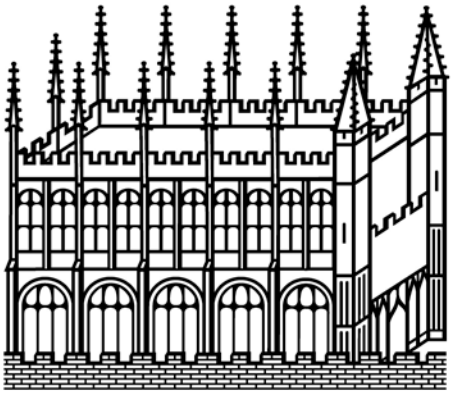

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The Canterbury Poets

BURNS

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

SONGS.

With a Prefatory Notice, Biographical and Critical,

By JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

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Prefatory Notice.

BURNS the Man and Burns the Poet are inseparable. In his poetry are reflected the man's defects and his virtues, and to the characteristics found therein let us now for a few minutes direct our attention. And, first of all, let it be observed that our bard always sees clearly the thing about which he writes, and that the power to do this is united with a corresponding power of expression, and a desire and an aptitude to place the reader in the best possible position to see in turn the thing which forms the subject of his muse. To effect this he will state the time, the place very often, and the circumstances under which the particular thought was or is to be spoken, or the deed was or is to be done—as a reference to the opening lines of "The Twa Dogs," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," and many others, will fully show. Sometimes these openings are mere matter-of-fact statements, truly—still they answer the poet's purpose; while others are in themselves word-pictures of much value. Such are the opening lines of "The Vision" and "The

Winter's Night" among his poems, in particular; and "My Nannie, O!" "The Corn Rigs," and "The Country Lassie" among his songs. Had Burns penned nothing else than such opening verses he had stood high as a descriptive poet, and yet they are penned only as aids to a proper appreciation of what follows in the poem. He seldom attempted description of inanimate nature on its own account, but as a setting to some sentiment or action; and beautiful as his descriptions of this kind are, they yet seldom possess the interest with which he is almost always able to invest the latter. In the beauty or sublimity of the seasons, with their variety of landscape, he undoubtedly felt a delight; but the centre of his interest as a poet lies in his humanity, and in his inimitable description of the manners and customs of his people, of passion and sentiment, and of human action. Many of these have the verisimilitude of photographs; but then they are vivified and illumined by a fire and a light which no mere photograph ever possessed, or ever can. They have the reality of nature, and are arrayed in all the various colours of human life; yet are not mere transcripts thereof, but creations, and such as could only proceed from a genuine poet, whose "seething brains" alone can impart a beauty and a magic to the lowest as well as to the highest things in the universe. And this characteristic, be it noted, finds its correspondence in—springs from and reflects—the unbounded sympathy, as we have seen, of their author. He does not express in song a love for the beautiful and the good, or a pity for the weak and the helpless, from any mere artistic consideration, or because such expressions are demanded by the conditions of his song, but because he in reality loves the former, and entertains the most powerful sympathy for the latter; and from similar

reasons he produces things of an opposite nature as well—things in which the "hate of hate" and the "scorn of scorn" find vent just where and as they ought to do. The sky overhead is not always blue, and the rose has its thorns; and if we are to have life-like poetry, we must be prepared to find it characterised by colours corresponding to those of life itself—by shadow as well as sunshine, and sometimes in subject by that which is unpleasant as well as by that which is the contrary also. This ought ever to be remembered in our perusal of Burns and the other one or two very great poets of human nature, and of whom the Bard of Avon is chief; and it would not be difficult to show that the deepest human sympathy, the "love of love," lay at the root of this bard's genius as well as that of Burns, and is the prime element in the key to the mystery of his unparalleled success as a dramatic poet. In the one case, as in the other, it formed an essential part of the gift which enabled them "to lift the veil from the hidden beauty of things"—to penetrate into the crannies of the human soul—to divine the feelings and sentiments of others—and to lay bare the mysterious mainsprings of human action. The various actors in our great life-drama may seek to hide themselves behind such masks as fortune alone can put into their hands, but they try in vain to do so from the clairvoyant ken of such poets, and the masks are seen through if not always torn from their faces, and to them their souls are exposed in their utter nakedness; and in this state, and at their intrinsic worth, and no other, must they be estimated; for what is the external universe itself in comparison to the worth of one genuine human soul? As for mere riches, they are baubles; and as for position, it is often a delusion; and as for the authority

which comes from mere position, what is that? The poet will tell us—"Thou hast seen a dog bark at a beggar?" "Aye, sir." "And the creature ran from the cur?" "Thus hast thou seen the image of authority—a dog's obeyed in office." So spake the mighty dramatist; and can there be the least doubt that the man's heart was in the words he thus spake? And what says Burns?

> "A prince can mak a belted knight,
> A marquis, duke, and a' that,
> But an honest man's aboon his might."

Nay, more—

> "The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
> Is king o' men for a' that."

And why not? Is it not clear to his keen ken—as clear as two and two equal four—that "the rank is but the guinea stamp," and that "the man's the gold," the metal, after all, which can give the "stamp" any real value in the esteem of those who can detect the ring fairly required in what is presumed to be worthy of being passed as among the most precious coin of the realm?

There is no foolish desire here, let me say, to compare Burns with Shakespeare, but in his obvious love for what is noble and sweet in human nature, in his mercy on human frailty, in his sympathy with the oppressed, in his pity for the poor, the helpless, the needy, with a corresponding power of expression, he might be so compared; and when this is said, it is meant for the highest compliment that could possibly be paid to any poet, for I am not, as already intimated, one of those who appear to regard the great dramatist as a sort of mere intellectual machine, from which, when once set agoing, anything or everything might have been expected, but as a man whose

heart was as brimful of love as his head was of wisdom; and that, moreover, without such love no such wisdom could have been had—that such wisdom, in short, was only the natural and perfect blossom of a tree the entire sap in whose veins had for its chief element the essence of love itself. In this respect, then, the dramatist and the lyrist were identical. Neither was Burns deficient in that dramatic power through the aid of which only can the rarest of poetic creations be produced. He composed no dramas so-called, but "The Dying Words," "The Twa Dogs," "The Jolly Beggars," and many more of his poems, and songs, and ballads, display the dramatic faculty in a supreme degree, and exhibit in turn the earnestness, playfulness, tenderness, sarcasm, pathos, or humour, or what else may be required under the given conditions and at the moment from the interlocutors in his miniature performances, and that whether they be lordly warriors, ragged mendicants, base hypocrites, hoary-headed sages, worldly-wise dames "wi' wrinkled een," or thoughtless, love-smitten lasses; nay, and this dramatic truth holds as good when dogs and sheep are made to speak their minds no less than it is evinced in the words and acts of our bard's women and men.

Then again, Burns had the gift, held almost alone up till his time by Shakespeare and Dunbar, of blending in the same picture the pathetic and the humorous, the sublime and the ludicrous, the beautiful and the grotesque, and other heterogeneous qualities, and so of exciting at the same moment the tears and the laughter, the awe and the spleen of the reader, with sensations over and above of too strange and weird a character to find their definition in words. The best specimen of this kind of writing in Burns is to be found in "Tam o'

Shanter," and of Shakespeare in "King Lear," though in several other of the poems of the one and of the dramas of the other many similar fine examples are also to be found; but in "The Dance of the Deadly Sins" of old Dunbar we have the most marvellous picture, at least, of the sublime blent with the ludicrous, shot through with a vein of the most fiery sarcasm, that was ever portrayed. And the power to produce such pictures—from whence proceeds that? From the practice of writing with an eye to the tastes of the coteries, need I ask? or from the gift to see into the nature of men and things, and the daring and hardihood to say what is thus seen? It was Burns's glory to be able to do this; and it was his, above all others, to have expressed what he thus saw in language which was at once understood by all, and went direct to the heart of the people for whom he sung.

Our bard's language in substance, be it observed, is the same as that in which our Bible is translated, and the greater part of what is best in English poetry is written; only this language in the North has acquired a colouring during a series of ages from the peculiar experience of northern life, which, while it renders it somewhat uncouth to southern ears, endears it the more to the Scotch themselves, and more especially to the humble, among whom it is yet a living tongue. That our bard added a charm to this language by the novelty of his combinations, as his critics contend, and by the splendour of his conceptions, there can be no question; but on the other hand, his poems, it must be confessed, derive a charm from the language itself which the efforts of no single genius, however mighty, could have given. Indeed, for the purposes of a people's poet, and for poems which above all things are meant to appeal to the heart,

no language could have been better suited. It was his and his auditors' or readers' vernacular, and came to his hands enriched with proverbs and snatches of old sayings—ay, phrases and single words—into which the turmoils, the triumphs, the sorrows, and delights of whole lives had been thrown, and on which the history and the character of his people were stamped, and which, in consequence, once wisely uttered, acted like incantations on the imaginations of that people, and possessed them with memories and feelings which bound them to their homes, and ingles, and the rock-girt shores of their "ain dear land," as with bonds of steel. Neither was this speech so "harsh and crabbed" as some "dull fools" supposed; but the contrary. Nay, it was not only flexible, but in its passage through the fiery souls of generations of forgotten or remembered bards it had been rendered "musical as Apollo's lute," and had itself become possessed with a melody almost as sweet as the sweetest of those tunes which had been sung, whistled, or piped by parent to child, and so had been floated down on the air the people breathed from their hoary forebears, out of whose souls, in common with the magical words to which so many of them were linked, those times had sprung. So melodious, and so "laden with the spoils of time" was this speech, which came like an heirloom, in virtue of his lowly birth, to Burns; and his, in consequence, was not the disadvantageous position of a manufacturer of his instrument of expression—not that of the "morning star of English song," but of a perfecter of it—of that, in fact, of "the world's poet"—otherwise he could not have sung so beautifully, so effectively, and to such purpose as he did. Of course, with all its rare qualities this language had its defects in other respects and its limitations. It lacked the compass in itself to

express some phases of man's highest and most precious experience, and through it many of the spiritual and complex conceptions of Shakespeare and Milton, and of Shelley, and of Tennyson could not by any power of genius have found vent; and then, as what from the nature of things might have been expected, it was in parts stained with a coarseness and a grossness from which even by Burns himself it could not always be purified.

Neither, it must be confessed, did he always try to purify it. Nay, as Principal Shairp intimates, he was himself often wilfully coarse and gross, and added to the coarseness of his vernacular as from the very spirit of contradiction; and this was particularly the case upon his being subjected to reproof for some harum-scarum stroke of his versatile pen, or for some slip in moral conduct. And in this, his spiritedness and mule-like obstinacy, Burns was of the Scotch, Scotch; and as in all else he was natural, so do we, in the full-length portrait as discovered in his poetry, see imaged the varied character of his nation itself. Alike in the man and the poet have we a reflection of all that is characteristic of his people, and the reader who turns away from his satires, and would content himself with an expurgated edition of his poems, would be in the position of one who would never look but on one side of a medal. Nay, I am doubtful whether the reader who confined his study of Burns to such a book would not in some degree miss the key to much of the mystery and beauty that it would contain. Certain it is he would not only miss something reflective of particular traits of the poet's character, which, from a Puritanic standpoint, might be desirable, but much essential to a full reflection of the nation's character; and the purpose of the people's poet's mission would be nullified, which, "both at the

first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." This Burns has done to perfection; but then to see how he has done it we must be able to read nearly all his poems, and a very large number of his songs—nearly all, in both cases, at least, that are stamped with his own marking-iron; and only by so doing, it may be added, can we be in a position to judge of the wealth, the height, the depth, the variety, and marvellous range of his genius. Having read a few masterpieces of most other, even true, poets, we can dispense with the rest of their productions, not merely because of their lesser value as poems, but because in the more precious pieces we have all that is in reality of any value in the poet—all that distinguishes him from other poets and gives him an unique place in literature. This is not solely the case with such delightful warblers as Herrick and Marvel, but even with such mighty singers as Coleridge and Wordsworth. Not so with Shakespeare. All the products of our dramatist, nay, nearly every scene and every sonnet he penned, contains something novel in thought and expression, and yet peculiar to himself, and so possesses an interest both for the literary and the psychological student. And as with Shakespeare, so with Burns. Nearly all his poems, and very many of his songs, are notable for some peculiarity of sentiment, observation, or turn in the expression, and which in itself possesses a charm for the mere reader of poetry, while it throws a light into some hidden nook of his own or the popular mind, and serves to bring out some trait of the national character.

And the facts herein noted are emphasised, inasmuch as they help to a right conception of human progress

and the growth or decadence of the race, and as these are questions of the most supreme consideration, so whatever aids in their solution, such as nationality in theme, and that which is local in the colour of our poems, and characteristic of the age in which such poems are produced, must also possess a supreme value, and one which our poets surely ought never to lose sight of, and this they will not do if they really love the people for whom they sing. True, beauty in form and thought are the prime essentials in a poem; but if such beauty can only be had at the cost of powerful feelings, and of local and national colour, as some of our poets and critics would seem to think, then the poem, whatever other merit it may have, will lack the one thing needful to constitute it a living factor in human culture, or to obtain for it a cherished niche in the hearts and souls of men. Let us have then as much beauty in sentiment and expression as possible, and whenever they can be had, in our poems; but if such cannot be had without a sacrifice at all times of the said "colour," let us ask ourselves if we are sure we are right in our notions of beauty—if such notions are not merely hollow and conventional, and not as they ought to be, with their roots deep down in the nature of things? When people assure me that their favourite poems are extremely beautiful, and a glance into them shows that they are only "serene" and "cold," and not burning with the underlying thought and flushed with the hues of life, I say such pieces may display a deal of mechanical ingenuity and refinement, but that nevertheless they do not merit the terms of approval applied to them. To merit such praise they must, among other things, have vitality; and if this, to be in accord with a true theory of poetic art, cannot be had, and if the requirements of such a theory be such as

to make it impossible for a poem to be a reflex of such feelings and thoughts as enable us to divine our capacities, our defects, our aspirations, our environments as a race or a nation—then the sooner we abandon verse-making the better; for what other purpose it can serve, beyond what may be served by an ingenious toy, is to me at least a veritable puzzle. But it is pleasant for one to be able to think that we are not reduced to this condition, for what is beauty of expression if not the perfect reflection in words of the idea? and what is a beautiful poem if not an adequate expression of the most charming ideas? and what are such ideas if those are not to be found among them which enable us to see, as in a mirror, the inner and outer life of the highest and noblest product of the creation, even of man himself? And surely the theory that would step in to forbid the achievement of a work of this kind would be of too fastidious and hollow a nature to merit the notice of the poet. So, obviously, would have deemed Shakespeare—and so would have felt Burns. The unerring instincts of these bards were too powerful to admit of their being diverted from the right track by any false halloo, and the result is that they have been able to seize upon truths which would otherwise have eluded their grasp, and which impart to their pictures an interest that can never lose its hold on the human mind.

Then again, those truths and the materials for those pictures in Burns's case, above that of all others, were ever chiefly to be found in his own personal observation, experience, and immediate surroundings. He had not to go from home to find them; and just as the coat on his back—the "hodden grey"—was home-grown and home-spun, so in its essentials and entirety was the

whole web of his verse a native product. He was Scotch of the Scotch in nearly all things; and his Muse being "native and to the manner born," his poetry became the reflex of all that was most characteristic of his people—of their habitual sternness, their occasional laxity, their tenderness, their coarseness, their fire and earnestness, their national egotism, their clannishness, their secrecy, their proverbial prudence, their somewhat comical mistrust, their integrity, their love of freedom, their undying hatred of their enemies, their warm-heartedness, and their utterly unconquerable love of country and home. All these, his own and his people's virtues and foibles, their moral and social grandeur and defects, were reflected in his song; and it is because of this variety, and the general perfection with which they are so painted, that he is emphatically the Nation's Poet, and not so much from any particular excellence that such a position can be conceded to him; and this never ought to be forgotten in the homage we yield to our idol, otherwise we shall be apt to sacrifice at his shrine the dearly-earned reputations of others—as has been too often done by the idolaters of a supreme poet.

