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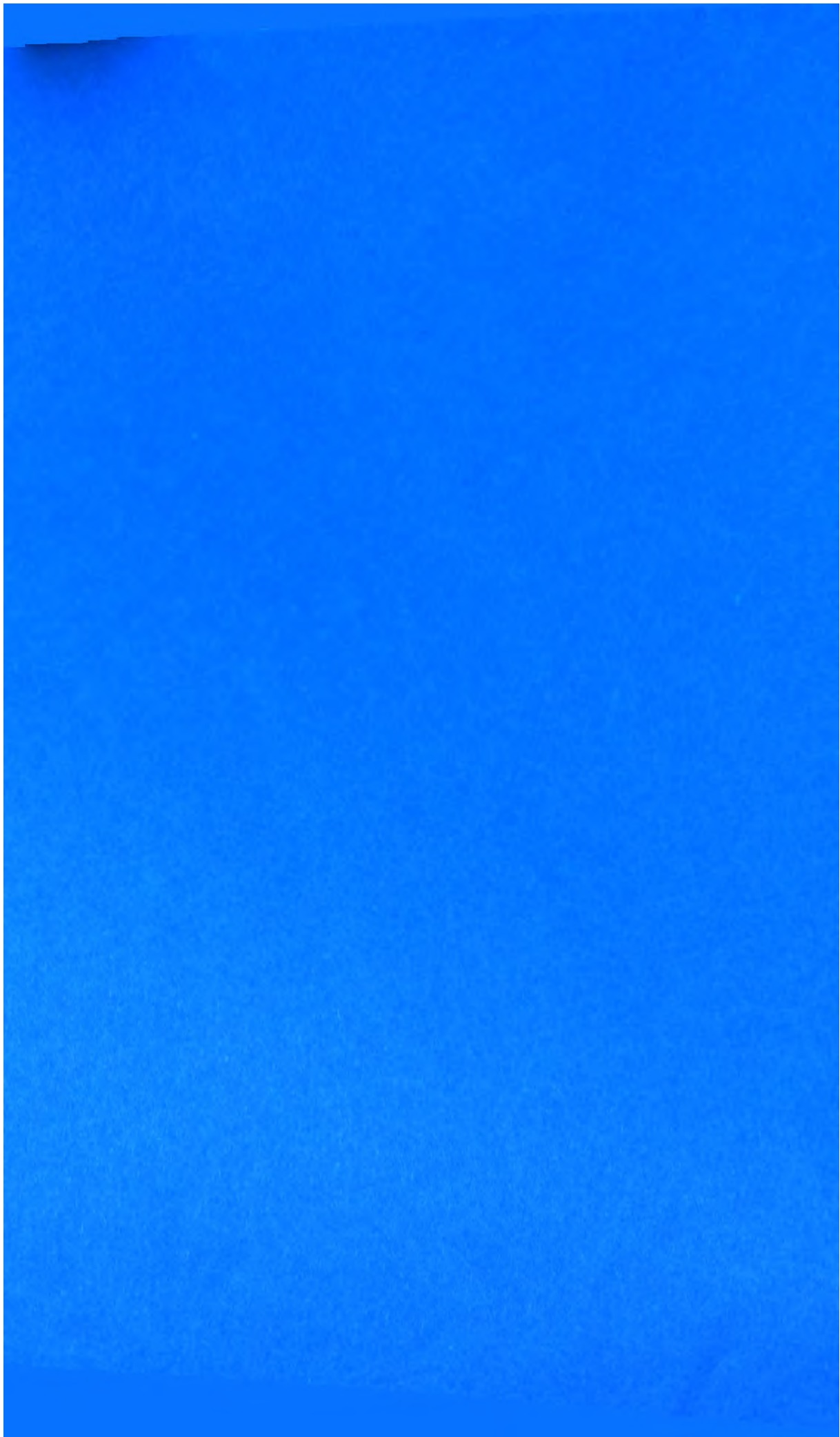
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THE
MORNING INTERVIEW.

