ha's,
Frae Chiels that ſing Hap, Stap and Lowp,
Wantin the B——s. 36

THAT beardleſs Capons are na Men,
We by their fozie Springs might ken;
But ours he ſaid cou'd Vigiour len'
To Men o' Weir,
And gar them ſtout to Battle ſten'
Withoutten Fear. 42

HOW

25. *This Sang he made*] He boaſted of being Poet as well as Muſician.
32. *Band wi' Birr the corky Cowp*, &c.] Curs'd ſtrongly the light headed Fellows who run to *Italy* to learn ſoft Muſick.

HOW firſt he practis'd, ye ſhall hear,
The Harn-pan of an umquhile Mare,
He ſtrung, and ſtrak Sounds ſaft and clear,
Out o' the Pow,
Which fir'd his Saul, and gart his Ear
48 With Gladneſs glow.

SAE ſome auld-gabet Poets tell,
Jove's nimble Son and Leckie ſnell
Made the firſt Fiddle of a * Shell,
On which *Apollo*,
With meikle Pleaſure play'd himſel
54 Baith Jig and Solo.

O *Jonny Stocks* what comes o' thee,
I'm ſure thou'lt break thy Heart and die;
Thy *Birnie* gane, thou'lt never be
Nor blyth nor able
To ſhake thy ſhort Houghs merrily
60 Upon a Table.

HOW

* *Tuque Teſtudo, reſonare ſeptem*
Callida nervis.
HORACE.

55. *Jonny Stocks*] A Man of a low Stature, but very broad, a loving Friend of his, who uſed to dance to his Muſick.

HOW pleaſant was't to ſee thee didle,
And dance ſae finely to his Fiddle,
With Noſe forgainſt a Laſs's Midle,
And briskly brag,
With cutty Steps to ding their Striddle,
And gar them fag. 66

HE catch'd a criſhy Webſter Loun
At runkling o' his Deary's Gown,
And wi' a Rung came o'er his Crown,
For being there;
But ſtarker Thrums got *Patie* down,
And knooſt him ſair. 72

WAE worth the Dog, he maiſt had fell'd him,
Revengfu' *Pate* aſt green'd to geld him,
He aw'd a Mends, and that he tell'd him,
And bann'd to do't,
He took the Tid, and fairly ſell'd him
For a Recruit. 78

Pate

Pate was a Carle of canny Senſe,
And wanted ne'er a right bein Spence,
And laid up Dollars in Defence
'Gainſt Eild and Gout,
Well judging Gear in future Tenſe
84 Cou'd ſtand for Wit.

YET prudent Fowk may take the Pet;
Anes thrawart Porter wadna let
Him in while Latter-meat was het,
He gaw'd fou ſair,
Flang in his Fiddle o'er the Yet,
90 Whilk ne'er did mair.

BUT Profit may ariſe frae Loſs,
Sae *Pate* gat Comfort by his Croſs:
Soon as he wan within the Cloſs,
He douſly drew in
Mair Gear frae ilka gentle Goſs
96 Than bought a new ane.

WHEN

80. *Bein Spence*] Good Store of Proviſion, the Spence being a little Apartment for Meal, Fleſh, &c.

86. *Anes thrawart Porter*, &c.] This happened in the Duke of *Rotheſs*'s Time; His Grace was giving an Entertainment, and *Patrick* being deny'd Entry by the Servants, he either from a cunning View of the lucky Conſequence, or in a Paſſion, did what's deſcribed.

WHEN lying bedfaſt ſick and ſair,
To Pariſh Prieſt he promis'd fair,
He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:
But hale and tight,
He prov'd the Auld-man to a Hair,
Strute ilka Night. 102

THE hally Dad with Care eſſays
To wile him frae his wanton Ways,
And tell'd him of his Promiſe twice:
Pate anſwer'd cliver,
" Wha tents what People raving ſays
" When in a Fever. 108

AT *Bothwell-Brig* he gade to fight,
But being wiſe as he was wight,
He thought it ſhaw'd a Saul but ſlight,
Dauftly to ſtand,
And let Gun-powder wrang his Sight,
Or Fidle-Hand. 114

109. *Bothwell-Brig*] Upon *Clyde*, where the famous Battle was fought, *Anno* 1679, for the Determination of ſome kittle Points. But I dare not aſſert that it was Religion carried my Heroe to the Field.

RIGHT pawkily he left the Plain,
Nor o'er his Shoulder look'd again,
But ſcour'd o'er Moſs and Moor amain,
To *Rieky* ſtraight,
And tald how mony Whigs were ſlain
120 Before they faught.

SAE I've lamented *Patie's* End;
But leaſt your Grief o'er far extend,
Come dight your Cheeks, ye'r Brows unbend,
And lift ye'r Head,
For to a' *Britain* be it kend
126 He is not dead.

January 25.
1721.

CUPID

CUPID thrown into the South-Sea.

MYRTILLA, as like *Venus*' ſell
As e'er an Egg was like anither,
Anes *Cupid* met upon the *Mall*,
And took her for his bonny Mither.

HE wing'd his Way up to her Breaſt; 5
She ſtarted, he cry'd, Mam 'tis me;
The Beauty, in o'er raſh a Jeſt,
Flang the Arch-Gytling in *South-Sea*.

FRAE thence he raiſe wi' guilded wings,
His Bow and Shafts to Gowd were chang'd; 10
Deel's i' the Sea, quoth he, it dings;
Syne back to *Mall* and Park he rang'd.

BREATHING Miſchief, the God look'd gurly,
With Transfers a' his Darts were feather'd;
He made a horrid hurly burly, 15
Where *Beaus* and *Belles* were thickeſt gather'd.

HE tently *Myrtilla* ſought,
And in the thrang *Change-Alley* got her;
He drew his Bow, and quick as Thought
With a braw new Subſcription ſhot her. 20

THE SATYR'S COMICK PROJECT

For recovering

A young Bankrupt Stock-jobber.

A

SONG.

ON the Shore of a low ebbing Sea,
A ſighing young Jobber was ſeen
Staring wiſhfully at an old Tree
4 Which grew on the neighbouring Green.
There's a Tree that can finiſh the Strife
And Diſorder that warrs in my Breaſt,
What need one be pain'd with his Life,
8 When a Halter can purchaſe him reſt?

SOME

From the Beginning to the 20th Line, ſing to the Tune of *Colin's Complaint*.

SOMETIMES he would ſtamp and look wild,
Then roar out a terrible Curſe
On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purſe. 12
A *Satyr* that wander'd along,
With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd;
The Savage maliciouſly ſung,
And jock'd while the Stockjobber cry'd. 16

TO Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,
His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;
The *Satyr* drew near like a Friend,
And bid him abandon his Fears. 20
Said he, Have ye been at the Sea,
And met with a contrary Wind,
That you rail at fair Fortune ſo free,
Don't blame the poor Goddeſs ſhe's blind. 24

COME

From the 21ſt Line, where the *Satyr* begins to ſpeak to the Tune of *The Kirk wad let me be*.

COME hold up thy Head foolish Wight,
I'll teach thee the Loss to retrieve;
Observe me this Project aright,
28 And think not of hanging, but live.
Hecatissa conceited and old,
Affects in her Airs to seem young,
Her Joynture yields Plenty of Gold,
32 And Plenty of Nonsense her Tongue.

LAY Siege to her for a short Space,
Ne'er mind that she's wrinkl'd or grey;
Extoll her for Beauty and Grace,
36 And doubt not of gaining the Day.
In Wedlock ye fairly may join,
And when of her Wealth you are sure,
Make free with the old Woman's Coin,
40 And purchase a sprightly young W——.

TO

TO THE

MUSICK CLUB.

E'ER on old *Shinar*'s Plain the Fortreſs roſe,
Rear'd by thoſe Giants who durſt Heav'n oppoſe;
An univerſal Language Mankind us'd,
'Till daring Crimes brought Accents more confus'd;
Diſcord and Jar for Puniſhment were hurl'd 5
On Hearts and Tongues of the rebellious World.

THE primar Speech with Notes harmonious clear,
Tranſpoſing Thought, gave Pleaſure to the Ear:
Then Muſick in its full Perfection ſhin'd,
When Man to Man melodious ſpoke his Mind. 10

AS when a richly fraughted Fleet is loſt
In rolling Deeps, far from the ebbing Coaſt,
Down many Fathoms of the liquid Maſs,
The Artiſt dives in Ark of Oak, or Braſs,

Snatches

15 Snatches ſome Ingots of *Peruvian* Ore,
And with his Prize rejoycing makes the Shore.
Oft this Attempt is made, and much they find;
They ſwell in Wealth, tho much is left behind.

Amphion's Sons, with Minds elate and bright,
20 Thus plunge th' unbounded Ocean of Delight,
And daily gain new Stores of pleaſing Sounds
To glad the Earth, fixing to Spleen its Bounds;
While vocal Tubes and conſort Strings engage
To ſpeak the Dialect of the Golden Age.
25 Then you whoſe Symphony of Souls proclaim
Your Kin to Heaven, add to your Country's Fame,
And ſhew that Muſick may have as good Fate
In *Albion*'s Glens, as *Umbria*'s green Retreat:
And with *Correlli*'s ſoft *Italian* Song
30 Mix *Cowdon Knows*, and *Winter Nights are long*.
Nor ſhould the Martial *Pibrough* be deſpis'd,
Own'd and refin'd by you, theſe ſhall the more be priz'd.

EACH raviſht Ear extolls your Heavenly Art,
Which ſooths our Care, and elevates the Heart,

Whilſt

Whilst hoarser Sounds the martial Ardures move, 35
And liquid Notes invite to Shades and Love.

HAIL safe Restorer of distemper'd Minds,
That with Delight the raging Passion binds:
Extatick Concord only banisht Hell,
Most perfect where the perfect Beings dwell. 40
Long may our Youth attend thy charming Rites,
Long may they relish thy transporting Sweets.

Wine *and* Musick, *an* O D E.

S Y M O N.

O *Colin* how dull is't to be,
When a Soul is sinking wi' Pain,
To one who is pained like me:
My Life's grown a Load,
And my Faculties nod, 5
While I sigh for cold *Jeanie* in vain;
By Beauty and Scorn I'm slain:
The Wound it is mortal and deep,

My Pulses beat low in each Vein,
And threaten eternal Sleep.

COLIN.

COME here are the best Cures for thy Wounds,
O Boy, the cordial Bowl!
With soft harmonious Sounds,
Wounds, these can cure all Wounds,
With soft harmonious Sounds,
And pull off the cordial Bowl:
O *Symon*, sink thy Care, and tune up thy drooping Soul;
Above, the Gods bienly bouze,
When round they meet in a Ring;
They cast away Care, and carouse
Their *Nectar*, while they sing.
Then drink and chearfully sing,
These make the Blood circle fine;
Strike up the Musick,
The safest Physick,
Compounded with sparkling Wine.

ON

ON
The Great Eclipse
OF THE
SUN,

The 22d April, *nine a Clock of the Morning, wrote a Month before it hapned,* March 1715.

NOw do I preſs among the learned Throng,
To tell a great Eclipſe in little Song.
At me nor Scheme, nor Demonſtration ask,
That is our *Gregory*'s, or fam'd *Hally*'s Task:
'Tis they who are converſant with each Star, 5
Who know how Planets Planets Rays debar,

N. B. The Order of Time in placing ſome of my Manuſcript Poems, with Regard to them formerly printed, is not obſerved in ſome few of the following, but their Dates ſhall be given.

4. *Our* Gregory's] Mr. *Gregory* Profeſſor of Mathematicks in *Edinburgh*. Famed *Hally* Fellow of the Royal Society, *London*.

This to pretend my Muse is not so bold,
She only echoes what she has been told.

OUR rolling Globe will scarce have made the Sun
10 Seem half way up *Olympus* to have run,
When Night's pale Queen in her oft changed Way,
Will intercept in direct Line his Way,
And make black Night usurp the Throne of Day.
The curious will attend that Hour with Care,
15 And wish no Clouds may hover in the Air,
To dark the Medium, and obstruct from Sight
The gradual Motion and Decay of Light,
Whilst thoughtless Fools will view the Water Pale,
To see which of the Planets will prevail:
20 For then they think the Sun and Moon make War,
Thus Nurses Tales oftimes the Judgment mar.

WHEN this strange Darkness overshades the Plains,
'Twill give an odd Surprise t' unwarned Swains,
Plain honest Hinds, who do not know the Cause,
25 Nor know of Orbs, their Motions or their Laws,

Will

9. *Rolling Globe*] According to the *Copernicon* System.

Will from the half plough'd Furrows homeward bend,
In dire Confusion, judging that the End
Of Time approacheth; thus possest with Fear,
They'll think the general Conflagration near.
The Traveler benighted on the Road 30
Will turn devout, and supplicate his God.
Cocks with their careful Mates and younger Fry,
As if't were Evening, to their Roosts will fly.
The horned Cattle will forget to feed,
And come home lowing from the grassie Mead. 35
Each Bird of Day will to his Nest repair,
And leave to Bats and Owls the dusky Air.
The Lark and little Robin's softer Lay
Will not be heard till the Return of Day.
Now this will be great Part of *Europe*'s Case, 40
While *Phebe*'s as a Mask on *Phœbus*' Face.
The unlearn'd Clowns, who don't our *Æra* know,
From this dark *Friday* will their Ages show;
As I have often heard old Country Men
Talk of dark *Munday*, and their Ages then. 45

NOT

NOT long ſhall laſt this ſtrange uncommon Gloom
When Light diſpels the Ploughman's Fear of Doom;
With merry Heart he'll lift his raviſh'd Sight
Up to the Heavens, and welcome back the Light.
How juſt's the Motions of theſe whirling Spheres!
Which ne'er can err while Time is met by Years.
How vaſt is little Man's capacious Soul!
That knows how Orbs throw Weilds of *Æther* roll.
How great's the Power of that Omnifick Hand!
Who gave them Motion by his wiſe Command,
That they ſhould not while Time had Being ſtand.

The GENTLEMAN's QUALIFICATIONS, *as debated by ſome of the Fellows of the* Eaſy Club, April 1715.

FROM different Ways of Thinking comes Debate,
This we deſpiſe, and That we over-rate,
Juſt as the Fancy takes, we love or hate.

Hence

Eaſy Club] A juvenile Society, of which I am a Fellow, from the general Antipathy we all ſeem'd to have at the ill Humor and Contradictions which ariſe from Trifles, eſpecially thoſe which conſtitute *Whig* and *Tory*, without having the grand Reaſon for it; this engaged us to take a Pleaſure in the Sound of an *Eaſy Club*.

The Club, by one of our ſpecial Laws, muſt not exceed Twelve, and any Gentleman at his Admiſſion was to take the Name of ſome *Scots* Author, or one eminent for ſomething extraordinary, for obſcuring his real Name in the Regiſter of our Lucubrations, ſuch as are nam'd in this Debate, *Tippermaloch*, *Buchanan*, *Hector Boece*, &c.

Hence *Whig* and *Tory* live in endless Jarr,
And most of Families in Civil War:
Hence 'mongst the easiest Men beneath the Skies,
Even in their easy Dome, Debates arise:
As late they did with Strength of Judgment scan
These Qualities that form a Gentleman.
First *Tippermaloch* pled with *Spanish* Grace
That Gentry only sprung from antient Race,
Whose Names in old Records of Time were fix'd,
In whose rich Veins some royal Blood was mixt.
I being a Poet sprung from a *Douglass'* Loin,
In this proud Thought did with the Doctor join;
With this Addition, if they could speak Sense,
Ambitious I, ah! had no more Pretence.
Buchanan, with stiff Argument and bold,
Pled Gentry took its Birth from powerful Gold.
Him *Hector Boece* join'd, they argued strong,
Said they, to Wealth that Title must belong;
If Men are rich, they're gentle, and if not
You'll own their Birth and Sense are soon forgot.