Burns, in fact, among Scottish poets is supreme in his comprehensiveness and in many of the rare qualities of his genius, but not in all of those qualities. In his love lyrics, for example, he displayed a vigour and ardour unequalled by those of other poets; but in his war songs, although in loftiness of sentiment and patriotic fire he attains the sublime, he is yet equalled by Campbell—though, for obvious reasons, "Hohenlinden" or "The Battle of the Baltic" has never sent a thrill through the popular heart compared with that which has again and again been sent by "Scots wha hae." In energy, no more than in versatility, variety,

and finish, is Ramsay to be compared with Burns, but in pastoral simplicity and sweetness, in truth to nature, in right-down heartiness and occasional melody, he, with no loss of credit to himself, might be. For delicacy, brevity, and airiness, many of his lyrics are almost unique in Scottish song; and yet in an occasional lilt he is matched even in these, while for heart-rending pathos he has little to compare with Miss Elliott's "Flowers of the Forest," Lady Grisell Baillie's "Werena my heart licht," Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray," Thomas Smibert's "Scottish Widow's Lament," or William Thom's no less inimitable "Mitherless Bairn." Again, in his descriptive powers as displayed in his pictures of external nature he is unrivalled; but in "manner-painting strains," and in the description of the oddities of human character, wild and reckless adventure, and in drollery, he is matched, if not outmatched, by "Christ's Kirk on the Green," and other poems of doubtful authorship that have come down to us from "the days of auld lang syne." Humour, and that of the most precious kind, is always at the command of our poet; and yet in the slyest, as well as the broadest and the most farcical, he is equalled in "Wanton Willie," "Nancy's to the Greenwood," "Tibbie Fowler," "Muirland Willie," "My Jo Janet," "The Blithesome Bridal," "Maggie Lauder," and others, written by some rhymer that the consequential nobodies by whom he was surrounded would likely enough account a simpleton or a dunce—for I am persuaded with Dr. Chambers that these lyrics are the products of one mind, and not, according to tradition, of various minds, and of one, I would add, with the same authority, who had a genius for comic poetry of so rare an order as to have been only once

or twice matched, but never surpassed, in the annals of lyric song. To expound the merits of these songs would demand an essay, and this is out of the question here; yet I cannot allow the occasion thus afforded me to slip by without expressing my admiration for the great genius through whom we have had such wonderful lyrics, by stating it as my conviction that these products are not merely among the best of their kind, but confining my attention for the moment to one of them in particular—to the last-named on the list—to "Maggie Lauder"—I would say, as far as regards happiness of conception, charm of situation, bouyancy of spirit, swiftness of evolution, wildness of inner melody, combined with power of expression, that this old song is without its peer. Maggie herself is an arch rogue, the very incarnation of blood-tingling merriment, with a tongue framed on purpose for cruel, yet pleasant banter, and one whose agility and the elasticity of whose limbs enable her to beat time to the music of the pipes with a lightness and airiness which might seem more characteristic of a veritable elf than of a flesh and blood woman. And yet she is a real woman, and what is more, a married woman; and, lest we should doubt our senses of this fact—as well we might, for she comes and goes before us like an apparition—in the ecstacy of the moment her tongue is made to declare her "local habitation" and her "name"—

> **"I've lived in Fife, a maid and wife,**
> **This ten years and a quarter."**

Thus wags the clacker of this fascinating giglot, and when the piper to whom the information is given is further told—

"An' gin ye come this gate again,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder,"

we may rest assured that there is yet another spring to be played on some *not*-distant day, and another jig to be footed on the green as merrily as the one just finished, and that without any "compunctious visitings" in the minds of the actors as to the propriety of the performance. Indeed, I am afraid that Mag and Rab were not at all related to the Bard of Rydal's favourite rustic heroes and heroines, and that to them, as to Peter Bell, "a primrose by the river brim" would have been "a yellow primrose," and "nothing more." But then, it might be fairly asked, Why should it have been? Are all men and women born to be sages and poets?—and what sort of a world would this be if they were? What, indeed! With regard to the relative question as to the fitness of such themes as those above named for popular song, it is handed over to polemics in matters of taste, with the hope that it will receive full justice at their hands as soon as they have arrived at an unanimous opinion as to the propriety of the nude in statuary; and this, it is expected, will be fully as soon as a bridge has been made to span the Atlantic, or another poet has been born equal to the production of other Maggie Lauders—and that will not be just yet.

A due reflection then serves to show that Burns is paralleled by other Scottish poets in several of the rare qualities of his genius; but in the combination of those qualities he yet stands alone among the poets of the North. Indeed, among the poets of the South, though Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, and others have each his special domain, in which he rules lord and king, a parallel to the varied character of the Scottish bard's genius can only be found

in that of our Supreme Dramatist; and though it would be folly to compare Burns with Shakespeare, yet, if we would seek for even a remote likeness to his genius, to whom are we to look if not to one in whom nearly all the various qualities of that genius are in their greatest perfection united, though they be united with a great deal besides, and the sum total of whose endowments constitutes their possessor not merely the chief poet of Britain, but of the world!

Again, Burns, like every true poet, has a style of his own, though in what that style consists it is more easy to feel than to say, and to those who are unfamiliar with his poetry it would be impossible to explain. To say that it is notable for nervousness, brevity, terseness, and a happy naturalness, would be true enough; and yet, after being told this, we are still much in the dark as to what we want to know, unless we are familiar with his poems and songs themselves. Style is to a poem what the perfume is to the violet—one of its chief glories; and just as it is essential for us to smell the one, so is it essential for us to read the other before we can know in what that glory consists. To this let it be added, that the more easily definable and inimitable it is, the more mechanical and less precious it is, and the less mystery and charm is there in the poetic genius whose purpose it serves; and that Burns's style, in its kind, has never been equalled, is a fact in itself sufficient to show that his like has not again appeared.

If what forms the characteristics of our bard's style, however, be almost elusive of the critic's grasp, and beyond his power of definition, one or two things may be named as lying at the very root, and forming a part of the violet itself, from whence the perfume springs: and the first of these is the peculiar nature of the poet's

vernacular, in which the most of what is valuable in his verse is penned. On the richness of this speech in suggestiveness and proverb I have already commented, and it is Burns's merit to so have used its "snatches of old sayings," and to so have inwoven its golden flowers of axiomatic wisdom into his magic web, as to make them appear at once as the most charming ornaments, and at the same time as among the most essential elements of his song. Beautiful as in themselves such things assuredly are, they are not there, to all appearance, on account of their beauty only, but from necessity—as being the obvious outcome of what precedes in the verse, and the cause in turn of what follows; and to have been able to utilise the materials that came to his hand in this way, so far from being a small merit, only argues a degree of power and wisdom on the part of the poet that alone can belong to the most original genius. "My Tocher's the Jewel" will illustrate what is here said:—

"Oh, meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

"Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me."

There's a song for you!—and though nearly every expression in it is as common as the daisies on the meads, yet, viewing it as a whole, was there ever aught more original, more airy-bright, more melodious, or more delightful in its way? Then, what is more still to our present purpose, does it not embody the essence of a thousand observations—nay, as it were, "the wisdom of the ages" of pastoral life in "a nut-shell?"

"The Country Lassie" may be named as an equally fine example of this kind of writing. It is fully as natural as the above lyric, and as perfect—it could not be more so; but as it is coloured with a deeper, if a sadder, human experience, and strikes deeper chords in the heart of the reader, it is on that account, to my taste, a more precious and a grander song. The piece is too long for entire quotation, and we must be satisfied with an extract, before the perusal of which, however, I would have the reader reminded that the ballad consists of a dialogue between a milkmaid, who has resolved upon marriage, and a "wrinkled-een" dame, who naturally enough would rede her a rede upon the occasion, and to which the other would very likely have been ready to listen, could, with the rede given, the adviser have planted her old head upon the young one's shoulders. But this, from various reasons, must have been clearly impracticable; and so, when the crone has proceeded so far as to call into question the legibility, on money grounds, for the bonds of wedlock of the lassie's idol, and has proceeded so far as to throw out a hint as to who would be, the lassie flares up, and the dame finds if "o' gude advisement comes nae ill," it for once at least has been productive of no good. Half in anger and half in sorrow, then, for a few moments this worldly-wise one allows the click-clack of the other to proceed, when an

extra *lunt* is brought from her cutty-pipe (for was the dame not smoking by the ingle-cheek at the time, though it is not so stated in the ballad?), and with this *lunt* she strikes in :—

> "O, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
> The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
> But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best,
> An' hungry care's an unco care:
> But some will spend, and some will spare,
> And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
> Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
> Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

The "sorrow" of the utterance reaches its deepest bass in the fourth line, "An' hungry care's an unco care," and draws an echo from the heart of the reader some three octaves or so below the Middle-C stave of mere pity, and with it a full pardon to the poor old crone for the utter worldliness of her counsel, since we are made to feel that she must have had a hard life of it, and one or two passably sound reasons, after all, for what she says; while her "anger" begins to exhibit itself with the very next note, which is fetched from a string an interval higher up on the poet's unseen harp—"But some will spend," etc.—and grows clearer and fiercer with each successive note, till, having reached "Syne as ye brew," a piccolo cadenza is forced out, by the fiery inspiration of the moment, in the shape of an ironical compliment in the fine English, "My maiden fair;" and which, once out, and the dame's heart relieved, we may suppose the rest of the tune to have terminated *decrescendo*, and with a hot tear on the withered cheek of this for once vanquished victress of a hundred domestic contests.

I should like to have instituted a comparison between

this very rare song—for in spirit it is a veritable antique—with the immortal "Take thy old cloak about thee," one of the grandest of our grand old ballads, and to have shown how they resembled each other in their closeness to truth in domestic portraiture, internal melody, and this suggestiveness of old world experiences, of which we have seen this poem of Burns affords such a perfect example, had space permitted; but from lack of this we must rest satisfied with this allusion to the pleasant subject, and pass on.

To Burns's marvellous insight, then, into the properties of his vernacular, and the masterly way in which he was able to utilise those properties, are we much indebted for the peculiar fascination of his style and poetry, and to this must be added a charm derivable from his personal relation to his subjects. That such a charm may or may not arise from such obviousness in this cord of unity will depend very much on the personal character of the poet himself. If that character be notable for great breadth and height, though it be linked with strong proclivities, it will yet be attractive, as in the case of Milton. If the idiosyncracies be powerful, and the character, though it possess height yet lacks breadth, the relationship, through the unavoidable perpetual obtrusiveness of such idiosyncracies, will very often prove so repulsive to the poet's readers as to incapacitate them from fully appreciating and enjoying the genuine beauties of his works, as in the case of Wordsworth. To be able, then, to say, as we are, that this cord of unity between Burns and his works is nearly at all times not merely devoid of the defects of that between the noble Wordsworth and his themes, but that it is more forcibly attractive than that between the sublime Milton and his, implies that in the personality of the man Burns lay a

charm of which his readers never tire—except, indeed, they be of that ilk who are too wise and too fond of letting people know how clever they are at solving ingenious puzzles in verse to take any delight in what merely appeals to the imagination and the heart; and this never-tiring attraction in our Scottish bard—what is that?

It has been already enlarged upon, and we shall revert to it anon; but what I want just now to point out is, that the interest derivable from the personal relationship between the poet and his work in Burns's case gains in its special charm over that of other poets from the peculiarity of his social condition and special standpoint in relation to the subjects of his muse. For an illustration of this let us go to the "Address to a Mountain Daisy," turned up by the plough, and we shall see that while the delicacy, sweetness, spontaneity, and melody of this poem might have proceeded from Shakespeare—though from him only—that interest derivable from the relation of the subject to the poet, which we feel so much in its perusal, could only have been imparted by one who had actually been himself the ploughman whose plough was the cause of the evil bewailed. Then the depth of that interest which circulates, like the blood in the veins, through the whole poem, and reaches its greatest intensity in the last verse, how exquisite, and with what sympathy it possesses us for the bard himself!—

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

The pathos here is such that it must have drawn a sigh on behalf of the bard from everyone of his contemporaries who had the good fortune to read, without being incapacitated by envy or jealousy from appreciating his poems, and if so, what ought its effect to be upon us who know that the awful prophecy herein uttered was fulfilled to the letter?

Especially as a reflex of his own destiny, then, the Daisy thus finds an endeared niche in our memories for ever. And so for the same reason does our bard's poem on the Mouse. In this poem there is perhaps no single verse possessed of the ethereal and picturesque beauty of the second verse in its lovely sister, but it is pervaded throughout by a yet deeper human interest—is more of a piece, and, as a whole, more precious still. The relationship between the bard and his subject is identical in both, but the charm derived from the cord of unity between him and the Mouse is most powerful, and this is owing to the fact that he was able to invest his little four-footed hero with a yet larger share of his own humanity, and so to make him more the symbol of the deeper and more heart-rending phases of his own dire experience. The Daisy is possessed at one and the same time of a sweetly floral and a sweetly human interest, as if through the petals of the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" there keeked, though half concealed, still *only* half concealed, the wee, sweet, innocent face of a new-born babe; while that possessed by the Mouse, though somewhat less pure because of its association with ideas in themselves somewhat less innocent, and yet because of its evidently more acute sufferings, combined with its almost equal helplessness and a keener sense of its "ill-starred" lot, the Mouse, though still but a Mouse, becomes more essentially than the other associated in the imagination with

what is most tragical in human life, so as to wring from the heart an echo such as could only be wrung by the contemplation of the most cruel mishap that can befall "a fellow mortal." If I am not mistaken, this is the difference between these two exquisite poems, and though not without flaws, they form a pair of jewels, the beauty of which in the one is that of the heaven-hued sapphire, while the blood-red ruby might as truly be said to image forth the more impressive beauty of the other. The colours of the productions in each case are different, but the masterly way in which they are used in each is the same, and in each is equally displayed the suddenness with which the poet is enabled to carry the reader into the heart of his subject, and to entangle him in the magical toils thereof. These toils are so powerful in the Mouse that the reader, though almost crushed down with the weight of woe in the subject, is held fast till the mourner has told all that he can tell, not all that he would, of the calamity that befell his "earth-born companion" when "crash, the cruel coulter passed out through his cell," and do as he would he cannot get away from it even after the lips of the singer have closed. Still, still in memory is he forced to gaze on the little panic-stricken sufferer, to think how its prospects at one fell blow have been blighted—of its "housie" in ruin, and its "wa's" "strewn" with the winds, and

> "That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
> Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
> Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
> But house or hauld,
> To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
> And cranreuch cauld!"

What sorrow, what sympathy have we here! This is

My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

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

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your hearts return !
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes !

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen ;
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
  That bliss the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers ;
  And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
  The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
  And wanton naigies, nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
  He danced wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
  Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
  The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
  Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
  And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
  Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
  And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
  Ae e'enin' on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
  The birds sang sweet in ilka grove ;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
  And whisper'd thus his tale o' love ;—

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
Oh, canst thou think to fancy me?
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

WHILE larks with little wing
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting the breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peep'd o'er the mountain's high;
Such thy morn! did I cry,
Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
Glad did I share;
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there:

Sweet to the opening day
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray ;
Such thy bloom ! did I say,
  Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk
  Doves cooing were ;
I mark'd the cruel hawk
  Caught in a snare :
So kind may Fortune be,
Such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
  Phillis the fair.

BY ALLAN STREAM I CHANCED TO ROVE.

BY Allan stream I chanced to rove,
  While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi ;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
  The yellow corn was waving ready :
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
  And thought on youthfu' pleasures many ;
And aye the wild wood echoes rang—
  Oh, dearly do I love thee, Annie !

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
  Nae nightly bogle make it eerie ;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
  The place and time I met my dearie !
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
  She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever !"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
  The sacred vow—we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
The Simmer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery, through her shortening day,
Is Autumn, in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or, through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

OH, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad
Though faither and mither and a' should gae mad
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

MY SPOUSE, NANCY.

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sovereign lord,
And so, good-bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it."

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

HAD I A CAVE.

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my last repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE.

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure—
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
  The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion—
  They are but types of woman.

Oh ! art thou not ashamed
  To doat upon a feature ?
If man thou wouldst be named,
  Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow ;
  Good claret set before thee :
Hold on till thou art mellow,
  And then to bed in glory.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
  Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
Every pulse along my veins,
  Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
  There to throb and languish :
Though despair had wrung its core,
  That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
  Rich with balmy treasure !
Turn away thine eyes of love,
  Lest I die with pleasure !

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning!
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie—
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt nae be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me—
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

THE BANKS OF CREE

HERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has told the hour—
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis not the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove
His little faithful mate to cheer—
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
Oh, welcome, dear to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

HOW can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love:
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away ;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in the scorching sun
My sailor's thund'ring at his gun :
Bullets, spare my only joy !
Bullets, spare my darling boy !
Fate, do with me what you may—
Spare but him that's far away !

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power ;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet :
Then may Heaven with prosperous gales
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey—
My dear lad that's far away.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

CA' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonny dearie!

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

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

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonny dearie!

SHE SAYS SHE LOE'S ME BEST O' A'.

SAE flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughin' een o' bonny blue.
Her smiling, sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow!
Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
When first her bonny face I saw;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
Ilk feature—auld Nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law:
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best o' a'.

Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;

While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'est me best of a'?

MY HANDSOME NELL.

O H, once I loved a bonny lass,
Ay, and I love her still;
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fal, lal de ral, etc.

As bonny lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw;
But for a modest, gracefu' mien,
The like I never saw.

A bonny lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the e'e,
But without some better qualities
She's no the lass for me.

But Nellie's looks are blithe and sweet;
And what is best of a'—
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
Baith decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
  May slightly touch the heart
But it's innocence and modesty
  That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
  'Tis this enchants my soul !
For absolutely in my breast
  She reigns without control.

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT !

HOW long and dreary is the night,
  When I am frae my dearie !
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
  Though I were ne'er sae weary.
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
  Though I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
  I spent wi' you, my dearie,
And now what lands between us lie,
  How can I be but eerie ?
And now what lands between us lie,
  How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
  As ye were wae and weary !
It wasna sae ye glinted by
  When I was wi' my dearie.
It wasna sae ye glinted by
  When I was wi' my dearie.

IMPROVED VERSION.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh! her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my dearie!
And now what seas between us roar—
How can I be but eerie?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It wasna sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

NOW Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
Oh, wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

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

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

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

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclaspèd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoiced the day;
Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa'!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild, but buss or bield,
Sinks in Time's wintry rage.

Oh ! age has weary days,
And nights o' sleepless pain !
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why com'st thou not again ?

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

SLEEP'ST thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature ?
Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy :
Now through the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray,
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
The laverock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning ;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care

With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky :
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart—
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought ;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught ;
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a' :
When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he hast past ?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way ;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae :
Come ease or come travail ; come pleasure or pain ;
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again !"

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O Memory! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst, relieve me:
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
'Till fears no more had saved me:
The unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

NOW in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn:
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'!