AN
Heroi-Comical

P O E M.

By ALAN RAMSAY.



EDINBURGH,

Printed for the AUTHOR, at the *Mercury*,
opposite to *Niddry's Wynd*. MDCCLXX.

WESTMINSTER

Medical Council

M E M



W. B. DUKER
at the Library
W. B. DUKER



THE Morning Interview.

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

WALLER. 130.



WHEN silent Show'rs refresh the pregnant Soil,
And tender Sallets eat with *TUSCAN* Oyl,
Harmonious Sounds now eccho in each
Grove,

Of bleating Lambs who from their Parents rove;
While o'er the Plain the anxious Dames do stray,
Calling their tender Care with hoarser Bae.
Now cheerful *ZEPHYR* from the Western Sky,
With easy Scud, o'er painted Fields does fly,

To kiss his *FLORA* with a gentle Air
 Who yields to his Embrace, and looks m

WHEN from Debauch with spirit
 The Sons of *BACCHUS* stagger Home
 With tatted Wigs, foul Shoes, and unco
 And all bedaub'd with Snuff their loose C
 The Sun began to sip the morning Dew,
 As *DAMON* from his restless Pillow

HIM late from *CELIA's* Cheek a Pa
 A Patch high seated on the blushing Roun
 His painful Thoughts all Night forbid his
 And he employ'd that Night as one oppr
 Musing Revenge, and how to countermin
 The strongest Force, and ev'ry deep Def
 Of Patches, Fans, of Necklaces and Rings
 Ev'n Musick's Pow'r, when *CELIA* pl

FATIGU'D with running Errands
 Happy in want of Thought his Valet lay,
 Recruiting Strength with Sleep----His M
 He starts with lock'd up Eyes, and beats t

A second Thunder rouzes up the Sot,
He yawns, and murmurs Curses through his Throat;
Stockings awry, and Breeches-knees unlac'd,
And Buttons do mistake their Holes for Haste.
His Master raves---Cries, *ROGER*, make Dispatch,
Time flies apace. **H**e frown'd, and lookt his Watch:
Haste, do my Wig, ty't with the careless Knots,
And run to *CIVET*'s, let him fill my Box.
Go to my Laundress, see what makes her stay,
And call a Coach and Barber in your Way.

THUS Orders juggle Orders in a Throng:
ROGER with laden Mem'ry trots along.
His Errands done; with Brushes next he must
Renew his Toil amidst perfumed Dust:
He beats and rubs, till scarce one Pile remain,
Then six Times more's thrown on the Wig again,
The yielding Comb he leads with artful Care,
Through crook'd Meanders of the flaxen Hair:
Ere all's performed he's almost chok'd to Death,
The Air is thickn'd, and he pants for Breath.
So does the Traveller through *LIBYA*'s Plain,
A Conflict with the driving Sands sustain,

TWO Hours are pass'd, and *DAMO*
 Pensive he stalks, and meditates the Fight :
 Arm'd Cap-a-pee, in Dress a killing Beau,
 Thrice view'd his Glass, and then resolv'd
 Flusht full of Hope to overcome his Foe
 His early Pray'rs were all to *PAPHOS*
 That *JOVE's* Sea-daughter would give him
 Cry'd, *Send thy little Son unto my Aid.*
 Then took his Hat, tript out, and no mo

WHAT lofty Thoughts do sometime
 Beyond the Verge of his own native Spar
 Keep low thy Thoughts, frail Clay, nor boast
 Fate will be Fate : And since there's noth
 Vex not thy self too much, but catch th' auspici

THE tow'ring Lark had thrice his Ma
 And thrice were Bells for Divine Service
 In Plaids muff'd up, *Prudes* throng the fa
 And leave the spacious Petticoat at Home
 While softest Dreams seal'd up fair *CEL*
 She dreams of *DAMON*, and forgets to

A sportive *SYLPH* does lay the subtle Snare,
 Such know the charming Baits which catch the Fair;
 She shews him handfom, brawny, rich and young,
 With Snuff-box, Cane, and Sword-knot fine'y hung,
 Well skill'd in Airs of Dangle, Tofs, and Rap,
 Those Graces which do tender Hearts entrap.