Pray

Pray ſay, ſaid they, How much reſpectful Grace
25 Demands an old red Coat and mangled Face?
Or one, if he could like an Angel preach,
If he to no rich Benefice can reach?
Ev'n Progeny of Dukes are at a Stand
How to make out bare Gentry without Land.
30 But ſtill the Doctor would not quit the Field,
But that rich Upſtarts ſhould to Birth-right yeild;
He grew more ſtiff, nor would the Plea let go,
Said he was right, and ſwore it ſhould be ſo.

BUT happy we, who have ſuch wholſome Laws,
35 Which without Pleading can decide a Cauſe.
To this good Law Recourſe we had at laſt,
That throws off Wrath, and makes our Friendſhip faſt;
In which the Legiſlators laid the Plot,
To end all Controverſy by a Vote.

40 YET that we more good Humor might diſplay,
We frankly turn'd the Vote another Way,
As in each Thing we common Topicks ſhun,
So the great Prize, nor Birth nor Riches won.

The

The Vote was carried thus, That easy he
Who should three Years a social Fellow be,
And to our *Easy Club* give no Offence,
After *Triennial* Tryal, should commence
A Gentleman, which gives as just a Claim
To that great Title, as the Blast of Fame
Can give to them who trade in humane Gore,
Or those who heap up Hoords of coined Ore;
Since in our social Friendship nought's design'd
But what may raise and brighten up the Mind;
We aiming closs to walk by Virtue's Rules,
To find true Honour's self, and leave her Shade to Fools.

On WIT.

MY easy Friends, since ye think fit
This Night to lucubrate on Wit;
And since ye judge that I compose
My Thoughts in Rhime better than Prose,

3. *Since ye judge*, &c.] Being but an indifferent Sort of an Orator, my Friends would merrily alledge that I was not so happy in Prose as Rhime; it was carried in a Vote, against which there is no Opposition, and the Night appointed for some Lessons on Wit, I was ordered to give my Thoughts in Verse.

I'll give my Judgment in a Sang,
And here it comes be't right or wrang.
But firſt of a' I'll tell a Tale
That with my Caſe runs paralel.

THERE was a manting Lad in *Fife*,
Wha cou'd na for his very Life
Speak without ſtammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he ſang.
His Father's Kiln he anes ſaw burning,
Which gart the Lad run Breathleſs mourning;
Hameward with cliver Strides he lap,
To tell his Dady his Miſhap.
At Diſtance e'er he reach'd the Door,
He ſtood and rais'd a hideous Roar.
His Father when he heard his Voice,
Stept out and ſaid, Why a' this Noiſe?
The Calland gap'd and glowr'd about,
But no ae Word could he lug out.
His Dad cry'd, kening his Defect,
Sing, ſing, or I ſhall break your Neck;

Then

Then ſoon he gratifi'd his Sire,
And ſang aloud, *Your Kiln's a Fire.*

NOW ye'll allow there's Wit in that,
To tell a Tale ſae very pat.
Bright Wit appears in mony a Shape,
Which ſome invent and others ape.
Some ſhaw their Wit in wearing Claiths,
And ſome in coining of new Aiths;
There's crambo Wit in making Rhime,
And dancing Wit in beating Time:
There's metl'd Wit in Story-telling,
In writing Grammar, and right ſpelling:
Wit ſhines in Knowledge of Politicks,
And wow! what Wit's amang the Criticks.

SO far my Mates excuſe me while I play
In Strains ironick with that heavenly Ray,
Rays which the humane Intelects refine,
And makes the Man with brillant Luſtre ſhine,
Marking him ſprung from Origine divine.

Yet may a well rig'd Ship be full of Flaws,
So may loose Wits regard no sacred Laws:
That Ship the Waves will soon to Pieces shake,
So 'midst his Vices sinks the witty Rake.
But when on First-rate-virtues Wit attends,
It both itself and Virtue recommends,
And challenges Respect where e'er its Blaze extends.

ON

FRIENDSHIP.

THE Earth-born Clod who hugs his Idol Pelf,
His only Friends are *Mammon* and himself:
The drunken Sots, who want the Art to think,
Still cease from Friendship when they cease from Drink.
The empty Fop, who scarce for Man will pass,
Ne'er sees a Friend but when he views his Glass.

FRIENDSHIP first springs from Sympathy of Mind,
Which to complete the Virtues all combine,

An

And only found 'mongſt Men who can eſpy,
The Merits of his Friend without Envy. 10
Thus all pretending Friendſhip's but a Dream,
Whoſe Baſe is not reciprocal Eſteem.

KEITHA:

A

PASTORAL,

Lamenting the Death of the Right Honourable

MARY Counteſs of *Wigtoun.*

RINGAN.

O'ER ilka Thing a gen'ral Sadneſs hings!
The Burds wi' Melancholy droop their Wings;
My Sheep and Kye neglect to moup their Food,
And ſeem to think as in a dumpiſh Mood.
Hark how the Winds ſouch mournfu' throu' the Broom, 5
The very Lift puts on a heavy Gloom:

My

My Neibour *Colin* too, he bears a Part,
His Face ſpeaks out the Sairneſs of his Heart;
Tell, tell me *Colin*, for my bodding Thought,
A Bang of Fears into my Breaſt has brought,

COLIN.

WHERE haſt thou been thou Simpleton, wha ſpeers
The Cauſe of a' our Sorrow and our Tears?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common Skaith
The Warld receives by lovely *Keitha*'s Death?
The bonnieſt Sample of what's good and kind;
Fair was her Make, and heav'nly was her Mind.
But now this ſweeteſt Flower of a' our Plain,
Leaves us to ſigh, tho a' our Sighs are vain;
For never mair ſhe'll grace the heartſome Green,
Ay heartſome when ſhe deign'd there to be ſeen.
Speak Flowry Meadows where ſhe us'd to wauk,
Speak Flocks and Burds wha've heard her ſing or tauk.
Did ever you ſae meikle Beauty bear,
Or ye ſae mony heav'nly Accents hear:

Ye

Ye painted Haughs, ye Minſtrels of the Air 25
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

YE weſtlin Winds that gently us'd to play
On her white Breaſt, and ſteal ſome Sweets away,
Whilſt her delicious Breath perfum'd your Breeze,
Which gratefu' *Flora* took to feed her Bees. 30
Bear on your Wings, round Earth, her Spoteleſs Fame,
Worthy that noble Race from whence ſhe came;
Reſounding Braes where e'er ſhe us'd to lean,
And view the Cryſtal Burn glide o'er the Green,
Return your Echoe's to our mournfu' Sang, 35
And let the Streams in Murmures bear't alang.
Ye unkend Powers, wha Water haunt or Air,
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

AH! wha cou'd tell the Beauties of her Face,
Her Mouth that never op'd but wi' a Grace; 40

Her

32. *Worthy that noble Race*] She was Daughter to the late Earl *Mariſhal*, the third of that honourable Rank of Nobility.

Her Een which did with heav'nly Sparkles low,
Her modeſt Cheek fluſh'd with a roſie Glow,
Her fair brent Brow, ſmooth as the unrunkled Deep,
When a' the Winds are in their Caves aſleep:
45 Her Preſence like a Simmer's Morning Ray,
Lighten'd our Hearts, and gart ilk Place look gay.
Now twin'd of Life, theſe Charms look cauld and blae,
And what before gave Joy, now makes us wae.
Her Goodneſs ſhin'd in ilka pious Deed, —
50 A Subject, *Ringan,* for a lofty Reed!
A Shepherd's Sang maun ſic high Thoughts decline,
Leſt ruſtick Notes ſhould darken what's divine.
Youth, Beauty, Graces, a' that's good and fair
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

55 HOW tenderly ſhe ſmooth'd our Maſter's Mind,
When round his manly Waiſt her Arms ſhe twin'd,
And look'd a Thouſand ſaft Things to his Heart,
While native Sweetneſs ſought nae Help frae Art.

To

To him her Merit ſtill appear'd mair bright,
As yielding ſhe own'd his ſuperior Right.
Baith ſaft and ſound he ſlept within her Arms,
Gay were his Dreams, the Influence of her Charms.
Soon as the Morning dawn'd he'd draw the Screen, 63
And watch the op'ning of her fairer Een ;
Whence ſweeteſt Rays guſht out in ſic a Thrang,
Beyond Expreſſion in my rural Sang.

COLIN.

O *Clementina* ! ſprouting fair Remains
Of her, wha was the Glory of our Plains. 70
Dear Innocence with Infant Darkneſs bleſt,
Which hides the Happineſs that thou haſt miſt.
May a' thy Mither's Sweets thy Portion be,
And a' thy Mither's Graces ſhine in thee.

RINGAN.

SHE loot us ne'er gae hungry to the Hill, 75
And a' ſhe gae, ſhe geed it wi' good Will ;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that Day
On which frae us ſhe's tane ſae ſoon away,

Baith Hynds and Herds, wha's Cheeks beſpake nae Scant,
And throu' the Howms could whiſtle, ſing and rant,
Will miſs her ſair, till happily they find
Anither in her Place ſae good and kind.
The Laſſes wha did at her Graces mint,
Ha'e by her Death their bonnieſt Pattern tint.
O ilka ane who did her Bounty skair,
Lament, for gen'rous *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

O *Ringan, Ringan!* Things gang ſae uneven,
I canna well take up the Will of Heav'n.
Our Croſſes teughly laſt us mony a Year,
But unco ſoon our Bleſſings diſappear.

RINGAN.

I'LL tell thee *Colin* my laſt Sunday's Note,
I tented well Meſs *Thamas* ilka Jot.
The Powers aboon are cautious as they're juſt,
And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle Truſt
To this unconſtant Earth, with what's divine,
Leſt in laigh Damps they ſhould their Luſtre tine.

Sae

Sae let's leave aff our Murmuring and Tears,
And never value Life by Length of Years.
But as we can in Goodneſs it employ,
Syne wha dies firſt, firſt gains eternal Joy. 100
Come, *Colin*, dight your Cheeks and baniſh Care,
Our Lady's happy, tho with us nae mair.

To the Right Honourable,

The Town-Council of EDINBURGH,

THE

ADDRESS of Allan Ramſay.

YOUR Poet humbly means and ſhaws,
That contrair to juſt Rights and Laws
I've ſuffer'd muckle Wrang
By Lucky *Reid*, and Ballad Singers,
Wha thum'd with their coarſe dirty Fingers 5
Sweet *Edie*'s Funeral-Sang.

4. *Lucky* Reid] A Printers Relict, who with the Hawkers Re-printed my Paſtoral on Mr. *Addiſon*, without my Knowledge on ugly Paper, full of Errors.

They ſpoil'd my Senſe and ſtaw my Caſh,
My Muſes Pride murgully'd,
And printing it like their vile Traſh,
10 The honeſt Lieges whilly'd.
Thus undone, to *London*
It gade to my Diſgrace,
Sae pimpin and limpin
In Rags wi' bluther'd Face.

15 YET Gleg-eyed Friends throw the Diſguiſe
Receiv'd it as a dainty Prize
For a' it was ſae hav'ren,
Gart *Lintot* take it to his Preſs,
And clead it in a braw new Dreſs,
20 Syne took it to the Tavern.
But tho it was made clean and braw,
Sae ſair it had been knoited,
It blather'd Buff before them a',
And aftentimes turn'd doited.

It

11. *To* London] One of their uncorrect Copies was re-printed at *London* by *Bernard Lintot* in *Folio* firſt, before he printed it a ſecond Time from a correct Copy of my own, with the honourable Mr. *Burcket's* Engliſh Verſion of it.

23. *Blather'd Buff*] Spoke Nonſenſe, from Words being wanting, and many wrong ſpell'd and changed, ſuch as, *gras* for *gars*, *Praiſe* for *Phraſe*, &c.

It griev'd me and reav'd me 25
Of kindly Sleep and Reſt,
By Carlings and Gorlings
To be ſae ſair oppreſt.

WHEREFORE to You ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wiſely had the good Town's Bridle, 30
My Caſe I plainly tell,
And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your Word of Weight, when now I crave
To guide my Gear my ſell.
Then clean and fair the Type ſhall be, 35
The Paper like the Snaw,
Nor ſhall our Town think Shame wi' me,
When we gang far awa.
What's wanted if granted
Beneath your honour'd Wing.
Baith hantily and cantily
Your Supplicant ſhall ſing.

In-

32. *As your ain*] A free Citizen.
33. *Your Word of Weight*] To interpoſe their juſt Authority in my Favour, and grant me an Act to ward off theſe little Pirates, which I gratefully acknowledge the Receipt of.
42. *Shall ſing*] There being Abundance of their Petitioners who daily oblige themſelves to pray.

Inſcription on the Gold Tea-pot, gain'd by Sir James Cunningham *of* Milncraig, *Bart.*

AFTER the gaining *Edinburgh*'s Prize
The Day before with running thrice,
Me *Milncraig's Rock* moſt fairly won,
When thrice again the Courſe he run:
5 Now for Diverſion 'tis my Share
To run three Heats, and pleaſe the Fair.

Inſcription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a Punch-Bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Train'd-Bands of Edinburgh, *and gain'd by Captain* Ch. Crockat's Swallow.

CHARGE me with *Nants* and limpid Spring,
Let ſowr and ſweet be mixt,
Bend round a Health ſyne to the King,
To *Edinburgh*'s Captains next,
5 Wha form'd me in ſae blyth a Shape,
And gave me laſting Honours,
Take up my Ladle fill and lape,
And ſay, Fairfa' the Donors.

To

TO THE

Whin-Bush Club,

THE

BILL

OF *ALLAN RAMSAY.*

OF *Crawfurd-Moor*, born in *Leadhill*,
Where Min'ral Springs *Glengoner* fill,
Which joins sweet flowing *Clyde*,
Between auld *Crawfurd-Lindsay*'s Towers,
And where *Deneetne* rapid pours
His Stream thro' *Glotta's* Tide;
Native of *Clydsdale*'s upper Ward,
Bred Fifteen Summers there,

Tho,

Whin-Bush] This Clnb consists of *Clydsdale*-Shire Gentlemen, who frequently meet at a diverting Hour, and keep up a good Understanding amongst themselves over a friendly Botle. And from a charitable Principle, easily collect into their Treasurer's Box a small Fond, which has many a Time relieved the Distresses of indigent Persons of that Shire.

1. *Lead-hill*] In the Parish of *Crawfurd-Moor*, famous for the Lead and Gold Mines belonging to the Earl of *Hoptoun*.

2. *Glengoner*] The Name of a small River, which takes its Rise from the *Lead-hills*, and enters *Clyde* between the Castle of *Crawfurd* and the Mouth of *Deneetne*, another of the Branches of *Clyde*.

Tho, to my Loſs I'm no a Laird
By Birth, my Title's fair
To bend wi' ye and ſpend wi' ye
An Evening, and gaffaw,
If Merit and Spirit
Be found without a Flaw.

