n Dr Mrzyd 5/-

POEMS

IN THE

Scots and Engliſh Dialect.

BY

ROBERT GRAY.

Vaunt not, O ſnarling critic, if you find
Some tale, you think, will pleaſe the wanton mind;
For your applauſe my muſe ſcorns aye to bow,
Deſign'd your laurel ne'er ſhall grace my brow.
What I have wrote, I hope with truth's cemented,
Where vice ſatir'd ſhould only be lamented.
Yet live unblam'd I know I never can,
For were it ſo I would be more than man.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1793.

TO

SIR JOHN STEWART

OF

CASTLEMILK.

SIR,

YOUR favour for the muſe of our Scotiſh clime, and the noble character which you ſuſtain otherwiſe in the world, makes me bold to dedicate to you the following eſſays on poetry.

HOW angels ſin'd, and were caſt down to hell
For ſuch offence, in burning flames to dwell;
Likewiſe of man advanc'd to ſplendor high
By heav'n, tho' firſt for crimes condemn'd to die:
Of hills and vales, adorn'd in verdant green,

Where num'rous ſcenes of various kinds are
ſeen
'Mong rural ſcenes, and nymphs who through
the year
Their toil o'ercomes with mirth, which doth
them cheer.
Of winter alſo, when the chilling froſt
Waſte nature's beauties, which appear as loſt.
The ſailor wreck'd, thro' ſeas no more to ſteer,
And lovers who their frowning fortunes fear.
Some made the ſport of fate, while life re-
mains,
And ſome torn from their arms to death's
domains.
The robbed miſer, and the warrior bold,
Diſgrac'd at courts unjuſt where virtue's ſold.
Nor fails my muſe to view the city throng,
And tell their faſhions in deſcriptive ſong:
The rake profane, and thoſe by them decoy'd
From virtue, through ſimplicity deſtroy'd.
Who in her trade with each afar doth vie,
Refreſh'd with Glotta * as it circles by;
Whom Lorn's brave youths protecteth from
the foe,

* The river Clyde.

Of Gallic race, who boaſts the overthrow
Of Briton's land, a taſk too hard they'll find,
Since her own ſons to guard her are deſign'd.

Now may you in that ſtation you poſſeſs,
A friend to virtue live, till ſhe confeſs
No more can be beſtow'd to make you great,
On whom as her beſt friend ſhe cloſe doth wait.
Thus happy live a ſire of many days,
To vice a terror, and to goodneſs praiſe;
Till time engrave you in the rolls of fame,
A honour to this age and Stewart's name.

I am,

Sir,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

ROBERT GRAY.

CONTENTS.

THE

AUTHOR'S ADDRESS

TO HIS

READERS.

Now lads and laſſes if you fain wad ken
The reaſon why I ſiccan rhyme did pen,
Read o'er this tale, ye'll ſcarcely ken without it;
It tells you this and that, and a' about it.

I WAS a kintra callan bred,
And on Scots broſe a while was fed;
Baith carts and harrows I ha'e led,
Frae morn till night;
Where aft I gaed unto my bed
A wearied wight.

I wrought till I was ha'flins clad,
Than thought that I wad ha'e a trade;
I view'd the chiels that's gentle bred
To be the beſt,
But wanting wark they're aft whore led,
Fowks did proteſt.

Sic is the chiels that lifts ſome rents,
And ſae's the chiels lifts dues and ſtents,
A' brithers he wha for the ſklents,
Frae law's plain paths,
Makes ſome pay weel for by contents,
Of bonds and aiths.

Some ſaid a taylor was the beſt,
And next a barber heaps confeſt;
A weaver, wright, and a' the reſt,
They blew their fame,
With mony a lie frae ſatan's neſt,
That I'll no name.

A taylor like a parrot high,
A barber driven whip and thigh,
And webſter with his twa yard fly,
They're a' ſae queer,
When I them ſaw, or let me die,
They gart me ſneer.

Some ſaid nought like the baker trade,
Cou'd fit ſae weel ſo young a blade,
Wha was new come frae mam and dad,
For heaps in town
At ither trades was ſtarv'd, they ſaid,
A truth profoun'.

Sae to the meally crew I join'd,
With an indenture whilk I ſign'd,
I gat a maſter gude and kind,
As I did feel;
Wha in ilk branch, unto my mind,
Did learn me weel.

But waes me that I tell this tale,
It ſoon made me to loath my kail;
Far better I had plew'd the dale,
Thro' bubs and ditches,
Or a' day thruſhen with the flail,
Stript to the breeches.

Than with my doctor's gude intent,
Unto the kintra I was ſent
Beſide my friends, wha ſcarce me kent,
I was ſae happet;
But ſome ſwore that nane ſhould lament,
The rogue was clappet,

Yet truth or lies they didna ken,
I ſoon began again to men',
But I cou'd get nae mints to ſpen'
When daffin ſeiz'd me,
Sae for ſome fun I took my pen,
And wrote what pleas'd me.

Aye poetry I liked weel,
Whilk thir few tales the truth will ſeal;
I ne'er a word o' them did ſteal,
They're my ain craft,
Sae by them ye may ca' the chiel
Fine bard, or daft.

I've maiſt forgot the rules of grammar,
Nae wonder than if whiles I ſtammer;
I could them cloſe juſt with the hammer,
Of my ſma' ſkill;
Sae dinna flyte and make a clamour
At what is ill.

Yet what's the matter kintra callans,
Bred up in huts ayont clay hallans,
That's little read but babee ballans,
Whiles cracks as braw
As ſome that's learn'd baith Erſe and Lallans
At college ha'?

Now ilka critic, ſnarling chiel,
Keen to accuſe like ony deil,
I dinna like you ava atweel,
To read ae word
Of them, for ſair ye cut and peel
Like ony ſword.

But ilka chiel that can forgie
A faut, and count it ſma' and wee,
Shaws a great ſaul; may he with glee
Laugh thro' the warl',
And wanting mints ne'er need to flee
Ane's gloom and ſnarl.

Whene'er he courts, ſoon may his ſmile
His laſſy's heart to love beguile;
And may no tongue his honour foil
In his new ſtation,
Syne ſic a cuſtom's † been a while
In Scotland's nation.

And when he's auld ſtill may his wife
Ne'er need to grudge the little life

† A cuſtom which often prevails of ſpeaking evil of perſons when newly married, and well of them when they die.

He hath, or be brow beat in ſtrife
Whilk wedlock raiſes;
May baith of words be unco rife
In ithers praiſes.

Adieu, my friends, I wiſh you weel,
Lang may ye hae baith milk and meal,
And ne'er for want be made to ſteal,
Your life to ſtain,
And at death, heaven's friendſhip feel,
Amen, Amen.

AN

ADDRESS

TO

DEATH.

THOU droll and lang ill ſhapen ſpectre,
Mair keen to kill than thy director,
While I gie thee a bonny lecture,
Hear me a wee;
And though thou rage like ony Hector,
I will be free.

What plague ails thee at me you chiel,
At whilk thou points thy glitterin ſteel,
As I this mony a day doth feel
In a ſad plight,
Whilk my bare banes the truth will ſeal
That I am right.

I've gien the doctors mony a ſhilling,
Wha aften gied me drogs was killin' :
But let me be a lien' villain
If I again
For cures their greedy fiſts be fillin'
Whilk gies me pain.

Some ſays frae drink I ſhou'd abſtain,
Likewiſe frae wh—res muſt keep me clean ;
They ſay it wad be the beſt mean
To gain my health,
For than my chafts, that's unco lean,
Wad gather wealth.

But ſure I am I dinna drink,
Nor with the bauds aft ſpend my clink ;
Yet what's the matter on the brink
Of time I ſtare,
As weel as them wha aften ſink
Into the ſnare.

There's mony a ane that's liv'd o'er lang,
That far frae gude's way hath gane wrang,
And mony a ane can ſcarcely gang
Wi' perfect age,
Can thou no tak' them wi' a bang
Quick aff this ſtage?

Ye ken auld Willy on the brae,
Ye've girnt at him mony a day,
And he's no feart for you they ſay,
Come when you will;
Can ye no dauner up that way
His blude to ſpill.

But ye did wi' your ſcythe laſt year
Cut down his ſon, whilk drew the tear
Frae all that knew him far and near,
A blackguard action,
To kill him when he was ſae ſweer,
Neiſt to diſtraction.

Likewiſe auld Maggy in the glen,
That's buff't the beſt of twa gude men,
And plenty has baith but and ben,
Yet ſhe hath offert
Aft of herſel' to mak an en',
When ye ne'er proffert.

The like of her can ye not fell,
Wi' ſword or durk, or thumpin mell,
And ſend her aff in haſte to hell;
But ſpare the chiels
That's feart, although they dinna tell,
For death and deils.

Some counſels me to tak a wife,
They ſay it wad recruit my life,
But I'm ſae weak there wad be ſtrife
Wi' the young filly;
And I wad rather rin to Fife
Than be cad ſilly.

However I'm reſolv'd to try
My luck wi' ane before I die,
Sae dinna mak a hue and cry
My blude to blaw,
For may be ere a year gae by
Yè may get twa.

I think your daft, O meagre death,
To kill us young chiels in your wrath,
If we ware keepit free frae ſkaith
We ſoon wad bring
A heap of wee things, row't in ſwath,
Wad gar you ſing.

DEATH's ANSWER.

THIS morning Rab I gat your letter,
And hears by it that ye're nae better;
'Tis what I'll ne'er wish nor expect,
Death you deserve for your base cleck.
Ye mock my shape, because I'm lean,
Though little better ye're 'tis seen;
And I am supple like a lark,
Right keen and stout to do my wark,
When ye a silly ghaistly chiel,
Shaws to ilk ane that ye're no weel.
Ye blame me that I dinna slay
Some auld anes, but taks young away;
Whom if I spar'd, ye say wad bring
Me a great heap, wad gar me sing.
Poor silly chiel, do ye believe
That e'er a wife wad you relieve
Frae your complaints, or that your able
To raise a race to grace your table?
A wife with you sair wad be cross't,
And baith your schemes for ever lost.

Do hear me, for I think it ſtill
It's right the like of you to kill.
And let her whom ye would entice,
With flattering words and winking eyes,
Be wed to ane that hath ſome might
To pleaſe a wife baith day and night.
For you that's ſic a ſair ſpent chield,
Although it's not with runkly eild.
I think a grave wad fit you beſt,
Wherein you might lye down and reſt:
Sae dinna laugh and jeer me callan,
For though ye war as ſtout's Tamtallan,
Or hill of braſs, this brandiſh't dart
Shall pierce you to the very heart;
And make your meagre chafts to chatter,
Your frame to ſhake, and een to water;
Than whar ye'll gang, I weel can tell,
If ye'll no mend ye're ſure of hell.

VERSES

TO THE

MEMORY OF A YOUNG SHEPHERDESS,

A COMPANION OF THE AUTHOR'S.

This globe's a ſcene of grief and toil,
Where mortal life's oppreſt;
We ſwim a while in ſeas of woe,
And then ſinks down to reſt.

NOW in the grave Eliza lyes,
And mixes with her kindred earth,
Whoſe early beauty I did prize,
When but few years roll'd from her birth.

Oft have I ſeen ſome beaut'ous morn
Begin, while phœbus ſparkled bright,
But ere noon day black clouds were borne
On wings of wind, reſembling night.

So ſhone Eliza, lovely maid,
But now deformity ſucceeds;
Sunk in the gloomy grave, array'd
With worms, which on her body feeds.

No more ſhe'll pluck the jet black ſlae,
Or haſel nuts which thick did hing;
Or ſoftly lead me on the way
To neſts of birds, which ſweet did ſing.

No more for me ſhe'll pull fine flow'rs,
With roſes and ſweet ſmelling thyme,
And tye them in yon ſhady bow'rs,
Then ſmiling, ſay, This preſent's thine.

Oft when our jocund tales went round,
Till ſtraying cattle ſpoil'd our corn,
I took the blame when Syma frown'd,
And chear'd Eliza when forlorn.

When childiſh crimes I did commit,
And from the laſh did flee away,
With her I oft did walk or ſit,
Unweary'd a long ſummer day.

Since ſhe is gone, no fair nymph's face,
So deep can in my love partake,
Except in them I features trace
Of her, I'll love them for her ſake.

How fleeting is man's mind and race,
One hour he laughs, the next doth mourn;
To day he blooms with ev'ry grace,
Next morrow pale he fills the urn.

Since her in time no more I'll ſee,
O heaven grant this from above,
Forgeting her I joy in thee,
Who well deſerves my warmeſt love.

A

COUNTRY LIFE DESCRIBED,

IN AN

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Young lambs delight to friſk and play
On hillocks green, or ſlentin brae;
And funny chiels to kiſs and toy
In innocence, with her his joy.
Sae of ſic fun I like to tell,
Whilk often I hae ſeen myſel.

SIR,

I'VE got the bonny lines you ſent,
Whilk gied me heaps of pleaſure;
I ſat me down with ſweet content,
And read the ſame at leiſure.
Sae weel ye clink ilk pleaſant line
With ſenſe and learnt oration,
Ye might adorn, if ye incline,
With grace, the poet's ſtation,
Fu' weel this day.

I'm frae the kintry new come hame,
Whare ſometime I hae tarried;
And I am ſair, baith ſkin and bane,
Right tiert I am and wearied.
Their chuh clay-roads, baith deep and lang,
Did mony a day perplex me.
Burns wanting brigs, upon my ſang,
They very ſair did vex me
On rainy days.

But when reflection in my mind
Looks back, it's ſweet and pleaſant
To think what pleaſures of ilk kind
Enjoys the kintra peaſant.
Wha lives by rules whilk nature taught,
Aft far frae ſtrife and flattery;
No like our town's folk with a draught
Fill't of politic chattery,
Refin'd this day.

To ſee them, near the ſhorteſt day,
I through the mire gaed trudging
At Martinmaſs, when ſome are wae,
And ſome blyth leave their lodging.
When I arriv'd, without a fraiſe,
They kind did entertain me;
Some aſk'd my name, while ſome did gaze,
For ſure they ne'er had ſeen me
There night or day.

Till ſupper time we paſſ'd ilk hour,
In ſocial converſation,
About kingdoms, wealth and power,
Nought miſſ'd our obſervation.
When ſupper paſſ'd, frae ſacred page
The gudeman ſang fu' ſweetly ;
The time when rakes in taverns rage,
And works for hell compleatly
On bouſing nights.

The chields up early the neiſt morn,
Did riſe at the cock crawing,
Gaed to the barn to threſh ſome corn,
For heaps of nowt were lowing.
For hunger keen did ſair perplex
The beaſts of ilka ſtation ;
Horſe, cow and ewe that foe did vex,
That they forgot relations
'Mong them that day.

Neiſt roſe the gudeman frae his wife,
To guide his charge at pleaſure ;
Left aff what ſome ca's wedlock ſtrife,
Till he cou'd find mair leiſure.
The gudewife pleas'd, herſel repos'd
To ſleep ſome hours ſo ſweetly ;
Saying, worthy ſpouſe he's ay diſpos'd
To do his wark diſcreetly
Baith night and day.

Than Kate and Nell up quickly rose,
And speedily were dressed;
Rous'd up a fire to make some brose,
For lads wha them caressed.
For they on strae them row'd and kiss'd,
Ilk day sic occupation,
Amus'd the nymphs, wha seem'd mair bless'd
Than kings at coronation
Do feel some days.

But the sun's rays had scarce begun
To blink o'er hill and mountain,
When they left aff sic pleasant fun,
And straught to stream or fountain
Led forth their ploughing train,
To drink a free libation;
While the gudeman heap'd to the brim
Their crib, with inclination
Fu' kind ilk day.

For breakfast neist they did prepare,
And sat in decent order,
No difference there, but all did fare
Alike to ilk beholder.
The gudeman he their chaplain prov'd,
And sang and pray'd devoutly,
While servant, child and wife belov'd,
All join'd and help'd him stoutly,
Fu' fast ilk day.

Than to the plough they joyfu' rade,
As blyth and weel contented,
As they wha with wide lands and braid,
Their lifetime lang are rented.
Frae morn to night they cheerfu' ſang,
And whiſlet through ilk throughland;
Their couts diſdain'd the broging wand,
When they play'd up the ploughman,
Ilk winter day.

When night drew on, ilk wearied man
To his ain hame returned,
Whare kindly nymphs to ſerve them ran,
And for them fires fierce burned.
To cheriſh them when wet and cald,
Sic kindneſs was pretended;
But love's reward, frae ploughmen bald,
Was what they ſure intended
Ilk winter night.

Soon on the table dinner ſtood,
Of meats to health moſt friendly,
No gentle diſh, but haleſome food
Weel dreſſ't by maids fu' cleanly.
The gudeman, with compoſed face,
To heav'n he fell a fleeching,
With words for this and that fine grace,
As lang as ony preaching
On Sabbath days.