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come, Autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'!

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood,
And blithely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn Wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And oh! to be lying beyond thee;
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I daurna for your anger ;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonny ;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie !

To see thee in anither'a arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me ;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

SECOND VERSION.

SWEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
And blithe awakes the morrow ;
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow,

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing ;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing ?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet daurna for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
Or art thou wakin', I would wit?
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo.

Oh, let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
Oh, rise and let me in, jo!

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's:
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, tell na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain !
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night ;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
Is nocht to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
Let simple maid the lesson read,
The weird may be her ain, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.

'TWAS NA HER BONNY BLUE E'E.

'TWAS na her bonny blue e'e was my ruin ;
Fair though she be, that was ne'er my undoin' :
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!
But though fell Fortune should fate us to sever,
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter—
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

CALEDONIA.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtles let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan.
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean.

ADDRESS TO THE WOODLARK.

OH stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray ;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art ;
For surely that wad touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind ?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief, and dark despair :
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair !
Or my poor heart is broken !

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS !

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.

HOW cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize,
And to the wealthy booby
Poor woman sacrifice !
Meanwhile the hapless daughter
Has but a choice of strife—
To shun a tyrant father's hate,
Becomes a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
The trembling dove thus flies,
To shun impelling ruin
Awhile her pinion tries;
Till of escape despairing,
No shelter or retreat,
She trusts the ruthless falconer,
And drops beneath his feet!

MARK YONDER POMP.

MARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
Round the wealthy, titled bride;
But when compared with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.
What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polish'd jewel's blaze
May draw the wondering gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array,
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day!
Oh then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,

In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

Oh, this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
Oh, weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her e'e.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learnèd clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e.

OH, BONNY WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

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

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

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

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

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
Far, far from thee, I wander here;
Far, far from thee, the fate severe
At which I most repine, love.

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me;
But near, near, near me;
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love!

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
Save in those arms of thine, love.

Cold, alter'd Friendship's cruel part,
To poison Fortune's ruthless dart—
Let me not break thy faithful heart,
And say that fate is mine, love.

But dreary though the moments fleet,
Oh, let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.

YOUNG JESSIE.

TRUE-HEARTED was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;
Enthroned in her e'en he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'!

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me!
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

He spak o' the darts in my bonny black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he likèd for Jean,
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stockèd mailen—himsel for the laird—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speir'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
Sae e'en to preserve the poor body his life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

AWA' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher;
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonny green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white yowes.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest ;
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest ;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

BONNIE lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go ;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy ?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays ;
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
The snaw the mountains cover ;
Like winter on me seizes,
Since my young Highland Rover
Far wanders nations over.
Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
May Heaven be his warden ;
Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,
Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging ;
The birdies, dowie moaning,
Shall a' be blithely singing,
And every flower be springing.
Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
When by his mighty warden
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
And bonny Castle-Gordon.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
Well you know how much you grieve me.
Cruel charmer, can you go ?
Cruel charmer, can you go ?

By my love so ill requited ;
By the faith you fondly plighted ;
By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
Do not, do not leave me so !
Do not, do not leave me so !

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

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

Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear!
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share;
And by thy beauteous self I swear
No love but thine my heart shall know.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling!
Howling tempests, o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engagèd,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly wagèd,
But the heavens denied success.

Farewell, fleeting, fickle treasure,
'Tween Misfortune and Folly shared!
Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure!
Farewell flattering man's regard!

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us—
But a world without a friend!

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

RAVING winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd, deploring:
"Farewell hours that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless future pondering;
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell Despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to Misery most distressing,
Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

MUSING on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to Nature's law;
Whispering spirits round my pillow
Talk of him that's far awa'.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
Downy Sleep, the curtain draw:
Spirits kind, again attend me—
Talk of him that's far awa'!

BLITHE WAS SHE.

BLITHE, blithe, and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben:
Blithe by the banks of Earn,
And blithe in Glenturit glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
  Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
  As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny face it was as meek
  As ony lamb's upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
  As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
  And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
  That ever trod the dewy green.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

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

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
  And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
  When first I felt their pow'r !

The tyrant Death, with grim control,
May seize my fleeting breath ;
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year !
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues !

How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain :
How little of life's scanty span may remain :
What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn ;
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd !
This life's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

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

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

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

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

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

O TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure:
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
  But feint a hair care I.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink
  Whene'er ye like to try.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean,
  That looks sae proud and high.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt
Ye'll cast yer head anither airt,
  And answer him fu' dry.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
  Be better than the kye.

But Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad speir your price
  Were ye as poor as I.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
I wadna gie her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousan' mark!
  Ye need na look sae high.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

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

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's no a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There's no a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL!

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill!
Or had of Helicon my fill:
That I might catch poetic skill
To sing how dear I love thee!
But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel;
On Corsincon I'll glower and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I couldna sing, I couldna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
I only live to love thee.
Though I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'd love thee.

THE DAY RETURNS.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Though winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heaven gave me more—it made thee mine!

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

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
  The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
Nae laverock sang on hillock green,
  But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Through faded groves Maria sang,
  Hersel in beauty's bloom the while,
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
  Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
  Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
  Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
  Shall birdie charm or flow'ret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
  Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

OH, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
Three blither hearts, that lee lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie:
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
  Her lips, like roses, wat wi' dew;
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
  It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smiled, my heart she wiled;
  She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
  Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed,
  She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
  To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO,

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
  When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
  Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
  Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
  John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
  We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
  We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
  But hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
  John Anderson, my jo.

TAM GLEN.

MY heart is a-breaking, dear tittie !
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity ;
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you, brute !" he comes ben :
He brags and he blaws o' his siller ;
But when will he dance like Tam Glen ?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men ;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me ;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten :
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen ?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten ;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I lay waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken :
His likeness cam up the house staukin'—
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come counsel, dear tittie ! don't tarry—
I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon
And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin ;
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen' ;
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
And ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

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

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin',
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang:
He's doyl't and he's dozen, his bluid it is frozen,
Oh, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
He's doyl't and he's dozen, etc.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
Oh, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish and jealous, etc.

My auld Auntie Katie upon me taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
I'll cross him, and wrack him, etc.

OH FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

AND oh for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
At kith or kin I needna speir,
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam ;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam !

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine ;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

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

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

THE BANKS OF NITH.

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;
But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
Where Cummins ance had high command:
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I loved so dear?
Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

BESS AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

OH, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!

I'll set me down, and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk, and meal—
Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdies' nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the clover hay,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

IN simmer, when the hay was mawn,
And corn waved green in ilka field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel
Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild—
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

"It's ye hae wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie but, a routhie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
It's plenty beats the luver's fire."

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie Glen
I dinna care a single flie;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luve to spare for me:
But blithe's the blink o' Robbie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
For Buskie Glen and a' his gear."

"Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin' best,
An' hungry care's an unco care:

But some will spend, and some will spare,
And wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve
The gowd and siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robbie and I—
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and luve bring peace and joy—
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

FAIR ELIZA.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
Wha for thine wad gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
  In the pride o' sunny noon ;
Not the little sporting fairy,
  All beneath the simmer moon ;
Not the poet, in the moment
  Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
  That thy presence gies to me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
  I lo'ed her meikle and lang :
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
  And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear ;
But woman is but warld's gear,
  Sae let the bonny lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
  To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
  A woman has't by kind :
O woman lovely, woman fair !
An angel form's fa'n to thy share ;
'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—
  I mean an angel mind.

OH, LUVE WILL VENTURE IN.

OH, luve will venture in
Where it daurna weel be seen;
Oh, luve will venture in
Where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove,
Amang the wood sae green—
And a' to pu' a posie
To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
The firstling o' the year;
And I will pu' the pink,
The emblem o' my dear;
For she's the pink o' womankind,
And blooms without a peer—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
When Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss
O' her sweet, bonnie mou';
The hyacinth's for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I'll place the lily there;

The daisy's for simplicity,
  And unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
  Wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man,
  It stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
  I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu'
  When the evening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew
  Shall be her een sae clear:
The violet's for modesty,
  Which weel she fa's to wear—
And a' to be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
  Wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast,
  And I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life,
  The band shall ne'er remove—
And this will be a posie
  To my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

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

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever!
Is anguish unmingled, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown;
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive!
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But Fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
You distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail!"

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:

"Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path may be.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?"

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie;
Willie was a wabster guid,
Could stown a clue wi' ony bodie:
He had a wife was dour and din,
Oh, Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
And wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;

Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
  Her face wad fyle the Logan Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
  I wadna gie a button for her.

AFTON WATER.

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

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

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

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

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream—
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

JEANIE'S BOSOM.

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me:
King and nations—swith, awa!
Reif-randies, I disown ye!

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING.

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly Winter grimly flies;
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonny blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The evening gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonny Bell.

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
Till smiling Spring again appear.

Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonny Bell.

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

MY heart is sair—I daurna tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
Oh, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody!

THE MIRK NIGHT O' DECEMBER.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
As the mirk night o' December,
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber:

And dear was she I daurna name,
But I will aye remember.
And dear was she I daurna name,
But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel—
May a' that's guid watch o'er them;
And here's to them we daurna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.
And here's to them we daurna tell,
The dearest o' the quorum!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THE lovely lass of Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e:
Drumossie Moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee

A RED, RED ROSE.

OH, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
Oh, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

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

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

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

OH, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

NOW haply down yon gay green shaw
She wanders by yon spreading tree;
How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her e'e!

CHORUS.

Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year;
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
But my delight in yon town,
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
O' Paradise could yield me joy;
But gie me Lucy in my arms,
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
Though raging winter rent the air;
And she a lovely little flower,
That I wad tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is she in yon town
The sinking sun's gane down upon;
A fairer than's in yon town
His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
I careless quit aught else below,
But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
And she—as fairest is her form—
She has the truest, kindest heart.

Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town,
Ye see the e'enin' sun upon?
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That e'enin' sun is shining on.

A VISION.

AS I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream adown its hazelly path
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roarings swell and fa'.

The cauld blue North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissin', eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain
The sacred posy—"Liberty!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He, weeping, wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

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

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

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

NAE gentle dames, though e'er so fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care:
Their titles a' are empty show;
Gie me my Highland Lassie, O.

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

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

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.

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

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gane;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my luve, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain!
Spare my luve, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blithe his waukening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of humankind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art;
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS.

UP in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

MY JEAN!

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains frown, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing
Gaily in the sunny beam,
Listening to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring:
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with agèd arms were warring,
O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasure I enjoyed;
But lang or noon, loud tempests, storming,
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle Fortune has deceived me
(She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill),
Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.

YE gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply laced her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, Grace, and Love, attendant move,
And Pleasure leads the van;
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man:
Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann!

MY BONNIE MARY.

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

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

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

THERE'S a youth in this city,
It were a great pity
That he frae our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonnie and braw,
Weel favour'd witha',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune
The laddie's been courtin';
Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
But chiefly the siller,
That gars him gang till her,
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
There's Meg wi' the mailen,
That fain wad a haen him,
And Susie, whase daddy was laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
Maist fetters his fancy—
But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

OH wha my babie-clouts will buy?
Oh wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
The ranting dog the daddie o't.

Oh wha will own he did the faut?
Oh wha will buy the groanin' maut?
Oh wha will tell me how to ca't?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The ranting dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak' me fidgin-fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?—
The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been owre the lugs in luve,
Had I na found the slightest prayer,
That lips could speak, thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers say coy;
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide ;
Though thou may gaily bloom a while,
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains, sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock, as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock, as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd, clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath ;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie, because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie, because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms—
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms—
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR ?

WHA is that at my bower-door ?
Oh, wha is it but Findlay ?
Then gae yere gate, ye'se nae be here !—
Indeed, maun I, quo' Findlay.
What maks ye sae like a thief ?
Oh, come and see, quo' Findlay ;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in—
  Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din—
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay—
  Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day—
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain—
  I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll ken the gate again—
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower—
  Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour—
  Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

NOW bank and brae are claithed in green,
  And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
  The birdies flit on wanton wing.
To Cassillis' banks, when e'ening fa's,
  There wi' my Mary let me flee,
There catch her ilka glance o' love,
  The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's wealth
  Is aften laird o' meikle care;
But Mary, she is a' mine ain—
  Ah! fortune canna gie me mair!

Then let me range by Cassillis' banks,
Wi' her, the lassie dear to me,
And catch her ilka glance o' love,
The bonnie blink o' Mary's e'e!

AE FOND KISS.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, and then, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee!
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae farewell, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee !
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

OH, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

OH, how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa' ?
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
Is o'er the hills and far awa ?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a',
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
And silken snoods he gae me twa ;
And I will wear them for his sake—
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

And I will wear them for his sake—
The bonnie lad that's far awa'.

O weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my young baby will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa.
And my young baby will be born,
And he'll be hame that's far awa'.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa', thou pale Diana!

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come, in thy raven plumage, Night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell
To do such things I maunna:
The kirk and state may gae to hell,
And I'll gae to my Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my e'e—
To live but her I canna;
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.

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

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

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

HOW pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair !
But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew !
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn !
And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England, triumphant, display her proud rose ;
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring ;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare ;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild ;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is Simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast !

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day !
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

THE Deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' your prize, man !"

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil
That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman!

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman!

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

BLITHE hae I been on yon hill,
As the lambs before me;
Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:

Now nae langer sport and play,
  Mirth and sang can please me!
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
  Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
  Hopeless love declaring:
Trembling, I dow nocht but glower,
  Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna ease the thraws
  In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
  Soon maun be my dwelling.

OH, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

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

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

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

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

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The warld's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

FAIR JENNY.

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flow'rets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly Winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has causèd this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor Hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

SAW YE MY PHELY?

OH, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair—
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love anither jo,
While my heart is breaking;
Soon my weary een I'll close—
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er mair to waken!

CHLORIS.

MY Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair:
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
  In lordly lighted ha' ;
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
  Blithe in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
  Our rustic dance wi' scorn ;
But are their hearts as light as ours,
  Beneath the milk-white thorn ?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
  In shepherd's phrase will woo :
The courtier tells a finer tale—
  But is his heart as true ?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
  That spotless breast o' thine :
The courtiers' gems may witness love—
  But 'tisna love like mine.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

IT was the charming month of May,
  When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
  The youthful, charming Chloe ;
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
  The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
  Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
  The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around, on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody
  They hail the charming Chloe ;
Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
  Of youthful, charming Chloe.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

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

Mark the winds, and mark the skies ;
  Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow :
Sun and moon but set to rise ;
  Round and round the seasons go.
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan ?
We'll be constant while we can—
  You can be no more, you know.

O, PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

HE.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
When, roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthfu' heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O, Willie, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willie.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the briar the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let Fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win:
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I carena wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

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

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

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

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

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

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

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

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

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

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

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

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh! in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

IS this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!
Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy!

THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:

I kent her heart was a' my ain ;
I loved her most sincerely ;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely ;
My blessing on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !
She aye shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin' ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear ;
I hae been happy thinkin' :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

ELIZA.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore ;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar ;

But boundless oceans, roaring-wide
  Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
  My heart and soul from thee!

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

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES, O!

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

There's nought but care on every han',
  In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
  An 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The warl'ly race may riches chase,
  And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
  Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
And warl'ly cares, and warl'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

PEGGY.

NOW westlin winds and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:

Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it ;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender ;
Some social join, and leagues combine ;
Some solitary wander :
Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion ;
The sportsman's joy, the murdering cry,
The fluttering, gory pinion !

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading green and yellow :
Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly :
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be, as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer !

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE.

NO churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare—
For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of my care.

The peer I don't envy, I'll give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the Crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

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

"Life's cares they are comforts"—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And, faith, I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of care.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care!

THE BONNIE BANKS OF AYR.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn:
Across her placid, azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare ;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr !

THE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
To follow the noble vocation ;
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
To sit in that honourèd station.
I've little to say, but only to pray,
As praying's the *ton* of your fashion ;
A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye Powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
Who markèd each element's border ;
Who formèd this frame with beneficent aim,
Whose sovereign statute is order ;
Within this dear mansion may wayward Contention
Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter ;
May Secrecy round be the mystical boun'
And Brotherly Love be the centre.

MENIE.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie dote,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
And it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

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

The shepherd steeks his fauldiug slap,
And owre the moorland whistles shrill:
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

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

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

HIGHLAND MARY.

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

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

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

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary!

AULD LANG SYNE.

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

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

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gies a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

WHERE Cart rins rowin' to the sea,
By mony a flower and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
To gie the lad that has the land ;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
While bees delight in opening flowers ;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !
Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of heaven.

IS THERE FOR HONEST POVERTY.

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

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

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

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

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

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

NOW spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While ilka thing in Nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
Oh, why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
Defies the angler's art:
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountain dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,
Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
And blighted a' my bloom,
And now, beneath the withering blast,
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd laverock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye;

As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland's snows,
Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and Nature leagued my foes,
So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae mair,"
What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whase bosom, save despair,
Nae kinder spirits dwell.

THERE WAS ONCE A DAY.

THERE was once a day—but old Time then was young—
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixèd her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew;
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand:
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore!
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs well can witness, and Longcartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learnèd to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:

For b rave Caledonia immortal must be ;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun :
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright in Chance, and old Time is the base ;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse ;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

FRAGMENT—CHLORIS.

WHY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy ?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie ?

Oh why, while Fancy, raptured, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris, all the theme ;
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream ?