WHERE *AULUS* oft makes Law for Justice pass,
 And *CHARLES*'s Statue stands in lasting Brass,
 Amidst a Square which does amaze the Sight,
 With spacious Fabricks of stupendious Height;
 Whose sublime Roofs in Clouds advance so high,
 They seem the Watch-tow'rs of the nether Sky:
 Where once, alas! where once the Three Estates
 Of *SCOTLAND*'s Parliament held free Debates:
 Here *CELIA* dwelt; thither did *DAMON* move,
 Press'd by his rigid Fate, and raging Love.

TO her Apartment straight the daring Swain
 Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.
 The Nymph new wak'd, starts from the lazy Down,
 And wraps her gentle Limbs in morning Gown:

But

But half-awake she judges it must be

FRANKALIA come to take her morning Tea;

Cries, Welcome, Cousin. But she soon began

To change her Visage, when she saw a Man:

Her unfixt Eyes with various Turnings range,

And pale Surprize to modest Red exchange:

Doubtful 'twixt Modesty and Love she stands,

Then ask'd the bold Impertinent's Demands.

Her Strokes are doubled, and the Youth now found,

His Pains increase, and open ev'ry Wound:

Who can describe the Charms of loose Attire!

Who can resist the Flames with which they fire!

Ah, barbarous Maid! he cries, sure native Charms

Are too too much: Why then such Store of Arms?

Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy Pains,

Caus'd by a Wound from you, and want Revenge;

A borrow'd Pow'r was posted on a Charm:

A Patch, damn'd Patch! Can Patches work such Harm?

HE said; then threw a Bomb lay hid within

Love's Mortar-piece, the Dimple of his Chin:

It mis'd for once, she lifted up her Head,

And blush'd a Smile, that almost stuck him dead.

Then

Then cunningly retir'd, and he pursu'd
 Near to the Toilet, where the War renew'd.
 Thus the great *FABIUS* often gain'd the Day
 O'er *HANNIBAL*, by frequent giving Way:
 So warlike *BRUCE* and *WALLACE* sometime deign'd
 To seem defeat, yet certain Conquest gain'd.

THUS was he led in midst of *CELIA*'s Room,
 Speechless he stood, and waited for his Doom:
 Words were but vain, he scarce could use his Breath,
 As round he view'd the Implements of Death.
 Her dreadful Arms, in careless Heaps were laid,
 In gay Disorder round her tumbld Bed:
 He often to the soft Retreat wou'd stare,
 Still wishing he might give the Battle there.
 Stunn'd with the Thought, his wandering Looks did stray
 To where lac'd Shoes and her silk Stockings lay,
 And *GARTERS* which are never seen by Day.
 His dazzld Eyes almost deserted Light;
 No Man before had ever got the Sight.
 A Lady's Garters, Earth! their very Name,
 Tho' yet unseen, sets all the Soul on Flame.

The Royal *NED* knew well their mighty Charms,
 Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *English* Arms.
 Let barb'rous Honours crown the Sword and Lance,
 Thou next their King does *British* Knights advance,
 O *GARTER*! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

O who can all these hidden Turns relate,
 That do attend on a rash Lover's Fate!
 In deep Distress the Youth turn'd up his Eyes,
 As if to ask Assistance from the Skies.
 The *PETTICOAT* was hanging on a Plin,
 Which the unlucky Swain sta'd up within:
 His curious Eyes too daringly did rove,
 Around this oval conick Vault of Love:
 Himself alone can tell the Pain he found,
 While his wild Sight survey'd forbidden Ground.
 He view'd the ten-fold Fence, and gave a Grone,
 His trembling Limbs bespoke his Courage gone:
 Stupid and pale he stood, like Statue dumb,
 The amber Snuff dropt from his careless Thumb:
 Be silent here, my Muse, and shun a Plea
 May rise betwixt old *Bickerstaff* and me;
 For none may touch a Petticoat but he;