SINCE douſly ye do nought at Random,
Then take my Bill to *Aviſandum*;
And if there's nae Objection,
I'll deem't my Honour and be glad
To come beneath your *Whin-Buſh* Shade,
And claim to its Protection.
If frae the Caverns of a Head
That's boſs, a Storm ſhould blaw,
Etling wi' Spite to rive my Reed,
And give my Muſe a Fa',
When poring and ſoaring
O'er *Heleconian* Heights,
She traces theſe Places
Where *Cynthius* delights.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO *Mr.* JAMES ARBUCKLE *of* Belfaſt, A.M.

Edinburgh, January 1719.

AS Errant Knight with Sword and Piſtol,
Beſtrides his Steed with mighty Fiſtle;
Then ſtands ſome Time in jumbled Swither
To ride in this Road or that ither;
At laſt ſpurs on, and diſna care for
A how, a what Way, or a wherefore.

OR like extemporary Quaker,
Waſting his Lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of Clay, where Light is wanting,
With formleſs Phraſe, and formal Canting;

While *Jacob Behmen*'s Salt does ſeaſon,
And ſaves his Thought frae corrupt Reaſon,
Gowling aloud with Motions queereſt,
Yerking theſe Words out which ly nereſt.

15 THUS I (no longer to illuſtrate
With Similies, leſt I ſhould fruſtrate
Deſign *Laconick* of a Letter,
With Heap of Language and no Matter,)
Bang'd up my blyth auld-faſhion'd Whiſtle,
20 To ſowf ye o'er a ſhort Epiſtle,
Without Rule, Compaſſes, or Charcoal,
Or ſerious Study in a dark Hole.
Three Times I ga'e the Muſe a Rug,
Then bate my Nails and claw'd my Lug;
25 Still heavy, at the laſt my Noſe
I prim'd with an inſpiring Doſe,
Then did Ideas dance, (dear ſafe us!)
As they'd been daft. — Here ends the Preface.

GOOD

11. *Jacob Behmen*] A Quaker, who wrote Volumes of unintelligible enthuſiaſtick Bombaſt.
26. *Inſpiring Doſe*] *Vide* Mr. *Arbuckle*'s Poem on Snuff.

GOOD Mr. *James Arbuckle*, Sir,
(That's Merchant's Stile, as clean as Fir) 30
Ye're welcome back to *Caledonie*,
Lang Life and thriving light upon ye,
Harveſt, Winter, Spring and Summer,
And ay keep up your heartſome Humor,
That ye may thro' your lucky Task go, 35
Of bruſhing up our Siſter *Glaſgow* ;
Where Lads are dextrous at improving,
And docile Laſſes fair and loving:
But never tent theſe Fellows Girning,
Wha wear their Faces ay in Mourning, 40
And frae pure Dullneſs are malicious,
Terming ilk Turn that's witty, vicious.

NOW, *Jamie*, in neiſt Place, *Secundo*,
To give you what's your Due in *mundo* ;
That is to ſay in hame o'er Phraſes, 45
To tell ye, Men of Mettle praiſes

31. *Welcome back*] Having been in his Native *Ireland* viſiting his Friends.

Ilk Verſe of yours when they can light on't,
And trouth I think they're in the right on't;
For there's ay ſomething ſae auldfarran,
50 Sae ſlid, ſae unconſtrain'd and darrin,
In ilka Sample we have ſeen yet,
That little better e'er has been yet.
Sae much for that. — My Friend *Arbuckle*,
I ne'er afore roos'd ane ſae muckle.
55 Fauſe Flat'ry nane but Fools will tickle,
That gars me hate it like auld *Nicol*:
But when ane's of his Merit conſcious,
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunſhes.

THIRDLY, Not tether'd to Connection,
60 But rattling by inſpir'd Direction,
When ever Fame, with Voice like Thunder,
Sets up a Chield a Warld's Wonder,
Either for ſlaſhing Fowk to dead,
Or having Wind-mills in his Head,
65 Or Poet, or an airy Beau,
Or ony twa Leg'd Rary-ſhow,

They

They wha have never ſeen't are biſſy
To ſpeer what like a Carlie is he.

Imprimis then, for Tallneſs I
Am five Foot and four Inches high : 70
A Black-a-vic'd ſnod dapper Fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' Tallow.
With Phiz of a *Morocco* Cut,
Reſembling a late Man of Wit,
Auld-gabbet *Spec*, wha was ſae Cunning 75
To be a Dummie ten Years running.

THEN for the Fabrick of my Mind,
'Tis mair to Mirth than Grief inclin'd.
I rather chooſe to laugh at Folly,
Than ſhow Diſlike by Melancholy ; 80
Well judging a ſowr heavy Face
Is not the trueſt Mark of Grace.

I hate a Drunkard or a Glutton,
Yet am nae Fae to Wine and Mutton. 85

Great

75. *Auld-gabbet Spec*] The Spectator, who gives us a fictitious Deſcription of his ſhort Face and Taciturnity, that he had been eſteem'd a dumb Man for ten Years.

Great Tables ne'er engag'd my Wishes,
When crowded with o'er mony Dishes,
A healthfu' Stomach sharply set
Prefers a Back-sey pipin het.

90 I never cou'd imagin't vicious
Of a fair Fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comick Poet,
And let a Judge of Numbers know it,
I court Occasion thus to show it.

95 SECOND of thirdly, — pray take heed,
Ye's get a short Swatch of my Creed.
To follow Method negatively
Ye ken takes Place of positively.
Well then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
100 Nor Credit give to Purgatory.
Transub, *Loretta-house*, and mae Tricks,
As Prayers to Saints, *Katties* and *Patricks*;

Nor

Nor *Asgilite*, nor *Bess Clarksonian*,
Nor *Mountaineer*, nor *Mugletonian* ;
Nor can believe, ant's nae great Ferly, 105
In *Cotmoor* Fowk, and *Andrew Harley*.

NEIST *Anti-Tolland*, *Blunt* and *Wh*----,
Know positively I'm a Christian,
Believing Truths and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn Parties wad agree. 110

SAY, wad ye ken my gate of Fending,
My Income, Management, and Spending?
Born to nae Lairdship, mair's the Pity !
Yet Denison of this fair City.
I make what honest Shift I can, 115
And in my ain House am Good-man,
Which stands on *Edinburgh*'s Street the Sun-side,
I theek the out, and line the Inside.

Of

103. *Nor* Asgilite] Mr. *Asgil* a late Member of Parliament advanced (whether in Jest or Earnest I know not) some very whimsical Opinions, particularly, That People need not die if they pleas'd, but be translated alive to Heaven like *Enoch* and *Elijah*. *Clerksonian*, *Bessy Clarkson* a *Lanerk* Shire Woman *Vide* the History of her Life and Principles.

104. *Mountaineer*] Our wild Folks, who always prefer a Hill-side to a Church under any civil Authority. *Mugletonian*, A kind of Quakers, so called from one *Mugleton*. See *Leslie*'s *Snake in the Grass*.

105. *Cotmoor Fowk*] A Family or two who had a particular Religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain Repetitions in Prayers of 6 or 7 Hours long ; were pleased with Ministers of no kind. *Andrew Harlaw* a dull Fellow of no Education was Head of the Party.

Of mony a douſe and witty Paſh,
And baith Ways gather in the Caſh ;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep a Wife ay great wi' Poet.
Contented I have ſic a Skair,
As does my Buſineſs to a Hair,
And fain wa'd prove to ilka *Scot*
That Poortith's no the Poet's Lot.

FOURTHLY and laſtly baith togither,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither ;
There's mony a canty Carle and me
Wa'd be much comforted to ſee ye.
But if your outward be Refractory,
Send us your inward Manufactory.
That when we're kedgy o'er our Claret,
We correſpond may with your Spirit.

ACCEPT of my kind Wiſhes, with
The ſame to Dons *Buttler* and *Smith* ;
Health Wit and Joy, Sauls large and free,
Be a' your Fates, — ſae God be wi' ye.

To

To the Right Honourable,

WILLIAM

Earl of DALHOUSIE.

Mæcenas atavis edite Regibus,

HORACE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld Descent,
My Chief, my Stoup and Ornament,
For Entertainment a wee while,
Accept this Sonnet with a Smile;
Setting great *Horace* in my View,
He to *Mecenas*, I to you:
But that my Muse may sing with Ease,
I'll keep or drap him as I please.

HOW differently are Fowk inclin'd,
There's hardly twa of the same Mind:

Some like to ſtudy, ſome to play,
Some on the Links to win the Day,
And gar the Courſer rin like wood,
A' drapin down with Sweat and Blood:
15 The Winner ſyne aſſumes a Look
Might gain a Monarch or a Duke.
Neiſt view the Man with pauky Face,
Has mounted to a faſhous Place,
Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling Fate,
20 He's pleas'd with his uneaſy State:
Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
Till frae his kittle Poſt he fa'.

THE *Lothian* Farmer he likes beſt
To be of good faugh Riggs poſſeſt,
25 And fen upon a frugal Stock,
Where his Forbeers had us'd the Yoke:
Nor is he fond to leave his Wark,
And venture in a rotten Bark,
Syne unto far aff Countries ſteer
30 On tumbling Waves to gather Gear.

THE

THE Merchant wreck'd upon the Main
Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again;
That he had rather live on Cakes,
And ſhyreſt Swats, with Landart Maiks,
As rin the Risk by Storms to have, 35
When he is dead, a living Grave.
But Seas turn ſmooth, and he grows fain,
And fairly takes his Word again:
Tho he ſhou'd to the Bottom ſink,
Of Poverty he downa think. 40

SOME like to laugh their Time away,
To dance while Pipes or Fidles play,
And have nae Senſe of ony Want
As lang as they can drink and rant.

THE rat'ling Drum and Trumpet's Tout 45
Delight young Swankies that are ſtout:
What his kind frighted Mother ugs,
Is Muſick to the Soger's Lugs.

THE Hunter with his Hounds and Hawks
Bangs up afore his Wife awakes; 50

Nor ſpeers gin ſhe has ought to ſay,
But ſcowrs o'er Highs and Hows a' Day,
Throw Moſs and Moor, nor does he care
Whither the Day be foul or fair,
55 If he his truſty Hounds can chear
To hunt the Tod or drive the Deer.

MAY I be happy in my Lays,
And won a laſting Wreath of Bays,
Is a' my Wiſh; well pleas'd to ſing
60 Beneath a Tree, or by a Spring,
While Lads and Laſſes on the Mead
Attend my *Caledonian* Reed,
And with the ſweeteſt Notes rehearſe
My Thoughts, and rooſe me for my Verſe.

65 IF you, my Lord, claſs me amang
Thoſe who have ſung baith ſaft and ſtrang,
Of ſmiling Love or doughty Deed,
To Starns ſublime I'll lift my Head.

Horace *to* Virgil, *on his taking a Voyage to* Athens.

Sic te diva potens Cypri, —

O *Cyprian* Goddeſs twinkle clear,
And *Helens*' Brithers ay appear;
Ye Stars wha ſhed a lucky Light,
Auſpicious ay keep in a Sight;
King *Eol* grant a tydie Tirl,
But boaſt the Blaſt that rudely whirl;
Dear Ship be canny with your Care,
At *Athens* land my *Virgil* fair,
Syne ſoon and ſafe, baith Lith and Spaul,
Bring hame the tae haff o' my Saul.

DARING and unco ſtout he was,
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Braſs,
Wha ventur'd firſt on the rough Sea,
With hempen Branks and Horſe of Tree:

Wha

15 Wha on the weak Machine durſt ride
Throu' Tempeſts, and a rairing Tide;
Nor clinty Craigs, nor Hurrycane,
That drives the *Adriatick* Main,
And gars the Ocean gowl and quake,
20 Cou'd e'er a Soul ſae ſturdy ſhake.
The Man wha cou'd ſic Rubs win o'er,
Without a Wink at Death might glowr,
Wha unconcern'd can take his Sleep
Amang the Monſters of the Deep.

25 *Jove* vainly twin'd the Sea and Eard,
Since Mariners are not afraid.
With Laws of Nature to diſpence,
And impiouſly treat Providence.
Audacious Men at nought will ſtand
30 When vicious Paſſions have command.
Prometheus ventur'd up and ſtaw
A lowan Coal frae Heav'ns high Ha';
Unſonſy Thift, which Feavers brought
In Bikes, which Fowk like Sybous hought:

Then

Then Death erſt ſlaw began to ling, 35
And faſt as Haps to dart his Sting.
Neiſt *Dedalus* muſt contradict
Nature forſooth, and Feathers ſtick
Upon his Back, ſyne upward ſtreek,
And in at *Jove*'s high Winnocks keek, 40
While *Hercules*, wi's Timber Mell,
Plays rap upo' the Yates of Hell.

WHAT is't Man winna ettle at ?
E'en wi' the Gods he'll bell the Cat :
Tho *Jove* be very Laith to kill, 45
They winna let his Bowt ly ſtill.

An ODE to Mr. F----.

Solvitur acris hiems ——
HORACE.

NOW Gowans ſprout and Lavrocks ſing,
And welcome Weſt Winds warm the Spring,
O'er Hill and Dale they ſaftly blaw,
And drive the Winter's Cauld awa.

The

5 The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer
Now ſpread their Sails and ſmoothly ſteer,
The Nags and Nowt hate wiſſen'd Strae,
And frisking to the Fields they gae,
Nor Hynds wi' Elſon and hemp Lingle,
10 Sit ſolling Shoon out o'er the Ingle.
Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boaſt,
That late were clade wi' Snaw and Froſt,
With her gay Train the *Paphian* Queen
By Moon-light dances on the Green,
15 She leads while Nymphs and Graces ſing,
And trip around the Fairy Ring.
Mean Time poor *Vulcan* hard at Thrift,
Gets mony a fair and heavy Lift,
Whilſt rinnen down, his haff-blind Lads
20 Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Gads.

Now leave your Fitſted on the Dew,
And busk ye'r ſell in Habit new.
Be grateſu' to the guiding Powers,
And blythly ſpend your eaſy Hours.

O

O kanny F— ! tutor Time, 30
And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime;
That ill bred Death has nae Regard
To King or Cottar, or a Laird,
As ſoon a Caſtle he'll attack,
As Waus of Divots roof'd wi' Thack. 35
Immediately we'll a' take Flight
Unto the mirk Realms of Night,
As Stories gang, with Gaiſts to roam,
In gloumie *Pluto*'s gouſty Dome ;
Bid fair Good-day to Pleaſure ſyne 40
Of bonny Laſſes and red Wine.

THEN deem ilk little Care a Crime,
Dares waſte an Hour of precious Time ;
And ſince our Life's ſae unko ſhort,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't. 45

To the Ph---- an ODE.

Vides ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte.------

HORACE.

LOOK up to *Pentland*'s towring Taps,
Buried beneath great Wreaths of Snaw,
O'er ilka Cleugh, ilk Scar and Slap,
4 As high as ony *Roman* Wa'.
DRIVING their Baws frae Whins or Tee,
There's no ae Gowfer to be ſeen,
Nor douſſer Fowk wyſing a Jee
8 The Byaſs Bouls on *Tamſon*'s Green.
THEN ſling on Coals, and ripe the Ribs,
And beek the Houſe baith Butt and Ben,
That Mutchken Stoup it hads but Dribs,
12 Then let's get in the tappit Hen.
GOOD Claret beſt keeps out the Cauld,
And drives away the Winter ſoon,
It makes a Man baith gaſh and bauld,
16 And heaves his Saul beyond the Moon.