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

"OH, come ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man ?"
"I saw the battle sair and tough,
And reekin'-red ran mony a sheugh ;
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them werna slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blood outgush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man;
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles;
They hack'd and hash'd, while broadswords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
'Till fey men died awa', man.

"But had ye seen the philabegs,
And skyrin tartar trews, man,
When in the teeth they dared our Whigs
And covenant true-blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets o'erpowered the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man."

"Oh, how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But cursèd lot! the gates were shut;
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man!"

"My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man

She swore she saw some rebels run
  Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae guid-will
That day their neibors' bluid to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
  And hameward fast did flee, man.

"They've lost some gallant gentlemen
  Amang the Highland clans, man;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
  Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
And mony bade the world guid-night;
Then ye may tell how, pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell.
  And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
  Then let the louns beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
  And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
  The Criffel sink to Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
  On British ground to rally!
    We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
      On British ground to rally.

Oh, let us not, like snarling curs,
In wrangling be divided ;
Till, slap ! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted !
For never, etc.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it—
By heavens ! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it !
By heavens, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together !
Wha will not sing "God save the King"
Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing, etc.

OH, WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME?

OH, wha is she that lo'es me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
Oh, sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dews o' summer weeping,
In tears the rosebuds steeping!

CHORUS.

Oh, that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie, ever dearer;
Oh, that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers alarming;

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attentions plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her, by thee is slighted,
And thou art all delighted;

If thou hast met this fair one;
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her, thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted.

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

KEN ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo and ago,
If he's amang his friends or foes?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north?
Igo and ago,
Or drownèd in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Igo and ago,
And eaten like a wether haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane?
Igo and ago,
Or haudin' Sarah by the wame?
Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo and ago,
As for the deil, he daurna steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosèd letter,
Igo and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam bore,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

FIRST when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air,
Now we're married—speir nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me's beguiled—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'!
He roosed my een sae bonnie blue,
He roosed my waist sae genty sma',
And aye my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

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

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

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

Oh ! what is death but parting breath ?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again !

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword !
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife ;
I die by treacherie :
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avengèd be.

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

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A BALLAD.

DIRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
That Scot to Scot did carry ;
And dire the discord Langside saw
For beauteous, hapless Mary :
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, sir,
Then 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
Who should be Faculty's Dean, sir.

This Hal, for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was number'd ;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire ;
Which shows that Heaven can boil the spot,
Though the devil——in the fire.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purged was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision ;
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
Ye heretic eight-and-thirty !
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Honours and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
What brings me back the gate again,
But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again ;
And when her lovely form I see,
Oh, haith, she's doubly dear again !

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And by yon garden green again ;
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
And see my bonnie Jean again.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend !
What wad you wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man :
Believe me, Happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

BONNIE PEGGY ALISON.

I'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again;
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonnie Peggy Alison!

Ilk care and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mair defy them, O;
Young kings upon their hansel throne
Are nae sae blest as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O;
I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
Could I describe her shape and mien,
The graces of her weel-faur'd face,
And the glancing of her sparkling een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And shoots its head above each bush;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
When flowery May adorns the scene,
That wantons round its bleating dam;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That shades the mountain-side at e'en,
When flower-reviving rains are past;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When shining sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in every grace,
And chiefly in her sparkling een.

MARY!

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

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

YOUNG PEGGY.

YOUNG Peggy blooms the bonniest lass,
Her blush is like the morning
The rosy dawn, the springing grass
With pearly gems adorning;
Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
That gild the passing shower,
And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
A richer dye has graced them;
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
And sweetly tempt to taste them:
Her smile is like the evening mild,
When feather'd tribes are courting,
And little lambkins wanton wild,
In playful bands disporting.

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

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth,
From every ill defend her:
Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
The destinies intend her:

Still fan the sweet connubial flame
Responsive in each bosom ;
And bless the dear parental name
With many a filial blossom.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

BY yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey;
And as he was singing, the tears fast down came—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars ;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd ;
It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moments my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

ROBIN.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof—
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But, sure as three times three mak nine,
I see, by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' she, I doubt ye'll gar
The bonnie lasses lie aspar,
But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
So blessin's on thee, Robin!

WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

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

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me
When I forget my vow!

Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor;

How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string.
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

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

THE POOR AND HONEST SODGER.

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

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia, hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
Oh! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang—
Take pity on a sodger."

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

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

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

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

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
  And pierced my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
  Life can to me impart!

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live day long.
Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
Oh, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

MY father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O;
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O,
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O;
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O:
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O;

Resolved was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
I courted Fortune's favour, O;
Some cause unseen still stept between,
To frustrate each endeavour, O:
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd,
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O,
And when my hope was at the top,
I still was worst mistaken, O.

Then, sore harass'd, and tired at last,
With Fortune's vain delusion, O,
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
And came to this conclusion, O:
The past was bad, and the future hid;
It's good or ill untried, O;
Bnt the present hour was in my power,
And so I would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
Nor person to befriend me, O;
So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
And labour to sustain me, O:
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early, O;
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for Fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
Through life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
Till down my weary bones I lay
In everlasting slumber, O.

No view nor care, but shun whate'er
  Might breed me pain or sorrow, O ;
I live to-day as well's I may,
  Regardless of to-morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well
  As a monarch in a palace, O,
Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down,
  With all her wonted malice, O :
I make indeed my daily bread,
  But ne'er can make it farther, O ;
But as daily bread is all I need,
  I do not much regard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour
  I earn a little money, O,
Some unforseen misfortune
  Comes generally upon me, O :
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
  Or my good-natured folly, O ;
But come what will, I've sworn it still,
  I'll ne'er be melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power
  With unremitting ardour, O,
The more in this you look for bliss,
  You leave your view the farther, O,
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
  Or nations to adore you, O,
A cheerful, honest-hearted clown
  I will prefer before you, O !

BONNIE LESLIE.

OH, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

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

The deil he couldna skaith thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

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

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

AMANG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES.

AMANG the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O:
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha-ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
Till we were wae and weary, O;
But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cased
A prisoner aughteen year awa',
He fired a fiddler in the north
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

THE MAUCHLINE LADY.

WHEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
My mind it was na steady;
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
A mistress still I had aye;

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
Not dreadin' ony body,
My heart was caught before I thought,
And by a Mauchline lady.

ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

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

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

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY.

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
Yet happy, happy would I be,
Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
And winter nights were dark and rainy;
I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy.

Were I a baron proud and high,
And horse and servants waiting ready,
Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

BLOOMING NELLY.

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly drest,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep opprest;
When Willy, wandering through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheathed,
Were seal'd in sweet repose;
Her lips, still as she fragrant breathed,
It richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild-wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blushed,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace!

Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole:
He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspirèd wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs:
But Willie follow'd—as he should;
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

LUCKLESS FORTUNE.

O RAGING Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!
O raging Fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low, O!

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow, O;
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow, O.

But luckless Fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O;
Bnt luckless Fortune's northern storms,
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

WOMEN'S MINDS.

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift, and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them maist,
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that,
The bonnie lass that I lo'e best
She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But lordly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thraw that.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
A bonnie lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime dar ca' that?

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

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

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

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO MARY.

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The Muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee!

They who but feign a wounded heart
  May teach the lyre to languish ;
But what avails the pride of art,
  When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
  The heart-felt pang discover ;
And in the keen, yet tender eye,
  Oh, read th' imploring lover.
For well I know thy gentle mind
  Disdains art's gay disguising ;
Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
  The voice of nature prizing.

A FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TARBOLTON.

ADIEU ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
  Dear brothers of the mystic tie !
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
  Companions of my social joy !
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
  Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
  I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
  And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
  Presided o'er the sons of light :

And by that hieroglyphic bright,
  Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong Memory on my heart shall write
  Those happy scenes when far awa'!

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

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

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

YOU'RE welcome to despots, Dumourier;
  You're welcome to despots, Dumourier:
How does Dampiere do?
  Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you, Dumourier;
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you;
By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier:
Then let us fight about,
Till Freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
Not high-born, but noble-minded,
In love's silken band can bind it!

A FRAGMENT.

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder
Upon an auld tree root:
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd to the seas;
A cushet coodled o'er me,
That echo'd through the braes.

THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the little birds sing on every tree ;
Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run,
For ever is constant and true ;
But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
And is every month changing anew.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pains you endure ; [o' woe,
For experience makes me know that your hearts are full
A woe that no mortal can cure.

HER FLOWING LOCKS.

HER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
Adown her neck and bosom hing ;
How sweet unto that breast I cling,
And round that neck entwine her !

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou' !
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
A crimson still diviner !

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale;
The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king, and a father, to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends! 'tis your ruin I mourn:
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas! can I make you no sweeter return?

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

YE HAE LIEN WRANG, LASSIE.

YE hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in an unco bed,
And wi' a fremit man.

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie;
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O lassie, ye hae play'd the fool,
And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;
For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
And through the wood ye sang, lassie;
But in the herrying o' a bee byke,
I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

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

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be but sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

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

Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's a health to them that's awa',
Here a health to them that's awa';
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

YON wandering rill that marks the hill,
And glances o'er the brae, sir,
Slides by a bower where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay:
To love they thought nae crime, sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S GAIRS UPON'T.

MY lady's gown, there's gairs upon't,
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
My lord thinks meikle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her gentle limbs,
Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns:
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
Oh, that's the lass to mak him blest.

OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

OH, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And, fool I was, I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursêdly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
When a' their days are done, man;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
Oh, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye.

BONNIE PEG.

AS I came in by our gate end,
As day was waxin' weary,
Oh, wha came tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen o' Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linkèd hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever?

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

OH, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
But now he is my deadly fae,
Unless thou be my ain.

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain.

OH, GUID ALE COMES.

OH, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose—
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
They drew a weel eneugh ;
I sell'd them a just ane by ane ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand i' the stool when I hae done ;
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

OH, WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE.?

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

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

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart !
O charming Polly Stewart !
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it ;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
Possess a leal and true heart ;
To him be given to ken the heaven
He grasps in Polly Stewart !
O lovely Polly Stewart !
O charming Polly Stewart !
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet as thou art.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

ROBIN shure in hairst,
I shure wi' him ;
Fient a heuk had I,
Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,
To warp a wab o' plaiden ;
At his daddie's yett,
Wha met me but Robin ?

Was na Robin bauld,
Though I was a cottar ;
Play'd me sic a trick,
And me the eller's dochter ?

Robin promised me
A' my winter vittle ;
Fient haet had he but three
Goose feathers and a whittle.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

THERE were five carlins in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there ;
And aiblins gowd and honour baith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride enough ;
And Marjory o' the mony Lochs,
A carlin auld and teugh.

And Blinkin Bess o' Annandale,
That dwelt near Solway side,
And Whisky Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin—
Five wighter carlins werena foun'
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
Their errand fain wad gae.

Oh, mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
Oh, ne'er a ane but twae.

The first he was a belted knight,
Bred o' a Border clan;
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstan';

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say;
And ilka ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him guid-day.

Then neist cam in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thae carlins fell;
For some had gentlefolks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
And she spak up wi' pride,
And she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court
She didna care a pin;
But she wad send a sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,
And swore a deadly aith,
Says, "I will send the Border knight
Spite o' you carlins baith.

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
And fools o' change are fain;
But I hae tried this Border knight,
And I'll try him yet again."

Then Whisky Jean spak owre her drink,
"Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

"And mony a friend that kiss'd his cup
Is now a fremit wight;
But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean—
I'll send the Border knight."

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
A carlin stoor and grim—
"The auld guidman, and the young guidman,
For me may sink or swim;

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh in their sleeve;
But wha blows best the horn shall win,
I'll speir nae courtier's leave."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow;
Her ancient weed was russet grey,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

"The Lon'on court set light by me—
I set as light by them;
And I will send the sodger lad
To shaw that court the same."

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell:
God grant the king, and ilka man,
May look weel to himsel!

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O.

THE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
The deuk's dang o'er my daddie, O!
The fient may care, quo' the feirie auld wife,
He was but a paidlin body, O!

He paidles out, and he paidles in,
And he paidles late and early, O!
Thae seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
And he is but a fusionless carlie, O!
Oh, haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
Oh, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!

I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
Ye wadna been sae donsie, O!
I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
And cuddled me late and early, O;
But downa do's come o'er me now,
And, oh! I feel it sairly, O!

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

WHEN Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thanked her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her make a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,

She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again,
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And servèd me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud off your hands, young man," she says,
"And dinna sae uncivil be;
Gif ye hae ony love for me,
Oh, wrang na my virginitie!"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa'—
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;

But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinkling in her e'e;
I said, "My lassie, dinna cry,
For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blithe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

FAREWEEL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME.

FAREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory!
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,

Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station;
But English gold has been our bane—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh, would, ere I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll mak this declaration;
We're bought and sold for English gold—
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

THERE was a bonnie lass,
And a bonnie bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms
Tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
Where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quail,
Or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

MY Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strode he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

Oh, for him back again!
Oh, for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highland Harry back again!

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

OH, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Oh, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, oh, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me for better, for waur—
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

WEE WILLIE GRAY.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket:
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet,
The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and doublet!

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat:
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet!

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fautor;
Although my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!

Oh! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie's he could flatter;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintra clatter.

But though my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fautor;
But though my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water!

LADY ONLIE.

A' THE lads o' Thorniebank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;
And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews guid ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her guid ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

AS I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him ;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain ;
I'll flatter my fancy I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldna get sleepin' till dawin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain :
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh ! luve forsaken's a tormenting pain !

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win ;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

BANNOCKS o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley ;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !
Wha in a brulzie,
Will first cry a parley ?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear-meal,
Bannocks o' barley ;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley !

Wha, in his wae-days,
  Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
  The bannocks o' barley?

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISH'D FRESH AND FAIR.

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
  And bonny bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
  And wither'd a' our posies.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
  Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
  Ye'll do nae guid at a'.

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust—
  Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't;
And write their names in his black beuk,
  Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!

Our sad decay in Church and State
  Surpasses my descriving:
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
  And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
  But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
  Are hunted like a maukin!

BONNIE PEG-A-RAMSAY.

CAULD is the e'enin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary,
When birks are bare at Yule.

O, cauld blaws the e'enin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift
The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

COME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him;

But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !

I swear and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as aft for Charlie.

BRAW LADS O' GALA WATER.

BRAW, braw lads o' Gala Water ;
Oh, braw lads o' Gala Water :
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie ;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather ;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

COMING through the rye, poor body,
Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
Coming through the rye.

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

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

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body—
Need the warld ken?

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

GAT ye me, oh, gat ye me,
Oh, gat ye me wi' naething?
Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
A mickle quarter basin.
Bye attour, my gutcher has
A heigh house and a laigh ane,
A' forbye my bonnie sel,
The toss of Ecclefechan.

Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
Oh, haud your tongue and jauner;
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander:
I tint my whistle and my sang,
I tint my peace and pleasure;
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

HAD I THE WYTE.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte?—she bade me;
She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
And up the loan she shaw'd me;
And when I wadna venture in,
A coward loon she ca'd me;
Had kirk and state been in the gate,
I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
And bade me make nae clatter;
"For our ramgunshoch, glum guidman
Is o'er ayont the water:"
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
When I did kiss and dawt her,
Let him be planted in my place,
Syne say I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame refuse her?
And wadna manhood been to blame
Had I unkindly used her?

He claw'd her wi' the ripplin-kame,
And blae and bluidy bruised her;
When sic a husband was frae hame,
What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
And bann'd the cruel randy;
And weel I wat her willing mou'
Was e'en like sugar-candy.
At gloamin'-shot it was, I trow,
I lighted on the Monday;
But I cam through the Tysday's dew,
To wanton Willie's brandy.

HEE BALOU.

HEE balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
An' thou live, thou'lt steal a naigie:
Travel the country through and through,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my baby, may thou furder:
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie;
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a calf, a ewe and a hauf,
And thretty guid shillin's and three;
A very guid tocher, a cottar-man's dochter,
The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

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

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.

I ken thy friends try ilka means
  Frae wedlock to delay thee;
Depending on some higher chance—
  But Fortune may betray thee.

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

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

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

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

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

THE CARDIN' O'T.

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo,
To mak a coat to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only jo,
I lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
When ilka ell cost me a groat,
The tailor staw the linin' o't.

For though his locks be lyart grey,
And though his brow be beld aboon;
Yet I hae seen him on a day
The pride of a' the parishen.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life
By one unruly member.

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended ;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
As man and wife together ;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And 's gone I know not whither :
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowèd well,
A handsome grave does hide her ;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil could ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder ;
For why—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;
As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.

Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonnie Mary ;

Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry ;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonnie Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary ;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonnie Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

IT was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore ;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore, my dear,
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger frae the war returns,
  The sailor frae the main ;
But I hae parted frae my love,
  Never to meet again, my dear,
  Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
  And a' folk bound to sleep ;
I think on him that far awa',
  The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
  The lee-lang night, and weep.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

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

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

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou wad win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee?
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
The day is near the dawin;
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

Cog and ye were aye fou,
Cog and ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you,
If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!

God bless the king, boys,
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti!
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

MY love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her needna say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And couldna preach for thinkin' o't.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE.

MY heart was ance as blithe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie westlin' weaver lad
Has gart me sing my sang.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west,
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin' weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;
But oh! I fear the kintra soon
Will ken as weel's mysel!

LOVELY DAVIES.