Neiſt at the broth they drave fu' bent,
Nae time for ſpeech or laughin' ;
Sic ſtrokes were ſent, they ſoon were ſpent
Though thick as maſons brochin.
Then frae the board they ſwallow'd next,
Sic lumps of beef and mutton,
Were peeviſh town's folk with them mixt,
Ilk ſure wad ſeem a glutton
To them that day.

The dinner o'er, ſweet mirth gaed round
'Mang lads and laſſes finely ;
Sae ſweet they ſang, with pleaſant ſound,
To charm thoſe they lov'd kindly.
A raw of girls plac'd alone,
With weel tun'd wheels ſat ſpinning,
Whaſe ſound was like a piper's drone,
When he ſets it a bumming,
On ony day.

Sae merrily ilk winter night,
They ſpent in fine diverſion,
And kiſſ't the laſſes out of ſight,
Wha ſhow'd but ſma' averſion.
A packman chield up in the neuk,
To ſteer the ſow'ns was judged,
Nor aft was found ſae gude a cook,
As he through mire that trudged
Ilk winter day.

But when the ſupper hour drew nigh,
Than quickly lads and laſſes,
Ilk to their different charge did fly,
And drapt their fond careſſes.
The gudeman than himſel' rous'd up,
Wha a' the night ſeem'd ſleeping,
Rub'd up his een, and cock't his cap,
Frae whilk he fly was peeping,
Yon winter night.

The ploughmen then did trim their horſe,
With corn and peaſe weel boiled,
And mixt with duſt, to increaſe the force
Of them wha ilk day toiled.
The laſſes frae the cows in haſte
Did fill their milken diſhes,
Wink't lads into the dark to taſte;
Exchang'd it was for kiſſes
They gat ſome nights.

The ſupper o'er, ſome gaed to reſt,
And ſome had little thought o't;
Some wiſh't to kiſs whom they lov'd beſt,
And through the dirt they ran for't.
Some in the barn, or at the kil',
With their ſweethearts lay tum'ling,
While humphy Meg did taunt her fill,
And in her bed lay grumling
Her lain hale nights.

When froſt and ſnaw, and nipping cald,
Blew frae the aerial heaven,
Perplexing mankind, young and auld,
And every beaſt that's living.
To lochs and dams ilk youthfu' ſwain,
With beſoms were ſeen padling,
Weel ſweelt in plaids, while after them
Came younger youths deep dadling
Through ſnaw ilk day.

Than to the game in ſerious mood,
Soon fell that great convention;
While ſome did play, ſome pilot ſtood,
To guide was their intention.
The curling ſtane like thun'er roar'd,
When they bade ſtrike right baldly,
And with a leſſer ſtroke it ſnor'd
Alangſt the ice but ſlowly,
Theſe gaming days.

There ſome had whangs of bread and cheeſe,
And ſome had whiſky bottles,
Wha ate and drank themſels to pleaſe,
Till crazy grew their noddles.
Then about naithing ſtrife began
To rage 'mang them unbounded,
Wha ſcorn'd advice frae ilk wiſe man,
That terms of peace propounded
To them ſic days.

Then in wild wrath they jump't about,
Dang a' things in confuſion,
While foaming jaws faſt roared out
Huge oaths in great profuſion.
With hardy fiſts, and broom ſtaff rungs,
They laid fu' faſt about them,
Till head and neck, and back and lungs
Got mony a doolfu' daud then,
These fighting days.

Some in the fray wreckt out his ſpleen
On ſome ſly pate or ſawney,
Wha at a fair or wedding been,
Had kiſſ'd his Kate or Anny.
Some lang that had brag'd of his ſtrength,
And at his equals ſnarl'd,
Gat there his mettle tri'd at length,
And on his a—ſe was hurl'd,
These bloody days.

To ſhoot ſome hares in the kail yard,
Whom hunger ſair was pinching,
Gaed ſome with gun, though yet half fear'd
That they wad get a clinching.
For theſe on ſic an errand come,
And them about the chimley,
Sometimes gaed out to roughſome fun,
And ſkelpit ithers trimly,
Some winter night.

There Kate and Meg, twa greeting ſights,
Lamenting the misfortune
Of them, whaſe buſineſs there theſe nights
Was naithing elſe but courting;
Wha over dykes and bogs awa'
Was chac'd by dogs uncivil,
And chields with ſticks did loud huzza,
As they had ſeen the devil
In h—l thoſe nights.

Then next the ſpring, with all its train
Of beauties, came in blooming;
Creation ſmil'd, ilk life was fain;
Flow'rs were the air perfuming.
The huſbandman did o'er his fields
Prolific ſeeds did ſprinkle;
Mair joy to him ſic toil ay yields,
Than kings in gold that ſkinkle,
Do feel ſome days.

The pleaſures found on ſimmer days,
'Mang kintra ſwains are plenty;
Ilk joy in towns compar'd to theſe
Are ſordid, dull and empty.
Birds joyfu' on ilk tree is ſeen;
Herds o'er their charge cloſe peeping;
While hill and dale is cloath'd in green,
And lambs on hillocks leaping
Full glad theſe days.

Then blythſom chields with cart and wain,
Drave through ilk village thund'ring,
While thoſe in love, perhaps in vain
Did gaze at them all wond'ring.
Sic bonny maids, on ilka field,
Lay weel hap't with their co'ering;
Were they by ſome town's rake beheld,
He ſure wad rin a whoring
With them ſome day.

To kintra fairs, though far away,
Ilk lad and laſſie marched,
With heart as daft, and light's a flea,
Chields for their ſweethearts ſearched.
At packmens ſtands where they ſhone fair,
And bright like ſun new riſen,
Ilk ſtood to get her fortune there,
If wink, you gat a dozen,
And mae that day.

Then to the ale houſe blyth and gay,
Some toaſts were aften led in,
While ſome fu' weary look'd that way,
And gat but little tradin'.
Some with the merchants cracked lang,
And ſeem'd as they were thranged;
With hanging lip ſome ſilent ſang,
And glow'rt as they were wranged,
Some dancing night.

To drink and dance frae morn till night,
Was ſome blyth youths intention,
While ithers kiſſing out of ſight,
Did hold a quiet convention.
To ſee the cows and horſes trim,
Some laſſes gaed converſing,
Though keener ſtill to peep at him
Wha wauk't the ground traverſing
With ſtags that day.

Nor at their faulds ſic fun did fail,
On joyfu' days in ſimmer,
Where bonny maids did fill ilk pail;
Few wauk't or look'd much trimmer.
The ſound of pipe and reed afar,
Were heard to play melodious,
While lads and laſſes tum'ling were;
In towns it wad ſeem odious
On ony day.

For mony a chield in merry glee,
Gaed there to ſee his laſs,
And thought nae ſhame with her a wee,
To row amang the graſs.
A thing in faſhion ay looks weel,
Sae blame nae lads and laſſes;
Perhaps they've mair of virtue's ſeal,
Than ſome that may be paſſes
Fu' ſpree ilk day.

On meadows green where flow'rs did ſpring,
And ilka herb was blooming,
Ilk buſhy tree, where birds did ſing,
The air was ſweet perfuming.
There bare feet beauties bleach'd their braws,
And made them white and bonny;
The lads when late came out in raws,
And trim'd ilk cockernony
Fu' weel ſic nights.

When phœbus ſank beyond the ſeas,
And herds in bed were ſleeping,
When chryſtal dews wet fields and trees,
And corncraiks loud were ſkrieking:
At night beſide a blazing fire,
Ilk ſang of love fu' finely,
And on the graſs, with keen deſire,
Whiles row't and kiſſ't right kindly,
On wauking nights.

When preaching ſkail'd on ſimmer days,
And prieſt retir'd to ſtudy,
As lang's a teather on the braes
Sat raws of girls ruddy,
Wha whangs of bread and cheeſe did draw,
Frae pouches cram'd unhanty;
To paſſing lads, baith young and braw,
They wink't with ſmile fu' canty,
To taſte that day.

The aged men, with ſnaw white pows,
Stood in ilk corner dribling,
While wives with weans, on hillock nows,
Cloſe at their breaſts lay nibbling.
Some crack't about their corn and peaſe,
And cows and horſes ſelling,
While ithers ſleept in plaids at eaſe,
Till the kirk bell was tolling
To meet again.

Some of their bridals I hae ſeen,
On pleaſant days in ſimmer,
Where lad and laſs danc't on the green,
Nae Helen cou'd look trimmer.
Mair fine the place than rooms in towns,
With paint and paper patched;
For blooming fields, with rich perfumes,
The caller air weel ſcented,
Fu' fine that day.

At chace-race games frae noon till night,
Some play'd till they were weari't,
Forbid to dance, by ſacred wight,
Wha ſaid it quench'd the ſpirit.
But worſe than dancing ſure was there,
Sic rugging and ſic riven,
While flatt'ring chields did preſs their fair
With words a'maiſt adviſing
To fun ſome nights.

Nae gallants bed cou'd e'r presume,
To yield sic heaps of pleasure,
As coils of hay, whase sweet perfume
Is felt at hours of leisure.
Some couple snugly hap't some hours,
Enjoy'd the bliss they wished,
On teddet hay, and fading flow'rs,
Some sported, toy'd and kissed,
Fu' kind sic days.

Yet still as modest, though mair plain,
Than those of gentler station,
Wha thinks sic scenes wad quickly stain
Their dazzling reputation;
Wha with some wanton spark unseen,
Sworn to be Venus's vottery,
Can taste the bliss of that fine queen,
And dab by guess at lottery,
I'the dark some nights.

When Ceres hung with full grown grain,
And fields look'd white and ready,
The gudeman with his houshold train
Came forth, ilk stout and steady,
Healthfu' and gay, to work in fields,
Where toil by mirth was killed:
Sic joys the months of harvest yields,
Ilk peevish heart was filled
With fun sic days.

For round ilk field the merry tale,
'Tween lad and lafs gaed joking,
Ilk jeer'd the ither without fail,
To win love by provoking.
On ilka face nought fmilt but joy,
Although with wark fair fautit:
To eat and drink nane did prove coy,
But ilka difh was clatit
Fu' clean fic days.

Yet nae reproach to them their toil,
By vig'rous application,
Begat great ftrength, frefh air and foil,
To fic prov'd prefervation.
Not like us chields that's forc'd to dwell,
Where ilk difeafe that's evil,
Is nourifh'd by vile ftench and fmell,
Enough to choke a devil,
On ony day,

When autumn had ftript bare the trees,
And barns and yards were crowded,
Cauld winter coming by degrees,
And beauteous flow'rs were faded.
The gudeman frae his fleecy flock,
The fatteft foon he killed,
With jars of brandy frae his ftock,
That they might a' be filled
Right fu' *that* day.

Then on the floor ſome danc'd with glee,
And ſought nae ither bleſſing,
While ſome in neuks, that nane might ſee,
Cou'd ſcarcely ſpeak for kiſſing.
Some that had ſhorn till they were blin',
To pleaſe their lover finely,
Some ither place was weel paid in,
Sae frank they were and kindly,
That parting night.

So paſs the kintra ſwains ilk day,
In mirth and ſweet diverſion,
To toilſome wark, baith blyth and gay,
They paſs without averſion.
Love aften, without flattery join'd,
Doth crown the youthfu' paſſions,
While thoſe that's aged heedleſs mind
Politic terms and faſhions,
That's now a days.

I'm now come back to Glaſco town,
(And left my kintra dwelling,)
Where pouthert fops wauk up and down,
And merchants braw things ſelling.
Nae mair I ſee the meadows green,
Or birds on trees ſweet ſinging,
But num'rous crowds on bus'neſs keen,
And dinſome bells ay ringing,
Baith night and morn.

Now fare you weel, may you be bleſt
With ſucceſs ſtill unbounded ;
May no baſe foe your peace moleſt,
By many ſtill befriended.
This is the wiſh of him unfeign'd,
Wha ance was tradeſman brither,
But diff'rent ſcenes, in life unnam'd,
Now parts us frae ilk ither,
As at this day.

PEGGY and SALLY.

A TALE.

'TWAS in the bonny month of June,
When herds with heat fling aff their ſhoon,
When clegs and waſps their flocks annoy,
And fields wave green with laughing joy.
Twa kintra laſſes braw and tight,
By chance did meet ae pleaſant night;
They at their diff'rent tryſts had been,
And ilka laſs her lad had ſeen.
Right weel they were acquaint and free,
And thus began to crack with glee.

PEGGY.

Dear Sally, laſs, where hae you been,
Its rare to ſee you here at e'en;
Ye keep your ſel' ſae cloſe I trow,
Few chields can get a word of you.

SALLY.

I carna Peggy ; ye ken weel
I dinna rin with ilka chield,
Nor brags like ſome with pride and might,
They've twenty woers in ae night.
I'm juſt the now come frae the glen,
Our com'rade Nell did for me ſen',
To ſee a new coat, and new gown,
She bought laſt week in Glaſco town ;
If ye believe not what I tell,
When firſt ye ſee her aſk herſel.

PEGGY.

Juſt ſo now, Sally, that's like you,
Perhaps it's lies, perhaps it's true ;
I carna whilk, but this I ken
Some ither than her i'the glen
Saw you the night ; ye need nae hide it,
I hope few weeks will ſoon decide it.
I ſaw him ſwift rin o'er the lee,
And whiſlin loud did hameward gae.
I winna diſapprove your choice,
Lang may ye live and baith rejoice.
He's tight, he's clever, and he's true,
By what I ken 'tween him and you :
But ſtill ſome mae ye might hae try't,
Wha in your love with him wad viet.

Your unco eaſy pleas'd, I think,
Wha at ae ciſtern ay can drink;
For me I'll tak them rank and file,
And try them ane by ane a while,
Till him I like doth win the brag,
Then all the reſt I'll gi'e the bag.

SALLY.

Peggy, tak ye your will, and I'll tak mine;
For me, I try ay to confine
Within bounds, ilk immoderate wiſh,
Leſt to extremes they ſhou'd me puſh.
I'm with my lot right weel content,
And bleſſes heav'n for him he's ſent.
When ane is pleas'd they need nae more,
Nor after ither lovers ſoar.
With him I find nae faut; for love
Doth ilk objection ay remove:
If he proves true, I'll prove ſincere,
This is my wiſh, I'll ſeek nae mair,

PEGGY.

Sally, tak him, when he's in tune,
And let us get a wedding ſoon;
For me I mean to rove a while,
And welcome ev'ry young man's ſmile.
Ye fool, ye dinna ken what ſport
Ane gets when chields begins to court;

To ſee ſome bluſhing like a roſe,
So ſtrain'd till blude ſpring frae their noſe,
Next hums and haws a ſilly crack,
And ſits an ell or twa aback;
While ithers, with briſk ſparkling een,
Do ſhew that they to love are keen,
And fain wad ſqueeze my hand, but blate,
Though come to woo they darna ſay't.
When they want yes, I anſwer no;
Want me to ſit, I ſtrive to go;
But yet for fear they gang away,
I gi'e ſome hint to gar them ſtay.
I'm ne'er with them pleas'd half ſae weel,
I'll tell the truth, and ſhame the deil,
As thoſe who bluſh, and ne'er ſeem coy,
But weel can kiſs, and crack with joy,
Baith ſoon and late, when dark and light,
And boldeſt ay when out of ſight.
Now Sall when I hae lovers plenty,
I can be ſhy, and unco canty;
And pick and wale wha I think beſt,
Then quickly I'll diſmiſs the reſt.
I've aften thought this a good ſcheme,
But ſenſeleſs laſſes are to blame
Like you, wha all their time can paſs
With ane, wha is a ſtupid aſs.

SALLY.

Peggy, I've aften ſeen't too true,
That buxom laſſes juſt like you,
Hae tri'd to ſoar up to the moon,
But ill luck join'd them to a loon.
Tak my advice, I think it beſt
To match with ane, and leave the reſt.
To rin with heaps is unco kittle,
And fortune ſhe is ay right fickle.
Perhaps they'll ſcorn you at the laſt,
Than you will wiſh you'd taen the warſt.

THE TWA OVENS,

A TALE.

IN May's ſweet month, when flow'rs begin
To bud and bloom, and ſhow their ſkin,
And idlers round ilk ſhore do ſcatter,
To paſs their time, and drink ſaut water.
A baker wha was worth ſome bitt, *
Did at that ſeaſon think it fit
To build an oven braw and tight,
Beſide his auld ane black as night;
Whaſe form was round like the full moon,
With ſole that ne'er ſaw Ayr or Troon,
But hucket in ſome hameward glen,
If farer aff they did na ken.

* A cant word for money.

The new ane ſquare, look'd unco airy,
With ſole brought far frae Inverary;
But ne'er had tri'd the ſcorching heat,
Produc'd by force of coal or peat.
The auld ane flam'd fu' fierce and faſt,
Preparing for the nieſt days taſk.
Baith ſilent ſtood, without a crack,
Till ance the new ane proudly ſpake.

NEW OVEN.