LEAVE

LEAVE to the Gods your ilka Care,
If that they think us worth their While,
They can a Rowth of Bleſſings ſpare,
Which will our faſhious Fears beguile. 20

FOR what they have a Mind to do,
That will they do, ſhould we gang wood,
If they command the Storms to blaw,
Then upo' ſight the Hailſtains thud. 24

BUT ſoon as e'er they cry, Bequiet,
The blatt'ring Winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their Caves, and wait
The high Command of ſupreme *Jove*. 28

LET neiſt Day come as it thinks fit,
The preſent Minute's only ours,
On Pleaſure let's imploy our Wit,
And laugh at Fortune's feckleſs Power. 32

BE ſure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung. 36

SWEET Youth's a blyth and heartſome Time,
Then Lads and Laſſes while it's *May*,
Gae pou the Gowan in its Prime,
40 Before it wither and decay.
WATCH the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And kiſſes, laying a the Wyte
44 On you if ſhe kepp ony Skaith.
HAITH ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me ye greedy Rook;
Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
48 And hide her ſell in ſome dark Nook:
HER Laugh will lead you to the Place
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tells you to your Face,
52 Nineteen Nay-ſays are haff a Grant.
NOW to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs,
Frae her fair Finger whop a Ring,
56 As Taiken of a future Bliſs.

THESE

THESE Bennifons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;
Then ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining Cant. 60

To Mr. WILLIAM AIKMAN.

'TIS granted, Sir, Pains may be ſpar'd
Your Merit to ſet forth,
When there's ſae few wha claim Regard,
That diſna ken your Worth. 4

YET Poets give immortal Fame
To Mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they're to blame;
But you've done that your ſell. 8

WHILE frae Originals of yours
Fair Copies ſhall be tane,
And fix'd on Braſs to busk our Bow'rs,
Your Mem'ry ſhall remain. 12

TO your ain Deeds the maiſt deny'd,
Or of a Taſte o'er fine,
Maybe ye're, but o'er right, afraid
To ſink in Verſe like mine.
THE laſt can ne'er the Reaſon prove,
Elſe wherefore with good Will
Do ye my nat'ral Lays approve,
And help me up the Hill?
BY your Aſſiſtance unconſtrain'd
To Courts I can repair,
And by your Art my Way I've gain'd
To Cloſets of the Fair.
HAD I a Muſe like lofty *Pope*,
For touring Numbers fit,
Then I the ingenious Mind might hope
In trueſt Light to hit.
BUT comick Tale and Sonnet ſlee
Are cooſten for my Share,
And if in theſe I bear the Gree,
I'll think it very fair.

Spoken

Spoken to three young Ladies, who would have me to determine which of them was the bonnieſt.

ME anes three Beauties did ſurround,
And ilka Beauty gave a Wound,
Whilſt they with ſmiling Eye,
Said, *Allan*, which think ye maiſt fair?
Gi'e Judgment frankly, never ſpare.
Hard is the Task ſaid I:
But added, ſeeing them ſae free,
Ladies ye maun ſay mair to me,
And my Demand right fair is;
Firſt, like the gay Celeſtial Three,
Shaw a' your Charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I ſhall be your *Paris*.

TO

SIR WILLIAM BENNET
Of Grubbet, *Bart.*

WHILE now in Discord giddy Changes reel,
And some are rack'd about on Fortunes Wheel,
You with undaunted Stalk, and Brow serene,
May trace your Groves, and press the dewy Green;
5 No guilty Twangs your manly Joys to wound,
Or horrid Dreams to make your Sleep unsound.

TO such as you, who can mean Care despise,
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt Earth and Skies.
Not hurried with the Thirst of unjust Gain,
10 You can delight your self on Hill or Plain,
Observing when those tender Sprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant Sweets the youthful Year.
Your lovely Scenes of *Marlefield* abound
With as much Choise as is in *Britain* found:
15 Here fairest Plants from Nature's Bosom start
From Soil prolifick, serv'd with curious Art:

Here

Here oft the heedful Gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders through an artificial Wild,
While native flowry Green, and chriſtal Strands,
Appear the Labours of ingenious Hands. 20

MOST happy he who can thoſe Sweets enjoy
With Taſte refin'd, which does not eaſy cloy.
Not ſo *Plebeian* Souls, whom ſporting Fate
Thruſts into Life upon a large Eſtate,
While Spleen their weak Imagination ſowrs, 25
They're at a Loſs how to imploy their Hours:
The ſweeteſt Plants which faireſt Gardens ſhow,
Are loſt to them, for them unheeded grow.
Such purblind Eyes ne'er view the ſon'rous Page,
Where ſhines the Raptures of poetick Rage, 30
Nor through the Microſcope can take Delight,
T' obſerve the Tusks and Briſtles of a Mite;
Nor by the lengthen'd Tub learn to deſcry
Theſe ſhining Worlds which roll around the Sky.
Bid ſuch read Hiſt'ry to improve their Skill, 35
Polite Excuſe! Their Memories are ill.

Moll's Maps may in their Dining-rooms make show,
But their Contents they're not oblig'd to know;
And gen'rous Friendship's out of Sight too fine,
They think it only means a Glass of Wine.

BUT he whose chearful Mind hath higher Flown,
And adds learn'd Thoughts of others to his own,
Has seen the World, and read the Volume Man,
And can the Springs and Ends of Actions scan,
Has fronted Deaths in Service of his King,
And drunken deep of the *Castalian* Spring;
This Man can live, —— and happiest Life's his due,
Can be a Friend, —— a Virtue known to few;
Yet all such Virtues strongly shine in You.

An EPISTLE to a Friend at Florence, *in his Way to* Rome.

YOUR steady Impulse foreign Climes to view,
To study Nature, and what Art can shew,
I now approve, while my warm Fancy walks
O'er *Italy*, and with your Genius talks,

We

We trace with glowing Breast and peiercing Look 5
The curious Galery of th' illustrious Duke,
Where all those Masters of the Arts divine,
With Pencils, Pens, and Chizels greatly Shine,
Immortalizing the *Augustan* Age,
On Medals, Canvas, Stone, or writen Page. 10
Profiles and Busts Originals express,
And antique Scrols, old e'er we knew the Press.
For's Love to Science, and each virtuous *Scot*,
May Days unnumber'd be great *Cosmus*' Lot.

THE sweet *Hesperian* Fields you'll next explore, 15
'Twixt *Arnus*' Banks and *Tiber*'s fertile Shore.
Now, now I wish my Organs could keep Pace,
With my fond Muse and you these Plains to trace,
We'd enter *Rome* with an uncommon Taste,
And feed our Minds on every famous Waste; 20
Amphitheaters, Columns, Royal Tombs,
Triumphal Arches, Ruines of vast Domes,
Old aerial Aqueducts, and strong pav'd Roads,
Which seem to've been not wrought by Men but Gods.

25 THESE view'd, we'd then ſurvey with outmoſt Care
What modern *Rome* produces fine or rare,
Where Buildings riſe with all the Strength of Art,
Proclaiming their great Architect's Deſert,
Which Citron Shades ſurround and Jeſſamin,
30 And all the Soul of *Raphael* ſhines within:
Then we'd regale our Ears with ſounding Notes,
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardleſs Throats,
Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious Strings,
And breathing Tubes, while the ſoft Eunoch ſings.

35 OF all thoſe Dainties take a hearty Meal;
But let your Reſolution ſtill prevail,
Return before your Pleaſure grow a Toil,
To longing Friends, and your own native Soil:
Preſerve your Health, your Virtue ſtill improve,
40 Hence you'll invite Protection from above.

The beautiful Rose Tree enclosed.

WITH Awe and Pleasure we behold thy Sweets,
Thy lovely Roses have their pointed Guards,
Yet tho the Gath'rer Opposition meets,
The fragrant Purchase all his Pain rewards. 4

BUT hedg'd about and watch'd with warry Eyes,
O Plant superior, beautiful and fair,
We view thee like yon Stars which gem the Skies,
But equally to gain we must despair. 8

AH! wert thou growing on some secret Plain,
And found by me, how ravisht would I meet
All thy transporting Charms to ease my Pain,
And feast my raptur'd Soul on all that's sweet. 12

THUS sung poor *Symon*: *Symon* was in love,
His too aspiring Passion made him smart;
The Rose Tree was a Mistress far above
The Shepherd's Hope, which broke his tender Heart. 16

TO

To *R*--- *H*--- *B*---, an ODE.

Nullam Vare ſacra vite prius ſeveris arborem,
Circa mite ſolum Tiburis & mænia Catili. HOR.

O *B*---, cou'd theſe Fields of thine
Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy Vine,
How ſweet the bonny Grape wou'd ſhine
On Wau's where now,
Your Apricocks and Peaches fine
6 Their Branches bow.

SINCE humane Life is but a Blink,
Why ſhould we its ſhort Joys ſink;
He diſna live that canna link
The Glaſs about,
When warm'd with Wine, like Men we think,
12 And grow mair ſtout.

THE cauldrife Carlies clog'd wi' Care,
Wha gathering Gear gang hyt and gare,
If ramn'd we red, they rant and rair
Like mirthfu' Men,
It ſoothly ſhaws them they can ſpare,
18 A rowth to ſpend.

WHAT

WHAT Soger when with Wine he's bung
Did e'er complain he had been dung,
Or of his Toil, or empty Spung,
Na, o'er his Glaſs,
Nought but braw Deeds imploy his Tongue,
Or ſome ſweet Laſs.

YET Trouth, 'tis proper we ſhould ſtint
Our ſells to a freſh mod'rate Pint,
Why ſhould we(the blyth Bleſſing) mint
To waiſt or ſpill,
Since, aften, when our Reaſon's tint
We may do ill.

LET's ſet theſe Hair-brain'd Fowk in View,
That when they're ſtupid, mad and fow
Do brutal Deeds, which aft they rue
For a' their Days,
Which frequently prove very few
To ſuch as theſe.

THEN

THEN let us grip our Bliſs mair ſicker,
And tape our Heal, and ſprightly Liquor,
Which ſober tane makes Wit the quicker,
And Senſe mair keen,
While graver Heads that's muckle thicker
40 Grane wi' the Spleen.

MAY ne'er ſic wicked Fumes ariſe
In me ſhall break a' ſacred Ties,
And gar me like a Fool deſpiſe
With Stifneſs rude,
What ever my beſt Friends adviſe
50 Tho ne'er ſo good.

'TIS beſt then to evite the Sin
Of bending till our Sauls gae blin,
Leſt like our Glaſs our Breaſts grow thin,
And let Fowk peep,
At ilka ſecret hid within
56 That we ſhould keep.

Clyde's

Clyde's Welcome

TO HIS

PRINCE.

WHAT chearful Sounds from ev'ry Side I hear,
How beauteous on their Banks my Nymphs appear,
Got throw these massy Mountains at my Source,
O'er Rocks stupendous of my upper Course.
To these fair Plains where I more smoothly move,
Throw verdant Vales to meet *Evana*'s Love.
Yonder she comes beneath *Dodona*'s Shade,
How blyth she looks ! how sweet and gaylie clade ;
Her flowry Bounds bears all the Pride of *May*,
While round her soft Meanders Shepherd's play.
Hail lovely *Naid* to my Bosom large,
Amidst my Stores commit thy chrystal Charge,

 And

4. *Rocks stupendous*] The River falls over several high Precipices, such as *Corrah's* Lin, *Stane-Byre* Lin, &c.
6. Evana] The small River *Evan* which joins *Clyde* near *Hamilton*.

And ſpeak theſe Joys all thy Deportment ſhews,
That to old Ocean I may have good News.
15 With ſolemn Voice, thus ſpoke Majeſtick *Clyde*,
In ſoſter Notes lov'd *Evan* thus reply'd.

GREAT *Glotta*, long have I had Cauſe to mourn,
While my forſaken Stream guſht from my Urn.
Since my late LORD his Nation's juſt Delight,
20 Greatly lamented ſunk in endleſs Night.
His hopeful STEM our chief Deſire and Boaſt,
Expos'd to Danger on ſome foreign Coaſt,
Lonely for Years, I've murmur'd on my Way,
When dark I wept, and ſight in ſhining Day.
25 THE Sire return'd, juſt Reaſons for thy Pains,
So long to wind through ſolitary Plains:
Thy Loſs was mine, I ſympathiz'd with thee,
Since one our Griefs, then ſhare thy Joys with me.

THEN hear me, liquid Chiftain of the Dale,
30 Huſh all your Cat'racts, till I tell my Tale,
Then riſe and rore, and kiſs your bord'ring Flowers,
And ſound our Joys around yon lordly Towers;

Yon

Yon lordly Towers, which happy now contain,
Our brave and youthful PRINCE return'd again.

WELCOME, in loudeſt Raptures cry'd the Flood, 35
His Welcome echo'd from each Hill and Wood;
Enough *Evana*, long may they contain
The noble Youth ſafely return'd again.
From the green Mountain where I lift my Head,
With my twin Brothers *Annan* and the *Tweed*, 40
To thoſe high Arches where, as *Culdees* ſing,
The pious *Mungo* fiſh'd the Trout and Ring.
My faireſt Nymphs ſhall on my Margin play,
And make ev'n all the Year one holy Day.
The *Sylvan* Powers and Watches of each Hight, 45
Where Fleecy Flocks and climbing Goats delight,
Shall from their Groves and rocky Mountains roam,
To join with us, and ſing his Welcome home.
With lofty Notes we'll ſound his high Deſcent,
His dawning Merits and heroick Bent. 50

39 *Green Mountain*] From the ſame Hill the Rivers *Clyde*, *Tweed* and *Annan* have their Riſe, yet run to three different Seas, *viz.* the *Northern* Ocean, the *German* Ocean, and the *Iriſh* Sea.

41. *High Arches*] The Bridge of *Glaſgow*, where as its reported, St. *Mungo* the Patron of that City, drew up a Fiſh that brought him a Ring, which had been dropt; which Miracle *Glaſgow* retains the Memory of in their Arms.

These early Rays which stedfastly shall shine,
And add new Glories to his ancient Line.
A Line ay loyal, and fir'd with generous Zeal
The bravest Patrons of the Common-weal.
55 From him who plung'd his Sword (so Muses sing)
Deep in his Breast, who durst defame our King.
We'll sing the Fire, which in his Bosom glows
To warm his Friends, and scorch his daring Foes;
Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly Charms,
60 As fits him for the Fields of Love, or Arms.
Fixt in an high and independant State,
Above to act, what's little to be great.

GUARD him, first Power, whose Hand directs the Sun,
And teaches me throw Caverns dark to run,
65 Long may he on his own fair Plains reside,
And Slight my Rival *Thames*, and love his *Clyde*.

On

55. *So Muses sing*] *Vide* the ingenious Mr. *Patrick Gordon*'s Account of this Illustrious Family in his Poem on the valiant Atchievements of our great King *Robert*, sirnamed the *Bruce*, Page 45. beginning at this Stanza, the Prophet speaks to our Monarch.

Now in thy Time, quoth he, *there shall arrive*
A worthy Knight, that from his native Land
Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,
In glorious Fight, a Knight that shall withstand
Thy Praises due, while he doth thee describe,
Yea even, this Knight, shall with victorious Hand
Come here, whose Name his Seed shall eternize,
And still thy virt'ous Line shall sympathize.

On the most HONOURABLE

The Marquess of BOWMONT's

Cutting off his Hair.