OH, how shall I, unskilfu', try
The poet's occupation,
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration?

Even they maun dare an effort mair
  Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
  The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
  Like Phœbus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
  The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
  When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
  Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
  That maks us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
  Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
  Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
  Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
  Her feeble powers surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
  The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
  The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
  The charms o' lovely Davies.

OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

OH, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie !
Oh, Kenmure's on and awa' !
And Kenmure's lord's the greatest lord
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
Success to Kenmure's band ;
There's no a heart that fears a Whig
That rides by Kenmure's band.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !
Oh, Kenmure's lads are men ;
Their hearts and swords are metal true—
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
They'll live or die wi' fame ;
But soon wi' sounding victorie
May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa', Willie !
Here's him that's far awa' !
And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The rose that's like the snaw !

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

OH, mount and go,
Mount and make you ready ;
Oh, mount and go,
And be the Captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

LADY MARY ANN.

OH, Lady Mary Ann
Looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys
Playing at the ba' ;
The youngest he was
The flower amang them a'—
My bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

O father ! O father !
An ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year
To the college yet :
We'll sew a green ribbon
Round about his hat,
And that will let them ken
He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
Was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell,
And bonnie was its hue !

And the langer it blossom'd
The sweeter it grew ;
For the lily in the bud
Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
Was the sprout of an aik ;
Bonnie and bloomin'
And straught was its make :
The sun took delight
To shine for its sake,
And it will be be the brag
O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
When the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa'
That we hae seen ;
Bnt far better days
I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young,
But he's growin' yet.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

OH ! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !

Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie !
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair, may I repine ;
For Donald was the brawest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free ;
My Donald's arm was wanted then
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?—
Right to the wrang did yield :
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

Och-on, O Donald, oh !
Och-on, och-on, och-rie ?
Nae woman in the warld wide
Sae wretched now as me.

OH, MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

OH, merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon ;
And merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
Oh, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
And a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
And a' the lang night am as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnin's,
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave :
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave !
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
And come to my arms and kiss me again !
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie !
And blest be the day I did it again.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

O RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
Oh, he held to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some other ware ;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e ;
And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
Oh, sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben—
Rattlin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at yon board en';
Sitting at yon board en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

OH, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

AS I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Oh, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,

And 'twere mair fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck ;
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

SAE FAR AWA'.

OH, sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa' ;
Unknowing what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa',
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this, my way, sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa' :
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart
While, oh ! she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa' ;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.

OH, STEER HER UP.

OH, steer her up, and haud her gaun—
Her mither's at the mill, jo ;
And gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo :

First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo ;
And gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

Oh, steer her up, and be na blate,
And gin she tak it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time na langer spill, jo :
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo ;
That gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

BONNIE DUNDEE.

OH, where did you get that hauver-meal bannock ?
Oh, silly blind body, dinna ye see ?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
Oh gin I saw the laddie that gae me't ?
Aft has he doudled me upon his knee ;
May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his babbie and me !

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'ebree !
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me !
But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie bank,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear ;
And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

OH, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
To do our errands there, man ?
Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's House,
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man ?
Or will ye send a man-o'-law ?
Or will ye send a sodger ?
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
The meikle Ursa-Major ?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?
For worth and honour pawn their word,
There vote shall be Glencaird's, man ?
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
Anither gies them clatter ;
Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,
He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
The gay greenwoods amang, man ;
Where gathering flowers and busking bowers,
They heard the blackbird's sang, man ;
A vow they seal'd it wi' a kiss,
Sir Politics to fetter,
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,
To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
She summon'd every social sprit
That sports by wood or water,

On the bonnie banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter ;
The western breeze steals through the trees,
To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats !
What sparkling jewels glance, man !
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like paradise did glitter,
When angels met, at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champêtre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man :
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
Forswore it, every letter,
Wi' humble prayer to join and share
This festive Fête Champêtre.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

SIMMER'S a pleasant time,
Flowers of every colour;
The water rins o'er the heugh,
And I long for my true lover.

Aye waukin, O,
Waukin still and wearie:
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,
And I blear my een wi' greetin'.

TO DAUNTON ME.

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

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

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

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

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

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

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

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.
Glory, Honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lawland lassie.

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

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

THE cooper o' Cuddie cam here awa' ;
He ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
And our guidwife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly guidman, O.

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
Behind the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', Deil hae her ! and, Deil hae him !
But the body he was sae doited and blin',
He wistna where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our guidman has gotten the scorn ;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.

THE TAILOR.

THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a' ;
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a' ;
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill ;
The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
Gie me the groat again, canny young man ;
The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
The dearest siller that ever I wan !

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane ;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the Border,
And they'll gae big Terregle's towers,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terregle's fair,
For their abode they choose it ;
There's no a heart in a' the land
But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather:
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning grief has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo
Beside me gin the gloaming.
But he sae trig
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expec'
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee,
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat,
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak the war!
I late and air
Hae wish'd since Jock departed:

But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad
As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I cared na by,
Sae sad was I
In absence o' my dearie.
But, praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
At kirk and fair,
I'se aye be there,
And be as canty's ony.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

THERE lived a carle in Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
He met wi' the devil, says, "How do you fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir: that's a' my complaint;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

"Oh! welcome, most kindly," the blithe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
And. like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony wud bear;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
"Oh, help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a',
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
And to her auld husband he's carried her back ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life ;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,)
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

THERE WAS A LASS.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moor to spin ;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan couldna win ;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,

Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

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

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
And hey my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wat and weary;
Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie!

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay;
I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And cheer him late and early.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been at Saint Johnston;
The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin';
A guid blue bonnet on his head—
And oh, but he was handsome!

Commend me to the barn-yard,
And the corn-mou, man;
I never gat my coggie fou
Till I met wi' the ploughman.

THE CARLES O' DYSART.

UP wi' the carles o' Dysart
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae meikle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae meikle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
When a' the lave gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin' o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Glowerin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch and baith my shoon—
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin' o't!

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

MY HOGGIE.

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I hae nae mae,
And vow that I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cried frae the castle wa',
The blutter frae the boggie,
The tod replied upon the hill;
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco tyke lap o'er the dike,
And maist has kill'd my hoggie.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae braukie, O?
Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devil and Dundee,
On the braes of Killiecrankie, O.
The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,
And Clavers got a clankie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
Came to this town,
He had a blue bonnet
That wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten
A hat and a feather—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver,
And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the Border
And gie them a brush;
There's somebody there
We'll teach better behaviour—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver!

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fauts I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I maun blame—
You shall hear.

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?

What is right, and what is wrang ?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar ?
What makes heroic strife famed afar ?
What makes heroic strife ?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state ;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state ;
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

AH, CHLORIS !

AH, Chloris ! since it mayna be
That thou of love wilt hear ;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell ;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

KATHERINE JAFFRAY.

THERE lived a lass in yonder dale,
And down in yonder glen, O!
And Katherine Jaffray was her name,
Weel known to many men, O!

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,
Out frae the south countrie, O
All for to court this pretty maid,
Her bridegroom for to be, O!

He's tell'd her father and mother baith,
As I hear sundry say, O!
But he hasna tell'd the lass hersel,
Till on her wedding day, O!

Then came the Laird o' Lochinton,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this pretty maid,
All mounted in good order.

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

OH, whare live ye, my bonnie lass?
And tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier Laddie.

Oh, see you not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.
And ane to wait at every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly,
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a-day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie;
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.

WHEN I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.

OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE?

OH, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Oh, come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

AS DOWN THE BURN THEY TOOK THEIR WAY.

AS down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale,
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With "Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

EVAN BANKS.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires:
To Evan Banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

Oh! banks to me for ever dear!
Oh! stream, whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye;

Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse where the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;

What secret charm to mem'ry brings
All that on Evan's border springs!
Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side:
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost!
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight!

Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart!
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde!

EPPIE ADAIR.

AND oh! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair!

And oh ! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie !
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair ?
A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

OH, meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin ;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree ;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee ;
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airl-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy ;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

O LEAVE NOVELS.

O LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
Ye're safer at your spinning-wheel;
Such witching books are baited hooks
For rakish rooks, like Bob Mossgiel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
They make your youthful fancies reel,
They heat your brains, and fire your veins,
And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung;
A heart that warmly seems to feel;
That feeling heart but acts a part—
'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel;
The frank address, and politesse,
Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel.

TO THEE, LOVED NITH.

TO thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
Where late wi' careless thought I rang'd,
Tho' prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
To thee I bring a heart unchang'd

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear;
For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

GUID E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

GUID e'n to you, kimmer,
And how do you do?
Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
The better, that I'm fou,
We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
Suppin' hen broo;
Deil tak Kate,
An she be na noddin too!

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye fare?
A pint o' the best o't,
And twa pints mair.

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
And how do ye thrive?
How mony bairns hae ye?
Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

Are they a' Johnny's?
Eh! atweel, na:
Twa o' them were gotten
When Johnny was awa'.

Cats like milk,
And dogs like broo;
Lads like lasses weel,
And lasses lads too.
We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES, NEWS.

THERE'S news, lasses, news,
Guid news I have to tell ;
There's a boatfu' o' lads
Come to our town to sell.

The wean wants a cradle,
And the cradle wants a cod,
And I'll no gang to my bed
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can ;
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.

I hae as guid a craft rig
As made o' yird and stane ;
And waly fa' the ley-crap,
For I maun till'd again.

DAINTY DAVIE.

NOW rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers ;
And now comes in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie ;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

FRAE the friends and land I love,
Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
Frae my best-beloved I rove,
Never mair to taste delight;
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care:
When remembrance wracks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, Love, and Peace restore;

Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again ;
And ilka loyal, bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

OH, THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.

OH, that I had ne'er been married,
I wad never had nae care ;
Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
And they cry crowdie evermair.
Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
Three times crowdie in a day ;
Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
Glowerin' by the hallan en' :
Sair I fecht them at the door,
But aye I'm eerie they come ben.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man :
Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
And did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he wasna slaw, man ;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man :
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man :
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man ;
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as long's he dought,
And did the buckskins claw man ;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man ;
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
And loosed his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man ;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man ;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For North and Fox united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man ;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
And Scotland drew her pipe, and blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While slee Dundas aroused the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith
(Inspirèd Bardies saw, man),
Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

But, word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthrons raise, and coost their claes
Behind him in a raw, man ;
And Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man ;
And swoor fu' rude, through dirt and bluid,
To make it guid in law, man.

OH, CAN YOU LABOUR LEA?

OH, can you labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' airl-pennies three;
And a' the faut I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea.

The stibble-rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless coof,
That couldna labour lea?

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint
As guid as e'er did grow;
And a' that she hae made o' that
Is ae poor pund o' tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle low,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!"
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

LINES ON A MERRY PLOUGHMAN.

AS I was a-wandering ae morning in spring,
I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing;
And as he was singin' thae words he did say,
There's nae life like the ploughman's in the month o' sweet May.

The laverock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
And mount in the air wi' the dew on her breast;
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing;
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Through a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless king of love:
But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers,

Or in the glens and rocky caves,
His sad complaining dowie raves:

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And changed with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near
Repentance I should buy sae dear:
The slighted maids my torments see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!"

THERE WAS A WIFE.

THERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
Scroggam;
She brew'd guid ale for gentlemen.
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scroggam;
The priest o' the parish fell in anither.
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scroggam;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS.

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy, are his hours—
The gardener wi' his paidle.
The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he maun repair—
The gardener wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
The gardener wi' his paidle.

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE.

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
I couldna tell what ail'd me,
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
My een they almost fail'd me.
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
All grace does round her hover,
Ae look deprived me o' my heart.
And I became a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay,
She's aye sae blithe and cheerie;
She's aye sae bonnie, blithe, and gay,
Oh, gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
  Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in
Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
  Or humbler bays entwining—
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
  Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted knight,
  I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
    She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, etc.

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

WHEN CLOUDS IN SKIES DO COME TOGETHER.

WHEN clouds in skies do come together
  To hide the brightness of the weather,
There will surely be some pleasant weather
  When a' their storms are past and gone.

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,
  She promised fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me,
  Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence, as far's I'm able ;
But if success I must never find,
Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

WAE IS MY HEART.

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e ;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me :
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved,
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved ;
But this bruisèd heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonny castle-green ;
For there he is wandering, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing cure,
Were in my bosom swelling :
Condemned to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish ;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
  Fain, fain my crime would cover:
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
  Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
  Thou wilt nor canst relieve me;
But, O Maria, hear my prayer,
  For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
  Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
  Till fears no more had saved me.
The unwary sailor thus aghast
  The wheeling torrent viewing,
In circling horrors yields at last
  In overwhelming ruin!

THE DISCREET HINT.

"LASS, when your mither is frae hame,
  May I but be sae bauld
As come to your bower window,
  And creep in frae the cauld?
As come to your bower window,
  And when it's cauld and wat,
Warm me in thy fair bosom—
  Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
  When our gudewife's frae hame,
As come to my bower window,
  Where I hae laid my lane,

To warm thee in my bosom—
  Tak tent, I'll tell thee what,
The way to me lies through the kirk—
  Young man, do you hear that?"

OH, WAT YE WHAT MY MINNIE DID?

OH, wat ye what my minnie did,
  My minnie did, my minnie did,
Oh, wat ye what my minnie did,
  On Tysday 'teen to me, jo?
She laid me in a saft bed,
  A saft bed, a saft bed,
She laid me in a saft bed,
  And bade guid e'en to me, jo.

And wat ye what the parson did,
  The parson did, the parson did,
And wat ye what the parson did,
  A' for a penny fee, jo?
He loosed on me a lang man,
  A mickle man, a strang man,
He loosed on me a lang man,
  That might hae worried me, jo.

And I was but a young thing,
  A young thing, a young thing,
And I was but a young thing,
  Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
  In the wyte, in the wyte,
To pit a young thing in a fright,
  And loose a man on me, jo.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd wad mak me eerie, sir.

I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
To tak me frae my mammy yet

My mammy coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you and I in ae bed,
In trouth I daurna venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.

JENNY M'CRAW.

A FRAGMENT.

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather,
Say, was it the Covenant carried her thither;
Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en;
My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest,
And as for the lave, let the deil do his best.

COME REDE ME, DAME.

COME rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
And nane can tell mair truly,
What colour maun the man be of
To love a woman duly.

The carline flew baith up and down,
And leugh and answer'd ready,
I learn'd a sang in Annandale,
A dark man for my lady.

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely.

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaxen ne'er grows youden,
There's kiss and hause me in the brown,
And glory in the gowden.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

A FRAGMENT.

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
'Twas on a Hallowmas day,
And there was routh o' drink and fun,
And meikle mirth and play.
The bells they rang, and the carlines sang,
And the dames danced in the ha';
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
In the midst o' her kimmers a'.

HUNTING SONG.

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

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men ;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men ;
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring ;
But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
Her colour betrayed her on yon mossy fells ;
Her plumage outlustred the pride of the spring,
And oh, as she wanton'd gay on the wing,

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peeped o'er the hill,
In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill ;
He levell'd his rays where she basked on the brae—
His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay.

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

POEMS.

TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING AN ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus;
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gien the body half an e'e,
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stoited;
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
My very senses doited.

Do what I dought to set her free,
My saul lay in the mire;
Ye turn'd a neuk—I saw your e'e—
She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you;
And wish and pray in rhyme sincere
A' guid things may attend you.

VERSES

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.

HAIL, Poesie! thou nymph reserved!
In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk ennerved
'Mang heaps o' clavers;

And och ! owre aft thy joes hae starved
'Mid a' thy favours !

Say, lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage ;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd sang
But wi' miscarriage ?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives ;
Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives
Horatian fame ;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame.

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches ;
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters :
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace ;
And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
A rival place ?

Yes ! there is ane ; a Scottish callan—
There's ane ; come forrit, honest Allan !
Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
A chiel sae clever ;

The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,
But thou's for ever !

Thou paints auld Nature to the nines
In thy sweet Caledonian lines ;
Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell !

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes ;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns grey,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are Nature's sel ;
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell ;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love ;
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.

TO CHLORIS.

'TIS Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
To join the friendly few;

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower);

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow
On conscious honour's part;
And—dearest gift of Heaven below—
Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
With every Muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR. WILLIAM TYTLER,

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S PICTURE.

REVERED defender of beauteous Stuart,
Of Stuart, a name once respected—
A name which to love was the mark of a true heart,
But now 'tis despised and neglected!

Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
Let no one misdeem me disloyal;
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne;
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
The queen and the rest of the gentry;
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine—
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
That gave us the Hanover stem;
If bringing them over was lucky for us,
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.

But, loyalty, truce! we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter.

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
A trifle scarce worthy your care;
But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades in your eye,
And ushers the long dreary night;
But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,
Your course to the latest is bright.

SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1790.

TO MRS. DUNLOP.

THIS day Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a-moralising,
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever!"
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.

Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state,
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woful night.

Since, then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us the important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.

Though you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight, life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight, pale Envy to convulse);
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

HOW cold is that bosom which folly once fired;
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired;
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate !
Thou diedst unwept, as thou livedst unloved.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed :
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but rued the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay ;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre ;
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDEL, ESQ., OF GLEN-RIDDEL.

NO more, ye warblers of the wood—no more !
Nor pour your descant, grating on my soul :
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes ?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend :
How can I to the tuneful strain attend ?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddel [lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet;
Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS.

THINE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And wakeful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend—the Bard.