Pray what art thou? black ugly hulk,
That looks a vile unſonſy bulk;
Beſide me ſure thy haggard face
Proclaims thee of ſome different race
Frae what I am, elſe thou has ſtood
Before the days of Noah's flood
O'erwhelm'd the earth. So torn and tatter'd
Thou looks, with holes athort thee ſcatter'd,
That ſurely your ſome cauld rife hole,
Conſuming heaps of wood and coal.
A vile benighted darkſome den,
That's ruin'd heaps of honeſt men.
Whaſe ſooty entrance proves it weel
That your'e the priſon of ſome deil.

AULD OVEN.

And what art thou, proud ſaucy thing,
That thus in ſcorn doth taunt and ſing,
And maks of me ſic game and fun,
Whaſe days of weel are almoſt run?
Poor empty ſhow; thou little knows
The hardſhips, toils and num'rous woes,
That in their kind will thee befal,
If thou like me ſtands to be auld.
I ance like thee was tight and braw,
And gat the praiſe of all that ſaw
Me in my prime. I baked weel,
And was the brag of ilka chiel,
Till ance that I was ſair abus'd,
By diff'rent anes wha me perus'd;
For aft at night I was forgot,
And gat nae coals to mak' me hot.
Then the nieſt morn when I was cold,
They heap'd me fu', as I cou'd hold,
Of wood and coal, forgetting ſtill
That ſic o'ercharging worketh ill.
When a' was ſpent, aft dreadfu' hot
I prov'd, but they regarded not,
But heaps of water, cauld as lead,
They threw in me, without remead.

My bonny ſole, then dad by dad,
Did ſkelp about, whilk put me mad,
And brake entire my noble ſp'rit,
Wha ne'er cou'd ſince thole cauld or heat.
Sic uſage I got frae mony a chiel,
As thou ſome after day may feel.

NEW OVEN.

Juſt ſo now ſooty, auld and black,
Ye've lengthent out a gay bit crack;
But unco ſleeky as it goes,
To hide your fauts, and tell your woes.
Ye needna blame the baker boys,
To harm you they wad ne'er rejoice;
But ilka ane that did you ill,
They ay wad ſkelp with right gude will.
Yet ſtill I think ye've ne'er been guide,
Nor win much praiſe the time ye've ſtood,
For yeſterday, nae farer gaen,
I heard twa baker chields their lain
At their ain crack, wha a' your ills
Clear'd up, till they had ta'k'd their fills,
Then bade with aiths, fu' fierce and ſnell,
The devil blaw you ſouth to hell,
Nae mair to vex them, day nor night,
'Cauſe me they ſaw fine in their ſight.

But ought like me that's neat and fair,
Without ſome faut is unco rare.
Ought wanting charity, is ne'er compleat,
Though now a days heaps ne'er do ſee't.
Yet ſome I hae for you, whaſe days
Began at firſt, as ſome fowk ſays,
When men kent hardly horſe frae kye,
Or letters twa, that's no or ay;
When boats, inſtead of ſhips, did ſail
Half made, half man'd, and unco frail;
Wha ne'er durſt leave their native coaſt,
For fear they'd wan'er and was loſt.
In battle kentna how to rank,
To cloſe, to march, to wheel or flank,
Nor never kent of gun or cannon,
But with their ſwords and durks ran on
Their faes, wha faſh'd them with invaſion;
Then fought like nowt a' in confuſion.
Whatever ſide did loſe the field,
And to ſuperior ſtrength did yield,
Frae thieviſh rogues they pay'd fu' dear,
Wha rob'd the kintra of their gear.
When ills athort as theſe did reel,
Auld ſooty ye did than right weel.
Keen hungry fowk, with pinching need,
Forgat to blaw, or blaze your bread;

Nae dainties than, that's now in vogue,
Did fill their plates, or wooden cogue.
Aft cakes, the brag of Scotland's land,
Weel bak'd by ſome fair maiden's hand,
For bread, did grace the gentry's table,
Get ither things they warna able.
You was ſhut up for days and weeks,
When peat nor coal ne'er warm'd your cheeks.
Nae wonder that ye prov'd but cauld,
Wha now looks crazy, doilt and auld:
For I am thankfu' that my days
Began in better times than theſe,
When peace and truth, and virtue ſhines,
And art and learning men refines.

AULD OVEN.

Now had you there, and ſay nae mair,
With fulſome ſtuff I'm ſick and ſair,
The fruit of your deceitfu' tongue,
With lies and falſhoods loud hath ſung.
Ye mock the boats we had lang ſyne,
Inſtead of ſhips now of the line
That ſails, and has of guns nae lack,
But bears a thouſand on their back.
Likewiſe our chields ye count them fools
No bred at colleges and ſchools

Like yours, but ca's them untaught wights,
Wha hardly kens their left frae right.
I'll ne'er deny, but to improve
In arts is heaven's gift above,
For gude of man, if rightly us'd,
Though aft it's seen they're sair abus'd.
Instead of gawn to lands whase fields,
To store their wants abundance yields,
Living in peace, and kindly gives
What's useful, while ilk other lives,
Aft fill'd with rage, and base intent,
They strive to tak' what heav'n has lent
To ithers, to possess a while,
Whase fruits are to reward their toil;
This aft of arts is a' the guide,
To raise mair war, and shed mair blude.
Nor need ye jeer our chields sae sair,
Because they hadna heaps of lair.
Lair's very good, I'll ne'er deny,
If rightly us'd; yet by and by,
In your fine days, it is in vogue
That the best learn'd's the greatest rogue,
And he that cheats as fast's he can,
Is thought to be the clev'rest man.
When I was young, nae bills or bands
Was sought frae ane anithers hands;

They gied their word, that was enough,
Tho' worth the four that drew their pleugh.
But now ane's word nae man dare credit,
Or he's a fool, ilk ane may read it;
The ſtamptit bit muſt now be had,
Frae rural herd to clergy lad,
To tye them firm like horſe and kye,
Sae of your arts nae mair now cry;
Nor jeer them with their common fare,
Though e'en with them whiles it was rare.
The thing they had did nature cheer,
Nor fought they mair frae year to year.
They only took what made them ſtrong,
Vile luxury liv'd not them among.
Gude oaten cakes, with junts of beef,
When hungry, ay gied them relief;
And thirſty, aft the chryſtal ſpring
Was what made natural courage ſing.
Your puddens and hotch-potches fine,
Collected frae earth's outmoſt line,
But ſeldom came below my reek;
Sic ſtuff through time makes hale hearts ſick.
When num'rous foes frae diſtant lands,
Did come where Scotland's ſons commands;
In ancient days with ſword and bow,
They did their en'mies ſkelp and cowe.

Like lions bold in furious wrath,
They rush'd frae hills of blooming heath,
Where thousands of their foes soon fell,
Till crimson like ran ilka rill.
Their nervous arms, though few their scores,
Defended weel their sea beat shores.
No like your scare-craw ghastly creatures,
Wha scarce of men retains the features,
That now a days do fill the place
Of Scotland's bold and ancient race.
But here they ended a' their din,
For baker chields on them came in,
Wha chanting loud their cheerfu' sang,
As usual their day's wark began.

NAGGY'S LAMENTATION,

A TALE.

AE winter night when roads were deep,
And rain did down the furrows ſeep,
While houſes clad with ſlates did dreep,
And fill'd ilk ronny,
And cats for fear to weet their feet,
Did tip fu' bonny.

A carter chield fu' fierce and ſnell,
New come frae Dublin or frae hell,
Whilk of the twa I canna tell,
But he did blaw
Frae Greenock to Port Glaſgow's ſel'
His naig wad draw.

Full forty hunder weight a load,
With ſic nae beaſt that way e'er trode;
Which though the way was ſmooth and broad,
Fowks curs'd the chiel,
And ſwore though it lay on the road
It ſerv'd him weel.

Gawn up the brae to Kingſton houſe, *
He drave his Naggy up fu' crouſe,
But he him valu'd not a looſe,
Or ſtrokes he ſent,
Becauſe he than was turn'd ſae douſe,
And like to faint.

Our hero at this place did ſtand,
For in his brains there came a plan,
He thought if he was fit to man,
He'd buy a gill;
It helped ay to lead the van,
And fright a' ill.

But than a kind of juſtice ſpake,
And thus fu' feart began to crack,
Ye weel do ken, your naig doth lack,
Frae you ſome corn;
Sae quickly gang to yonder ſack
And creeſh his horn.

* A noted public houſe on the road ſide.

Than thinking they had baith ſome right,
He made his whip to ſtand upright,
And ſwore a ſolemn oath that night,
If it fell ſouth,
His naig ſhou'd get his corn fu' tight,
Tho' he cry'd drouth.

It fell in favours of the beaſt,
This time, quoth he, was but in jeſt,
I'll be in earneſt now the nieſt;
But he did tip it,
Sae that himſel' might win the feaſt,
It northward ſlippit.

Than in he gaed loud roaring ranting,
And left poor Naggy ſtanding wanting;
Right tir'd he was, with heart a' panting,
The drunken ſot
Maintain'd with words, was unco tanting,
It was his lot.

He drank four mints, he had nae mae,
Than crack'd his whip, cry'd come away,
The reſt is far a yon't yon brae,
While we did ſtap.
Now Naggy mine you what I ſay,
Gae mak' it up.

Than pay'd him up fu' faſt and fair,
Till ance his loins of hide and hair,
A piteous ſight, was peeled bare,
Wha loud did groan,
And tho' the pain was felt right ſair,
He ſtill drave on.

At length through pain, poor Naggy ſpak',
And tell'd an unco curious crack,
You may believe it for a fact,
Baith true and ſiccar,
Wha though he common ſpeech did lack,
He thus did neigher.

Ye filthy, cruel, ſtupid chiel,
Ye little ken what pain I feel
With ſtrokes, and your oppreſſive load
I'm forc'd to drag alang this road.
Your conduct ſays ye've little wit,
Or elſe ye'll no be rul'd by it,
To uſe me thus, wha aft doth drive
Sic heavy draughts to make you thrive.
I needna tell what gude I've done you,
For to reward is far aboon you;
If ye are weel, ye dinna care
How me your ſilly beaſt doth fare.

Though I am tot'ring, and unco ill,
You mind not me, ſo you get your gill.
With heavy loads I aft hae ſtood
Trembling at doors for want of food;
While you with mony a ſenſeleſs wight
Hae drunk till ye've tint baith ſenſe and ſight;
Then out ye'd come a man hale mad,
And curſe and ſwear, and ding and dad
Me through the mire, maiſt dead with toil,
And drive me thus mony a mile
Without ſome food for to refreſh me,
But aft with whip or rung wad threſh me.
I weel may wiſh I ne'er had been,
Wha ſiccan evil days hae ſeen.
Sic cruelty aft makes me groan,
And nane my hardſhips doth bemoan.
It ſurely was but right fair play,
That what you drank your ſel' this day,
Shou'd a' been gien to buy ſome corn
For me, wha here this load hath borne.
Sic uſage ſair doth break my ſpirit,
Wha though a beaſt can ne'er endure it.
The ſtrongeſt of my race ſoon fails,
When they like me get ſiccan meals.
Toom ſtaws like mine makes biting horſe,
Unfit for market, hill or corſe; *

* Public places for ſale of horſes.

Affronting a' but ſic as you,
Whaſe glory's only to be fu'.
If want was a' I had to cry,
I might the eaſier paſs it by,
But your curſt graith which I do wear,
A heap it takes their heart to cheer.
Your ſaddle, brecham, and your hems,
A' virtuous chields aft them condemns,
Fit for the flames; this is a proof
When my poor back's as bare your loof,
And ſhouthers worn, is aften bleeding,
On whilk you ſometimes pour red lead in; †
Torturing me a poor dumb creature,
Now near the grave in look and feature;
Though grief like you I canna know,
Yet in my way I undergo
Reflection, which makes blyth or ſad,
As I've got uſage gude or bad.
Nane can your word and promiſe truſt,
Wha hath to me prov'd ſae unjuſt:
'Tis ſaid a gude man loves his beaſt,
And will not wrang him in the leaſt;
Yet if ye're kind I will forgie you,
And mony years may yet live with you.

† A powder of that name good for healing the ſkin when it is broke or ruffled.

If cruel ſtill, you may believe,
Death ſoon will come and me relieve.

Right fear'd he heard his Naggy tell,
How he had us'd him rough and ſnell,
A tale o'er true, he kent himſel',
Wha for ſic crimes
Repentance had begun to knell,
Afore ſometimes.

His hardned heart but made him ſwither,
For gude or ill, he knew not whither,
At laſt cry'd out, Ye've mony a brither,
I'll uſe nae hints,
Though ye was dead, I'll get anither
If I hae mints.

GLASGOW DESCRIBED,

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

TWA SHEPHERDS.

TWA herds ae bonny ſimmer day,
Sat down a wee to clatter,
While lambs around them ſweet did play,
And on the hills did ſcatter.
Twa blyther chields ne'er tun'd a flute,
On whilk they play'd fu' ſweetly;
Nor e'er was ane 'tween Lorn and Bute,
Cou'd ſing or dance compleatly,
Like them that day.

The ane at Glaſco town had been
At college claſſes reading,
And a' their faſhions he had ſeen,
Their fauts and gentle breeding.
The ither ane ſome news did aſk,
A favour ſought right kindly,
Wha ſoon began with glee the taſk,
And pleas'd his ear fu' finely,
With tales that day.

Quoth he, when firſt that I gaed down,
I glowrt at ilka ferly ;
But ſoon my back with the red gown,
I had to dreſs fu' rarely.
When I gaed in I look'd a ſaint,
I thought them a' believers,
But ſoon I found they cou'd look ſquint,
And that they were relievers,
Frae that yon day.

Our maſters ſat like demi gods,
While Latin tales we ſaid ay ;
Or ither claſſes of vaſt odds,
For whilk they were weel paid ay.
To take a prieſt frae ſic a gang,
Ye'd think nae fowk durſt venture ;
It aften looks as they gaed wrang,
And run to hell's mid centre,
If kent yon day.

The black gown on hides mony a faut,
Of whilk they hae been guilty,
That's ſcarce believ'd by them ne'er ſaw't,
Baith criminal and filthy.
Yet what's the matter, mony a ane
Turns better ſaints than ony :
You ſee a rough unſonſy pin
Is whiles made ſmooth and bonny,
With wark ſome day.

On New'rday morn at ane o'clock,
Ilk lad and lafs afteer,
With lanthorns clear through ftreets do flock,
With pints of fmoking beer.
There mony a ane begins a fray,
O'er weel ftuff'd is their noddle,
For they man fure be fu' that day,
Though they hae ne'er a bodle,
Some ither day.

Ilk furly cork that through the year
Hath prov'd a cruel villain,
That day doth feaft his lads with cheer,
And aft flips them a fhilling.
To ilka ane baith poor and rich,
The bread and cheefe is flinging,
While mony a ane as fu's a b—h,
Ilk ither in dirt is dinging,
Fu' faft that day.

The gaming ladies late at night,
Sets out for Venus's fporting,
Weel dreff'd in filks a pleafant fight,
Ilk ftrives to win fome fortune.
Some filly chield no weel acquaint,
Doth try fome paftime with them,
But for his fun nieft day doth want
His mints, and aft gets frae them
The cl—p that night.

There's mony a toiling ſenſeleſs chiel,
Gets gentle wives unhandy,
Wha can do naithing half ſae weel
As drink baith tea and brandy.
When they get on their fal-de-rals,
They look ſae braw and bonny,
Whilk gars poor lads think they hae hauls
Of notes and yellow money,
In ſtore ilk day.

A race whilk they ca' police bands,
Parades the ſtreets ilk night ay;
Half broken gentle chields commands,
The ſame ilk vice to fright ay.
Beelzebub than for pay turns ſaint,
And at his crew aft rages,
Whilk ſeems is ſtill a common cant,
That deils and men for wages
Is gude ſome day.

But whiles theſe callands tak's a gill,
Before they gang a plund'ring,
And thoſe they had lang at ill will,
Frae them ſure gets a lound'ring.
Sic chields as theſe aft makes a fray,
And ſober fowk diſtreſſes;
For aft the innocent do pay,
To make theſe villains meſſes
Mair ſweet ſome day.

Some aft begins a gaming houſe,
And trading gets frae mony;
For crowds meet there baith young and douſe,
And ſports ſae blyth and funny,
Till ance the chields that rules the roaſt,
That's ſworn to keep gude order,
Cries down the trade, with brag and boaſt,
And frights them frae their border,
For mony a day.

Yet mony a ane lives happy ſtill,
Safe frae the rabbles rage ay;
The ba—s guards them frae a' ill,
And proves to them a hedge ay.
Some ſays the lads with the black gown,
And them meets there fu' kindly,
Whilk makes them miſs the dirty doom
Some gets for being friendly,
I'the dark ſome nights.

But ſure our ſtateſmen diſna think,
Sic fine nymphs e'er wad venture
To ſell their ſauls, for ſake of clink,
And win hell by indenture.
They are nae blate that ſays our prieſts
And them makes up the number;
I dinna ken but if ſic jeſts
Be true, they're traſh and lumber
On earth this day.