SHALL *Berenice*'s Tresses mount the Skies,
And by the Muse to shining Fame arise,
Bellinda's Lock invite the smoothest Lays
Of him whose Merit Claims the *British* Bays,
And not, dear *Bowmont*, beautiful and young, 5
The graceful Ringlets of thy Head be sung!
How many tender Hearts thine Eyes hath pain'd!
How many sighing Nymphs thy Locks have chain'd!

THE God of Love beheld him with Envy,
And on *Cyth'rea*'s Lap began to cry, 10
All drench'd in Tears, O Mother help your Son!
Else by a mortal Rival I'm undone;
With happy Charms he incroaches on my Sway,
His Beauty disconcerts the Plots I lay.

When

15 When I've made *Cloe* her humble Slave admire,
Straight he appears and kindles new Desire;
She sighs for him, and all my Art beguiles,
Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
AH me! These sable Circles of his Hair,
20 Which wave around his Beauties red and fair,
I cannot bear! *Adonis* would seem dim,
With all his flaxen Locks, if plac'd by him.

Venus reply'd, No more, my dearest Boy,
Shall those inchanting Curls thy Peace destroy;
25 For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,
Or round his Cheek, or on his Shoulders flow;
I'll use my Slight, and make them quickly feel
Their Honour's lost by the invading Steel:
I'll turn my self in Shape of Mode and Health,
30 And gain upon his youthful Mind by Stealth:
Three Times the Sun shall not have rouz'd the Morn,
E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn.

THE Promise she perform'd, but Labour vain,
And still shall prove, while his bright Eyes remain;

And

And of Revenge blind *Cupid* muſt deſpair, 35
As long's the lovely Sex are grac'd with Hair;
They'll yield the conquering Glories of their Heads,
To form around his Beauty eaſy Shades;
And in Return, *Thalia* ſpaes and ſings,
His lop'd off Locks ſhall ſparkle in their Rings. 40

TO SOME

YOUNG LADIES

Who had been diſpleas'd at a Gentleman's too imprudently aſſerting, That to be condemn'd to perpetual Virginity was the greateſt Puniſhment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.

WHETHER condemn'd to a Virgin State
By the ſuperiour Powers,
Would to your Sex prove cruel Fate,
I'm ſure it would to ours. 4
FROM you the numerous Nations ſpring,
Your Breaſts our Beings ſave,
Your Beauties make the youthful ſing,
And ſooth the old and grave. 8

ALAS!

ALAS! How ſoon would every Wight
Deſpiſe both Wit and Arms,
To primitive old Chaos Night
12 We'd ſink without your Charms.

NO more our Breath would be our Care,
Were Love from us exil'd,
Sent back to Heaven with all the Fair,
16 This World would turn a Wild.

REGARDLESS of theſe ſacred Tyes,
Wife, Husband, Father, Son,
All Government we would deſpiſe,
20 And like wild Tygers run.

THEN, Ladies, pardon the Miſtake,
And with th' accus'd agree,
I beg it for each Lover's ſake,
24 Low bended on my Knee.

AND frankly wiſh what has been ſaid
By the audacious Youth,
Might be your Thought, but I'm afraid
28 It will not prove a Truth.

FOR

FOR often, ah! you make us groan
By your too cold Diſdain,
Then quarrel with us when we moan
And rave amidſt our Pain.

To Mr. Joſeph Mitchel *on the ſucceſsful Repreſentation of a Tragedy wrote by him.*

BUT Jealouſie, dear *Joſ*, which aft gives Pain
To ſcrimpit Sauls, I own my ſell right vain
To ſee a native truſty Friend of mine,
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing Billies ſhine.
Yes, wherefore no, ſhaw them the frozen North 5
Can towring Minds with heav'nly Heat bring forth;
Minds that can mount with an uncommon Wing,
And frae black heath'ry headed Mountains ſing,
As ſaft as he that Haughs *Heſperian* trades,
Or leans beneath the *Aromatick* Shades. 10
Bred to the Love of Lit'rature and Arms,
Still ſomething great a *Scottiſh* Boſom warms:

Tho nurs'd on Ice, and educate in Snaw,
Honour and Liberty eags him to draw
A Hero's Sword, or an heroick Quill,
The monſt'rous Faes of Right and Wit to kill.

WELL may ye further in your leal Deſign,
To thwart the Gowks, and gar the Brethren tine
The wrang Opinion which they lang have had,
That a' which mounts the Stage — is ſurely bad.
Stupidly dull! But Fools ay Fools will be,
And nane's ſae blind as them that winna ſee.
Where's Vice and Virtue ſet in juſter Light?
Where can a glancing Genius ſhine mair bright?
Where can we humane Life review mair plain,
Than in the happy Plot and curious Scene?

IF in themſells ſic fair Deſigns were ill,
We ne'er had priev'd the ſweet drammatick Skill
Of *Congrave*, *Adiſon*, *Steel*, *Rowe* and *Hill*;
Hill, wha the higheſt Road to Fame doth chuſe,
And has ſome upper Seraph for his Muſe:

It maun be sae, else how could he display
With so just Strengh the great tremenduous Day.

SIC Patterns, *Joseph*, always keep in View,
Ne'er fash if ye can please the thinking Few, 35
Then spite of Malice Worth shall have its due.

Colin *and* Grisy *parting*.

A SONG, to the Tune of *Woes my Heart that we shou'd sunder*.

WITH broken Words and downcast Eyes,
Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender,
And parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
Ah! Woes my Heart that we should sunder. 4

TO others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder. 8

CHAIN'D to thy Charms I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
My Vows, tho we're oblig'd to sunder. 12

THE Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare
16 Shall still be present tho we sunder.
DEAR Nymph believe thy Swain in this,
You'l ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder,
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
20 Always to love me tho we sunder.
YE Gods take Care of my dear Lass,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest Time shall come to pass
24 We'll meet again and never sunder.

Spoken to two young Ladies who asked if I could say any thing on them : One excell'd in a beautiful Complection, the other in fine Eyes.

To the first.

UPON your Cheek sits blooming Youth.

To the other.

Heaven sparkles in your Eye.

To both.

There's something sweet about each Mouth,
Dear Ladies let me try.

The Mill, Mill,--- O.

A

SONG.

BENEATH a green Shade I fand a fair Maid
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill —— O,
A' lowan wi' Love my Fancy did rove,
Around her with good Will — O; 4
Her Boſom I preſs'd, but ſunk in her Reſt
She ſtirdna my Joy to ſpill —— O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my fill —— O. 8

OBLIG'D by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my Courage and Skill —— O;
Frae 'er quietly I ſtaw, hois'd Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill —— O. 12
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing Fame
Tald me with a Voice right ſhill —— O,

My

My Lafs like a Fool had mounted the Stool,
16 Nor kend wha'd done 'er the Ill —— O.

MAIR fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying fpeer'd how fhe fell —— O,
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth fhe, let me die,
20 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell —— O.
Love gae the Command, I took her by th' Hand,
And bade her a' Fears expell —— O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
24 Wha had done her the Deed my fell —— O.

MY bonny fweet Lafs on the gowany Grafs,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill* —— O.
If I did Offence I'fe make ye Amends
28 Before I leave *Peggy's-Mill* —— O.
O the Mill, Mill —— O, and the Kill, Kill —— O,
And the Cogging of the Wheel —— O;
The Sack and the Sive, a' thae ye maun leave,
32 And round with a Soger reel —— O.

THE

15. *The Stool*] *viz.* Of Repentance.
26. *Shilling-hill*] Where they winnow the Chaff from the Corns.

The Poet's Wish: An ODE.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? ——

HOR.

FRAE great *Apollo*, Poet say,
What is thy Wish, what wadst thou hae,
When thou bows at his Shrine?
Not *Karss* o' *Gowrie*'s fertile Field,
Nor a' the Flocks the *Grampians* yield, 5
That are baith sleek and fine:
Not costly Things brought frae afar,
As Ivory, Pearl and Gems;
Nor those fair Straths that water'd are
With *Tay* and *Tweed*'s smooth Streams, 10
Which gently and daintily
Eat down the flowry Braes,
As greatly and quietly
They wimple to the Seas.
WHAEVER by his kanny Fate 15
Is Master of a good Estate,
That

4. *Karss of* Gowrie] A large and fertile Plain on the *Tay*, in the Shire of *Perth*.

That can ilk Thing afford,
Let him enjoy't withoutten Care,
And with the Wale of curious Fare
20 Cover his ample Board.
Much dawted by the Gods is he,
Wha to the *Indian* Plain,
Succeſsfu' ploughs the wally Sea,
And ſafe returns again,
25 With Riches that hitches
Him high aboon the reſt
Of ſma' Fowk, and a' Fowk
That are wi' Poortith preſt.

FOR me I can be well content
30 To eat my Bannock on the Bent,
And kitchen't wi' freſh Air;
Of Lang-kail I can make a Feaſt,
And cantily had up my Creſt,
And laugh at Diſhes rare.
35 Nought frae *Apollo* I demand,
But throw a lengthen'd Life

My

My outer Fabrick firm may ſtand,
And Saul clear without Strife.
May he then but gie then
Thoſe Bleſſings for my Skair,
I'll fairly and ſquairly
Quite a' and ſeek nae mair.

The Reſponſe of the Oracle.

TO keep thy Saul frae puny Strife,
And heeze thee out of vulgar Life,
We in a morning Dream
Whiſper'd our Will concerning thee,
To *Marlus* ſtretch'd beneath a Tree,
Hard by a pop'ling Stream,
He full of me ſhall point the Way,
Where thou a STAR ſhalt ſee,
The Influence of whoſe bright Ray,
Shall wing thy Muſe to flee.
Mair ſpeer na, and fear na,
But ſet thy Mind to reſt,
Aſpire ay ſtill high'r ay,
And always hope the beſt.

THE CONCLUSION.

After the Manner of Horace, ad librum ſuum.

DEAR vent'rous Book, e'en take thy Will,
And ſcowp around the Warld thy fill:
Wow! ye're newfangle to be ſeen,
In guilded Turky clade, and clean.
5 Daft giddy Thing! to dare thy Fate,
And ſpang o'er Dikes that ſcar the blate:
But mind when anes ye're to the Bent,
(Altho in vain) ye may repent.
Alake, I'm flied thou aften meet,
10 A Gang that will thee ſourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a' thy Pains,
When Damps diſtreſs their drouzie Brains.
I dinna doubt whilſt thou art new,
Thoul't Favour find frae not a few,

But

But when thou'rt rufl'd and forfairn, 15
Sair thumb'd by ilka Coof or Bairn ;
Then, then by Age ye may grow wife,
And ken things common gies nae Price.
I'd fret, wae's me ! to fee the lye
Beneath the Bottom of a Pye, 20
Or cow'd out Page by Page to wrap
Up Snuff, or Sweeties in a Shap.

AWAY fic Fears, gae fpread my Fame,
And fix me an immortal Name ;
Ages to come fhall thee revive, 25
And gar thee with new Honours live.
The future Criticks I forfee
Shall have their Notes on Notes on thee :
The Wits unborn fhall Beauties find
That never enter'd in my Mind. 30

NOW when thou tells how I was bred,
But hough enough to a mean Trade ;

32. *Hough enough*] Very indifferently.

To ballance that, pray let them ken
My Saul to higher Pitch cou'd ſten:
35 And when ye ſhaw I'm ſcarce of Gear,
Gar a' my Virtues ſhine mair clear.
Tell, I the beſt and faireſt pleaſe,
A little Man that loo's my Eaſe,
And never thole theſe Paſſions lang
40 That rudely mint to do me wrang.

GIN ony want to ken my Age,
See *Anno Dom.* on Title Page;
This Year when Springs by Care and Skill
The ſpacious leaden Conduits fill,
45 And firſt flow'd up the *Caſtle-hill.*
When *South-Sea* Projects ceaſe to thrive,
And only *North-Sea* ſeems alive,
Tell them your Author's Thirty five.

44. *The ſpacious*, &c.] The new Lead Pipes for conveying Water to *Edinburgh*, of 4 Inches Diameter within, and $\frac{6}{10}$ of an Inch in thickneſs; all caſt in a Mould invented by the ingenious Mr. *Harding* of *London*.

A

GLOSSARY,

OR

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words us'd by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* Writings.

Some general Rules shewing wherein many Southern *and* Northern *Words are originally the same, having only a Letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.*

I. *In many Words ending with an* l. *after an* a. *or* u. *the* l. *is rarely sounded.*

Scots.	English.
A Ba,	A*LL.*
Ca,	*Ball.*
Fa,	*Call.*
Ga,	*Fall.*
Ha,	*Gall.*
Sma,	*Hall.*
Sta,	*Small.*
Wa,	*Stall.*
Fou, *or* fu,	*Wall.*
Pou, *or* pu,	*Full.*
Woo, *or* U,	*Pull.*
	Wool.

II. *The* l. *changes to* a. w. *or* u. *after* o. *or* a. *and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,*

Scots.	English.
BAwm,	B*Alm.*
Bauk,	*Baulk.*
Bouk,	*Bulk.*
Bow,	*Boll.*
Bowt,	*Bolt.*
Caff,	*Calf.*
Cow,	*Coll* or *Clip.*
Faut,	*Fault.*
Fause,	*False.*
Fowk,	*Folk.*
Fawn,	*Fallen.*

Gowd

Scots.	English.
Gowd,	*Gold.*
Haff,	*Half.*
How,	*Hole* or *Hollow.*
Howms,	*Holms.*
Maut,	*Malt.*
Pow,	*Poll.*
Row,	*Roll.*
Scawd,	*Scald.*
Stown,	*Stoln.*
Wawk,	*Walk.*

III. *An* o. *before* ld. *changes to an* a. *or* au; *as,*

Scots.	English.
AUld,	OLd.
Bauld,	*Bold.*
Cauld,	*Cold.*
Fauld,	*Fold.*
Hald, *or* Had,	*Hold.*
Sald,	*Sold.*
Tald,	*Told.*
Wad,	*Would.*

IV. *The* o, oe, *or* ow *is changed to* a, ae, aw, *or* ai; *as,*

Scots.	English.
AE, *or* ane,	ONe.
Aeten,	*Oaten.*
Aff,	*Off.*
Aften,	*Often.*
Aik,	*Oak.*
Aith,	*Oath.*
Ain, *or* awn,	*Own.*
Alane,	*Alone.*
Amaist,	*Almost.*
Amang,	*Among.*
Airs,	*Oars.*
Aits,	*Oats.*
Apen,	*Open.*
Awner,	*Owner.*
Bain,	*Bone.*
Bair,	*Boar.*
Baith,	*Both.*

Scots.	English.
Blaw,	*Blow.*
Braid,	*Broad.*
Claith,	*Cloath.*
Craw,	*Crow.*
Drap,	*Drop.*
Fae,	*Foe.*
Frae,	*Fro,* or *from.*
Gae,	*Go.*
Gaits,	*Goats.*
Grane,	*Groan.*
Haly,	*Holy.*
Hale,	*Whole.*
Halesom,	*Wholsome.*
Hame,	*Home.*
Hait, *or* Het,	*Hot.*
Laith,	*Loath.*
Laid,	*Load.*
Lain, *or* Len,	*Loan.*
Lang,	*Long.*
Law,	*Low.*
Mae,	*Moe.*
Maist,	*Most.*
Mair,	*More.*
Mane,	*Moan.*
Maw,	*Mow.*
Na,	*No.*
Nane,	*None.*
Naithing,	*Nothing.*
Pape,	*Pope.*
Rae,	*Roe.*
Rair,	*Roar.*
Raip,	*Rope.*
Raw,	*Row.*
Saft,	*Soft.*
Saip,	*Soap.*
Sair,	*Sore.*
Sang,	*Song.*
Slaw,	*Slow.*
Snaw,	*Snow.*
Strake,	*Stroak.*
Staw,	*Stole.*
Stane,	*Stone.*
Saul,	*Soul.*
Tae,	*Toe.*
Taiken,	*Token.*

Tangs,

Scots.	English.
Tangs,	*Tongs.*
Tap,	*Top.*
Thrang,	*Thro g.*
Wae,	*Woe.*
Wame,	*Womb.*
Wan,	*Won.*
War,	*Worse.*
Wark,	*Work.*
Warld,	*World.*
Wha,	*Who.*

V. *The* o. *or* u. *is frequently changed in to* i; *as,*

Scots.	English.
A Nither,	*A Nother.*
Bill,	*Bull.*

Scots.	English.
Birn,	*Burn.*
Brither,	*Brother.*
Fit,	*Foot.*
Fither,	*Fother.*
Hinny,	*Hony.*
Ither,	*Other.*
Mither,	*Mother.*
Nits,	*Nuts.*
Nise,	*Nose.*
Pit,	*Put.*
Rin,	*Run.*
Sin,	*Sun.*

A B

Blins, Perhaps.
Aboon, Above.
Aikerbraid, The Breadth of an Acre.
Air, Long since. *It.* Early. *Air up*, Soon up in the Morning.
Anew, Enow.
Arles, Earnest of a Bargain.
Atains, or *Atanes*, At once, at the same Time.
Auld-farran, Ingenious.
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, To contend and wrangle.
Aynd, The Breath.