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RIDDEL'S BIRTHDAY.

OLD Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer preferr'd—
"What have I done, of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?

My cheerless suns no pleasure know ;
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow ;
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil ;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal-day !
That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
"'Tis done !" says Jove ; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL IN LOCH TURIT,

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OCHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunts forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, o. wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.

Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below ;
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.
The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels :
But man, to whom alone is given
A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wandering swains,
Where the mossy rivulet strays,
Far from humans haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.
Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn :
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

THE LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears :
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

SONNET

ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK; WRITTEN 25TH JANUARY 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain:
See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth would never give, nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care;
The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee
I'll share.

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

FRIEND of the poet, tried and leal,
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;
Alake! alake! the meikle Deil
Wi' a' his witches
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
In my poor pouches

I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
That one pound one I sairly want it:
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,
It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,
I'd bear't in mind.

So may the auld year gang out moaning
To see the new come laden, groaning,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loaning
To thee and thine;
Domestic peace and comforts crowning
The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket
And by fell Death was nearly nicket:
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,
And sair me sheuk;
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,
And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't,
My hale and weal I'll tak a care o't
A tentier way:
Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't,
For ance and aye!

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE.

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his head;
Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed!

TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER.

MY honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poet's weal :
Ah ! now sma' heart hae I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

Oh, what a canty warld were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it ;
And fortune favour worth and merit
As they deserve !
(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret ;
Syne wha wad starve ?)

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her ;
Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering, like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut on
Wi' felon ire ;
Syne whip ! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on—
He's aff like fire.

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft ;
Syne weave, unseen, the spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flee aft bizzes by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already, in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quat my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY, ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

I CALL no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years !

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH.

AULD chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Down droops her ance weel-burnisht crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava,
Her darling bird that she lo'es best—
Willie's awa' !

O Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
And trig and braw :
But now they'll busk her like a fright—
Willie's awa' !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd ;
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
That was a law :
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
Willie's awa' !

Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks, and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools
In glen or shaw ;

He wha could brush them down to mools—
Willie's awa' !

The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;
He was a dictionar and grammar
Amang them a' ;
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer—
Willie's awa

Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw ;
The adjutant o' a' the core—
Willie's awa' !

Now worthy Gregory's Latin face,
Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;
Mackenzie, Stewart, sic a brace
As Rome ne'er saw ;
They a' maun meet some ither place—
Willie's awa' !

Poor Burns e'en Scotch drink canna quicken,
He cheeps like some bewilder'd chicken
Scarred frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie-craw ;
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin'—
Willie's awa' !

Now every sour-mou'd girnin' blellum,
And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;
And self-conceited critic skellum
His quill may draw ;

He wha could brawlie ward their bellum—
Willie's awa' !

Up wimpling, stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw ;
But every joy and pleasure's fled—
Willie's awa' !

May I be slander's common speech ;
A text for infamy to preach ;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw,
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa' !

May never wicked Fortune touzle him !
May never wicked men bamboozle him !
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw !
Then to the blessèd New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa' !

LIBERTY.

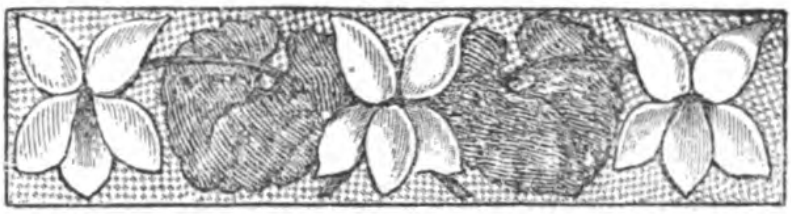
A FRAGMENT.

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes ;
Where is that soul of freedom fled ?
Immingled with the mighty dead !
Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies !

Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death !
  Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep ;
  Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
  Is this the power in Freedom's war
  That wont to bid the battle rage ?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
  Brave usurpation's boldest daring !
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
  Crush'd the despot's proudest bearing :
One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.

. . . . . .

His royal visage seam'd with many a scar,
That Caledonian rear'd his martial form,
Who led the tyrant-quelling war,
Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood
Swell'd with mingling hostile blood,
Soon Edward's myriads, struck with deep dismay,
And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way.
(Oh, glorious deed, to bay a tyrant's band !
Oh, heavenly joy, to free our native land !)
While high their mighty chief pour'd on the doubling
  storm.



EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, ETC.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou cursèd leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, through thy cursed restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And for thy potence vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more.

R. B.—Kyle.

EXTEMPORE.

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

IF you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will outrival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

EXTEMPORE ON WILLIAM SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE "PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY," AND MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH.

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout the same;
His bristling beard just rising in its might;
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night;
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild staring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good.

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd;
Prepared Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear,
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WITH Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying—
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.

Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulker.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

ON A SHEEP'S HEAD.

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head!—Amen.

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit!—Amen.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.

AE day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
Was driving to the tither warl'
A mixtie-maxtie, motley squad,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad ;
Black gowns of each denomination,
And thieves of every rank and station,
From him that wears the star and garter,
To him that wintles in a halter ;
Ashamed himsel to see the wretches,
He mutters, glowerin' at the bitches,
" By God, I'll not be seen behint them,
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them,
Without, at least, ae honest man,
To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
By Adamhill a glance he threw,
" Lord God !" quoth he, " I have it now ;
There's just the man I want, i'faith !"
And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

LINES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send ;
(Not moony madness more astray ;)
Who but deplores that hapless friend ?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part !
Ah ! why should I such scenes outlive ?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart !
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE,

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, although not a',
Some people tell me gin I fa',
Ae way or ither,
The breaking of ae point, though sma',
Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
And winna say owre far for thrice
Yet never met with that surprise
That broke my rest
But now a rumour's like to rise,
A whaup's i' the nest.

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season,
But why always BACON?—come, give me a reason.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.

Oh could I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME.

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day!
No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of Care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair!
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

ON EXCISEMEN.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:
What premiers—what? even monarchs' mighty gaugers:
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE.

THE devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip at the summons old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bedpost with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, "By God!
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a damnable load!"

THE REPROOF.

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

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth
This ivied cot revere.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS.

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny:
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

LINES ON VIEWING STIRLING PALACE.

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

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms—confess:
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

THE TOAST.

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine ;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name ;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS.

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside ?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

BUT rarely seen since Nature's birth,
The natives of the sky ;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

IN politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be ;
Bear this in mind—"Be deaf and blind ;
Let great folks hear and see."

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

SWEET *naïveté* of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE:

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DUMOURIER, AT GEMAPPE, NOVEMBER 1792.

THE black-headed eagle
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted owre height and owre howe;
But fell in a trap
On the braes o' Gemappe,
E'en let him come out as he dowe.

HOWLET FACE.

How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced,
Ye ugly glowering spectre?
My face was but the keekin'-glass,
And there ye saw your picture!

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cook'ry the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR. SYME,

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

Oh, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

Sir,

Yours this moment I unseal,
And faith, I am gay and hearty!
To tell the truth and shame the deil,
I am as fou as Bartie:

But foorsday, sir, my promise leal,
Expect me o' your party,
If on a beastie I can speel,
Or hurl in a cartie.—R. B.

THE BOOK-WORMS.

THROUGH and through the inspirèd leaves,
Ye maggots, make your windings ;
But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,
And spare the golden bindings.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, *dear friend!* may guid luck hit you,
And 'mang her favourites admit you !
If e'er Detraction shore to smite you,
May nane believe him !
And ony deil that thinks to get you,
Good Lord, deceive him.

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION.

THE king's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute ;
But I'll be wi' you by-and-by,
Or else the devil's in it.

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED.

WAS e'er puir poet sae befitted,
The maister drunk—the horse committed ?
Puir harmless beast ! tak thee nae care,
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (*mayor*).

ON THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON, IN CLYDESDALE.

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A caulder kirk, and in't but few;
As cauld a minister's e'er spak,
Ye'se a' be het ere I come back.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?
To murder men, and gie God thanks!
For shame! gie o'er—proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME.

When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *STAR*.

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of metre,
Are often negleckit, ye ken;
For instance, your sheet, man
(Though glad I'm to see't man),
I get it no ae day in ten.

ON INCIVILITY SHOWN TO HIM AT INVERARY.

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, his Grace.

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland cauld and hunger;
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in His anger.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSSLYN.

MY blessings on you, sonsie wife;
I ne'er was here before;
You've gien us walth for horn and knife,
Nae heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Till far ayont fourscore;
And, while I toddle on through life,
I'll ne'er gang by your door.

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S "EPIGRAMS."

O THOU, whom Poesy abhors!
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors!
Heard'st thou that groan?—proceed no further—
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring, "Murther!"

INNOCENCE.

Innocence
Looks gaily-smiling on; while rosy Pleasure
Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
And pours her cup luxuriant: mantling high
The sparkling heavenly vintage—Love and Bliss!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

ASK why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

JOHNNY PEEP.

HERE am I, Johnny Peep;
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me;
Half-a-crown apiece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free.

LINES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
Och, hon ! the day !
That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;
But—what'll ye say ?
These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

CURSED be the man, the poorest wretch in life
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
Who has no will but by her high permission ;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell !
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart ;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

ON ANDREW TURNER.

IN se'enteen hundred and forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner ;
But wilily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF FERGUSSON THE POET, IN A COPY OF THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH, MARCH 17, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

THE greybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

EPIGRAM

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she lovèd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
She reduced him to dust, and she drank up the powder.

But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When call'd on to order the funeral direction,
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET.

THERE's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

THE TOAST.

INSTEAD of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast—
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!—
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven, that we found;
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.

The next in succession, I'll give you—The King!
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing!
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution.

And longer with politics not to be cramm'd,
Be Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

YE true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt:
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

TO MRS. C——,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH MORE'S.

THOU flattering mark of friendship kind,
Still may thy pages call to mind
The dear, the beauteous donor!
Though sweetly female every part,
Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Does both the sexes honour.
She show'd her taste refined and just
When she selected thee,
Yet deviating, own I must,
For so approving me.
But kind still, I mind still
The giver in the gift;
I'll bless her, and wiss her
A Friend above the lift.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny:
You save fair Jessie from the grave!—
An angel could not die.

THE PARVENU.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you've been;
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen!

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!—Amen.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

WHAT dost thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME

No Stewart art thou, Galloway.
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-famed Roman way,
So ended—in a mire!

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR'S BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON.

WE cam na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise:

But when we tirlèd at your door,
Your porter dought na hear us;
Sae may, should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

IN wood and wild, ye warbling throng
Your heavy loss deplore;
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend;

The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
"For even his failings lean'd to virtue's side."

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation's given—
She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in Heaven.

ON WAT.

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damn'd him
When laid in his grave.

ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;
If ever he rise—it will be to be damn'd.

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

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

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

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

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

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

ON A FRIEND.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As ere God with His image blest!
The friend of man, the friend of truth;
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd:
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT OF ECCLEFECHAN.

OH! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeannie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground
Had yielded like a coward!

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY.

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

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop it under.

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As Father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
The devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME.

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life,
Whom we this day lament!
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And a' been weel content!

E'en as he is, cauld in his graff,
The swap we yet will do't;
Tak thou the carlin's carcase aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot.

ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes;
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gie him the schoolin' o' your weans,
For clever deils he'll mak 'em!

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ON JOHN BUSHBY.

HERE lies John Bushby, honest man !—
Cheat him, devil, gin you can.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE souter Hood in death does sleep ;—
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON MR. BURTON.

HERE cursing, swearing Burton lies,
A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes !
Who in his life did little good ;
And his last words were—Dem my blood !

EPITAPH ON W——.

STOP, thief ! Dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath ;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again ?

EPITAPH ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

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

EPITAPH ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'D up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble—
Poor, silly wretch, he's damn'd himsel
To save the Lord the trouble.

EPITAPH ON TAM THE CHAPMAN.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blaws up a hearty crack ;
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part :
Sae, after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

ON MR. W. CRUIKSHANK.

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him ;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English nane e'er kent them.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER.

HERE brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink
In upright honest morals.

ON GAVIN HAMILTON.

THE poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damn'd!

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;
What was his religion?
Whae'er desires to ken,
To some other warl'
Maun follow the carl,
For here Johnny Pigeon had nane!

Strong ale was ablution—
Small beer persecution,
A dram was *memento mori*;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.

GLOSSARY.

A', all
Aback, away, aloof
Abeigh, at a shy distance
Aboon, above, up
Abread, abroad, in sight
Abreed, in breadth
Addle, putrid water, etc.
Ae, one
Aff, off; aff loof, unpremeditated
Afore, before
Aft, oft
Aften, often
Agley, off the right line; wrong
Aiblins, perhaps
Ain, own
Airle-penny, airles, earnest money
Airn, iron
Aith, an oath
Aits, oats
Aiver, an old horse
Aizle, a hot cinder
Alake, alas
Alane, alone
Akwart, awkward
Amaist, almost
Amang, among
An', and; if
Ance, once
Ane, one; and
Anent, over against
Anither, another
Ase, ashes
Asklent, asquint; aslant
Asteer, abroad; stirring
Athart, athwart
Aught, possession; as, In a' my aught, in all my possession
Auld lang syne, olden time, days of other years
Auld, old
Auldfarran, or, auld farrant, sagacious, cunning, prudent
Ava', at all
Awa', away
Awfu', awful
Awn, the beard of barley, oats, etc.
Awnie, bearded
Ayont, beyond

BA', ball
Backets, ash boards
Backlins, coming; coming back, returning
Back, returning
Bad, did bid
Baide, endured, did stay
Baggie, the belly
Bainie, having large bones, stout
Bairn, a child
Bairntime, a family of children, a brood
Baith, both
Ban, to swear
Bane, bone
Bang, to beat; to strive

Bardie, diminutive of bard
Barefit, barefooted
Barmie, of or like barm
Batch, a crew, a gang
Batts, bots
Baudrons, a cat
Bauld, bold
Bawk, bank
Baws'nt, having a white stripe down the face
Be, to let be; to give over; to cease
Bear, barley
Beastie, diminutive of beast
Beet, to add fuel to fire
Beld, bald
Belyve, by and by
Ben, into the spence or parlour; a spence
Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire
Bethankit, grace after meat
Beuk, a book
Bicker, a kind of wooden dish; a short race
Bie, or bield, shelter
Bien, wealthy, plentiful
Big, to build
Biggin, building; a house
Biggit, built
Bill, a bull
Billie, a brother; a young fellow
Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, etc.
Birk, birch
Birken-shaw, birchen-wood-shaw, a small wood
Birkie, a clever fellow
Birring, the noise of partridges, etc., when they spring
Bit, crisis, nick of time
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf: a term of contempt
Blastit, blasted
Blate, bashful, sheepish
Blather, bladder
Bladd, a flat piece of anything; to slap
Blaw, to blow, to boast
Bleerit, bleared, sore with rheum
Bleert and blin', bleared and blind
Bleezing, blazing
Blellum, an idle talking fellow
Blether, to talk idly; nonsense
Bleth'rin', talking idly
Blink, a little while; a smiling look; to look kindly; to shine by fits
Blinker, a term of contempt
Blinkin, smirking
Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge
Bluid, blood
Bluntie, a sniveller, a stupid person
Blype, a shred, a large piece
Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently
Bocked, gushed, vomited
Bodle, a small gold coin
Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins
Bonnie, or bonny, handsome, beautiful
Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jannock, or loaf made of oatmeal
Boord, a board
Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, etc.