Sand-knockers and milk maids afteer,
Through ſtreets their wares to ſell,
Aft at ſome ale houſe, without fear,
Do meet and take a gill,
Whilk makes ilk miſtreſs fierce and ſnell
To flyte, nor will they ſhun it,
For whilk they aften rin to hell,
Or the Gooſedubs † to win it,
To them nieſt day.

Up frae the Broomilaw ſome wives,
Brings fiſh in mony a hun'er,
A trade their bred to a' their lives,
Learn'd through the ſtreets to thun'er:
Fine herring frae Lochfine come in,
Come gie's your ready clink;
To tell ſic lies they think nae ſin,
For aften they do ſtink
I'their creels that day.

A bonny place they ca' the Green,
Lyes ſouth ayont the town,
Where mony a ane are wa'kin ſeen,
That's ſcarcely hale and ſound.
There mony a Mem and Sir, wha ſhine
In ſatins, wa'k converſing;
And mony a ane wha a' day pine
At trades, do meet traverſing,
For air ilk day.

† A place noted for being the rendezvous of loons and limmers.

Some laſſes with their lads at night
Gaes there to ſpend an hour,
And whiles beneath a buſs fu' tight,
Sits down to ſhun a ſhower;
Whilk makes the laſs ſome ither day
To ſwall and take the cholic,
And ſigh and whinge, and aften ſay
She ne'er wad try a frolic,
Like that again.

Their little youths upon the ſtreet,
Before they've left their mam,
Or little mair can do than greet,
Are learn'd to curſe and dam'.
Unlike us in the kintry bred,
Poor honeſt ſimple ſawneys,
That's no like them with vices led,
But lives ſweet harmleſs lammies,
Baith night and day.

Yet dinna think they are a' ill,
That vice reigns there ſupreme;
There's mony a ane amang them ſtill
Whaſe virtues ſhine ſublime.
In pop'lous towns the gude and bad
Live a' mixt in confuſion;
But mony ſtill, its true and ſad,
Are loſt by ſin's deluſion,
Weel ſeen this day.

A YOUNG

CLERGYMAN'S SOLILOQUY,

ON HIS NOT APPEARING SOON TO GET A KIRK.

WAS ever ſic a prieſt ſae wae,
Sae ſair caſt down as me this day;
I'm ſae perplex't I canna pray,
Or preach, or ſtudy;
My mind forebodes things I'll no ſay,
Baith dark and cloudy.

My friends now cheated ſair miſca' me,
For that poor chance that doth befa' me,
They curſe the day that e'er they ſaw me,
Wha's ſpent their money;
Though firſt for gifts they up did blaw me,
As gude as ony.

I learned a' the diff'rent arts
That makes fowk think we're men of parts;
Fine geſtures for to catch the hearts,
That ſeeks nae mair;
And weel turn'd periods for thoſe ſmarts
That's fu' of lair.

But a' my arts yet canna bring
The thing I thought wad make me ſing;
Waes me! frae place to place I ſwing,
My wants to ſtifle,
And a' day does in pu'pits ring
Juſt for a trifle.

A poor half guinea gangs nae far
To purchaſe things as now they are,
And ilka day they're growing war',
I canna ſtand it;
My wants will ſure my ſucceſs mar,
Wi' woes they brand it,

When to ſome place I'm ſent away,
To preach to them the coming day,
I for a beaſt have aſt to pay
A heavy hire,
To take me there without delay
Out through the mire.

The appointment that I get nieſt day
Perhaps is fifty miles away,
O'er mony a hill and roughſome brae,
And hurling water;
And what makes a' the clergy wae,
Aft ſcant of catter.

Aft wet and weary naithing right,
I take my lodgings late at night,
A weariet ſober looking wight,
Ilk ſays my face,
Is juſt a heaven at firſt ſight,
Knockt fu' of grace.

But ſair miſta'en, they dinna know
My ſad misfortune and my woe;
It's no for ſins that now doth go
Out through the land,
But heav'n denies a kirk to throw
Soon to my hand.

Its true I get the braweſt room,
Sweep't end to end with bruſh or broom,
Yet ſtinks aft ſair with ſoot and coom,
Like ony priſon,
Whaſe wa's ſends forth a dampiſh fume,
Me like to poiſon.

The family a' ſet down the gether,
Lang prayers I ſay, without a ſwither,
That their braw graces may nae wither,
But grow and flouriſh;
For whoſe applauſe nae gifts I ſmother,
But does them nouriſh.

I get a bed made up with claes
Weel bleach't, it's true, on kintra braes,
Whilk in't there's neither bugs nor flaes,
To bite and vex me,
Though ills I find ſome ither ways,
As ſair doth vex me.

Damp frae ſome preſs the ſheets are taen,
To dreſs it up for me my lain, (thain,
Whilk when they warm they're wond'rous
Like corn half beetit.
The gudewife thinks of ſic I'm fain,
But ſair ſhe's cheatit.

At Preſbytries where aft we meet,
Nae blythſome ſight whiles when I ſee't;
Some getting calls drawn in a leet,
For ſome fowks preacher,
And ithers ſent upon their feet,
A ae day teacher.

What hell it is to ſtand aback,
And darna ſpeak, but take their crack,
Whilk of vile jaw there is nae lack,
For fauts mere trifling,
While ither things that's glaring black,
They paſs o'er ſhufling.

But I maun had my tongue of that,
O ſelfy! thou'rt a unco brat;
If e'er a kirk doth make my pat
Like theirs play yellow,
To ilka chield I'll gab and chat,
That's no my fellow.

I own it is but right I want
A while, and through the warld rant;
I ſurely was but very ſcant
O heavens grace,
That day I ſwore *, like ony ſaint,
With ſerious face,

That nae deſign e'er bade me reach
The ſacred rank of them that preach,
But only did deſign to teach
Poor dying mortals,
And lead them by my wa'k and ſpeech
To glory's portals.

* The licence oath.

But heav'n forgive me had it been,
As mony a ane ſome day hath ſeen,
When Popiſh faes with hearts fu' keen,
Heaps far did baniſh,
Or hang, while ithers of the wheen
With want did famiſh.

I ne'er had triet the preaching art,
With fowks for to reform their heart,
I'd rather ſtay at the firſt part
Of my life's ſtation,
To ditch, or drive baith plough and cart,
Than flee my nation.

A handſome manſe, a hunder pound,
With bonny glebe of fertile ground,
Weel wall'd with ditch and hedge around;
Wha wad nae covet
To hae't; yea, ſure, the moſt profound
Is no above it.

O grant me heav'n I ſoon may get it,
To thank thee ſure I'll no forget it,
Before my face ilk crime I'll ſet it,
With fair reproof;
And take nae hire alone to let it,
To creeſh my loof.

PAISLEY FAIR.

IN Auguſt's bonny month when corn
Appears to ripen yellow,
And haws and ſlaes on yonder thorn
Begins fu' ſweet to mellow.
When kintra chields hae ca'd their peats,
And barns and byres hae thatched,
And Meg and Kate hae bleach't their ſheets,
That may be ſair was ſpatched,
With dirt yon day.

In Paiſley town there is a fair,
For grandeur heaps do blaw it;
Some bleſs the day they e'er gaed there,
And ſome wiſh they ne'er ſaw it.
For ſome gangs hame with purſes twa,
And ſome gangs hame with nane,
And mony a lad and laſs fu' braw,
Hae wiſh't they'd gane their lain
Some ither day.

Frae Glaſco, and ilk nibourin' town,
Comes pocket-pickers plenty,
With mony a whoring ginſbread loon,
With ilka thing that's dainty.
They early doth begin a fray
About their cauſey ſtations,
Nor ſtops till mony a ane is blae
With ſtrokes, though near relations
In trade that day.

Some airy chields on horſeback flies,
Whaſe laſſes is before them,
While ithers tum'lin on their knees,
Looks graver in decorum.
Frae ilka airth comes pouring in
Braw lads and laſſes buſket;
With fidlers leading fidlers blin',
Can play fu' weel we truſt it,
To pleaſe that day.

Thrang grows the town, than auctioneers
Begins a yelling noiſe,
And packmen a fine ſhow uprears,
Of ſilks and glit'ring toys.
While kintra Johnies in their boots,
Attends upon the market;
Of Scotland's naigs, and kine with cloots,
In clover had been parket
For mony a day.

Than to the Square to rin a race,
Some chofen ſpankers marches,
While thouſands after them do pace,
And for fine views ſoon ſearches.
Some upon ſcaflolds mounted high,
Debates wha rins the foremaiſt,
While ithers heedleſs of the cry
Lyes daub't in dirt and glaur, maiſt
Hale fu' that day.

A raw of whiſky tents along,
Is fill'd with lads and laſſes,
While ithers roar in mirth and ſong,
A crew of dinſome aſſes.
Pick-pockets than improve the day,
Nor fears the gallows rope;
While ithers begging, with fair play,
Do ſwear they're like to drop
With want that day.

Some airy ſparks with bonnets blue,
And gartens tyet fu' flaſhy,
Looks through the crowd if they can view,
With joy, their bonny laſſy.
Soon found, to taverns they do prance,
Nane loath ſeems or unwilling;
While thoſe behind envies their chance,
And looks at them right ſullen
And wae that day.

Some wanton wag to pleaſe his een,
Or rouſe his neighbours ſorrow,
Pick up the laſs was kiſſ'd yeſtreen,
And tryſted for the morrow.
The injur'd youth, without a pauſe,
Swears ſoon to be revenged,
Seeks comrades to befriend his cauſe,
If blows ſhou'd be exchanged
'Twixt them that day.

Than ſoon a battle doth begin,
Sae proud they are and ſaucy;
Sometimes in taverns is ſic fun,
And ſometimes on the cauſey.
Than ſtools and tables, jug and cann,
Is kick'd about like lumber,
While ilk proves whaſe the better man,
The noiſe is heard like thunder,
Fu' loud that day.

Or on the ſtreet with furious arm,
Some fights with cudgels fiercely,
Some in the crowd gets heaps of harm,
And out with life comes ſcarcely.
The ginſbread wives, with angry face,
Beholds their ſtaans a tum'lin,
And ſtands and prays, fu' void of grace,
The deil to lift them grum'lin
To hell that day.

Some frae the fight gaes cripplin hame,
And ſome tines hat or bonnet;
Some on that day loſs muckle fame,
And heaps that day doth win it.
Some laſſy through that ſtrife doth loſs
The fun ſhe once intended,
Gaes hame her lain, through muir and moſs,
Her fate ſhe canna mend it,
That wofu' day.

When the ſun ſets, than hamewart bound,
Ilk gangs to their ain dwelling;
The noiſe of mirth doth ceaſe to ſound,
And merchants ſtaps frae ſelling.
Some laſſy gets her pouches fu',
Of ſweeties, figs and raiſins,
While ſome gets naithing is as true,
But buys them in quiet ſeaſons,
When out of ſight.

Some lad and laſs in ithers arms,
Gaes hame baith blyth and canty,
While ſome poor thing, with unkiſſ'd charms,
Gaes hame leſs proud and vaunty.
Some by the way ſits down to kiſs,
Half fu' of ale and brandy,
While ithers with ſome funny miſs
Doth dance at truſtamſhandy,
Fu' fine that night.

With ſcenes as theſe the day is ſpent,
Than hamewart mony prances,
While ither chields, in Paiſley kent,
With laſſes join in dances.
Some ſquabling on the cauſey fu',
The guard at night aft catches,
Wha in a jail is made to rue,
And ſworn to keep their watches
Mair tight nieſt day.

Next Sunday a' the ſacred tribe,
Ye'd think ſets h—l a ſteering,
With words that fleſh and blude cant thole,
But few right aft is hearing.
For mony a ane, ſair heads to heal,
Lyes doſin on their couches,
Wha for ſic fun ſups muſlin kail,
With little in their pouches,
For mony a day.

A TEA CONVERSATION

BETWEEN TWA YOUNG LADIES.

AE winter night at ſax o'clock,
A joyfu' hour to heaps of fowk,
Wha a' the day hae borne the yoke,
At ſpade or mell,
And mems at tea do crack and joke,
And lies aft tell.

Twa miſſes of the taylor kind,
Wha a' the live lang day did pine,
Thrang making caps and gowns ſae fine,
And right compleat,
To viſit ither did deſign,
And ſae did meet.

Ye may believe it's very true,
When mony a beck and mony a bow
Had paſſ'd, and miſs how do ye do,
Straught ben they went,
And drain'd the tea pat, red or blue,
With gude content.

Faſt gaed the crack on diff'rent things,
About the news the paper brings,
Or of ſome mem that wears fine rings,
Scarce worth twa groats;
Or miſs, the cheery nymph, that ſings
Fine lovers notes.

The common theme with them took place,
Wha a' their maiden fauts did trace
Back to the firſt, with ſiccar pace,
And dirty ſplatter,
Whilk tales are ſure a vile diſgrace,
Though ladies clatter.

At laſt the converſation ran
Upon the matrimonial plan,
Ane aſk'd the ither if nae man
Came air or late,
To tell her, while he ſqueez'd her hand,
He'd change her ſtate.

The ither ane grown ha'flins ree,
For a'wa glaſs they were with glee,
To tell her mind was unco free,
Sae did begin;
And ſaid chields to woo you or me,
They think's a ſin.

I ken the reaſon unco weel,
Whilk our poor fate the truth doth ſeal,
That we ne'er get a ſingle chiel
To ſpier our price,
But hates us like the vera d—l,
And ſays we're nice.

We've ay to gang ſae trig and braw
With dreſs, that we can hardly fa',
Neceſſity has ay nae law;
It's for the crowds
Of mems and ſirs wha on us ca'
To buy our gudes.

I needna lie, the ither night
A half worn chield, a writer wight,
Came here his love and faith to plight,
And made me offers,
But he was ſic a ſcar-craw ſight
I ſcorn'd his proffers.

Thefe lawyers clarks, and doctor chiels,
Wha whores and drinks like vera diels,
When out of tune is purg'd with peels,
I'll make nae noife ;
But thofe wha gets them furely feels
But trifling joys.

Of mae I canna brag nor rant,
For tradefmen lads with me are fcant,
And as I dinna like to want,
I will you tell,
If ye'll no blaw't abroad with vaunt,
What me befel.

Ae night as keen to get a chance,
As ony maid in Spain or France,
I aff in mafquerade did prance,
Where baith we've been;
And wha faw I at the firft glance,
My fervant Jean.

She kent me, and look'd fair afraid,
I likewife thought I was betray'd,
I ca'd her to a fide, and faid
Ye're now detected,
For to your haunt, where lang ye've ftaid,
I was directed.

She blush't, and faſt ran frae my ſight,
Like whores and thieves wha hate the light:
Sma' fun I got that wofu' night,
I was ſae feart
That by my maid, or gaming wight,
Heaps round wad hear't.

She ſtopt; the ither did begin,
Quoth ſhe I was juſt ſae ta'en in
The ither night, nae farer gane,
With a young ſpark,
Wha had a tryſt to come at e'en,
When it was dark.

I bade him come in womens dreſs,
And ſent him ane I do confeſs,
Which though that it was ſomething leſs,
It did right weel,
For by't, unkent, we gat a meſs,
Our love to ſeal.

But when gawn out, my maids like brutes
Nae better bred than them with cloots,
Saw and hum'd out, Ha! ſhe has boots
Below her cleading,
Whilk made us wiſh they ay were mutes,
With tales war' dreading.

With cracks as theſe the time was ſpent,
And lang did on their ſtate comment;
To be a wife ilk was content,
Yet thought nae ſin
To take a chance, till ane was ſent,
To keep them in.

THE

REFORMED SHEPHERD.

ON yonder hills clad o'er with green,
And blooming heath of purple hue,
Where num'rous woolly flocks are ſeen,
To ſkip alangſt the mountain's brow.

Once ſat a ſhepherd, fair and young,
Unkent to falſhood, ſtrife or guile;
Ilk nymph had round his praiſes ſung,
And tryet to win his comely ſmile.

Few years had ſeen him tune his reed,
That charm'd ilk ear on hill and dale,
Where nibouring ſhepherds aſt with ſpeed,
Had gather'd round to hear his tale.

Till fortune bade him leave that ſtate,
And to the city faſt repair;
So was the will of ruling fate,
That he ſhou'd 'tend his flocks nae mair.

But O how cautious ſhou'd the youth,
That is with vice not deeply ſtain'd,
Be of the flattery of that mouth,
Which ſhows of virtue it is drain'd.

Too ſoon he bad companions join'd,
And made ilk wanton houſe his haunt;
Too ſoon debauched was his mind,
And of vile ſcenes did proudly vaunt.

His cloſe companion was the rake,
Wha brags if virtue he deſtroy;
And did ilk crime with them partake,
That cou'd afford him any joy.

At laſt diſeaſe of vicious kin'
Him ſeiz'd, and brought to ſhame and grief;
Lang under ſickneſs did he pine,
And nane was found cou'd gie relief.

Remorſe and fear for hainous guilt,
In furious rage upon him fell,
Whaſe pangs moſt dreadful by him felt,
Turn'd all his pleaſures to a hell.