D A M O N

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

THE Mother Goddess thus her Son bespoke,
 " Thou must, my Boy, assume the Shape of *SHOCK*,
 " And leap to *CELIA*'s Lap; whence thou may slip
 " Thy Paw up to her Breast, and reach her Lip :
 " Strike deep thy Charms, thy pow'rful Art display,
 " To make young *DAMON* Conqueror to Day.
 " Thou need not blush to change thy Shape, since *JOVE*
 " Try'd most of brutal Forms, to gain his Love ;
 " Who that he might his loud *SATURNIA* gull,
 " For fair *EUROPA*'s Sake, inform'd a Bull.

SHE spoke.---Not quicker does the Lamp of Day
 Jet on the Mountain-tops a gilded Ray,

Swifter than Lightning flies before the Clap,
 From *Cyprus* Isle he reached *CELIA's* Lap :
 Now fawns, now wags his Tail, and licks her Arm ;
 She hugs him to her Breast, nor dreads the Harm :
 So in *ASCANIUS* Shape, the God unseen
 Dally'd, and ruin'd the *Carthaginian* Queen.

SO now the subtle Pow'r his Time espies,
 And threw Two barbed Darts in *CELIA's* Eyes :
 Many were broke before he cou'd succeed ;
 But that of Gold flew whizzing through her Head ;
 These were his last Reserve----When others fail,
 Then the refulgent Metal must prevail.
 Pleasure produc'd by Money now appears,
 Coaches and Six run rattling in her Ears.
 O Liv'ry Men! Attendants! Household-plate,
 Court-posts and Visits, pompous Air and State,
 How does your Splendor swell the Female's Pride,
 When o'er their Minds such Gaudry does preside!
 Success attends, *CUPID* has plaid his Part,
 And sunk the pow'ful Venom to her Heart.

She cou'd no more, she's catch'd in the Snare,
Sighing she fainted in her easy Chair.

The sanguine Streams in Blushes no more glow,
But, to support the Heart, all inward flow,
Leaving the Cheek now cold, and white as Snow.

THUS *CELIA* fell, or rather thus did rise:
Thus *DAMON* made, or else was made a Prize:
For both were Conquerors, and both did yield;
First she, now he, is Master of the Field.

N O W he resumes fresh Life, abandons Fear,
Jumps to his Limbs, and does more gay appear:
Not gaming Heir, when his rich Parent dies,
Not Zealot reading *HACKNEY*'s Party-lies,
Not soft Fifteen, on her Feet-washing Night,
Not Poet when his Muse sublimes her Flight,
Not an old Maid, for some young Beauty's Fall,
Not the long tending * *Stibler* at his Call,
Not Husbandman, in Drought when Rain descends,
Not Miss, when † *Limberham* his Purse extends,
E'er knew such Raptures as this joyful Swain,
When yielding, dying *CELIA* calm'd his Pain!

The

* A Probationer. † A kind Keeper.

The rapid Joys now in such Torrents roul,
That scarce his Organs can retain his Soul!

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

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

A sumptuous Treat does crown the ended War,
And all rich Requisites are brought from far.

The

The Table boasts its being from *JAPAN*,
 Th' ingenious Work of some great Artisan.
CHINA, where Potters coarsest Mould refine,
 That Light through the transparent Jar does shine ;
 The costly Plates and Dishes are from thence,
 And *AMAZONIA* must her Sweets dispense ;
 To her warm Banks our Vessels cut the Main,
 For the sweet Product of her luscious Cane :
 Here *SCOTIA* does no costly Tribute bring,
 Only some Kettles full of † *TODIAN* Spring.

WHERE *INDUS* and the double *GANGES* flow,
 On odorif'rous Plains the Leaves do grow ;
 Chief of the Treat, a Plant the Boast of Fame,
 Sometimes call'd *Green*, *BOHEA*'s its greater Name,

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

E P I-


 † *TODS-WELL* which supplies the City with Water.