Boost, behaved, must needs
Bore, a hole in the wall
Botch, an angry tumour
Bousing, drinking
Bow-kail, cabbage
Bowt, bended, crooked
Brackens, fern
Brae, a declivity; a precipice; the slope of a hill
Braid, broad
Braik, a kind of harrow
Braindge, to run rashly forward
Braindg't, reeled forward
Brak, broke, made insolvent
Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses
Brash, a sudden illness
Brats, coarse clothes, rags, etc.
Brattle, a short race; hurry; fury
Braw, fine, handsome
Brawly, or brawlie; very well; finely; heartily
Braxie, a morbid sheep
Breastie, diminutive of breast
Breastit, did spring up or forward
Breckan, fern
Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell
Breeks, breeches
Brent, smooth
Brewin', brewing
Brie, juice, liquid
Brig, a bridge
Brisket, the breast, the bosom
Brither, a brother
Brock, a badger
Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church
Brogue, a hum; a trick
Broo, broth; a trick
Browster-wives, ale-house wives
Brugh, a burgh
Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion
Brunstane, brimstone
Brunt, did burn, burnt
Brust, to burst; burst
Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks of Buchan
Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia
Bught, a pen
Bughtin'-time, the time of collecting the sheep into the folds.
Buirdly, stout made; broad made
Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings
Bumming, humming as bees
Bummle, to blunder
Bummler, a blunderer
Bunker, a window-seat
Burdies, diminutive of birds
Bure, did bear
Burn, water, a rivulet
Burnewin, *i.e.*, burn the wind, a blacksmith
Burnie, diminutive of burn
Buskie, bushy
Buskit, dressed
Busks, dresses
Buss, shelter
Bussle, a bustle; to bustle
But, bot, with; without
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour
By himsel, lunatic, distracted
Byke, a bee-hive
Byre, a cow-stable; a sheep-pen

CA', to call, to name ; to drive
Ca't, or ca'd, called, driven ; calved
Cadger, a carrier
Cadie, or caddie, a person ; a young fellow
Caff, chaff
Caird, a tinker
Cairn, a loose heap of stones
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves
Callan, a boy
Caller, fresh ; sound ; refreshing
Canie, or cannie, gentle, mild ; dexterous
Cannilie, dexterously ; gently
Cantie, or canty, cheerful, merry
Cantraip, a charm, a spell
Cape-stane, cope-stone ; key-stone
Careerin, cheerfully
Carl, an old man
Carlin, an old stout woman
Cartes, cards
Caudron, a cauldron
Cauld, cold
Caulk and keel, chalk and red clay
Caup,a wooden drinking vessel
Cesses, taxes
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
Chap, a person, a fellow ; a blow
Chaup, a stroke, a blow
Cheekit, checked
Cheep, a chirp ; to chirp
Chiel, or cheel, a young fellow
Chimla, or chimlie, a fire-grate, a fire-place
Chimla-lug, the fireside
Chittering, shivering, trembling
Chockin, choking
Chow, to chew ; cheek for chow, side by side
Chuffie, fat-faced
Clachan, a small village about a church ; a hamlet
Claise, or claes, clothes
Claith, cloth
Claithing, clothing
Claivers, nonsense ; not speaking sense
Clap, clapper of a mill
Clarkit, wrote
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day
Clatter, to tell idle stories ; an idle story
Claught, snatched at, laid hold of
Claut, to clean ; to scrape
Clauted, scraped
Clavers, idle stories
Claw, to scratch
Cleed, to clothe
Cleeds, clothes
Cleekit, having caught
Clinkin', jerking ; clinking
Clinkumbell, he who rings the church-bell
Clips, shears
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation
Clock, to hatch ; a beetle
Clockin, hatching
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, etc.
Clootie, an old name for the devil
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow
Cluds, clouds
Coaxin', wheedling
Coble, a fishing boat
Coft, bought

Cockerony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap
Cog, a wooden dish
Coggie, diminutive of cog
Coila, from Kyle, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch
Collie, a general and sometimes a particular name for country curs
Collieshangie, quarrelling, an uproar
Commaun', command
Cood, the cud
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared and disappeared by fits
Coost, did cast
Coot, the ankle or foot
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish; also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie
Corbies, a species of the crow
Core, corps; party; clan
Corn't, fed with oats
Cottar, the inhabitant of a cot-house, or cottager
Couthie, kind, loving
Cove, a cave
Cowe, to terrify; to keep under; to lop; fright; a branch of furze, broom, etc.
Cowp, to barter; to tumble over; a gang
Cowpit, tumbled
Cowrin', cowering
Cowt, a colt
Cozie, snug
Cozily, snugly
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
Crack, conversation; to converse
Crackin', conversing
Craft or croft, a field near a house (in old husbandry)
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly; a bird
Crambo-clink, or crambo-jingle, rhymes, doggerel verses
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel
Crankous, fretful, captious
Cranreuch, the hoar frost
Crap, a crop; to crop
Craw, a crow of a cock; a rook
Creel, a basket; to have ones wits in a creel; to be crazed; to be fascinated
Creepie-stool, the same as cutty-stool
Creeshie, greasy
Crood, or croud, to coo as a dove
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued noise of a bull; to hum a tune
Crooning, humming
Crouchie, crook-backed
Crouse, cheerful; courageous
Crously, cheerfully; courageously
Crowdie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, etc.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time
Crowlin', crawling
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns
Crump, hard and brittle; spoken of bread
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny

Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head
Curchie, a curtsey
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called curling
Curlie, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets
Curling, a well-known game on the ice
Curmurring, murmuring; a slight rumbling noise
Curpin, the crupper
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon
Cutty, short; a spoon broken in the middle
Cutty-stool, the stool of repentance

DADDIE, a father
Daffin, merriment; foolishness
Daft, merry, giddy; foolish
Daimen, rare, now and then; daimenicker, an ear of corn now and then
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable
Daise, daez, to stupify
Dales, plains, valleys
Darklins, darkling
Daud, to thrash, to abuse
Daur, to dare
Daurt, dared
Davoc, David
Dawd, a large piece
Dawtit, or dawtet, fondled, caressed
Dearies, diminutive of dears
Dearthfu', dear
Deave, to deafen
Daurg, or daurk, a day's labour
Deil-ma-care! no matter! for all that!
Deleerit, delirious
Descrive, to describe
Dight, to wipe; to clean corn from chaff
Dight, cleaned from chaff
Ding, to worst, to push
Dink, neat, tidy, trim
Dinna, do not
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain
Dizen, or dizz'n, a dozen
Doited, stupified, hebetated
Dolt, stupified, crazed
Donsie, unlucky
Dool, sorrow; to sing dool, to lament, to mourn
Doos, doves
Dorty, saucy, nice
Douce, or douse, sober, wise, prudent
Doucely, soberly, prudently
Dought, was or were able
Doup, backside
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail
Dour and din, sullen and sallow
Doure, stout, durable; sullen, stubborn
Dow, am or are able, can
Dowff, pithless, wanting force
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, etc., half-asleep
Downa, am or are not able, cannot
Doylt, stupid
Dozent, stupified, impotent
Drap, a drop; to drop
Draigle, to soil by trailing, to draggle among wet, etc.
Drapping, dropping
Draunting, drawling; of a slow enunciation
Dreep, to ooze, to drop

Dreigh, tedious, long about it
Dribble, drizzling; slaver
Drift, a drove
Droddum, the breech
Drone, part of a bagpipe
Droukit, wet
Droop-rumpl't, that drops at the crupper
Drounting, drawling
Drouth, thirst, drought
Drucken, drunken
Drumly, muddy
Drummock, meal and water mixed in a raw state
Drunt, pet, sour humour
Dub, a small pond
Duds, rags, clothes
Duddie, ragged
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven
Dunted, beaten, boxed
Dush, to push as a ram, etc.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, etc.

E'E, the eye
Een, the eyes
E'ening, evening
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits
Eild, old age
Elbuck, the elbow
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful
Eller, an elder, or church officer
En', end
Enbrugh, Edinburgh
Eneugh, enough
Especial, especially
Ettle, to try, to attempt
Eydent, diligent

FA', fall; lot; to fall
Fa's, does fall; water-falls
Faddom't, fathomed
Fae, a foe
Faem, foam
Faiket, unknown
Fairin', a fairing; a present
Fallow, fellow
Farl, a cake of oaten bread, etc.
Fand, did find
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble, to care for
Fasht, troubled
Fasteren-e'en, Fasten's Even
Fauld, a fold; to fold
Faulding, folding
Faut, fault
Faute, want, lack
Fawsont, decent, seemly
Feal, a field; smooth
Fearfu', frightful
Feart, frighted
Feat, neat, spruce
Fecht, to fight
Fechtin, fighting
Feck, many, plenty
Fecket, an under waistcoat with sleeves
Feckfu' large, brawny, stout
Feckless, puny, weak, silly
Feckly, weakly
Feg, a fig
Feide, feud, enmity
Feirrie, stout, vigorous, healthy
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill
Fen, successful struggle; fight
Fend, to live comfortably
Ferlie or ferley, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt
Fetch, to pull by fits
Fetch'd, pulled intermittently
Fidge, to fidget

Fiel, soft, smooth
Fient, fiend, a petty oath
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother; a friend
Fissle, to make a rustling noise; to fidget; a bustle
Fit, a foot
Fittie-lan', the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation
Flainen, flannel
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner
Fleech'd, supplicated
Fleechin', supplicating
Fleesh, a fleece
Fleg, a kick, a random stroke
Flether, to decoy by fair words
Fletherin', flattering
Fley, to scare, to frighten
Flichter, to flutter, as young nestlings when their dam approaches
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces, splinters
Flinging tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail
Flisk, to fret at the yoke
Flisket, fretted
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating
Flunkie, a servant in livery
Fodgel, squat and plump
Foord, a ford
Forbears, forefathers
Forbye, besides
Forfairn, distressed; worn-out, jaded
Forfoughten, fatigued
Forgather, to meet, to encounter with
Forgie, to forgive
Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
Fother, fodder
Fou, full; drunk
Foughten, troubled, harassed
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
Fow, a bushel, etc.; also a pitch-fork
Frae, from; off
Frammit, strange, estranged from, at enmity with
Fraeth, froth
Frien', friend
Fu', full
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, cony, etc.
Fuff, to blow intermittently
Fuff't, did blow
Funnie, full of merriment
Fur, a furrow
Furm, a form, bench
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles
Fyle, to soil, dirty
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly
Gaberlunzie, an old man
Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough
Gae, to go; gaed, went; gaen or gane, gone; gaun, going
Gaet, or gate, way, manner; road
Gairs, triangular pieces of cloth sewed on the bottom of a gown, etc.
Gang, to go, to walk

Gar, to make, to force to
Gar't, forced to
Garten, a garter
Gash, wise, sagacious; talkative; to converse
Gashin', conversing
Gaucy, jolly, large
Gaud, a plough
Gear, riches; goods of any kind
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn
Ged, a pike
Gentles, great folks, gentry
Genty, elegantly formed, neat
Geordie, a guinea
Get, a child, a young one
Ghaist, a ghost
Gie, to give; gied, gave; gien, given
Giftie, diminutive of gift
Giglets, playful girls
Gillie, diminutive of gills
Gilpey, a half-grown, half-informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoiden
Gimmer, a ewe from one to two years old
Gin, if; against
Gipsy, a young girl
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, etc.
Girning, grinning
Gizz, periwig
Glaiket, inattentive, foolish
Glaive, a sword
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like glass
Glaum, to snatch greedily
Glaum'd, aimed, snatched
Gleck, sharp, ready
Gleg, sharp, ready
Gleib, glebe
Gley, a squint; to squint; a-gley, off at side, wrong
Glib-gabbet, smooth and ready in speech
Glen, a dale, a deep valley
Glint, to peep
Glinted, peeped
Glintin', peeping
Gloamin', the twilight
Glow'r, to stare, to look; a stare, a look
Glow'red, looked, stared
Gloun'sh, a frown, a sour look
Goavan, looking round with a strange, inquiring gaze; staring stupidly
Gowan, the flower of the wild daisy, hawkweed, etc.
Gowany, daisied, abounding with daisies
Gowd, gold
Gowff, the game of golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf
Gowff'd, struck
Gowk, a cuckoo; a term of contempt
Gowl, to howl
Grane, or grain, a groan; to groan
Grain'd and grunted, groaned and grunted
Graining, groaning
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear
Grannie, grandmother
Grape, to grope
Graipit, groped
Grat, wept, shed tears
Great, intimate, familiar
Gree, to agree; to bear the gree, to be decidedly victor

Gree't, agreed
Greet, to shed tears, to weep
Greetin', crying, weeping
Grippet, catched, seized
Grusome, loathsomely grim
Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat, to play a losing game
Grozet, a gooseberry
Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
Grumphie, a sow
Grun', ground
Grunstane, a grindstone
Gruntle, the phiz; a grunting noise
Grunzie, mouth
Grushie, thick; of thriving growth
Gude, the Supreme Being; good
Guid, good
Guid-morning, good morrow
Guid-e'en, good evening
Guidfather and guidmother, father-in-law and mother-in-law
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; young guidman, a man newly married
Guid-willie, liberal; cordial
Gully, or gullie, a large knife
Gumlie, muddy
Gusty, tasteful

HA', hall
Ha'-Bible, the great Bible that lies in the hall
Hae, to have
Haen, had, the participle
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head
Hafflins, nearly half, partly
Hag, a scar, or gulf in mosses and moors
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep
Hain, to spare, to save
Hain'd, spared
Hairst, harvest
Haith, a petty oath
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought
Hal', or hald, an abiding place
Hale, whole, tight, healthy
Hallun, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside
Hallowmass, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October
Haly, holy
Hame, home
Hamely, homely, affable
Han', or haun', hand
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, etc., to wrap, to cover; to hop
Happer, a hopper
Happing, hopping
Hap-step-an'-loup, hop, skip, and leap
Harkit, hearkened
Harn, very coarse linen
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety
Hastie, dry; chapped; barren
Hastit, hastened
Haud, to hold
Haughs, low-lying, rich lands, valleys
Haurl, to drag, to peel
Haurlin', peeling

Haverel, a half-witted person; half-witted
Havins, good manners, decorum, good sense
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face
Heapit, heaped
Healsome, healthful, wholesome
Hearse, hoarse
Hear't, hear it
Heather, heath
Hech! oh! strange!
Hecht, promised; to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered
Heckle, a board in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, etc.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise
Helm, the rudder or helm
Herd, to tend flocks; one who tends flocks
Herrin', a herring
Herry, to plunder; most properly to plunder birds' nests
Herryment, plundering, devastation
Hersel, herself; also a herd of cattle of any sort
Het, hot
Heugh, a craig, a coalpit
Hilch, a hobble; to halt
Hilchin, halting
Himsel, himself
Hiney, honey
Hing, to hang
Hirple, to walk crazily, to [creep
Hissel, so many cattle as one person can attend
Hitch, a loop, a knot
Hizzie, a hussy, a young girl
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart horse; humble
Hog-score, a kind of distance-line, in curling, drawn across the rink
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse-play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell; a peascod
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely
Hoolie! take leisure! stop!
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard
Hoordit, hoarded
Horn, a spoon made of horn
Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil
Host, or hoast, to cough; a cough
Hostin, coughing
Hosts, coughs
Hotch'd, turned topsyturvy; blended, mixed
Houghmagandie, fornication
Houlet, an owl
Housie, diminutive of a house
Hove, to heave, to swell
Hoved, heaved, swelled
Howdie, a midwife
Howe, hollow; a hollow or dell
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, etc.
Howff, a tippling house; a house of resort
Howk, to dig
Howkin, digging
Howkit, digged
Howlet, an owl
Hoy, to urge
Hoy't, urged
Hoyse, to pull upwards
Hoyte, to amble crazily

Hughoc, diminutive of Hugh
Hurcheon, a hedgehog
Hurdies, the loins; the crupper
Hushion, a cushion

I', in
Icker, an ear of corn
Ier-oe, a great grandchild
Ilk, or ilka, each, every
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly
Ingine, genius, ingenuity
Ingle, fire; fire-place
Ise, I shall or will
Ither, other; one another

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among countryfolks for a giddy young girl
Jauk, to dally, to trifle
Jaukin, trifling, dallying
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water
Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour out; to shut; to jerk as water
Jerkinet, a jerkin, or short gown
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl
Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist; handsome
Jimps, easy stays
Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning; a corner
Jinker, that turns quickly; a gay sprightly girl; a wag
Jinkin, dodging
Jirk, a jerk
Jocteleg, a kind of knife
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head
Jow, to jow, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell
Jundie, to justle

KAE, a daw
Kail, colewort; a kind of broth
Kail-runt, the stem of colewort
Kain, fowls, etc., paid as rent by a farmer
Kebbuck, a cheese
Keckle, to giggle; to titter
Keek, a peep; to peep
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms
Ken, to know; kend or kenn'd, knew
Kennin, a small matter
Kenspeckle, well known, easily known
Ket, matted, hairy; a fleece
Kilt, to truss up the clothes
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip
Kin, kindred; kin', kind, *adj.*
King's-hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, etc.
Kintra, country
Kintra cooser, country stallion
Kirn, the harvest-supper; a churn
Kirsen, to christen, or baptize
Kist, a chest; a shop counter
Kitchen, anything that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, etc.
Kith, kindred
Kittle, to tickle; ticklish; lively, apt
Kittlin, a young cat
Kiuttle, to cuddle
Kiuttlin', cuddling
Knaggie, like knags, or points of rocks
Knap, to strike smartly; a smart blow

Knappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones
Knowe, a small round hillock
Knurl, a dwarf
Kye, cows
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire
Kyte, the belly
Kythe, to discover; to show one's self

LADDIE, diminutive of lad
Laggen, the angle between the side and bottom of a wooden dish
Laigh, low
Lairing, wading, and sinking in snow, mud, etc.
Laith, loath
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish
Lallans, the Scottish dialect of the English language
Lambie, diminutive of lamb
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish, a limpet
Lan', land; estate
Lane, lone; my lane, thy lane, etc.; myself alone, etc.
Lanely, lonely
Lang, long; to think lang, to long, to weary
Lap, did leap
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others
Laverock, the lark
Lawin', shot, reckoning, bill
Lawlan', lowland
Lea'e, to leave
Leal, loyal, true, faithful
Lea-rig, grassy ridge
Lear (pronounced lare) learning
Lee-lang, live-long
Leesome, pleasant
Leister, a three-pronged dart for striking fish
Leeze-me, a phrase of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee
Leugh, did laugh
Leuk, a look; to look
Libbet, gelded
Lift, the sky
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer at
Lilt, a ballad; a tune; to sing
Limmer, a kept mistress, a strumpet
Limp't, limped, hobbled
Link, to trip along
Linkin', tripping
Linn, a waterfall; a precipice
Lint, flax; lint i' the bell, flax in flower
Lintwhite, a linnet
Loan, or loanin', the place of milking
Loof, the palm of the hand
Loot, did let
Looves, plural of loof
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin; a woman of easy virtue
Loup, jump, leap
Lowe, a flame
Lowin', flaming
Lowrie, abbreviation of Lawrence
Lowse, to loose
Lows'd, loosed
Lug, the ear; a handle
Lugget, having a handle
Luggie, a small wooden dish with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lunch, a large piece of cheese, flesh, etc.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke
Luntin', smoking
Lyart, of a mixed colour, grey