Forbid to breathe the city's air,
He to the country faſt withdrew;
With rakes to revel there nae mair,
But bade them all a long adieu.

But ah! what tortures did he feel,
When he beheld ilk rural ſight,
Where he had ſkipt, with ſwifteſt heel,
Alangſt the vale or mountain's height.

Ilk kintra cot, ilk barn and kill,
That did preſent themſelves to view,
Ilk ſtanding lake, ilk murm'ring rill,
Did but the more his woes renew.

Reflection, through ſuperior aid,
At laſt did ſooth his troubled mind;
He hop'd that Juſtice's claims were paid
By him that's to the helpleſs kind.

Yet often his enormous guilt
Did fill his heart with diſmal fear;
Aft did his eyes, through pangs he felt,
Drop down the penitential tear.

Let thoſe in ways of ſin that reel,
Conſider ay the ſinner's fate,
How in this life they grief doth feel,
Or elſe when with them it's o'er late.

THE

AULD MAID'S COMPLAINT.

AE day I to the kintra went,
To ſee my friends was my intent,
For aften they had for me ſent;
I thought by hints,
That now their mind was in full bent
To gie me mints. *

When I was there I took a ſcout,
To ſee the laſſes round about,
Acquaintance than was maiſt worn out,
With ilka Nell,
That I had aften kiſſ'd nae doubt,
They ken themſel'.

* A term for money.

Ae lass that ay was counted proud,
Wha in the road right lang had stood,
And aft had jeer'd, with laugh fu' loud,
Ilk wooer callan,
That courted her, and was as gude,
Baith Earse and Lallan.

She aft had scorn'd me, it's confest,
For unto her I love profest,
To taunt her then I thought it best,
With words fu' funny;
Wha days and years had in the nest
O'er sitten mony.

When I gaed by her father's hallan,
Close at her glass I saw her standin',
And heard her plaint, but me the callan,
Wha tells her crack,
For to be seen was too auld farren,
Sae slippet back.

With grief she view'd her gray grown hair,
With eyes that look'd with hallow glare,
She saw her cheeks were faded fair,
That matched ony;
For ance with them nane cou'd compare,
She look'd sae bonny.

She saw the change, and, fu' of woe,
Cried out waes me, ah! is it so
I'm faded thus, wha was a beau,
And had fine offers
Frae heaps, yet scorning bade them go
With a' their proffers.

Poor senseless I, it was my pride,
Wha ay o'er love and will did ride,
I us'd them sae they coudna bide,
But ran away.
I thought ilk morn wad ay provide,
Like the past day.

Now I may sit and mourn my lain,
To ither lovers they are gaen,
Whilk is to me baith grief and pain,
Ne'er to be righted;
For ance they vow'd to be my ain,
But now I'm slighted.

It grieves me ay to see a pair
Gawn hand for nieve to kirk or fair,
When I my lain maun dauner there,
Through dubs and ditches,
And ilka night nae joy can share,
The wish of wenches.

How low now am I at lang run,
Yeſtreen our herd, our cotter's ſon,
Offer'd my equal to become;
I ſeemed wroth,
And bade him ſtop what was begun,
Poor lump of ſloth.

But O if he again wad come,
Nae mair with him I wad mak' fun,
Though he ha'e neither houſe nor grun,
I'd tak' the callan,
And trudge with him, though he ſhou'd run,
O'er rocks like Arran.

Heav'n grant my wiſh, that is to ſen'
Him, or ſome of the race of men,
Or elſe I'll ſwear unto my en',
And I'm weel read,
I'll die the death of Jenkin's hen,
Wha ne'er was tread.

I did nae ſtand to hear her out,
I thought my ſneer wad gar her look,
Sae aff I came, as quick's a trout,
By her unſeen,
And mark'd it a' in my day book,
To tell't at e'en.

A SCHEME TO GET A

HUSBAND,

BY TWA YOUNG LADIES.

A TALE.

Ye maids wha yet your lain do ly,
And fain the married ſtate wad try,
Hear now this ſtory that I'll tell,
I'm ſure the plan will pleaſe you well.

AE bonny ſimmer day near Kempoch ſtane*
Where faries aft ha'e danc'd fu' blyth and fain,
Twa of the lady race ſat down to clatter,
For they a jaunt had ta'en to the ſaut water.
Frae Glaſco town, for health, they were come down,
Like heaps of fowk that is baith heal and (ſound:

* A point below Gourock much frequented by people at the ſaut water.

They ne'er had tri'd the pleaſant ſtate of
marriage,
Nor yet was kent to ly thro' a miſcarriage;
But ſome thrang tongues, altho' it was nae lies,
Did blaw't about that they amang the trees,
That forms the ſerpent wauks, had ſeen a ſpirit,
And in an evil hour had come o'er near it,
Wha with bewitching ſmiles aft wounds the fair,
That for a while they laugh, or ſings nae mair.
Sic wounds gat theſe, or knaviſh tongues did lie,
That breath'd the caller air beſide the ſea;
Wha taylor like, with ſeams in ilka han',
And ſeated on the green, their crack began.

JENNY.

We've baith now play'd ourſelves a bonny tune,
Will be nae fun, I fear, ere a' be done;
This day I find the fruits of what I rue,
And ſees the ſame progreſſive too in you.
Vain, vain are all our arts to hide our ſhame,
Whilk will affront our friends and ſtain our
name:
O had I ance again what I ha'e loſt,
Nae flattering chield ſhou'd ever me accoſt,
With ſucceſs, but it ſeems it was my fate
I ſhou'd my folly mourn when it's o'er late.

S A L L Y.

Jenny compoſe yourſel' and ſigh nae mair,
Dry up thoſe tears that ſtains your viſage fair;
If our town's fowk do ſee you they'll conclude
That ſurely ſomething's with you that's no gude.
Daft ſilly fool, what needs ye be ſae vext,
And rant and ryhme on ſic a diſmal text?
I ken fu' weel what drives you to this plan,
Ye're fear'd you'll never get anither man.
Sae in deſpair ye ſink, but as for me
Whatever comes I'll live in merry glee;
I'll do the beſt I can to mend my lot,
And ne'er repine, tho' little gude come o't.
Tak' my advice, we'll up to Greenock town,
This day ye ken the twa Miſs B—s is down;
If it's our chance to get the chaiſes toom,
We'll drive away and be in Glaſco ſoon,
Where we will be beſide our friends that's kind,
And get our matters ſorted to our mind;
We'll tak' a room and keep ourſel's fu' quiet,
And on the iſſue of our fun will wait.
We'll hire ſome hag and gie the wee things
till her;
Ye ken ſic luckies will do ought for ſiller;
Will ſlip them aff, and keep it quiet, than we,
As ay before, will rant with youthfu' glee.

JENNY.

Sally, if ye'll gang, ye may gang your lain,
To think of that renews afresh my pain,
For what I've done to friends, I darna go,
They quickly in my face wad read my woe.
To be baith blyth and gay is now sae coy,
Such happiness I think I'll ne'er enjoy.
Sic days I aften had before I fell,
But that reflection makes my heart to knell:
Within me now it ay begins to sink,
When I upon his filthy flatteries think,
Wherewith he me beguil'd, but now nae mair
He'll try to court, or speak with words sae fair.
When ance they get their will it's a' they want,
And soon do make of us their brag and vaunt.
Some brags of beauty and a weighty purse,
I fear we've gotten baith just for a curse;
If we had less we had nae got sic offers
Frae those vile rakes that hath like us fine coffers.
But heaven's goodness to them nane shou'd blame,
The faut was ours that yielded unto them.
I'm sick of life, I fear reproach and scorn,
And aften wishes I had ne'er been born.
Here will I stay, and do the best I can,
And try to hate that false perfidious man.

SALLY.

Jenny, I ken they'll no come now with
pleasing tale,
As they did ance, ere us they did beguile.
I dinna care, perhaps some chields as gude
May come, wha tho' they canna brag of blude
That's high within their vains, and heaps of
groats,
Yet what's as gude they may hae fewer blots
To stain their name, and reputation scorn,
Whilk of, by hand of time, can ne'er be worn.
I've aft the rural dairy maid envy'd,
And our town's maids, wha aft I have espi'd,
Weel entertain'd with sweet and kind embraces
Frae tradesmen lads, possess'd of a' the graces
That nature can bestow: sure mony a ane
Mair happy lives with them, with little din,
Than with some knabs wha equipage maintains,
And ev'n of power sometimes do hold the reins.
I've aften at my window been right griev'd,
When I look'd out and heaps of chields per-
ceiv'd,
With whom I could in wedlock fast ha'e cleekit;
But cursed fate, my mouth boot ay be steekit,
And they their distance kent, and durst no offer,
Because they thought I wad reject their proffer.
What pity is it that we darna tell
Our mind to ane we like as weel's oursel'?

But muſt wait calmly, with a grudging mind,
Lang, lang perhaps, till ſome chield is inclin'd
To come our way, and than may be it's ane
With fauts as ill, tho' he's baith deaf and blin'.
What hinders us but we may make addreſſes
To lads, with ſpeeches fine, and fond careſſes?
Nought but the faſhion, whilk us ſair doth croſs,
And aft unto us baith produceth loſs.
If we durſt do't, we aft wad woo ſome chiel
To poortith born, wha ſair its ſtroke doth feel.
Tho' ſic's their fate, they aft hae better parts,
As ſeen in purſuit of mechanic arts,
Than them wha naithing hath but heaps of gear
To make them to their lovers ſeem fu' dear.
Sic chields with us might aften happy live,
And we with them our woes ilk might relieve;
They would beſtow the claims ſought by a wife,
And we with mints wad make them ſing thro'
life.
Ye ken the clatter gaed, tho' may be lies,
That yon braw thing that's come frae yont
the ſeas,
O fairy figure, colour'd like a corp,
Did woo and win our bonny Duke of York.
Nane did her diſcommend, or once reproach,
Wha hurrels now a ducheſs in a coach.
Likewiſe Miſs Blyth ye kent the ither year,
And ſhe was ane had heaps of land and gear,

Did court a youth wha ne'er a farthing had,
But nature with her gifts him fine had clad;
She raiſ'd him up frae poortith's brink to taſte
Of wedlock joys, where love was the beſt feaſt.
And now he happy lives for virtue fam'd,
While ſhe for what ſhe did is never blam'd.
Ye ken king Geordy has ſome in their teens,
Iſe war'nt they wiſh for marriage and be queens.
Nae doubt ſome day they'll try to catch ſome prize,
Even them before that durſt not lift their eyes
To ſic a chance, but like our chields at hame
Content to toil, but ſeldom thirſts for fame.
Now join with me, perhaps we'll get ſome mae
Of our ain ſex, will like to hae it ſae.
We'll try to make that glorious faſhion riſe,
And her we'll crown with thanks wha wins the prize,
That woos her love, and brings in cuſtom too,
For every miſs to do as ſhe did do.

JENNY.

Sall, with a' my heart, I do approve the plan,
It's dowy ay to live without a man;
Tho' we've maiſt got enough, through falſhood vile,
Of thoſe wha ſubtilly did us beguile.

But am ſae dull, with ſpirits out of tune,
Ye maun do't a', or it will ne'er be done.
If ye need write, I'll gie you pen and ink,
That ſoon athort the pleaſing ſcheme may clink.
And may the powers be kind that rules on high,
To let us ance be wedded ere we die.

Thus far gaed on their crack about the men,
What mair they did, or ſaid, I dinna ken,
For twa-three ſailor chields came o'er the knowe
Wha had o'er muckle whiſky in their pow.
Right fear'd they roſe, and ran to Gourock hame,
While I gaed after laughing at their ſcheme.

GLASGOW CASTLE

AND

INFIRMARY.*

A TALE.

AE April morn ere three did ring,
Or birds began to chirp and ſing,
When bats and owls, with airy wing,
Thro' waſtes did chatter,
And watchmen through ilk ſtreet did ſwing
With click-ma-clatter.

* It was built anno 1793. Britain being then engaged, along with the united ſtates of Holland, in a war againſt France, when a reform in Parliament was much talked of, and trade and commerce at a very low ebb in the nation.

Close at the infirmary's bonny gate,
A spectre stood as guard to wait,
To welcome them wha did them bait
With siller plenty,
For cures to those whase surly fate
Brought naithing dainty.

Pale look'd he as if sair diseas'd,
As pox or fever had him seiz'd,
Or death some day his chafts had squeez'd;
For patch and plaister
Frae aff his banes the flesh had wheez'd,
A sad disaster.

Around the castle's spacious space,
Anither wauk'd with seeming grace,
Age and fatigue sat on his face,
With heaps of scars,
Whilk prov'd him of some different race,
Bred up in wars.

Strange look'd he at ilk thing he saw,
His ancient towers maist like to fa',
A sick house rising up fu' braw;
Than thought his day
Was near an end, by some new law,
And thus did say:

Strange to behold what changes now I ſee
On every thing, but moſt's the change with me.
Where are my ſtrong built vaults for ſafety made,
When hoſtile en'mies did my land invade?
My ſtately walls, where are they great and high,
And higher turrets reaching to the ſky?
In ruins ſure! but I ſhall quickly know
For what, and whoſe the cauſe of this my woe.
Cloſe at yon tot'ring fabric of a day,
Built on the bounds where is my right to ſway,
I ſee a ſpectre ſtand, I'll aſk and ſee
If information he can give to me.

CASTLE.

Good morning, maſter, ſprightly, fair and clean,
So tight, ſo ſlender, few like you are ſeen;
Can you tell me why I in ruins ly,
While that beſide you rears its head on high.
Now O be kind, and grant me my requeſt,
And mock me not, though old, with ſcornful jeſt.

INFIRMARY.

With jeering laugh he thus to him did ſay,
To mock a tatter'd beggar in our day,

Or blind or cripple, or gray head with age,
Is diſapprov'd by youth, or hoary ſage.
But not to keep you in ſuſpence give ear,
The reaſon of your end you ſoon ſhall hear.
This city now for grandeur few exceeds
In Scotia's land; for trade the van ſhe leads,
With ſpacious ſtreets, and buildings wondrous fine,
The fertile banks of Clyde ſhe thick doth line.
Extending ſouth to Ruglen's ancient peel,
Each hill and vale her ſpreading growth doth feel.
North to where Kelvin glides from Campſie hills,
With country ſeats and gardens thick ſhe fills.
Both eaſt and weſt ſhe alſo ſpreads o'er plains
And rugged heights, which now no more diſdains,
As ay before, the ſpade and plowing ſhares,
For orchards once a ſcene of thorns and briers;
While thoſe improv'd, whoſe ſcent perfum'd the air,
Are now unſeen 'neath ſtreets and buildings fair,
Throng'd by the gay machine, contriv'd to pleaſe
The great, where fortune ſmiles and lives at eaſe.

Her towering ſmoke o'er diſtant hills doth ſoar,
While crowded ſtreets with commerce loud
doth roar.
From Europe's utmoſt bounds, within her walls,
The great doth dwell whom voice of fame
forth calls.
While her own ſons made great by ſmiling
fate,
Sheds bounty on her poor while great in ſtate.
Thus ſwells ſhe every day in ſplendour great,
Since fortune, as a friend, on her doth wait.
Her ruling ſtateſmen, and her wealthieſt ſons,
And chief phyſicians, whoſe high fame far runs,
Have now contrived, for their city's good,
To build this fabric, where thy ruins ſtood,
For benefit of thoſe who are diſeaſ'd,
Whom ills of various kinds hath ſorely ſeiz'd.
Pox, fevers, agues and convulſions fierce,
With gravel, broken bones, but to rehearſe
Them all would waſte time, howe'er much it
ſerves
To name them; but this glorious act deſerves
A high applauſe, for ſons that's yet unborn
Shall bleſs the men who ſuch a ſcheme did form.
Long time within this land ye know ye've ſtood
A uſeleſs bulk, and done but little good,
Except a haunt for owls and bats, and thoſe
Vile reptiles, which to human life are foes.

Your hanging walls, and towers projecting o'er,
Fear'd paſſengers leſt they ſhould walk no more,
But buried be in midſt of ruins deep,
And cauſe their friends with ſable clad to weep.
Our rulers then againſt you did combine
To pull you down, that I might on you ſhine.

CASTLE.

Vain are thy taunts, which merits nought but ſcorn,
Unknown to age, of yeſterday new born.
Poor feckleſs thing, few years will make thee frail,
When ſhaking winds and rain doth thee aſſail,
Or thunder, which will make thee quake with fear,
And thoſe fine jutted corners ſundry tear.

INFIRMARY.