EPILOGUE

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

EDINBURGH'S



EDINBURGH'S
 A D D R E S S
 T O T H E
 C O U N T R Y.

FROM me *EDINA*, to the Brave and Fair,
 Health, Joy and Love, and Banishment of Care;
FOR AS MUCH as bare Fields and gurly Skies
 Make rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes;
 When *Hyperborean* Blasts confound the Plain,
 Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain;
 Ye Swains and Nymphs, forsake the withered Grove,
 That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love;

Ere Winds and Tempests o'er the Mountains ride,
 Haste to where Choice of Pleasures do reside;
 Come to my Tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant Scene,
 My cheerful Bosom shall your Warmth sustain,
 Screen'd in my Walls, you may bleak Winter sun,
 And, for a While, forget the distant Sun :
 My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and sparkling Wine,
 As Summer Sun shall warm, like him shall shine.

MY *witty Clubs* of Minds that move at large,
 With every Glas can some great Thought discharge;
 When from my *Senate*, and the Toils of *Law*,
 To unbend the Mind from Bus'ness you withdraw,
 With such gay Friends to laugh some Hours away,
 My Winter Even shall ding the Summer's Day.

ONE in his Turn, with Strength of Skill defines
 The universal Use of *Euclide's Lines*.

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

SOME

SOME *Raphael*, *Ruben*, or *Vandike* admirè,
 Whose Bosoms glow with such a Godlike Fire.
 Of my own Race I have, who shall ere long,
 Challenge a Place amongst th' ingenious Throng.

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

WHAT Pleasure can exceed to know what's great,
 The Hinge of *War*, and winding Draughts of *State*?
 These in my *Coffee-shops* th' aspiring Youth
 May learn, with Pleasure, from the Sages Mouth;
 While they full fraughted Judgments do unload,
 Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.
 The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,
 To emulate victorious *Eugene's* Fame,
 Who with fresh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne,
 Making the haughty *Ott'man* Empire gone.

He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
 The *Danes* and *Prussians* shall demit the War;
 T' observe what mighty Turns of Fate may spring
 From this new War rais'd by *Iberia's* King.

LONG ere the Morn from eastern Seas arise,
 To sweep Night-shades from off the vaulted Skies,
 Oft *Love* or *Law* in Dream your Mind may toss,
 And push the sluggish Senses to their Post;
 The *Hautboy's* distant Notes shall then oppose
 Your Phantom Cares, and lull you to Repose.

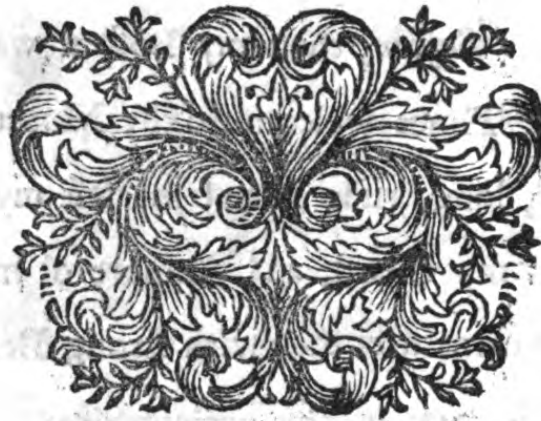
TO *Visit* and take *Tea*, the well dress'd Fair
 May pass the Crowd unruffled in her Chair;
 No Dust or Mire her shining Foot shall stain,
 Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain.
 For *Beaux* and *Belles* no City can compare,
 Nor shew a *Galaxy* so made, so fair.
 The Ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the Eyes,
 When at the Confort my *fair Stars* arise,
 What Poets of fictitious Beauties sing,
 Shall in bright Order fill the dazzling Ring:

From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Spouse of *Jove*,
 They'd gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love:
 Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade,
 Compar'd with my *sweet White*, and *blushing Red*.
 The Character of Beauties so Divine,
 The *Muse* for want of Words cannot define.
 The panting Soul beholds with awful Love,
 Impress'd on Clay, th' angelick Forms above;
 Whose glancing Smiles can pow'rfully impart
 Raptures sublime, in dumb Show, to the Heart.