MAE, more
Mair, more
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly
Mak, to make
Makin, making
Mailen, a farm
Mallie, Molly
Mang, among
Manse, the parsonage-house, where the minister lives
Manteele, a mantle
Mark, marks
Marled, variegated; spotted
Mar's year, the year 1715
Mashlum, meslin, mixed corn
Mask, to mash, as malt, etc.
Maskin'-pat, a tea-pot
Maud, maad, a plaid worn by shepherds, etc.
Maukin, a hare
Maun, must
Mavis, the thrush
Maw, to mow
Mawin', mowing
Meere, a mare
Meikle, meickle, much
Melancholious, mournful
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough
Melvie, to soil with meal
Men', to mend
Mense, good manners, decorum
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent
Messin, a small dog
Midden, a dunghill
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill
Mim, prim, affectedly meek
Min', mind; resemblance
Mind't, mind it; resolved, intending
Minnie, mother, dam
Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest
Misca', to abuse, to call names
Misca'd, abused
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly
Misteuk, mistook
Mither, a mother
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed
Moistify, to moisten
Mony, or monie, many
Mools, dust, earth, the earth of the grave; to rake i' the mools, to lay in the dust
Moop, to nibble as a sheep
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors
Morn, the next day, to-morrow
Mou', the mouth
Moudiwort, a mole
Mousie, diminutive of mouse
Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much
Musie, diminitive of muse
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens
Mutchkin, an English pint
Mysel', myself

NA, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not any
Naething, or naithing, nothing
Naig, a horse
Nane, none
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy
Negleckit, neglected
Neuk, a nook
Niest, next
Nieve, the fist

Nievefu', handful
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter
Niger, a negro
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip
Nit, a nut
Norland, of or belonging to the north
Notic't, noticed
Nowte, black cattle

O', of
Ochils, name of mountains
O haite, O faith! an oath
Ony, or onie, any
Or, is often used for ere, before
Ora, or orra, supernumerary, that can be spared
O't, of it
Ourie, shivering; drooping
Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
Outlers, cattle not housed
Owre, over; too
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool
Painch, paunch
Paitrick, partridge
Pang, to cram
Parle, speech
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a well-known Scotch dish
Pat, did put; a pot
Pattle, or pettle, a plough-staff
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pauky, or pawkie, cunning, sly
Pay't, paid; beat
Pech, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma
Pechan, the crop, the stomach
Peelin', peeling, the rind of fruit
Pet, a domesticated sheep, etc.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff
Philabegs, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter
Phraisin', flattery
Pibroch, Highland war music adapted to the bagpipes
Pickle, a small quantity
Pine, pain, uneasiness
Pit, to put
Placad, public proclamation
Plack, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny
Plackless, penniless, without money
Plaitie, diminutive of plate
Plew, or pleugh, a plough
Pliskie, a trick
Poind, to seize cattle or goods for rent, as the laws of Scotland allow
Poortith, poverty
Pou, to pull
Pouk, to pluck
Poussie, a hare, or cat
Pout, a poult, a chick
Pou't, did pull
Pow, the head, the skull
Pownie, a little horse
Powther, or pouther, powder
Powthery, like powder
Preen, a pin
Prent, to print; print
Prie, to taste
Prie'd, tasted
Prief, proof
Prig, to cheapen; to dispute

Priggin', cheapening
Primsie, demure, precise
Propone, to lay down, to propose
Provoses, provosts
Puddock-stool, a mushroom, fungus
Pund, pound; pounds
Pyle, a pyle o' caff, a single grain of chaff

QUAT, to quit
Quak, to quake
Quey, a cow from one to two years old

RAGWEED, the herb ragwort
Raible, to rattle nonsense
Rair, to roar
Raize, to madden, to inflame
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued; overspread
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth; but used as an adnoun for coarse
Rarely, excellently, very well
Rash, a rush; rash-buss, a bush of rushes
Ratton, a rat
Raucle, rash; stout; fearless
Raught, reached
Raw, a row
Rax, to stretch
Ream, cream; to cream
Reaming, brimful, frothing
Reave, rove
Reck, to heed
Rede, counsel; to counsel
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops
Red-wud, stark mad
Ree, half drunk, fuddled
Reek, smoke
Reekin', smoking
Reekit, smoked; smoky
Remead, remedy
Requite, requited
Rest, to stand restive
Restit, stand restive; stunted; withered
Restricked, restricted
Rew, to repent, to compassionate
Rief, reef, plenty
Rief randies, sturdy beggars
Rig, a ridge
Rigwiddie, rigwoodie, the rope or chain that crosses the saddle of a horse to support the spokes of a cart; spare, withered, sapless
Rin, to run, to melt
Rinnin', running
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots
Rockin', spinning on the rock, or distaff
Rood, stands likewise for the plural roods
Roon, a shred, a border or selvage
Roose, to praise, to commend
Roosty, rusty
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold
Routhie, plentiful
Row, to roll, to wrap
Row't, rolled, wrapped
Rowte, to low, to bellow
Rowth, or routh, plenty
Rowtin', lowing

Rozet, rosin
Rung, a cudgel
Runkled, wrinkled
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage
Ruth, sorrow
Ryke, to reach

SAE, so
Saft, soft
Sair, to serve; a sore
Sairly, or sairlie, sorely
Sair't, served
Sark, a shirt; a shift
Sarkit, provided in shirts
Saugh, the willow
Saul, soul
Saumont, salmon
Saunt, a saint
Saut, salt, *adj.* salt
Saw, to sow
Sawin', sowing
Sax, six
Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury
Scar, a cliff
Scaud, to scald
Scauld, to scold
Scaur, apt to be scared
Scawl, a scold; a termagant
Scon, a cake of bread
Sconner, a loathing; to loathe
Scraich, to scream as a hen, partridge, etc.
Screed, to tear; a rent
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along
Scrievin', gleesomely; swiftly
Scrimp, to scant
Scrimpet, did scant; scanty
See'd, did see
Seizin', seizing
Sel, self; a body's sel, one's self alone
Sell't, did sell
Sen', to send
Sen't, I, etc., sent, or did send it; send it
Servan', servant
Settlin', settling; to get a settlin', to be frighted into quietness
Sets, sets off, goes away
Shachled, distorted; shapeless
Shaird, a shred, a shard
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end to put in the tail of a dog, etc., by way of mischief, or to frighten him away
Shaver, a humorous wag; a barber
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow
Sheep-shank; to think one's self nae sheep-shank, to be conceited
Sherra-muir, Sheriff-moor, the battle fought in the rebellion, A.D. 1715
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice
Shiel, a shed
Shill, shrill
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side
Shool, shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to offer, to threaten
Shor'd, offered
Shouther, the shoulder
Shure, did shear, shore
Sic, such
Sicker, sure, steady
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
Siller, silver; money
Simmer, summer
Sin, a son
Sin', since

Skaith. *See* Scaith
Skellum, a worthless fellow
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke
Skelpie-limmer, a reproachful term in female scolding
Skelpin', stepping, walking
Skiegh, or skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled
Skinklin, a small portion
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly
Skirling, shrieking, crying
Skirl't, shrieked
Sklent, slant; to run aslant, to deviate from truth
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction
Skouth, freedom to converse without restraint; range, scope
Skreigh, a scream; to scream
Skyrin, shining; making a great show
Skyte, force, very forcible motion
Slae, a sloe
Slade, did slide
Slap, a gate; a breach in a fence
Slaver, saliva; to emit saliva
Slaw, slow
Slee, sly; sleest, sliest
Sleekit, sleek; sly
Sliddery, slippery
Slype, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough
Slypet, fell
Sma', small
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle, sense
Smiddy, a smithy
Smoor, to smother
Smoor'd, smothered
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals
Snapper, to stumble; a stumble
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
Snaw, snow; to snow
Snaw-broo, melted snow
Snawie, snowy
Sneck, snick, the latch of a door
Sned, to lop, to cut off
Sneeshin, snuff
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box
Snell, bitter, biting
Snick-drawing, trick-contriving, crafty
Snirtle, to laugh restrainedly
Snood, a ribbon for binding the hair
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, etc.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks; lucky, jolly
Soom, to swim
Sooth, truth, a petty oath
Sough, a heavy sigh, a sound dying on the ear
Souple, flexible; swift
Souter, a shoemaker
Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal; the seeds of oatmeal soured, etc., flummery
Sowp, a spoonful, and a small quantity of anything liquid
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle

Sowther, solder; to solder, to cement
Spae, to prophesy, to divine
Spaul, a limb
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire
Spaviet, having the spavin
Spean, spane, to wean
Speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw
Speel, to climb
Spence, the country parlour
Speir, to ask, to inquire
Speir't, inquired
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch
Splore, a frolic; a noise, riot
Sprackle, sprachle, to clamber
Sprattle, to scramble
Spreckled, spotted, speckled
Spring, a quick air in music; a Scottish reel
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes
Sprittie, full of spirits
Spunk, fire, mettle; wit
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o'-the-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*
Spurtle, a stick, used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge
Squad, a crew, a party
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck
Squattle, to sprawl
Stacher, to stagger
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, etc.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag
Stan', to stand; stan't, did stand
Stang, an acute pain; a twinge; to sting
Stane, a stone
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water
Stap, stop
Stark, stout
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted
Staw, did steal; to surfeit
Stech, to cram the belly
Stechin, cramming
Steek, to shut; a stitch
Steer, to molest; to stir
Steeve, firm, compacted
Stell, a still
Sten, to rear as a horse
Sten't, reared
Stents, tribute; dues of any [kind
Stey, steep; steyest, steepest
Stibble, stubble; stibble-rig, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead
Stick an' stow, totally, altogether
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, etc.
Stockin', a stocking: throwing the stocking; when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married
Stocked, made up in shocks as corn

Stoiter, to stagger, to stammer
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse
Stot, an ox
Stoup, or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle
Stoure, dust, more particularly dust in motion
Stowlins, by stealth
Stown, stolen
Stoyte, to stumble
Strack, did strike
Strae, straw; to die a fair strae death, to die in bed
Straik, did strike
Straikit, stroked
Strappin', tall and handsome
Straught, straight; to straighten
Streek, stretched, tight; to stretch
Striddle, to straddle
Stroan, to spout, to piss
Studdie, an anvil
Stumpie, diminutive of stump
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; huff, sullenness
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind
Sturt, trouble; to molest
Sturtin, frighted
Sucker, sugar
Sud, should
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water
Southron, southern; an old name for the English nation
Swaird, sward
Swall'd, swelled
Swank, stately, jolly
Swankie, or swanker, a tight, strapping young fellow or girl
Swap, an exchange; to barter
Swarf, to swoon; a swoon
Swat, did sweat
Swatch, a sample
Swats, drink; good ale
Sweaten, sweating
Sweer, lazy, averse; dead-sweer, extremely averse
Swoor, swore, did swear
Swinge, to beat; to whip
Swirl, a curve; an eddying blast, or pool; a knot in wood
Swirlie, knaggie, full of knots
Swith, get away
Swither, to hesitate in choice; an irresolute wavering in choice
Syne, since, ago; then

TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes
Tae, a toe; three-tae'd, having three prongs
Tairge, a target
Tak, to take; takin', taking
Tamtallan, the name of a mountain
Tangle, a seaweed
Tap, the top
Tapetless, heedless, foolish
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance
Tarrow't, murmured
Tarry-breeks, a sailor
Tauld, or tald, told
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young person
Tauted, or tautie, matted together; spoken of hair or wool
Tawie, that allows itself quietly to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, etc.

Teat, a small quantity
Tedding, spreading after the mower
Teen, to provoke; provocation
Ten-hours' bite, a slight feed to horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon
Tent, a field-pulpit; heed, caution; to take heed; to tend or herd cattle
Tentie, heedful, cautious
Tentless, heedless
Teugh, tough
Thack, thatch; thack an' rape, clothing necessaries
Thae, these
Thairms, small guts; fiddle strings
Thankit, thanked
Theekit, thatched
Thegither, together
Themsel, themselves
Thick, intimate, familiar
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour
Thir, these
Thirl, thrill
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated
Thole, to suffer, to endure
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
Thowless, slack, lazy
Thrang, throng, a crowd
Thrapple, throat, windpipe
Thrave, twenty-four sheaves or two shocks of corn; a considerable number
Thraw, to sprain, to twist; to contradict
Thrawin', twisting, etc.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted; contradicted
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion
Threshin', thrashing
Threteen, thirteen
Thristle, thistle
Through, to go on with; to make out
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise
Thumpit, thumped
Thysel, thyself
Till't, to it
Timmer, timber
Tine, to lose; tint, lost
Tinkler, a tinker
Tint the gate, lost the way
Tip, a ram
Tippence, twopence
Tirl, to make a slight noise; to uncover
Tirlin', uncovering
Tither, the other
Tittle, to whisper
Tittlin', whispering
Tocher, marriage portion
Tod, a fox
Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child
Toddlin', tottering
Toom, empty; to empty
Toop, a ram
Toun, a hamlet; a farm-house
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, etc.
Tow, a rope
Towmond, a twelvemonth
Towzie, rough, shaggy
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress
Toyte, to totter like old age
Transmugrified, transmigrated, metamorphosed
Trashtrie, trash

Trews, trousers
Trickie, full of tricks
Trig, spruce, neat
Trimly, excellently
Trow, to believe
Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Tryste, an appointment; a fair
Trysted, appointed; to tryste, to make an appointment
Try't, tried
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight
Twa, two
Twa-three, a few
'Twad, it would
Twal, twelve; twal-pennie worth, a small quantity, a pennyworth. N.B. — One penny English is 12d. Scotch
Twin, to part
Tyke, a dog

UNCO, strange, uncouth; very, very great, prodigious
Uncos, news
Unkenn'd, unknown
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt
Unweeting, unwittingly, unknowingly
Upo', upon
Urchin, a hedgehog

VAP'RIN, vapouring
Vera, very
Virl, a ring round a column, etc.
Vittle, corn of all kinds, food

WA', wall; wa's, walls
Wabster, a weaver
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge
Wadna, would not
Wae, wo, sorrowful
Waefu', woful, sorrowful, wailing
Waesucks! or waes me! alas! O the pity!
Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof
Wair, to lay out, to expend
Wale, choice; to choose
Waled, chose, chosen
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress
Wame, the belly
Wamefu', a bellyfull
Wanchancie, unlucky
Wanrestfu', restless
Wark, work [with
Wark-lume, a tool to work
Warl', or warld, world
Warlock, a wizard
Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth
Warran', a warrant; to warrant
Warst, worst
Warstl'd, or warsl'd, wrestled
Wastrie, prodigality
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot, I know
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk, butter, etc.
Wattle, a twig, a wand
Wauble, to swing, to reel
Waught, a draught
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth

Waukrife, not apt to sleep
Waur, worse ; to worst
Waur't, worsted
Wean, or weanie, a child
Wearie, or weary; many a weary body, many a different person
Weason, weasand
Weaving the stocking.—*See* Stockin', page 349
Wee, little; wee things, little ones; wee bit, a small matter
Weel, well; weelfare, welfare
Weet, rain, wetness
Weird, fate
We'se, we shall
Wha, who
Whaizle, to wheeze
Whalpit, whelped
Whang, a leathern string; a piece of cheese, bread, etc.; to give the strappado
Whare, where; whare'er, wherever
Whase, whose
Whatreck, nevertheless
Wheep, to fly nimbly, jerk; penny-wheep, small beer
Whid, the motion of a hare running, but not frighted; a lie
Whiddin', running as a hare or cony
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies
Whingin', crying, complaining, fretting
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages
Whisht, silence; to hold one's whisht, to be silent
Whisk, to sweep, to lash
Whiskit, lashed
Whissle, a whistle; to whistle
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor
Whun-stane, a whin-stone
Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Wi', with
Wicht, wight, powerful, strong; inventive; of a superior genius
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction; a term in curling
Wicker, willow (the smaller sort)
Wiel, a small whirlpool
Wifie, a diminutive or endearing term for wife
Wilyart, bashful and reserved; avoiding society, or appearing awkward in it; wild, strange, timid
Wimple, to meander
Wimpl't, meandered
Wimplin', wavering, meandering
Win, to win, to winnow
Win't, winded as a bottom of yarn
Win', wind; win's, winds
Winna, will not
Winnock, a window
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel
Winze, an oath
Wiss, to wish
Withoutten, without
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk
Wonner, a wonder; a contemptuous appellation
Wons, dwells
Woo', wool
Woo, to court, to make love to

Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withes or willows
Wooer bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops
Wordy, worthy
Worset, worsted
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder
Wrack, to tease, to vex
Wraith, a spirit or ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death
Wrang, wrong; to wrong
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow
Wud, mad, distracted
Wumble, wimble
Wyle, to beguile
Wyliecoat, a flannel vest
Wyte, blame; to blame

YAD, an old mare: a worn-out horse
Ye; this pronoun is frequently used for thou
Year is used both for singular and plural, years
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals
Yearn, earn, an eagle, an ospray
Yearns, longs much
Yell, barren, that gives no milk
Yerk, to lash, to jerk
Yerkit, jerked, lashed
Yestreen, yesternight
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field
Yill, ale
Yird, earth
Yokin', yoking; a bout
Yont, beyond
Yoursel, yourself
Yowe, an ewe
Yowie, diminutive of yowe
Yule, Christmas

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