Rough are they words, rough like thyſelf they prove,
But threats like theſe ne'er makes me once to move.
The effects of time on every thing is ſeen,
Thou looks not now thyſelf like what thou's been;

There's no occaſion now I ſhould be ſtrong,
Whoſe end is to contain the mournful ſong
Of the diſeaſ'd. No thunder bolt of war,
(Who got in battle wears the glorious ſcar,)
Will try to win me, or their refuge take
Within me, when ſucceſs doth them forſake.
In peaceful days I live; no more the foe
With ſlaught'ring arm, through Scotia's land doth go,
Spreading deſtruction wherever they do turn,
By plund'ring cities, and high towers did burn.
When foes like theſe throughout our land did roar,
Dane, Southren, and thoſe from Norway's ſhore;
Or worſe when ſtrife broke out among yourſelves,
And clan did root out clan like helliſh elves;
When friends and families fought with one another,
And brother traitor prov'd to his brother.
In ſavage times like theſe ye did right well,
When all was won or loſt by force of ſteel;
Small pity then was in the human breaſt,
Cruel and rude the love was then expreſt;
Hard was their fate who did with ſickneſs groan,
No tutoring nurſe had they, when left alone,

To teaze their bed, or grant their earneſt wiſh
Of cooling drink, or food from dainty diſh:
Few delicacies than were in this land,
Or helps to health form'd by a ſurgeon's hand.
If live they liv'd, if die they died, no matter,
Juſt like the beaſts on Highland hills that ſcatter,
Who hath no ſhield to ſave them from the blaſt,
But yet from nature's hand hath got a caſt,
That winter ſtorms they can endure, and bring
Their young ſafe forth, though cold and bleak be ſpring.

CASTLE.

If that which thou haſt told this day were true,
Happy the people are who lives like you
In this fine age, which ye ſo much do praiſe
Above mine own, for quiet and peaceful days.
'Tis true that peace you have from foreign foes,
No hoſtile ſword out thro' this land now goes,
Nor clans contend with clans in deadly ſtrife,
Or brother daggers out a brother's life.
In my young age ye think that none had love,
But rage and hate did all their actions move;
Baſe is the thought, for when our Southren foes
Did us invade, or Danes againſt us roſe,
Or Normans fierce, what could we do but fight
With arms defenſive to maintain our right.

Our cities plunder'd and our caſtles ta'en,
Our women raviſh'd and our children ſlain;
Love, pure heroic love, for theſe our wrongs,
Made us do actions which now form thoſe ſongs,
Which your fine age eſteems not worth to hear,
Though yet ſome virtuous for them drops a tear.
In times when I was young, ſweet ſmiling peace
Fled from our land, and durſt not ſhew its face.
Fierce war, and ſpoil, and carnage was the play
Of kings, contending who ſhould o'er us ſway.
Our ſick and wounded then was often left
Alone to fortune, and of friends bereft.
Call'd to the battle ſwelling through the land,
Of bold invader, ſpoiling on each hand.
In days as theſe where had we time to ſpend
Some hours to ſooth a parting dying friend,
Or dainties to provide for him the beſt,
Or teaze his bed, or guard him at his reſt.
But ſince it was my lot to live in times
When cruel war did rage thro' Scotia's climes,
Few were they of diſeaſes did complain
That's now, which than were neither heard or ſeen.
Few pox or meazles were ſeen in my day,
Or gout or gravel which did o'er them ſway;
Few fevers e'en of ſenſe did them bereave,
Or ſlow conſumption leading to the grave.

Ruddy and gay our youths did than appear,
Like blooming flowers which grace the op'n-
ing year.
While thoſe who many days in toil had ſpent,
Fell like a ripened field free of complaint.
Not like the ſilly crowds which now I ſee
Come up ſome days to gaze with ſcorn at me,
On puddock pipes, which every youth may ſpan,
And fairy ſhape, which looks but half a man.
Were they to ſee when, in ancient days,
My chieftains arm'd around my walls did blaze;
Each one a Mars—a hero in the fight,
Who oft had thouſands ſunk to endleſs night.
A ſight of them would make their frame to
ſhake,
Turn like the clay, while feeble limbs did quake.
To meet ſuch foes enrag'd they durſt not wait,
But fly like cowards for to ſhun their fate.

INFIRMARY.

Weel haſt thou crack'd, old carl, though
forſooth
Still more is ſland'ring lies than ſolid truth.
When one tells tales, with truth no ſtraight
directed,
It is but right that they ſhould be detected;
But I do you excuſe, whoſe ancient form,
With waſting time, is now in pieces torn.

When o'er your head ſo many years are flown,
No wonder that your brains are crazy grown.
Oft have I heard ſome beggars, mark'd with
ſcars,
Who once had ſoldiers been, relate of wars
That they had ſeen, till fire flaſh'd from their
eyes,
While youth again ſeem'd on their cheeks to
riſe;
Of armies ſlain, and cities ſtorm'd and won,
While blood and death thro' fields and ſtreets
did run.
The groans they think they hear, and pierc-
ing cry
Of thoſe who of their wounds in anguiſh die.
Some ſays ſuch tales are true, and fit to pleaſe,
While others laugh who know the half is lies.
So ſtill when you are in your proper mood,
Your whole delight's to talk of ſhedding blood.
But ſuch rude ſcenes are out of taſte with me,
Let barb'rous acts like theſe now ſink with thee;
Yet never think this age are cowards grown
More than thy ſons, whoſe fame afar hath
flown.
Britain this day, for now the three * are one,
Sits undiſturbed and governs alone.

* Scotland, England and Ireland.

From pole to pole her commerce ſwift doth
flee,
Whoſe foes looks pale when they ſuch glory ſee.
If war they wage ſoon Europe takes the
alarm,
And pities them for whom ſuch foes doth arm.
Victory oft upon her arms doth blaze,
While diſtant kings her mighty feats doth praiſe.
Fam'd alſo now ſhe lives for wholeſome laws,
Vice to affright, and right the injur'd cauſe.
Foul crimes are puniſh'd, and the juſt ſet free,
The ſick provided for, as ſeen in me,
Who ſoon expects to be the firſt that ſtands
Fam'd for their deeds, through ancient Scotia's
lands.
Her nobles great, who bear ſuperior ſway,
Forms for her welfare acts day after day,
For which her ſons them bleſs, when they do
feel
Their gain by them increaſ'd, a happy ſeal.
No more rebellion flies, with open face,
Through her empire, allegiance to diſgrace.
Court heroes and their actions round they
ring,
And long live George o'er ev'ry bowl they
ſing.

CASTLE.

Well thou canſt tell a crack that's fit to pleaſe,
Though much I doubt a part is alſo lies.
You brag of Britain's courage at this day,
And arms which over other empires ſway,
Of flushing commerce to enrich the land,
Still preſſing forward on each tradeſman's hand;
The truth of which, I reaſon have to fear
By evidence, which if you pleaſe will hear:
Not many months ago the numerous race
Of city beaus, and tradeſmen which did trace
Around my walls, did fill my ear with tales
Of thronged ſhops, and growing trade with ſales.
Commerce compoſ'd their crack, or elſe complaints
For want of hands to further their intents.
Now different ſcenes are ſeen in every place,
And ſilent ſorrow reigns in every face.
Complaints are whiſper'd round of buſineſs gone,
While idle tradeſmen doth their fate bemoan.
When phœbus's beams are ſunk beyond the main,
And the pale moon begun her nightly reign,

Oft later crowds retir'd for converſe walk,
Who pleaſ'd to liſten hears their common talk.
War is the theme, with France a haughty foe,
Who now with hoſtile arms abroad doth go
In freedom's cauſe, to ſtop each tyrant's ſway,
Who on their ſubjects grievous taxes lay,
To pleaſe the frolics of fomented blood,
Which proves the hurt, but ne'er their coun-
try's good.
Some wiſhes them ſucceſs, yea wants them
here,
From Gallic ſons they ſay we nought can fear.
They would affright our ſtateſmen to impoſe
Thoſe taxes baſe, which through the land now
goes
For worthleſs ends, the great to make more
great,
While virtuous valour in diſgrace doth wait;
Or war to wage with nations without cauſe,
But pride to pleaſe 'gainſt ſenſe and ſacred
laws.
Some others who around me doth converſe,
For a reform at court they ſeem averſe;
Swears for their tax they'll toil both day and
night,
Than in this land with Gauls to get a fright;

Or country's ſword, which dreadful to the
ſight,
Would reek in blood of friends maintaining
right.
While others full of rage, without a pauſe,
Swears your chief ſtateſmen are the only cauſe
Of loſs of trade, by entering into war
With France, a fine politic ſcheme to mar
The genius of reform, fit to out root it,
So curſes King and court, and all about it.
As for the loyal toaſts about their bowls,
When liquor is the loadſtone of their ſouls,
I mind not; ſure when men's in ſober mood
They beſt can tell what they think ill or good.
So brag no more of government and laws,
When ſtill ſo many thinks that they have cauſe
To wiſh a reformation ſoon were ſent,
And vows their helping hand ſhall ſoon be lent.
And as for thee, poor babbling empty thing,
Who thinks't a glory of thyſelf to ſing,
Whom doſt thou think ſhall honour theſe thy
walls,
When phœbus burns, or bluſt'ring ſtorm down
falls?
Will bleeding heroes, from ſome crimſon'd
fields,
Come to thee borne on ſoldiers glit'ring ſhields?

Will councils hold in thee to fix the fates
Of kings, who ſuch determination waits?
Sure either none, or few, but ſurgeons hir'd
With ſums of gold to do as they're deſir'd:
To cut of legs and arms, give pills and plaſters,
And cantrips caſt with bagpipes called clyſters,
To heal the city rakes, and make them tight
For war, who wounded were ſome fatal night.
No vile diſeaſe is but ſhall come unto thee,
And bleſs the happy day they e'er did know thee.
Long may the winds with gales propitious be,
And blow thy ſtinking vapours far from me.
May vice forget to thrive, and virtue ſhine,
And fewer with diſeaſe will in thee pine.
May king and country of debates keep free;
This is my wiſh, nor more I'll ſpeak to thee.

Farewel now Scotia, may no hoſtile foe,
With conquering arm out o'er thy land e'er go.
May commerce with thy ſons again revive,
That old and young may thro' induſtry live.
This year the hand of death parts me from you,
I die on honour's bed, adieu, adieu.

What mair they might hae ſaid I canna tell,
For five was chappet out in Mungo's * bell,
Ere they gied o'er their lang unſonſy crack,
Whilk of rude railing there had been nae lack.
The birds were chanting out their cheery notes,
And frugal labourers daun'ring frae their cots.
The ſun to blink aroun' o'er hell and brae,
To chace the nightly vapours far away,
When I retir'd frae yont the caſtle green,
To tell in rhime what I had heard and ſeen.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

LIKE to a fruitful tree, ſome ſummer morn,
Adorn'd with flowers, and wet with chry-
tal dews,
Which yields a fragrant ſmell, nor fails to pleaſe
The gazing eye, till ſudden blows ſome ſtorm
With furious rage, then quickly of the earth
It yields its graſp, or of its ſpreading boughs
Depriv'd, exhibits round a piteous ſcene.

* High Kirk.

So man at first created free of sin
And its effects, display'd a sumptuous view
Magnificently great. He towering stood,
Blooming in innocence divinely fair;
For on his head the crown of joyous health
Sat undisturbed, and unknown to harm.
Rul'd by a mind serene, and will inclin'd
To acts of goodness, which him qualifi'd
For converse with his Maker, his delight,
Who then in man delighted; for his eye
In him saw nought but native purity
And righteousness, with which he was adorn'd.
But ah! how short such sweet concord abode;
Soon guilt him smote, and from his blissful seat
Did rudely pull, and all his joys did spoil,
Exchanging for them woe of diff'rent kinds;
Who murm'ring now and discontented treads
Earth's gloomy surface, disappointed oft
In schemes he tries for profit or delight;
Yet trouble meets unsought, till death destroy
Him and his hope together, if not built
Where it should fixed be: such are the ills
Sin hath brought forth to man as wages due.

No more springs in perpetual verdure hills
And dales, adorn'd with grass and blooming
flowers

And trees, a pleasant landscape, where each
view
Appear'd like Paradise around, whose smell
Like Lebanon perfum'd the cooling breeze
Which fan'd the earth, when sultry grow the
sun
That shone unsullied, and restor'd the dawn
Of morn, when night had dropt her pearly
dew;
Whose ruddy blush awak'd the feather'd tribes
To sing immortal notes through groves and
plains.

For now the husbandman, with anxious care,
Fulfils his curse pronounc'd, and at the plough
Laborious toils with weary steps, while blows
Around with fierce assault the winter storms,
Blust'ring with snow and hail, and piercing
cold,
Which he endures with patience, till the spring
More joyful in its aspect looks; then fill'd
With gladness, from his store he brings his seed
With hand profuse, and on his furrow'd fields
Bestows the same, which soon with moisture
fed
From fertile earth, sends forth its beauteous
points,

Erecting upwards, wet with chryſtal dews,
And warming influence of the ſun, till round
Each diſtant field in radiant green appears,
Waving with winds, and nature's joyous ſmile.
But ah! how ſhort his bliſs, how quickly chang'd
He ſees the ſcene: for oft ſome hurtful ſtorm
Of ſweeping rain deſtroys the tender bud,
Which quickly dies; or with benumbing cold
And hoary froſt, ſometimes the earth is bound
Like ſolid braſs, ev'n after cheering ſpring
Hath had its bloom, and fineſt proſpect gives;
While other times the ſun, with ſcorching heat,
Long ſhines unclouded, waſting ev'ry growth
In fields, or choice gardens well improv'd
By long laborious toil: thus oft he ſees
By theſe his hope deſtroy'd; or if more mild
It proves, till near maturity arriv'd,
Oft blaſting mildew falls, or furious winds
With hurtful rage doth ſhake his nodding corn,
Beſtrowing thick the fields with grain; or ſpoil'd
With tedious rains, becomes a ruinous heap.
The ſailor alſo with ambition fill'd,
And hope of ſucceſs, plows the ocean wide
From ſhore to ſhore, where ever echoing fame

Proclaims the mass of wealth, soon thither
comes
He with full sail, blown by propitious gales,
Where soon he views with care the precious
store
Produc'd by that rich climate, pearl or gold,
The miser's hope; or for delicious taste,
The friends of luxury, fruits and choice wine,
Of which he makes a purchase, and the price
Soon pays; or trafficking by fair exchange
Supplies the island of such things it needs.
Then fill'd with foolish hope he vainly boasts
Of wealth uncertain; and his stately ship
Soon loads with the rich cargo, while the wind
Blows fair to waft him to his native shore.
The night before he sails perhaps he spends
In riotous mirth, and quaffs the flowing bowl
With his companions, while the jocund toast,
From hand to hand, goes round; or more ab-
surd,
With fault'ring tongue and visage uncompos'd,
Sounds forth the drunkard's prayer, requesting
heav'n
To guide them safe to their desired port.
While thus employ'd, too oft his hardy crew,
Perhaps in Briton born, isles high renown'd
For valour and for learning, is engag'd

To their dishonour in the haunts of vice,
Where hell roars forth uncover'd, and far fled
Is that becoming modesty and blush
Which the fair sex more comely still adorns.
Thus in debauchry sunk, and wanton game,
They revel undisturb'd, till dawning day,
With cheering rays, surprise them. Up they rouse
Themselves, of spirits drain'd quick, at the call
Of officer or mate, and on their deck
Soon stands, where each his diff'rent station fills
At helm or mast, and soon with full blown sails
By finest gales, doth part from loud huzzas
Of gazing crowds, with expectation strong
Soon to behold their native land, and friends
They left perhaps behind them bath'd in tears,
Doubting their safe return, with kindly aid,
To help as father, or as duteous son.
Too just, alas! such fears: for oft some storm
Begins to blow, and gloomy clouds conveen'd
Pours forth in watery torrents, while the sun
Eclipsed behind them sculks; then fearful rolls
The troubled ocean, and with lofty waves
Them to the clouds uprears, while dreadful yawns
The hollow gulf below! them sore aghast,
Each works for life, and at the useful pump

Some labours hard, while others are employ'd
High on the yielding maſts, where tarniſh'd
ſails
And ſhatter'd yards in wild confuſion waves
In the fierce wind; while ſome in wild deſpair,
Heedleſs of gain, to ſeas commit their prize
For which they ventur'd life. But ah! how
vain
Is each attempt, for on ſome hidden rock
At laſt they ſtrike; or with tremendous ſurge
The towering fabric yields—the frighted crew
Beholds their fate, with terror ſcarcely ſeen,
Till comes the fatal wave, which overwhelms
Them and their ſhip below the raging flood.

Likewiſe the ſacred prieſt who, long detain'd
In youth, had been within ſome ancient dome
Where wiſdom dwells, to learn each diff'rent
page
With ſtrickeſt care, to qualify his mind
For the high charge which he doth undertake
With joy unfeign'd, ſprung from deceived hope,
Tho' rightly aim'd, that ſoon his ſtudious toil
From pulpit and from pen ſhall blooming
ſpring
Progreſſive, till the joyous harveſt come,
Of converts by him, as the inſtrument

Decreed by heav'n above: but oft such views
He disappointed sees, and blackest vice
Spread with intrepid violence uncontroul'd,
In the profane appearing, oft unvail'd;
Who the close mask disdains, and at reproof,
And just affront, with scornful aspect laughs;
While those who hath sincerity obtain'd,
And those who only have the name, oft live
Together in discord and endless strife;
Bigotted in mind, and in opinion strong,
Divided about trifles, though maintain'd
As truth on which felicity depends.
Thus oft in such he sees his labour lost,
Himself contemn'd, and the blest report
He carries disregarded, though proclaim'd
With sweetest eloquence, and words brought forth
On motives interesting, form'd while days
Revolving pass in study quiet retir'd.