B A

Back-sey, A Surloin.
Baid, Stayed, abode.
Bairns, Children.
Baleu, Whale-bone.

B A

Bang, Is sometimes an Action of Haste. We say he or it *came with a Bang.*--- *A Bang* also means a great Number. *Of Customers she had a Bang*,
Bangster, A blustering roaring Person.
Bannocks, A Sort of Bread thicker than Cakes, and round.
Barken'd, When Mire, Blood, *&c.* hardens upon a Thing like Bark.
Barlikhood, A Fit of Passion or ill Humor.
Barrow Trams, The Staves of a Handbarrow.
Batts, Colick.
Bawbie, Halfpenny.
Bawsy, Bawsand fac'd, is a Cow or Horse with a white Face.
Bedeen, Immediately; in haste.
Best, Beaten.
Begoud, Began,
Begrutten, All in Tears.
Beik, To Bask.

Beild,

Beild, Shelter.
Bein, or *Been*, Wealthy. *A been House*, A warm well furnished one.
Beit, or *Beet*, To help, repair.
Bells, Bubles.
Beltan, The 3d of *May*, or *Rood-day*.
Bended, Drunk hard.
Benn, The Inner-room of a House.
Bennison, Blessing.
Bensell, or *Bensail*, Force.
Bent, The open Field.
Beuk, Baked.
Bicker, A wooden Dish.
Bickering, Fighting, Running quickly, School Boys battling with Stones.
Bigg, Build. *Bigget*, Built. *Biggings*, Buildings.
Billy, Brother.
Bire or *Byar*, A Cow-stall.
Birks, Birch-Trees.
Birle, To drink. Common People joining their Farthings for purchasing Liquor, they call it *Birling a Bawbie*.
Birn, A burnt Mark.
Birr, Force, flying swiftly with a Noise.
Birs'd, Bruised.
Bittle, or *Beetle*, A wooden Mell for beating Hemp, or a Fuller's Club.
Black-a-vic'd, Of a black Complexion.
Blae, Pale blew, the Colour of the Skin when bruised. 'Tis used as a Proverb, when one looks pale or out of Countenance, *He looks blae-fac'd*.
Blate, Bashfull.
Blatter, A rattling Noise.
Bleez, Blaze.
Blether, Foolish Discourse. *Bletherer*, A Babbler. Stammering is called *Blethering*.
Blin, Cease. *Never blin*, Never have done.
Blinkan, The Flame rising and falling, as of a Lamp when the Oil is exhausted.
Boak, or *boke*, Vomit.
Bodin, or *bodden*, Provided or furnished.
Bodle, Two Pennies *Scots*, or $\frac{1}{6}$ of a Penny *English*.
Bodword, An ominous Message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natur'd Messages.
Boglebo, Hobgoblin or Spectre.
Boss, Empty. Applied to a Reed, Bone, or *Head. &c.*
Bourd, Jest or Dalley. We say, *A sooth Bourd is nae Bourd.*
Bouze, To drink.
Brachen, A Kind of Water Gruel of Oat-meal, Butter and Honey.
Brae, The Side of a Hill. Bank of a River.
Brander, A Gridiron.
Brands, Calves of the Legs.
Brankan, Prancing. A capering.
Branks, Wherewith the Rusticks bridle their Horses. A Halter fixt to two Pieces of Wood, which hang on either Side of the Nose.
Bratle, Noise, as of Horse Feet.
Brats, Rags.
Braw, Brave. Fine in Apparel.
Brecken, Fearn.
Brent-brow, Smooth high Fore-head.
Brigs, Bridges.
Brock, A Badger.
Browden, Fond.
Browster, Brewer.
Bruliment, A Broil.
Bucky, The large Sea Snail. A Term of Reproach, when we express a cross natur'd Fellow by *thrawn Bucky*.
Buff, Nonsense. As, *He blether'd Buff*,
Bught, The little Fold where the Ews are inclosed at Milking-time.
Buller, To bubble. The Motion of Water at a Spring-head, or Noise of a rising Tide.
Bumbazed, Confused. Made to stare and look like an Idiot.
Bung, Completely fudled, as it were to the Bung.

Bunkers,

Bunkers, A Bench, or Sort of long low Chests that serve for Seats.
Bumler, A Bungler. One that cannot perform his Work handsomely.
Burn, A Brook. Any little Torrent of Water.
Busk, To deck. Dress
Bustine, Fustian (Cloath.)
But, Often, for *without*. As, *But Feed or Favour*.
Bykes, or *Bikes*, Nests or Hives of Bees or Pismires.

C A

Cadge, Carry. *Cadger* is a Country Carrier, who jogs about with his Fish, Fowls, Eggs, *&c.*
Callan, Boy.
Camschough, Stern, grim, of a distorted Countenance.
Cankerd, Angry, passionately snarling.
Canna, Cannot.
Cant, To tell merry old Tales.
Canty, Chearful and merry.
Capernoited, Whimsical. One who has got a Blow or *Knoit* on the Head that has turned his Judgment wrong. Ill-natur'd.
Car, Sledge.
Carle, An old Word for a Man.
Carline, An old Woman. *Gire-Carling*, A Giant's Wife.
Cathel, An hot Pot, made of Ale, Sugar and Eggs.
Cauldrise, Spiritless. Wanting chearfulness in Address.
Cauler, Cool or fresh.
Chasts, Chops.
Chaping, An Ale Measure or Stoup, somewhat less than an *English* Quart.
A-Char, or *a-jar*, Aside. When any Thing is beat a little out of its Position, or a Door or Window a little open'd, we say they're *a-Char*, or *a-jar*.
Charlewain, Charles-wain. The Constellation called the Plow, or *Ursa major*.
Chancy, Fortunate, good natur'd.
Chat, A cant Name for the Gallows.
Chiel, A general Term, like *Fellow*, used sometimes with Respect; as, *He's a very good Chiel*; and contemptuously, *That Chiel*.
Chirm, Chirp and sing like a Bird.
Chucky, A Hen.
Clan, Tribe, Family.
Clank, The Din of a Pot Lid, when the Drinker makes it speak for more Liquor; or, a sharp Blow.
Clashes, Chat.
Claught, Took hold.
Claw, Scratch.
Cleek, To catch as with a Hook.
Cleugh, A Den betwixt Rocks.
Clinty, Hard, stonny.
Clock, Beetle.
Cloited, The Fall of any soft moist Thing. When one falls carelesly, he's said to *cloit down*.
Closs, A Court or Square. And frequently a Lane or Alley.
Clour, The little Lump that rises on the Head, occasioned by a Blow or Fall.
Clute, Hoof, of Cows or Sheep.
Cockernony, The gathering of a Woman's Hair, when 'tis wrapt or *snooded* up with a Band or *Snood*.
Cod, A Pillow.
Cog, A pretty large wooden Dish the Country People put their Potage in.
Cogle, When a Thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.
Coof, A stupid Fellow.
Cooser, A Ston'd Horse.
Coost, Did cast. *Coosten*, Thrown.
Corby, A Raven.
Cotter, A Sub-tenant.
Cowp, To fall; also a Fall.

Cowp, To change or Barter.
Cowp, A Company of People. As merry, senseless, corky *Cowp*.
Cour, To crouch and creep.
Creel, Basket.
Crish, Grease.
Croon, or *Crune*, To murmure, or hum o'er a Song. The Lowing of Bulls.
Crouse, Bold.
Cryn, Shrink, or become less by drying.
Culzie, Intice or flatter.
Cun, To taste. Learn. Know.
Cunzie, or *Coonie*, Coin.
Cursche, A Kerchief. A Linnen Dress wore by our *Highland* Women.
Cutled, Used kind and gaining Methods for obtaining Love and Friendship, like little Children pressing in upon, and pratling agreeably to their Parents.
Cutts, Lots. These *Cutts* are usually made of Straws unequally cut, which one hides between his Finger and Thumb, while another draws his Fate.
Cutty, Short.

D A

Dad, To beat one Thing against another. *He fell with a Dad.* He *dadded* his Head against the Wall, *&c.*
Dast, Foolish. And sometimes, Wanton.
Daffin, Folly. Wagrie.
Dail, or *Dale*, A Valley. Plain.
Daintiths, Delicates, Dainties.
Dainty, Is used as an Epithet of a fine Man or Woman.
Dander, Wander to and fro, or saunter.
Dang, *Did ding*, Beat. Thrust. Drive. *Ding*, *Dang*, Moving hastily one on the Back of another.
Dawty, A Fondling, Darling. *To dawt*, To cocker, and caress with tenderness.
Deave, To stun the Ears with Noise.
Deray, Merriment. Jollity. Solemnity. Tumult. Disorder. Noise.
Dern, Secret. Hidden. Lonely. When one has hid himself, we say, *He's dern'd in some Place.*
Deval, To descend. Fall, Hurry, or dip down.
Dewgs, Rags or Shapings of Cloath.
Didle, To act or move like a Dwarf.
Dight, Deck'd. Made ready. Also, to clean.
Dinna, Do not.
Dirle, A smarting Pain quickly over.
Dit, To stop or close up a Hole. *Dit ye'r Gab wi' ye'r Meat.*
Divet, Broad Turf.
Docken, A Dock, (the Herb.)
Doilt, Confused and silly.
Doited, Dozed or crazy, as in old Age. *Daft young, and doited auld*, the two Times of foolish Marriage.
Doll, A large Piece, *Dole* or Share.
Donk, Moist.
Donsie, Affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little Person.
Doofart, A dull heavy headed Fellow.
Dool, or *Drule*, The Goal which Gamesters strive to gain first (as at Football.)
Dorts, A proud Pet.
Dorty, Proud. Not to be spoke to. Conceited, appearing as disobliged.
Dought. Could. Avail'd.
Doughty, Strong, valiant and able.
Douks, Dives under Water.
Douse, Solid. Grave. Prudent.
Dow, To Will. To incline. To thrive. To do good.
Dow'd, (Liquor) that's dead, or has lost the Spirits Or, (wither'd) Plant.
Dowff, Mournful, wanting Vivacity.
Dowie, Melancholy. Sad. Doleful.
Downa, *Dow not*, *i. e.* Tho one has the Power,

Power, he wants the Heart to it.

Dowp, The A---se. The small Remains of a Candle. The Bottom of an Egg-shell. *Better haff Egg as toom dowp.*

Drant, To speak slow, after a sighing Manner.

Dree, To suffer. Endure.

Dreery, Wearysome. Frightfull.

Dreigh, Slow, keeping at Distance. Hence an ill Payer of his Debts, we call *Dreigh*. Or when on Journey, if the Way prove longer than we expected, we say, *'Tis a dreigh Road.*

Dribs, Drops.

Drizel, A little Water in a Rivulet, scarce appearing to run.

Droning, Sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with Groans.

Drouked, Drench'd. All wet.

Dubs, Mire.

Dunt, Stroke or Blow.

Durk, A Poinyard or Dagger.

Dynles Trembles. Shakes. To have a Touch of a Pain, as Gout or Tooth-ach.

Dyver, A Bankrupt.

E A

EAgs, Incites. Stirs up.

Eard, Earth. The Ground.

Edge, Of a Hill, is the Side or Top.

Een, Eyes.

Eild, Age.

Eith. Easy. *Eithar*, Easier.

Elbuck, Elbow.

Elfshot, See Note on *Patie* and *Roger* Line 42.

Elson, A Shoe-maker's Awl.

Elritch, Wild. Hideous. Uninhabited, except by imaginary Ghosts.

Endlang, Along.

Ergh, Scrupulous. When one makes faint Attemps to do a Thing without a steady Resolution.

Erst, Time past.

Estler, Hewn Stone. Buildings of such we call *Estler-work.*

Ether, An Adder.

Etle, To aim. Design.

Eydent, Diligent. Laborious.

F A

FA, A Trap, such as is used for catching Rats or Mice.

Fadge, A Spungy Sort of Bread in Shape of a Roll.

Fag, To tire, or turn weary.

Fail, Thick Turf, such as are used for building Dikes for Folds, Inclosures, *&c.*

Fain, This Word used in *England* expresses a Desire or Willingness to do a Thing; as, *Fain would I.* Besides its being used in the same Sense with us, it likewise means Joyful, tickled with Pleasure. As, *As fain as a Fidler.*

Fait, Neat. In good Order.

Fairsaw, When we wish well to one. That a good or *fair* Fate may befal him.

Fash, Vex or Trouble. *Fashous*, Troublesome.

Faugh, A Colour between white and red. *Faugh Rigs*, Fallow Ground.

Feck, A Part, Quantity; as, *Maist Feck*, The greatest Number. *Nae Feck*, Very few.

Feckfow, Able. Active.

Fecklefs, Feeble, little and weak.

Feed, Feud. Hatred. Quarrel.

Feil, Many. Several.

Fen, Shift. *Fending*, Living by Industry. *Make a Fen*, Fall upon Methods.

Ferlie, Wonder.

Fernzier, The last or fore-run Year.
File, To defile or dirty.
Fireflaught, A Flash of Lightning.
Fistle, To stir. A Stir.
Fitsted, The Print of the Foot.
Fizzing, Whizzing.
Flaffing, Moving up and down, raising Wind by Motion, as Birds with their Wings.
Flags, Flashes, as of Wind and Fire.
Flane, An Arrow.
Flang, Flung.
Flaughter, To pare Turf from the Ground.
Fleetch, To cox.
Fleg, Fright.
Flewet, A smart Blow on the Head.
Fley, or *flie*, To affright. *Fleyt*, Afraid or terrified.
Flinders, Splinters.
Flit, To remove.
Flite, or *Flyte*, To scold. Chide. *Flet*, Did scold.
Flushes, Floods.
Fog, Moss.
Foordays, The Morning far advanc'd. Fair Day-light.
Forby, Besides.
Forebears, Forefathers. Ancestors.
Forsairn, Abused. Bespatter'd.
Forsoughten, Weary, faint and out of Breath with Fighting.
Forgainst, Opposite to.
Forgether, To meet. Encounter.
Forleet, To forsake.
Forestam, The Fore-head.
Fouth, Abundance. Plenty.
Fozie, Spungy. Soft.
Frais, To make a Noise. We use to say one *makes a Frais*, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a Matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
Freik, A fool, light, impertinent Fellow.
Fremit, Strange. Not a Kin.
Fristed, Trusted.
Frush, Brittle, like Bread baken with Butter.
Fuff, To blow, *Fuffin*, Blowing.
Furder, Prosper.
Furthy, Forward.
Fush, Brought.
Fyk, To be restless. Uneasy.