The niggard miser also keenly bent
To heap up gold, with anxious mind pursues
Unceasing his base idol, oft in ways
Unknown to fame; and among mankind still
Unsocial and unfriendly lives, whose hand
Still trembles to give alms, when at his door
The beggar stands, with eloquence adorn'd

To bless or curse, as they his bounty feel.
Whose servants also, with laborious toil
And scanty fare, oft in their looks betray
The master whom they serve, whose sullen dome
Ne'er proves the seat of mirth, though youthful swains
And blooming nymphs within his walls remain;
Nor doth his children, when to age arriv'd,
Oft get from him, tho' affluence him surrounds,
That generous education nature's law
Proclaims as their just right, to qualify
Them for the polite world, or to direct
Them in the paths of virtue, and eschew
Vice, soonest learn'd by the unknowing mind.
Thus by such conduct oft he heaps up wealth,
Though given for a curse, whose narrow mind
Hates to employ the tradesman, or behold
In droves the hired labourers at his heel,
Tracing his footsteps, and with careful ear
Close listening to his will. Thus he unknown
To such amusement, lives within his cell
Unuseful to the world with all his hope,
And chief desire still on his riches fixt,
Looking for some period yet to come,
And still long'd for, when numerous coffers fill'd

With glittering ore ſhall roll within his graſp,
And at his pleaſure teem. But ah! ye gods,
How fleeting and unconſtant do ye prove
To your chief lovers; oft upon ſome day
Ye ſmile with pleaſing aſpect, and ere dawn
Spring, of another quickly you are gone:
Catch'd by ſome bold intruding thief when
ſleep
Hath cloſ'd the weary eye, your devotees
Next morning comes to ſee you; then the
wretch
Beholds your flight, and counts himſelf then
poor:
Or bluſhing to deceive him, quick at once
Ye ſteal from him inſenſibly, and leaves
Him graſping at your ſhadow. Work unbleſt
With ſucceſs, when you will remove like ſome
Rich man, yet covetous, who on his fields
Beholds a beauteous flock of birds, and tries
With all his art to catch them, ſtill they flee
Before him in the chace, till wearied grown
He ſees himſelf deceiv'd, and fretting turns.

Now ſome two parents bleſſ'd with nu-
merous ſeed,
For a ſhort time lives happy, and their toil
For them in childhood mindeth not, but fill'd

With hope; ah! hope deceiv'd, expects the
time
When to manhood arriv'd, to ſee the crown
Of virtue on them flouriſh, and their aid
To find, when age, and all its gloomy train,
Proves their attendants; but too often ſees
Death quickly ſtrike, with unrelenting ſtroke,
The blooming youth in whom their joy and
hope
Did chiefly reſt; while others to more age
And days prolong'd, commences debauchee:
Toſs'd down the ſtream of vice, the after ſcorn
Of family and of name, or all by death
Sent headlong to the grave, while hoary age
Lives only to lament their diſmal fate.

The rural ſhepherd alſo far from ſtrife,
And fierce contention which in courts reſide,
Wakes with the early birds, when phœbus's
rays
Begins to purple the bright eaſtern ſky,
And to his numerous flock with ſpeed repairs,
Confined in their folds, who forth them leads
To fineſt paſture, and their number takes;
Then joyful at their increaſe tunes his pipe,
And plays melodious notes; the echoing hills
Rebounding back in ſweeteſt concert, joins

To ſwell the lovely ſong. Thus void of care
His time he oft employs, while round him feeds
At eaſe the fleecy droves, which he beholds
Healthful; and by an eſtimation form'd,
Though falſe at laſt, he counts cent. and per cent.
In tedious ſcrolls, from them ſoon to augment
His riſing fortune; but to him the hand
Of fate oft turns averſe, with hoſtile frown,
Blaſting with vile diſeaſe the chiefeſt ſource
From which his hope did ſpring. Day after day
He views unceaſing, with dejected eyes,
The numerous carcaſes ly dead, till few
Survive the blow, cut off by ſome diſeaſe.
Or if kind fortune ſmile, until the days
Of joyous harveſt end, when boreas blows
With ſhiv'ring wind, hoar froſt and heavy ſnows,
Covering hill and dale, his bleeting tribes
Oft falls in the dire ſtorm, while he in vain
Endeavours to reſcue them. Thus his hope
On fleeting objects built, he ſees deceiv'd,
His labour loſt, and time's enjoyments vain.

The tradeſman likewiſe who hath long practiſ'd

His art in different countries, home returns
To his own native land, where ſoon he tells,
In long narration, of his famous ſkill
In his profeſſion; and with letter'd rhime
Tries to engage the public, often fond
Of each new faſhion that exiſts in vogue.
Thus oft with art, and ſubtile ſpeech refin'd,
He flouriſhes a while; throng'd by the crowd
Of his admirers, who unconſtant proves:
Yet he by them encouraged, his hope
He builds on vain deceit, not long maintain'd,
Till fame deſert him, with his fickle crew,
Fled to ſome new upſtart, while he too old,
Unfaſhionable and unſkill'd, is deem'd.
Such fate he ſure by ſad experience feels,
Who acts this ſcene of life: then his high mind,
With lower flight, doth ſoar, when ſtudious thought,
And calm reflection, tells it was decreed.

Nor gains the ambitious man his chiefeſt aim,
Who fond of dazzling honours, far purſues
The fleeting ſhade in diſtant lands, where war,
With all its horrors, rages; who, when oppoſ'd,
Hath oft the hero prov'd, when crimſon fields
He heap'd with active arm; or by his ſkill
To charge, or back retreat, did ſafely lead
On num'rous hoſts to meet the hoſtile foe.

Yet though he prove victorious, and returns
Home to his native land with armies cloath'd
In coſtly ſpoils, expecting the reward
He juſtly gain'd, oft oppoſition ſprings
From diſaffected Peers in ſtations fixt,
With power to hold, or liberally to give,
Rich laurels as they pleaſe, who are confer'd
Oft where their int'reſt ſways, or friends allied,
Neglecting worth and merit: thus his hope
He ſees deceiv'd, and others reap unjuſt
His trophies, won by them much leſs deſerv'd.

Likewiſe the hypocrite, who baſely tries
Man to deceive, who by him is deceiv'd;
And if he could th' Almighty he would cheat;
So ſly he acts, dreſſ'd in the dazzling robe
Of outward duties, in religion's ſphere.
Hear how he talks, and diſputes about things
He knows not as he ought. Hear how he ſighs
And groans, and ſhrivels and contracts his face,
When num'rous eyes behold him, and eſteems
Him bleſſed among men. But ah! where fled
Art thou ſincerity? within his breaſt
Thou never dwelt; a painted ſhow he walks,
Deceiving all himſelf, ſtill worſt deceiv'd.

Nor are thoſe ſpirits leſs deceiv'd than men
In their deſigns, who did in heav'n perform

High praiſe to the Almighty, and ador'd
Him on his throne majeſtic, till ſuch times
As vain opinion led them to deſpiſe
Their juſt allegiance, prompted by vile pride;
Who for ſuch high offence, from heaven's plains,
With dread diſmay, was baniſh'd and condemn'd
To ſuffer in their turn eternal pain
In hell; while others, from ſuch penance freed,
Are keen to ruin man, who every way
Tries to enſnare him, and too oft prevails
Through vile corruption in him unreſtrain'd;
Who ſtill is fond to tread in paths, where hid
The bait doth ly, in ſecret for his death,
Of various kinds, well ſuited to his taſte,
By theſe malicious powers, with helliſh art,
Who knows his diſpoſitions, and excites
Him to his objects, by temptation's force.
Thus the vile drunkard to his fatal cups
They oft perſuade, till by ſtrong wine inflam'd
The guard falls off, then the pernicious tongue
Speaks perverſe things, confirm'd with hideous oaths.
Or if he's ſenſual, and to luſt inclin'd,
Quick to his mind they paint the pleaſing form,
Of breaſt uncover'd, and the rolling eye

Of ſome embroid'red ſtrumpet, firſt ſeduc'd,
Perhaps from virtue's paths, by ſome vile rake
Who glories in ſuch deeds, while ſhe unſham'd
In public walks, to all her ſex a ſcorn:
Soon found by him, puſh'd on by lewd deſire,
And fatal ſmile entic'd, the circling hour
Approaches when thoſe piteous victims fall
Into the ſnare, their long deſired prize.

The plund'ring thief they alſo ſoon perceive
By his affections, aim and repreſents
Unto his mind huge coffers fill'd with gold,
And wardrobes coſtly ſtor'd, perhaps unlock'd,
Sure worth to try, and forms how to come off
With ſucceſs in the attempt: yet laſt deceiv'd
The rogue is catch'd, by ſuch opinion led,
And for his crimes condemn'd upon a tree,
'Mong num'rous crowds, to make a wretched
end.

Nor do they fail to aſſault the bloody man,
Known ſoon by ſly inſpection, when juſt cauſe
He doth conceive, though falſe, of high affront
And mighty wrong committed; then they
work
Upon the fancy, and, by thought infuſ'd,
Tells him the gazing world around doth wait

To ſee the hero in him, ſeek revenge;
Or meanly court ſubmiſſion, viley bought
At honour's vaſt expence; ſham'd and diſ-
grac'd
If he lives unreveng'd upon the foe.
Thus they employ'd, while boils the heated
brain,
With ſpirits turbulent, and oft prevails;
Ne'er ceaſing till the madman, 'gainſt all law
Divine and human, at his life's expence,
Embrews his hands in blood for keen revenge.

Thus by ſuch ſchemes with policy they tempt
Man unto ruin, and doth oft ſucceed:
Who long like willing ſlaves in chains are
drag'd
To do their will, accounted long their prize
Won by ſuch helliſh deeds; but when moſt
ſure
Are often diſappointed; for free grace,
Unſought and unexpected, from the verge
Of ruin brings ſuch ſinners, and exalts
Them to the higheſt honour, even heirs
Of heav'n above, to be confer'd at death.
More copious ſtill to be diſplay'd, when time
Shall ceaſe to run its courſe in circling days

And years; then ſhall they ſhine in fulleſt
blaze,
While ages rolls unclouded and unſtain'd.

Such is the mighty change that ſin hath made
On earth; where man in every ſtation feels
Sad diſappointment fruſtrate his deſires
And chiefeſt hope, though round each proſpect
ſhines
With brighteſt rays, to tell him that his wiſh
He ſoon ſhall ſee accompliſh'd, and the prize
For which he toil'd, poſſeſs as his reward.
Such is his common fate, although ſome live
In fortune's ſmile to woes thro' life unknown,
Dandled by proſperous events, ſtill brought
forth
With gain to their advantage, but ſuch a bliſs
Oft dangerous proves, and fatal where be-
ſtow'd.
So hurtful and pernicious are the ſnares
That now attends on wealth, that him that's
great
Is ſeldom good; for riches oft decoys
His mind from higher objects, and excites
Him to purſue, with eager graſp, for more
Baſe idol, which doth man attend
To time's remoteſt verge; which, if ſo kind,

There leaves him, and returns, its office done,
To wait on others on ſuch journey bound,
With ſwifteſt flight to meet the tyrant Death.

For now the huſband falleth, and ſuſtains
No more the conſtant partner of his care
In life, but leaves her oft the piteous ſcorn
Of adverſe fortune. Deſtitute till death
Diſlodge her, and her worldly troubles end.

Likewiſe the beauteous fair, beneath the ſtroke
Of this bold tyrant falls, who diſregards
A huſband's bitter cries, and tears tho' weep'd
Of blood, but drags her from his kind embrace,
No more to cheriſh him, or ſooth his mind
When troubles rage, or frowns wiſe Providence.

Now ſeparate by death the lovers ly,
Who vow'd eternal friendſhip, and regard
Seem'd daily to increaſe; whoſe loving words,
And bluſhing geſtures, iſſued forth the thought
Which modeſty would have conceal'd. Now pluckt
Like to a roſe unripe, whoſe crimſon bloom
Appears but half diſcloſ'd; ſo fades and dies
The lovely pair, not yet enjoy'd, and finds,
Inſtead of bridal bed, the gloomy grave.

Now falls beneath his arm the hoary head,
Earth's long inhabitant, whoſe numerous years
Hath made him memorable, who can tell
The fate of ſeveral ages gone before
To duſt, yet lives as if he ſcorned death:
But at the laſt the brandiſh'd dart is rear'd
On high for him; none can avert the ſtroke
Now pointed at his life—he groans and dies;
And with him dies old ſtory and romance.
Few mourns his end, and fewer lives his age.

Now weeps the tender infant when new born
Into the world, whoſe murm'ring proves its guilt
And ſhort liv'd health, with trouble intermixt,
Proclaims it mortal here the hero death,
Who tumbles monarchs from their ſplendid thrones,
And foils the boldeſt Hectors of the field.
Abaſh'd not ſtrikes ſuch prey, who oft may ſmile
At him as its beſt friend, who broke its priſon,
And it redeem'd from numerous ſcenes of woe.

The merchant, in his well frequented ſhop,
Is ſeen amidſt his viſitants around,
Buſy to pleaſe the buyer, while his fame

Disdains a narrow bounds, to tell how great
Few years shall see him rise in lofty state.
Vain empty boast! for ere the dawning morn
Succeeding come, mortality him decks
In rich attire, though only for the grave:
Whose thronged door now shut, the gazing crowd
Hears the report wide spreading, which informs
Them quickly that the owner thereof's dead.

Nor doth the priest escape, who daily tells
From pulpit and from pen, the only way
To shun eternal death. Healthful and strong
One day he looks, and cheers his audience round,
Who hopes a long enjoyment; but, deceiv'd,
Soon in the solemn mansion sees the change.
Dismal in aspect, where each mourning eye
Doth shew its grief around in sable cloath'd;
While some devoutly mounts the pile to tell,
With long narration, of the fading life
Of mankind sinful, and so mortal grown.

Thus rages death; whose unrelenting arm
Spares not the blooming youth, whose summer days
Of life are scarce begun, or head with age

Adorn'd in ſilver hue, but num'rous ways
Them hurls from life's ſtage; ſome by diſeaſe
Lingering, and afflicted many years,
Till like a ſkeleton reduc'd, or ſwift
As flies the thunder-bolt. Thus ſome to ſleep
In health at night hath quietly been repoſ'd
Upon their beds, and ere the morning dawn,
By weeping friends, are ſtreach'd a breathleſs
corpſe.
Oft doth the rural ſwain to drive his team,
Or plough his fertile lands with joy, walk forth
Ruddy and gay at morn, and ere noon day
Shines forth, he ſets in everlaſting night.

Nor walks the youthful gallant more ſecure,
Or beauteous dame made great by fortune's
ſmile;
For on ſome day, with all the art which pride
And vain conceit can rear, they ramble forth
Lightſome and gay, amidſt a numerous guard
Of purchaſ'd ſlaves, or fair officious friends,
Friendly perhaps for intereſt: but how vain
Oft proves their feeble aid? for ſome fierce
ſtream,
Or lake, urg'd by neceſſity to paſs,
Or only for their paſtime, proves their fate.
While ſome in walks of pleaſure are employ'd

In ſchemes for wealth, perhaps unjuſt to gain,
Heedleſs of woe, till ſome frail tot'ring wall
To ruin tumbles, and them overwhelms.

ON A

GOOD MAN

AT

DEATH.

HOW happy at the hour of death,
Though pain and ſickneſs heavy ly,
Is he who to redeem from wrath,
His Saviour once did bleed and die.

Although his ſoul with doubts and fears,
Is fill'd with views of former guilt;
And thundering loud the law he hears,
Which makes his wounded conſcience ſmart.

Such doubts proceed from weakly faith,
Which doth his mind with terror fill;
For though the law pronounceth wrath,
It him may wound but cannot kill.

The precious balm of goſpel grace
He doth apply, that he may live,
Which was proclaim'd to Adam's race,
From ſin and wrath them to relieve.

Although that fortune ne'er did ſmile,
With things in life he oft did want;
But for his needs was forc'd to toil,
And of earth's dainties aye was ſcant.

Yea though the perſecuting tongue
Of wicked men made him their theme,
And cauſ'd calumny to be rung
Unjuſt, to ſtain his pious name.

With patience ſuch reproach he bears,
And to his lot is aye reſign'd;
To give offence to heav'n he fears,
Whom aye he views as good and kind.

At woes as theſe he then may ſmile,
Although before they brought him grief;
He all his foes doth then beguile,
Ev'n death itſelf doth bring relief.

With joy he then may view that foe,
Unſting'd it cannot do him ill;
Its ſtroke doth only bid him go
To taſte of bliſs, uncloyed ſtill.

ON A

WICKED MAN

AT

DEATH.

HOW miſerable and forlorn
Is he at death, that is not born
The ſecond time, a ſon to God,
But of his ſin doth bear the load.

Although his ſoul with fooliſh hope
Is fill'd, yet ſure this ſinking prop
When tried, at the hour of death,
Shall quite decay like parched heath.

See him upon his bed low laid,
Of punishment for sin afraid;
Black guilt then staring in his face,
Who all its footsteps back can trace.

The blessings which he did despise
Through life, his Saviour now denies;
Nor will vouchsafe him any good,
Who life rejected by his blood.

His trembling soul then fain would stay,
To improve a future gospel day,
Which heav'n denies, and bids him go
To scenes of everlasting woe.

His friends the lifeless carcase may
Deck for the grave in rich array,
And with slow pace, in sable dress,
May guard him to his place of rest.

But ah! his naked soul with pain
Is tortur'd, and complaints are vain:
Each scene it meets its will doth cross,
And far from friends it mourns its loss.

Let rich and poor, both low and high,
Remember Jesus once did die
To save a sinful fallen race,
Who doth himself for life embrace.

But will reject the ſinner aye,
Who loves in paths of vice to ſtray;
Such in his temple ne'er ſhall dwell,
But be thurſt down to loweſt hell.

ON THE

LAST DAY.

REV. i. 7. *Behold he cometh with clouds, &c.*

HOW dreadful will that day appear,
When the great Judge ſhall thro' the air
Deſcend in ſtate, with trumpets ſound,
To wake the ſleeping regions round.

Enthron'd on clouds in regal ſtate
He ſhall be ſeen, while angels wait
Before his footſtool, at his nod,
To run in ſervice of their God.

Awake ye dead, he then ſhall cry,
Who in your graves do ſleeping ly;
Make haſte, and unto judgment come,
For good and ill that ye have done.

And you my angels who attend
On me, who never did offend,
Fly ſwift, and them from ſea and land
Bring hither, by your Lord's command.

Then tombs of marble ope ſhall fly,
None ſhall eſcape who there doth ly,
More than thoſe poor who for a load,
Had nothing elſe but the green ſod.

There priſoners ſhall all ariſe,
And join the croud at that aſſize:
The meaneſt ſlaves oft bought and ſold,
As well as kings once crown'd with gold.

The ſea ſhall alſo yield its dead,
Though fiſhes long before did feed
On them: their ſubſtance ſhall be ſought,
And be again moſt curious wrought.

But ſee ſome angels wing their courſe,
Where chryſtal ſtreams began their ſource,
In mirey fens where ſome was loſt,
Who of paths trode there could not boaſt.

Some ſlain in defert places wild,
Of fortune and of life beguil'd;
Some righteous ſlain by helliſh elves,
And ſome, alas! that ſlew themſelves.

Theſe as their charge they forth ſhall bring,
Into the preſence of their king;
While others all collected there,
From Adam to his youngeſt heir.

Thoſe alſo that alive are found,
Who ne'er with cords of death was bound,
Shall feel a change with ſwifteſt pace,
Some fill'd with wo, ſome bleſſ'd with grace.

The cruel tyrant and the ſlave,
Shall meet in life, or from the grave,
Some for their faults drag'd from the rack,
And ſome in crimes catch'd in the act.

He who doth dig in darkſome mines
Is found, and with the concourſe joins,
As well as he who flocks doth feed,
Upon the lofty mountain's head.

The haughty judge muſt there appear,
And pannel black with guilty fear;
The prieſt among them mingle ſhall,
With all his flock both great and ſmall.

A mighty change ſhall then take place;
Some from the grave with comely grace,
Shall lift their head, who there was laid
Deform'd, denied of nature's aid.

With joy they ſhall approach the throne,
Of their beſt friend who ſits thereon;
Expecting ſoon they will ſit down
With him, and wear a glorious crown.

Some others from the grave ſhall riſe,
With down caſt hearts and weeping eyes,
Whoſe time back to their day of birth,
Was ſpent in eaſe and carnal mirth.

Such joyful hours ſhall then be gone,
None ſhall their diſmal fate bemoan,
Who did their Judge's will withſtand,
Whom he ſhall place at his left hand.

Likewiſe the bolted gates of hell,
Which were firſt ſhut on ſp'rits that fell,
Shall opened be, that they may come
Before their judge to hear their doom.

The boldeſt ſpirit then ſhall ſink,
When on their dreadful hour they think;
Their pride nor malice cannot chear
Their hearts, who knows that wrath is near.

No more 'mong men the ſcornful jeer,
Shall whiſper round from ear to ear;
Accounting each a ſilly fool,
Who learn'd at ſlighted wiſdom's ſchool.

Ten thouſand worlds they would give
If they among them then might live,
Though once their love they did abhor,
But ſeperate then they mix no more.

For lo! the Judge ſhall then proceed,
Sentence to paſs for ev'ry deed,
Of ſinners with pure judgment right,
For nothing hid is from his ſight.

Then ſhall he ſay with ſmiling face,
Come ye now of the choſen race,
Poſſeſs a kingdom and a crown,
Which I have purchaſ'd for your own.

Your warfare now ſhall ever ceaſe;
No foe lurks in that land of peace,
Who oft on earth did work you ill,
And did your hearts with ſorrow fill.

No more for crimes you e'er ſhall weep,
Of thoſe who ſcorn'd my laws to keep;
No more ſhall hear the jeering taunt
Of thoſe who in their ſin did vaunt.

To heav'n this day I will you bring,
Where you eternally ſhall ſing
My Father's love, to you alone,
And mine his equal on his throne.

Depart from me, he then ſhall ſay,
Ye debauchees who night and day
Rejected me, and did diſdain
My laws, and counted them as vain.

Depart from me ye cruel foes,
For you in ſtore are many woes,
Who perſecuted me in mine,
And unto death oft made them pine.

Ye cunning hypocrites depart
From me, too well I know your heart;
Deceit and falſehood was the fruit,
I got from ſuch a naughty root.

Had you embrac'd my law, and ſought
Me as its end, I had you brought
To ſcenes of bliſs with me above,
There to enjoy my Father's love.

But now your day of grace is gone,
And I to judge have fix'd my throne;
Depart then from me, quickly go
To regions of deſpair and wo.

Alſo depart ye wicked race
From me, who ne'er deſpiſ'd my grace;
For though my law ye never had,
Ye crimes did oft ye thought was bad.

My law upon your heart was wrote,
Which often did your deeds denote
To you as ill, then juſtice cries,
He who offends he ſurely dies.

Likewiſe ye baſe apoſtate race,
Who firſt did ſin before my face,
And ever in your malice ſtill,
Did ſtrive to do what you thought ill.

For thoſe of mankind you deceiv'd,
By your vile falſehoods unperceiv'd;
My wrath ſhall heavy on you ly,
With dreadful weight eternally.

Your rage againſt them I did ſee,
Was acted out of ſpite to me;
A baſe requital for my love,
Who made you great at firſt above.

But now the day of recompence
With me is come, ſo get you hence
To ſuffer with them in my ire,
The vengeance of eternal fire.

Thus ſhall the Judge with dreadful frown,
Diſmiſs them from before his throne;
Whoſe angels ſwift by his command,
Shall drive to hell that deſtin'd band.

At his rebuke the ſun on high,
And all the other orbs ſhall fly;
No uſe then for their wonted blaze,
When he ſhines with ſuperior rays.

Then ſhall the earth, the guilty ſtage,
Where ſin did reign from age to age,
Be ſet on flames to purify
It from the filth that there doth ly.

Huge cities, deſerts, plains and hills,
Broad ſeas and lakes, and murm'ring rills,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap ſhall burn,
While none her piteous fate doth mourn.

No more ſhall war deſtructive roar,
Throughout her bounds from ſhore to ſhore,
To ſatisfy ambition's lure,
And oft made pop'lous kingdoms poor.

No more ſhall Britain's fleet, the fear
Of nations, through the ocean ſteer;
No more rich traffic ſhall abound,
With empires which do her ſurround.

No more then shall her joyful spring
Return, when woods and groves doth ring
With warblers notes; no more be seen
Her hills and dales in flow'ry green.

No more shall her fierce lion fly,
Assembling foes to terrify;
The thunder of her war shall cease,
And earth will be a land of peace.

THE

HAPPY COUPLE.

A SONG.

Tune, *Will you go to the ewe boughs Marion.*

'TWAS summer when flowers were all blooming,
When nature doth paint all things gay,
When the lark and the linnet a singing,
Doth show that cold winter's away.

By the ſide of a ſweet flowing river,
Whoſe ſtreams like the chryſtal did ſhine,
Where the ſweet ſmelling flowers and red roſes
Diſcloſed their beauties ſo fine.

'Twas there that I met with my true love,
I thought none more happy than me;
Her cheeks they did ſhine like the crimſon,
Each feature was comely to ſee.

I ſaid O my charming dear creature,
Will you now conſent to be mine;
Although I were lord of the Indies,
My heart it would ever be thine.

Thou long ſince hath got it in keeping,
So let me not ly in deſpair;
There's none on the earth that can eaſe me,
But thou who art lovely and fair.

She ſmil'd, and ſhe modeſt replied,
No more your requeſt I'll deny;
I yield, but if you do prove cruel,
With grief I will languiſh and die.

We ſent for the prieſt, who ſoon join'd us;
We pledged our oaths to be true.
Now Hymen's firm bonds which did tie us,
We never have cauſe yet to rue.

For ſummer and winter with pleaſure,
We roll through the ſtages of life ;
Our ſky's never clouded with ſorrow,
We're ſtrangers to diſcord and ſtrife.

THE MAID'S FAREWELL TO GLOTTA'S* SHORE.

Sung to the tune of *Roſlin Caſtle.*

ON Glotta's banks ae ſummer night,
As phœbus ſank out o'er yon height,
I wawked out to take the air,
To taſte its ſweets and view the fair.

* The river Clyde.

The chryſtal dew dropt frae the ſky,
Sweet pipe and flute in notes did vie;
Ilk rural herd his horn did roar,
As hame he rang'd through Glotta's ſhore.

The fiſh on waves to play was ſeen,
The corncraik ſcream'd thro' fields ſo green,
Where hand in hand ilk pair did rove,
And whiſper'd forth the tales of love.
There Glaſco's ſons did works diſplay, *
To deck the fair and make them gay.
Such ſcenes as theſe, and many more,
I ſaw on Glotta's bonny ſhore.

Beneath a buſh, retir'd alone,
I ſaw a maid and heard her moan;
More bright ſhe was than riſing day,
Who weep'd and thus aloud did ſay:
My lover falſe hath prov'd to me;
He's left me and gone o'er the ſea;
Who once like theſe did join in core
With me on Glotta's bonny ſhore.

Farewell now Glaſco town ſo fine,
Where love firſt caught this heart of mine;
Lang may your ſons in health remain,
And nymphs ne'er feel them falſe or vain.

* Bleachfields on each ſide of the river.

Farewell ilk wood, farewell ilk grove,
Where lovers hand in hand do rove;
With gladſome heart with you no more,
I'll rove on Glotta's bonny ſhore.

THE

HAPPY RETURN.

Tune, *My Patie is a lover gay.*

MY bonny lad is now come hame,
Nae mair to leave me mourning;
Wha o'er the ſeas in ſearch of fame,
Had ſail'd ilk danger ſcorning.

His ſparkling eyes like diamonds ſhine,
His breath's mair ſweet than ony;
And when he ſpeaks, or ſings ſae fine,
It's muſic wond'rous bonny.

My love with me on Glotta's ſhore,
  Oft walks now blyth and funny;
And when the warblers ſing their lays,
  He ſmiles and calls me honey.

Ye laſſes all take my advice,
  Seem ſhy with modeſt bluſhes,
For when your lover ſees you nice,
  He'll ſtrive to crown his wiſhes.

I aye did ſae with my true love,
  And ſeem'd but ſlow conſenting,
Which made his paſſions more to move,
  To make my heart relenting.

And now the prieſt hath join'd my hand,
  With ties to my dear Johny,
We never need to rue that band,
  We live more bleſst than ony.

THE NEW WAY OF TALLY HO.

YE ſons of the morning, ye ſportſmen attend,
With your horn and your hounds for the chace,
With your horn and your hounds for the chace.
Bright phœbus his beams from the eaſt now doth ſend,
While muſic ſounds ſweet from the woods,
While muſic ſounds ſweet from the woods.
The prieſt and the ſtateſman great hunters we find,
And commons of every degree;

More ſwift they purſue than the hart or the
hynd,
Their reynard to ſeize, tally ho, ho, ho.
Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho ho ho ho.
Their reynard to ſeize, tally ho, ho, ho.

The pulpit grave hunter he tries every way,
For to win a high ſounding applauſe,
For to win a high ſounding applauſe;
That ſoon a fine manſe, glebe, and ſtipends
ſome day,
He may get for to further his eaſe,
He may get for to further his eaſe.
On Sunday for faſhion he cites out a text,
And reads a few thoughts on the ſame;
To ſtudy a ſermon he cannot be vext,
His reynard is ſeiz'd, tally ho, &c.

His lordſhip, his worſhip, keen hunts for a place
In court, where promotion is won,
In court where promotion is won.
With bribes they do flatter their dependent
race,
For votes their deſign to obtain,
For votes their deſign to obtain.
But when they're inſtall'd they forget to be
kind,

Becauſe they have gained their end;
To them and their cauſe they for ever are blind,
Their reynard is ſeiz'd, tally ho, &c.

Our tradeſmen us flatter our change for to win,
Becauſe it's by it they do live,
Becauſe it's by it they do live.
And if it be ſought in our ſervice they'll run,
They know it's their int'reſt to go,
They know it's their int'reſt to go.
But if fortune ſmile they do ſoon us diſdain,
And looks as they never us knew;
Their wiſh obtain'd they grow ſoon proud and vain,
Their reynard is ſeiz'd, tally ho, ho, ho.
Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho ho ho ho,
Their reynard is ſeiz'd, tally ho, ho, ho.

EPITAPH ON A WHORE.

BELOW this ſtane doth ly a woman,
To tell her deeds is no becoming;
If ſhe had loved heav'n and grace,
As weel's ſhe lov'd the manly race,
She need na diet a death ſae poor,
Nor got the baſe name of a whore.

EPITAPH ON A FIDDLER.

Now quiet at reſt here lies a chiel,
Wha on a fiddle play'd fu' weel,
At kintra dances, hornpipes, reels,
Of ilka chiel he had the heels.
Like heaps of fowk aye in his throat,
A ſpark he had and drank ilk groat,
And ſwore for any traſh of his
Nane e'er ſhou'd need to flyte or fiz,
To pleaſe the ear he fine cou'd play
In concert with his vocal lay:
Now death's play'd him a bonny ſpring,
That he can neither bouſe nor ſing.

EPITAPH ON A TAYLOR.

Here ſlain by death a taylor lies,
Wha mony a louſe did ſacrifice
To his revenge, upon a fire,
Where they in flames did ſoon expire.
At laſt the chiel half eaten up,
Death pitied and gied him a cup;
He thought a grave wad fit him beſt,
Wherein he might ly down and reſt.

EPITAPH ON A BEGGAR.

BELOW this ſtane now lies his clay,
Who begged bread frae day to day,
His daily wants for to ſupply,
Fate doom'd him to this poverty.
Yet at his death he was as rich,
As kings or queens, or any ſuch.
He got a grave as big's himſelf,
They get nae mair wi' all their pelf.

EPITAPH ON A SCHOOLMASTER.

BELOW this ſtane doth ly a chiel,
Who many a a—ſe did ſkelp fu' weel,
And often mine among the lave,
Becauſe I did not weel behave.
He aft made mony a ſtupid aſs,
A clever chiel frae him to paſs.
Yet what's the matter, wae and dool,
He die't himſelf a crazy fool.

EPITAPH ON A FUMBLER'S WIFE.

HERE lies inter'd a youthful maid,
Wha in her life was not afraid
To tak' a man.
But he was ſaft, or elſe ſae civil,
He neither did her gude nor evil,
She miſt her plan.

ON A POET.

Cut down by death here lies inter'd a poet;
To ſing was a' the pleaſure he enjoy't.
His faes did aften try his fame to blot,
But he them ſcorn'd; he knew the bardy's lot.
When e'er he met a frien', tho' frien's were rare,
He took a gill, and laught at woe and care.
He ſang of earth and ſeas, and heav'n and hell;
Now dead! where reſts his ſaul there's nane can tell.

PER CONTRA.

Fy tell nae lies for want of truth: he lives,
And aft at night is thrang, (like whores and thieves,)
Contriving rhyming tales; ſome gude ſome evil;
Some pleaſing heav'n, and ſome he fears the devil,
He's now of ſic ſent out a trifling ſample,
And waits to ſee if chiels will on them trample.
If they do win applauſe, he'll think nae ſhame
To triet again, ſince poets toil for fame.
If curſt he'll quat the muſe and fling her by,
And never, never mair the trade will try.

FINIS.