G A

GAb, The Mouth. To prat. *Gab sae gash.*
Gabbing, Prating pertly. *To gab again*, When Servants give saucy Returns when reprimanded.
Gabby, One of a ready and easy Expression. The same with *auld Gabbet.*
Gadge, To dictate impertinently. Talk idly with a stupid Gravity.
Gafaw, A hearty loud Laughter. To *Gawf*, Laugh.
Gams, Gums.
Gar, To cause, make, or force.
Gare, Greedy, Rapacious, earnest to have a Thing.
Gash, Solid, Sagacious. One with a long out Chin, we call *Gash Gabbet*, or *Gash Beard.*
Gate, Way.
Gaunt, Yawn.
Gawky, Idle, staring, idiotical Person.
Gawn, Going.
Gawsy, Jolly, Buxome.
Geck, To mock.
Geed, or *Gade*, Went.
Genty, Handsome, Genteel.
Get, Brat. A Child, by Way of Contempt or Derision.
Gif, If.
Gillygacus, or *Gilligapus*, A staring, gaping Fool.
Gilpy, A roguish Boy.
Gimmer, A young Sheep. (Ew.)
Gin, If.
Gird, To strike, Pierce.
Girn, To Grin, Snarl. Also a Snare or Trap,

Trap, ſuch as Boys make of Horſe Hair to catch Birds.

Girth, A Hoop.

Glaiks, An idle, good for nothing Fellow. *Glaiked*, Fooliſh, Wanton, Light. To give the *Glaiks*, To beguile one, by giving him his Labour for his Pains.

Glaiſter, To bawl or bark.

Glamour, Jugling. When Devils, Wizards, or Juglers deceive the Sight, they are ſaid to caſt *Glamour* o'er the Eyes of the Spectator.

Glar, Mire, ouzy Mud.

Glee, To ſquint.

Gleg, Sharp, Quick, Active.

Glen, A narrow Valley between Mountains.

Gloom, To ſcoul or frown.

Glowming, The Twilight, or Evening-Gloom.

Glowr, To ſtare, look ſtern.

Glunſh, To hang the Brow and grumble.

Goan, A wooden Diſh for Meat.

Goolie, A large Knife.

Gorlings, or *Gorblings*, Young unfleg'd Birds.

Goſſie, Goſſip.

Gowans, Dazies.

Gove, To look broad and ſtedfaſt, holding up the Face.

Gowf, Beſides the known Game, a Racket or ſound Blow on the Chaps, we call a *Gowf on the Haffet*.

Gowk, The Cuckow. In Deriſion we call a thoughtleſs Fellow, and one who harps too long on one Subject, a *Gowk*.

Gowl, A Howling, To bellow and cry.

Gouſty, Ghaſtly, large, waſte, deſolate, and frightful.

Granny, Grandmother, any old Woman.

Gree, Prize, Victory.

Green, To long for.

Greet, To weep. *Grat*, Wept.

Grieve, An Overſeer.

Grouf, To lye flat on the Belly.

Grounche, or *Glunſh*, To murmure, grudge.

Gryſe, A Pig or young Swine.

Gumption, Good Sence.

Gurly, Rough, bitter, cold, (Weather.)

Gyſened, When the Wood of any Veſſel is ſhrunk with dryneſs.

Gytlings, Young Children.

H A

Haffet, The Cheek. Side of the Head. *Hags*, Hacks, Peat Pits, or Breaks in moſſy Ground.

Hain, To ſave, manage narrowly.

Haleſome, Wholeſome; as, *Hale*, Whole.

Hallen, A Screen. See the Note Pag. 211.

Hameld, Domeſtick.

Hamely, Friendly, frank, open, kind.

Hanty, Convenient, handſome.

Harle, Drag.

Harns, Brains. *Harn pan*, The Scull.

Harſhip, Ruin.

Haveren, or *Havrel*, Sloven.

Haughs, Valleys, or low Grounds on the Sides of Rivers.

Havins, Good Breeding.

Haws, The Throat, or fore Part of the Neck.

Heal, or *Heel*, Health.

Heepy, A Perſon hypochondriack.

Heez, To lift up a heavy Thing a little. A *Heezy* is a good Lift.

Height, Promiſed, alſo named.

Hempy, A tricky Wag, ſuch for whom the Hemp grows.

Hereit, Ruined in Eſtate, broke, ſpoil'd, impoveriſht.

Heſp, A Claſp or Hook, Bar or Bolt; alſo in Yarn a certain Number of Threeds.

Heugh A Rock or ſteep Hill. Alſo a Coal-pit.

Hid-

Hiddils, or *Hidlings*, Lurking, hiding Places. To do a Thing in *hidlings*, *i. e.* Privately.
Hirple, To move slowly and lamely.
Hirsle, To move as with a rustling Noise.
Ho, A single Stocking.
Hool, Husk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.
Hooly, Slow.
Host, or *Whost*, To cough.
How, Low Ground, a Hollow.
How! Ho!
Howk, To dig.
Howms, Plains on River Sides.
Howt! Fy!
Hurkle, To crouch or bow together like a Cat, Hedge-hog, or Hare.
Hyt, Mad.

J A

JAck, Jacket.
Jag, To prick as with a Pin.
Jaw, A Wave or Gush of Water.
Jawp, The Dashing of Water.
Icesbogles, Icicles.
Jee, To incline to one Side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a Balk up and down to this and the other Side.
Jig, To crack, make a Noise like a Cart-wheel.
Jimp, Slender.
Ilk, Each. *Ilka*, Every.
Ingle, Fire.
Jo, Sweet-heart.
Jouk, A low Bow.
Irie, Fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some Ghost or Apparition. Also Melancholy.
I'se, I shall; as *I'll* for I will.
Istes, Embers.
Junt, A large Joint or Piece of Meat.
Jute, Sour or dead Liquor.
Jybe, To mock. *Gibe*, Taunt.

K A

KAber, A Rafter.
Kale, or *Kail*, Cole-wort, and sometimes Broth.
Kame, Comb.
Kanny, or *Canny*, Fortunate, also warry, one who manages his Affairs discreetly.
Kebuck, A Cheese.
Keckle, To laugh, to be noisie.
Kedgy, Jovial.
Keek, To peep.
Kemp, To strive who shall perform most of the same Work in the same Time, equal to that Proverb, (*Fool's Haste is no Speed*) is, *Kempers shear nae Corn.*
Ken, To know; used in *England* as a Noun. A Thing within Ken, *i. e.* Within View.
Kent, A long Staff, such as Shepherds use for leaping over Ditches.
Kepp, To catch a Thing that moves towards one.
Kiest, Did cast. *Vid. Coost.*
Kilted, Tuck'd up.
Kimmer, A Female Gossip.
Kirn, A Churn. *Item*, To churn.
Kirtle, An upper Petticoat.
Kitchen, All Sort of Eatables except Bread
Kittle, Difficult, mysterious, knotty (Writings.)
Kittle, To tickle, ticklish.
Knacky, Witty and facetious.
Knoit, To beat or strike sharply.
Knoos'd Buffeted and bruised.
Know, A Hillock.
Knublock, A Knob.
Knuckles, Only used in *Scots* for the Joints of the Fingers next the Back of the Hand.
Knuist, A Lump or large Quantity.
Kow, Goblin, or any Person one stands in aw to disoblige, and fears.

Ky, Kine, or Cows.
Kyth, To appear. *He'll kyth in his ain Colours.*

L A.

LAggert, Bespatter'd, cover'd with Clay.
Laigh, Low.
Laits, Manners.
Lak, or *Lack*, Undervalue, contemn; as, *He that laks my Mare, would buy my mare.*
Landart, The Country, or belonging to it. Rustick.
Langour, Languishing, Melancholy. To hold one out of *Langour*, *i. e.* Divert him.
Lankale, Coleworts uncut down.
Lap, Leaped.
Lapper'd, Crudled, or clotted.
Lare, A Place for lying, or that has been layn in.
Lare, Bog.
Lave, The Rest, or Remainder.
Lawin, A Tavern Reckoning.
Lawland, Low Country.
Lavrock, The Lark.
Lawty, or *Lawtith*, Justice, Fidelity, Honesty.
Leal, True, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal Heart never lied.*
Lear, Learning, to learn.
Lee, Untill'd Ground; also an open Grassy Plain.
Leglen, A Milking-Pale with one *Lug* or Handle.
Lends, Buttocks, Loyns.
Leugh, Laughed.
Lew warm, Lukewarm.
Libbit, Gelded.
Lick, To whip or beat. *It.* A Wag or *Cheat*, we call a great *Lick*.
List, The Sky or Firmament.
Liggs, Lyes.
Lills, The Holes of a Wind Instrument of Musick; hence, *Lilt up a Spring. Lilt it out*, Take off your Drink merrily.
Limp, To halt.
Lin, A Cataract.
Ling, Quick Carrier in a straight Line; to gallop.
Lingle, Cord, Shoe-makers Threed.
Linkan, Walking speedily.
Lire, Breasts. *Item*, The most muscular Parts; sometimes the Air or Complexion of the Face.
Lisk, The Flank.
Lith, A Joint.
Loan, A little Common near to Country Villages, where they milk their Cows.
Loch, A Lake.
Loo, To love.
Loof, The Hollow of the Hand.
Looms, Tools, Instruments in general; Vessels.
Loot, Did let.
Low, Flame. *Lowan*, Flaming.
Lown, Calm. *Keep lown*, Be secret. *He sits fou lown that has a riven Breech.*
Loun, Rogue, Whore, Villain.
Lout, To bow down, making Courtesie. To stoop.
Luck, To enclose, shut up, fasten; hence, *Lucken handed*, Close Fisted. *Lucken Gowans*, *Booths*, &c.
Lucky, Grandmother, or Goody.
Lug, Ear, Handle of a Pot or Vessel.
Lyart, Hoary or Gray-hair'd.

M A

MAgil, To mangle.
Maik, or *Make*, Match, Equal.
Maikless, Matchless.
Makly, Seemly, well proportion'd.
Malison, A Curse, Malediction.

Mangit,

Mangit, Gall'd or bruised by Toil or Stripes.
Mank, A Want.
Mant, To stammer in Speech.
March, or *Merch*, A Land-mark, Border of Lands.
Marh, The Marrow.
Marrow, Mate, Fellow, Equal, Comrad. We say, *Half-marrow*, Husband or Wife, and the *Marrow* of a Shoe or Glove.
Mask, To mash, in Brewing. *Masking Loom*, Mash-Vat.
Maun, Must. *Maunna*, Must not, may not.
Meikle, Much, big, great, large.
Meith, Limit, Mark, Sign.
Mends, Satisfaction, Revenge, Retaliation. *To make a Mends*, To make a grateful Return.
Mense, Discretion, Sobriety, good Breeding. *Mensfou*, Mannerly.
Menzie, Company of Men, Army, Assembly, one's Followers.
Messen, A little Dog, Lap-dog.
Midding, A Dunghill.
Midges, Gnats, little Flies.
Mim, Affectedly modest.
Mint, Aim, endeavour.
Mirk, Dark.
Miscaw, To give Names.
Mischance, Misfortune.
Misken, To neglect or not take Notice of one; also, Let alone.
Mislushous, Malicious, Rough.
Misters, Necessities, Wants.
Mony, Many.
Mou, Mouth.
Mow, A Pile or Bing, as of Fewel, Hay, Sheaves of Corn, *&c.*
Moup, To eat, generally used of Children, or of old People, who have but few Teeth, and make their Lips move fast, tho they eat but slow.
Muckle, See *Meikle*.
Murgullied, Mismanaged, abused.
Mutch, Coif.
Mutchken, An *English* Pint.

N A

NAcky, or *Knacky*, Clever, active in small Affairs.
Neese, Nose.
Nettle, To fret or vex.
Newfangle, Fond of a new Thing.
Nevel, A sound Blow with the *Nive* or Fist.
Nick, To bite or cheat. *Nicked*, Cheated; also as a cant Word, to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine*.
Nieft, Next.
Niffer, To exchange or barter.
Nither, To straiten. *Nithered*, Hungered or half starv'd in Maintenance.
Nive, The Fist.
Nock, Notch or Nick of an Arrow or Spindle.
Noit, See *Knoit*.
Nowt, Cows, Kine.
Nowther, Neither.
Nuckle, New calv'd (Cows.)

O E

OE, A Grandchild.
O'er, or *Owre*, Too much; as, *A O'ers is Vice*.
O'ercome, Superplus.
Ony, Any.
Or, Sometimes used for e'er or before. *Or Day*, *i. e.* Before Day break.
Oughtlens, In the least.
Owsen, Oxen.
Owthir, Either.
Oxter, The Arm Pit.

PA.

Paddock, A Frog. *Paddock Ride*, The Spawn of Frogs.
Paiks, Chastisement. *To paik*, To beat or belabour one soundly.
Pang, To squeez, press or pack one Thing into another.
Paughty, Proud, haughty.
Pawky, Witty or sly in Word or Action, without any Harm or bad Designs.
Peer, A Key or Wharf.
Peets, Turf for Fire.
Peh, To pant.
Pensy, Finical, foppish, conceited.
Perquire, By Heart.
Pett, A Favourite, a Fondling. *To pettle*, To dandle, feed, cherish, flatter. Hence to take the *Pett*, is to be peevish, or sullen, as commonly *Petts* are when in the least disobliged.
Pibroughs, Such *Highland* Tunes as are play'd on Bag-Pipes before them when they go out to Battle.
Pig, An Earthen Pitcher.
Pike, To pick, pick out, or chuse.
Pimpin, Pimping, mean, scurvy.
Pine, Pain or Pining.
Pingle, To contend, strive or work hard.
Pirn, The Spool or Quill within the Shutle, which receives the Yarn. *Pirny*, (Cloath or a Web) of unequal Threeds or Colours, stripped.
Pith, Strength, Might, Force.
Plack, Two Bodles, or the 3d of a Penny *English*.
Pople, or *Paple*, The Bubling, Purling or Boyling up of Water. (Popling.)
Poortith, Poverty.
Powny, A little Horse or Galloway; also a Turky.
Pouse, To push.
Pouch, A Pocket.
Pratick, Practice, Art, Stratagem. *Priving Pratick*, Trying ridiculous Experiments.
Prets, Tricks, Rogueries. We say, *He plaid me a Pret*, *i. e.* Cheated. *The Callan's fou of Prets*, *i. e.* Has abundance of waggish Tricks.
Prig, To cheapen, or importune for a lower Price of Goods one is buying.
Prin, A Pin.
Prive, To prove or taste.
Propine, Gift, or Present.
Prym, or *Prime*, To fill, or stuff.

RA

Rackless, Careless. One who does Things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless Handed*.
Raffan, Merry, roving, hearty.
Raird, A loud Sound.
Rak, or *Rook*, A Mist or Fog.
Rampage, To speak and act furiously.
Rashes, Rushes.
Rave, Did rive or tear.
Raught, Reached.
Rax, To stretch. *Rax'd*, Reached.
Ream, Cream. Whence, *Reaming*; as, *Reaming Liquor*.
Redd, To rid, unravel. To separate Folks that are fighting, where one oft gets what we call the *Redding Strake*. It also signifies clearing of any Passage.
Rede, Council, Advice. As, *I wad na rede ye to do that*.
Reft, Bereft, robbed, forc'd or carried away.
Reif, Rapine, Robbery.
Reik, or *Rink*, A Course or Race.
Rice, or *Rise*, Bulrushes, Bramble Branches, or Twigs of Trees, such as are used for Partition Walls plaister'd with Clay.

Rift, To belch.
Rigging, The Back, or Rig-back, the Top or Ridge of a House.
Rock, A Distaff.
Roose, or *Ruse*, To commend, extoll.
Rowan, Rolling.
Roundel, A witty, and often Satyrick Kind of Rhime, commonly of 8 Lines, some of which are repeted as the Fancy requires.
Rowt, To roar, especially the Lowing of Bulls and Cows.
Rowth, Plenty.
Ruck, A Rick or Stack of Hay, or Corns.
Rude, The red Taint of the Complexion.
Ruefu, Doleful.
Rug, To pull, take away by Force.
Rumple, The Rump.
Rungs, Small Boughs of Trees lop'd off, which serve for Staves to Country People.
Runkle, A Wrinkle. *Runckle*, To ruffle.
Rype, To search.

S A

SAebiens, Seeing it is, since.
Saikless, Guiltless, free.
Sall, Shall. Like *Soud* for *Should*.
Sand blind, Pur-blind, Short-sighted.
Sar, Savour or Smell.
Sark, A Shirt.
Saugh, A Willow or Sallow Tree.
Saw, An old Saying, or proverbial Expression.
Scar, The bare Places on the Sides of Hills washen down with Rains.
Scart, To scratch.
Scawp, A bare, dry Piece of stony Ground.
Scon, Bread the Country People bake over the Fire, thinner and broader than a Bannock.
Scowp, To leap or move hastily from one Place to another.
Scrimp, Narrow, straitned, little.
Scroggs, Shrubs, Thorns, Briers. *Scroggy*, Thorny.
Scuds, Ale. A late Name given it by the Benders, perhaps from its easy and clever Motion.
Sell, Self.
Seuch, Furrow, Ditch.
Sey, To try.
Seybow, A young Onion.
Shan, Pitiful, silly, poor.
Shaw, A Wood or Forrest.
Shill, Shril, having a sharp Sound.
Shire, Clear, thin. We call thin Cloath, or clear Liquor, *Shire*. Also a clever Wag, *A Shire Lick*.
Shog, To wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, Shovel.
Shoon, Shoes.
Shore, To threaten.
Shotle, A Drawer.
Sib, A-kin.
Sic, Such.
Sicker, Firm, secure.
Sike, A Rill or Rivulet, commonly dry in Summer.
Siller, Silver.
Sinsyne, Since that Time. *Lang sinsyne*, Long ago.
Skaill, To scatter.
Skair, Share.
Skaith, Hurt, Damage, Loss.
Skeigh, Skittish.
Skelp, To run. Used when one runs *Bare-foot*. Also a small Splinter of Wood. *It*. To flog the Hips.
Skiff, To move smoothly away.
Skink, A Kind of strong Broth made of Cows Hams or Knuckles. We say, *A Spoonfou of Skitter will spoil a Potfu' of Skink*. Also, to fill Drink in a Cup.
Skirl, To shreik, or cry with a shrill Voice.

Sklate,

Sklate, Slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue Slate.
Skowrie, Ragged, Nasty, Idle. We call a vagrant lazy Fellow, *A Skowrie*, or *Skurrievaig*, *i. e.* A Scourer or Vagrant.
Skyt, Fly out hastily.
Slade, or *Slaid*, Did slide, moved, or made a Thing move easily.
Slap, or *Slak*, A Gap, or narrow Pass between two Hills. *Slap*, A Breach in a Wall.
Slid, Smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid Lown*. *Slidry*, Slippery.
Slippery, Sleepy.
Slonk, A Mire, Ditch or Slough.
Slote, A Bar or Bolt for a Door.
Slough, Husk or Coat.
Smaik, A silly little pitiful Fellow; the same with *Smatchet*.
Smittle, Infectious or Catching.
Smoor, To smother.
Snack, Nimble, ready, cliver.
Sned, To cut.
Sneg, To cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the Web End*.
Snell, Sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, Snub, check or reprove, correct.
Snifter, To snuff or breath throw the Nose a little stopt.
Snod, Metaphorically used for Neat, Handsome, Tight.
Snood, The Band for tying up a Woman's Hair.
Snool, To dispirit by chiding, hard Labour, and the like; also a pitiful grovling Slave.
Snoove, To whirl round.
Snotter, Snot.
Snurl, To ruffle or wrinkle.
Sod, A thick Turf.
Sonsy, Happy, fortunate, lucky, sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, Sorrell, redish coloured.
Sofs, The Noise that a Thing makes when it falls to the Ground. To fall down heavily, is to fall *with a Sofs*.
Souch, The Sound of Wind amongst Trees, or of one Sleeping.
Sowens, Flumry, or Oat-meal sowr'd amongst Water for some time, then boil'd to a Consistency, and eaten with Milk or Butter.
Sowf, To conn over a Tune on an Instrument.
Spae, To fortel or divine. *Spaemen*, Prophets, Augurs.
Spain, To wean from the Breast.
Spait, A Torrent, Flood, or Inundation.
Spang, A Leap or Jump. To leap or jump.
Spaul, Shoulder, Arm.
Speel, To climb.
Speer, To ask, inquire.
Spelder, To split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder. Whence *Speldin*, A little Fish open'd and dry'd.
Spence, The Place of the House where Provisions are kept.
Spill, To Spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, Spoil, Booty, Plunder.
Spraings, Stripes of different Colours, as in Cloath.
Spring, A Tune on a Musical Instrument.
Sprush, Spruce.
Spruttl'd, Speckled, spotted.
Spunk, Tinder.
Stang, Did sting; also a Sting or Pole.
Stank, A Pool or Pond of standing Water.
Stark, Strong, robust.
Starns, The Stars. *Starn*, A small Moity. We say, *Ne'er a Starn*.
Stay, Steep; as, *Set a stout Heart to a stay Brae*.
Steek, To shut, close.
Stend, or *Sten*, To move with a hasty long Pace.
Stent, To stretch or extend.
Stirk, A Steer or Bullock.
Stoit, or *Stot*, To rebound or reflect. One is said to *stoit*, when he hits his

Foot against a Stone, or moves like one drunk.

Stou, To cut or crop, *A Stou*, A large Cut or Piece.

Stound, A smarting Pain or Stitch; as, *A Stound of Love*.

Stour, Dust agitated by Winds, Men or Horse Feet. *To Stour*, To run quickly.

Stowth, Stealth.

Strath, A Plain on a River Side.

Streek, To stretch.

Striddle, To stride, applied commonly to one that's little.

Strinkle, To sprinkle or straw.

Stroot, or *Strute*, Stuff'd full, drunk.

Strunt, A Pett. A Fit of ill Humour. *To take the Strunt*. To be petted or out of Humour.

Study, An Anvil or Smith's Stithy.

Sturdy, Giddy-headed.

Sture, or *Stoor*, Stiff, strong, rough, hoarse.

Sturt, Trouble, Disturbance, Vexation.

Stym, A Blink, or a little Sight of a Thing.

Suddle, To sully or defile.

Sumph, Blockhead.

Sunkots, Something.

Swak, To throw, cast with Force.

Swankies, Clever young Fellows.

Swarf, To swoon away.

Swash, Squat, fuddled.

Swatch, A Pattern.

Swats, Small Ale.

Swecht, Burden, Weight, Force.

Sweer, lazy, slow.

Sweeties, Confections.

Swelt, To be suffocated, choaked to Death

Swith, Begone quickly.

Swither, To be doubtful whether to do this or that, go this Way or the other.

Syne, Afterwards, then.

T A

TAckel, An Arrow.

Tane, Taken.

Tap, A Head, or such a Quantity of Lint as the Spinsters put on the Distaff, is a *Lint-Tap*.

Tape, To imploy or use any Thing sparingly, that it may last long.

Tappit-hen, The *Scots* Quart, or *English* half Gallon Stoup.

Tartan, Cross striped Stuff, of various Colours, checker'd. The *Highland* Plaids.

Tate, A small Lock of Hair, or any little Quantity of Wool, Cotton, or the like.

Taz, A Whip or Scourge.

Ted, To scatter, spread; as, *Tedding Hay*.

Tee, A little Earth, on which Gamsters at the *Gowf* set their Balls before they strike them off.

Teen or *Tynd*, Anger, Rage, Sorrow.

Teet, To peep out.

Tensome, The Number of Ten.

Tent, Attention. To observe. *Tenty*, heedful, cautious.

Thack, Thatch. *Thacker*, Thatcher.

Thae, Those.

Tharmes, Small Tripes.

Theek, To thatch.

Thig, To beg.

Thir, These.

Thole, To endure, suffer.

Thowless, Unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.

Thrawart, Froward, cross, crabbed.

Thrawin, Stern and Cross-grain'd.

Threep, To aver, allege, urge and affirm boldly.

Thrimal, To press or squeez through with Difficulty.

Thud, A Blast, Blow, Storm, or the violent Sound of these. *Gry'd heh at ilka Thud*, *i. e.* Gave a Groan at every Blow.

Tid, Tide or Time, proper Time; as, *He took the Tid*.

Tift, Good Order, Health.

Tine, To lose. *Tint*, Lost.

Tip, or *Tippony*, Ale sold for Twopence the Scots Pint.
Tirle, or *Tirr*, To uncover a House, or undress a Person, strip one naked. Sometimes a short Action is named a *Tirle*; as, *They took a Tirle of dancing, drinking*, &c.
Tocher, Portion, Dowry.
Tod, A Fox.
Tooly, To fight. A Fight or Quarrel.
Toom, Empty, applied to a Barrel, Purse, House, *&c. It.* To empty.
Tosh, Tight, neat, when spoke of a little Person.
Toste, Warm, pleasant, half fuddled.
To the-fore, In being, alive, unconsumed.
Touse, or *Touste*, To rumple, teeze.
Tout, The Sound of a Horn or Trumpet.
Tow, A Rope. A *Tyburn* Necklace, or St. *Johnstoun* Ribband.
Towmond, A Year or Twelvemonth.
Trewes, Hose and Breeches all of a Piece, wore by the *Highlandmen*.
Trig, Neat, handsome.
Troke, Exchange.
True, To trow, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae*; or, *Love gars me true ye*.
Truf, Steal.
Turs, Turfs.
Twin, To part with, or separate from.
Tydie, Plump, fat, lucky.
Tynd, Vid. *Teen*.
Tyst, To entice, stir up, allure.

U G

UGg, To detest, hate, nauseate. *Ugsome*, Hateful, nauseous, horrible.
Umwhile, The late, or deceast sometime ago. Of old.
Undocht, or *Wandought*, A silly weak Person.
Unaith, Not easy.
Ungeard, Naked, not clad, unharness'd.
Unko, or *Unco*, Uncouth, strange.
Unlusum, Unlovely.

V O

VOugy, Elevated. Proud. That boasts or brags of any Thing.

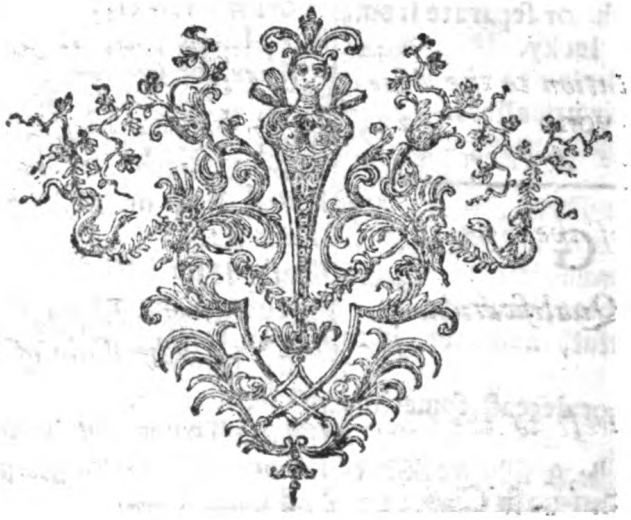
W A

WAd, or *wed*, Pledge, Wager, Pawn. *Waff*, Wandring by itself.
Wak, Moist, wet.
Wale, To pick and chuse. *The Wale*, *i. e.* The best.
Walop, To move swiftly with much Agitation.
Wally, Chosen, beautiful, large. *A bonny Wally*, *i. e.* A fine Thing.
Wame, Womb.
Wangrace, Wickedness, want of Grace.
War, Worse.
Warlock, Wizard.
Wat, or *Wit*, To know.
Waught, A large Draught. *Waught*, drinks largely.
Wee, Little; as, *A wanton wee Thing*. *Wean*, or *wee ane*, A Child.
Ween, Thought, imagined, supposed.
Weer, To stop or oppose.
Weir, War.
Weird, Fate or Destiny.
Weit, Rain.
Wersh, Insipid, Wallowish, wanting Salt.
Whauk, Whip, beat, flog.
Whid, To fly quickly. *A Whid* is a hasty Flight.
Whilk, Which.
Whilly, To cheat. *Whilly-wha*, A Cheat.
Whindging, Whining, speaking with a doleful Tone.

Whins, Furze.
Whisht, Hush. Hold your Peace.
Whisk, To pull out hastily, as a Sword out of its Sheath.
Whomilt, Turn'd upside down. Whelmed
Wight, Stout, clever, active. *Item*, A Man or Person.
Wimpling, A turning backward and forward, winding like the Meanders of a River.
Win, To reside, dwell.
Winna, Will not.
Winnocks, Windows.
Winsom, Gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large; we say, *My winsome Love*.
Wisent, Parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wistle, To exchange (Money.)
Withershins, Cross Motion, or against the Sun.
Woo, or *W*, *Wool*; as in the Whim of making five Words out of four Letters, thus, *z*, *a*, *e*, *w*, (*i. e.*) Is it all one Wool?
Wood, Mad.
Woody, The Gallows.
Wordy, Worthy.
Wow! Wonderful! Strange! *O wow!* Ah strange!
Wreaths, Of Snaw, when Heaps of it are blown together by the Wind.
Wysing, Inclining. *To wise*, To Lead, train; as, *He's no sic a Gouk as to wise the Water by his ain Mill.*
Wyson, The Gullet.
Wyt, To blame. Blame.

Y A

Yamph, To bark, or make a Noise like little Dogs.
Yap, Hungry, having a longing Desire for any Thing ready.
Yealtou, Yea wilt thou.
Yed, To contend, wrangle. Contention, Wrangling.
Yeld, Barren, as a Cow that gives no Milk.
Yerk, To do any Thing with celerity.
Yesk, The Hickup.
Yett, Gate.
Yestreen, Yesternight.
Yowden, Wearied.
Yowf, A swinging Blow.
Yuke, The Itch.
Yule, Christmass.



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COMICK.

S A-

SATYRICK.

PASTORAL.

LYRICK.

EPISTOLARY.

EPIGRAMMATICAL.

FINIS.

Lady Lady Shuany Montgumery

Man