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

VAIN

V A I N are such Fears; I'll rear my Head in State,
 My bodding Heart foretels a glorious Fate :
 New stately Structures on new Streets shall rise,
 And new-built Churches tow'ring to the Skies!
 From utmost *Tbule* to the *Dover* Rock,
Britain's best Blood in Crowds to me shall flock ;
 A num'rous Fleet shall be my *Fortha's* Pride,
 While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride :
 These from each Coast shall bring what's Great and Rare,
 To animate the *Brave*, and please the *Fair*!



Written



*Written beneath the Hi-
 storical Print of the
 wonderful Preservation
 of Mr. David Bruce and
 others, his School-fel-
 lows, St. Andrews 19th
 August, 1710.*

SIX Times the Day with Light and Hope arose,
 As oft the Night her Terrors did oppose,
 While toss'd on roring Waves the tender Crew
 Had nought but Death and Horror in their View;
 Pale Famine, Seas, bleak Cold at equal Strife,
 Conspiring all against their Bloom of Life:
 Whilst like the Lamp's last Flame, their trembling Souls
 Are on the Wing to leave their mortal Goals;

And

And Death before them stands with frightful Stare,
 Their Spirits spent, and sunk down to Despair.

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





ELEGY on *Maggy Johnston*, who
died *Anno 1711*.



U L D R E E K T mourn in Sable Hue,

Let fouth of Tears dleep like *May Dew*

To braw *Tiponny* bid *Adieu*,

Which we with Greed

Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,

But ah! she's dead.

T O tell the Truth, now *M A G G T* dang,

Of Customers she had a Bang ;

For Lairds and Souters a did gang,

To drink bedeen,

The Barn and Yard was aft sae *Thrang*

We took the Green.

A N D there by *Dizens* we lay down,

Syne sweetly ca'd the *Healths* arown,

To bonny *Lasses* black or brown,

As we too'd best ;

In *Bumpers* we dull *Cares* did drown,

And took our Rest.

W H E N

M A U N we be forc'd thy Skill to tine,
 For which we will right fair repine?
 Or hast thou left to Bairns of thine,

The pauky Knack

Of Brewing Ale amaisf like Wine,

That gar'd us crack?

S A E brawly did a Pease-scon Toaft
 Biz i'the Qneff, and flie the Frost,
 There we gat fou wi little Coft,

And muckle Speed?

Now, wae-worth Death, our Sport's a loft,

Since MAGGY's dead,

A E Simmer Night I was fae fou,
 Amang the Riggs I geed to spew,
 Syne down on a green Bawk I trow,

I took a Nap,

And foucht a Night Balillilow,

As found's a Tap,

A N D whan the Dawn begoud to glow,
 I hirsl'd up my dizzy Pow,
 Frae 'mang the Corn like Wirry-kow,

Wi' Bains fae fair,

And ken'd nae mair than if a Ew,

How I came there;



E L E G Y on *John Cowper Kirk-*
Treasurer's Man, *Anno 1714.*

I Wairn ye a to greet and drone,
J O H N C O W P E R's dead, Ohon! Ohon!
 To fill his Post, alake there's none,
That with sic Speed,
 Cou'd sa'r Sculdudry out like *J O H N,*
But now he's dead.

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

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

ALTHO he was nae Man of Weir,
 Yet mony a ane, wi quaking Fear,
 Durft scarce afore his Face appear,

But hide their Head.

The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,

And yet he's dead.

A Y now to some Part far awa,
 Alas! he's gane and left it a,
 May be to some sad Whilliwha

O' fremit Blood,

'Tis an ill Wind that dis nae blaw

Some Body good.

F Y upon Death, he was to blame,
 To whirle **JOHN** to his lang Hame:
 But tho his Arse be cauld, yet Fame,

Wi' Tout of Trumpet,

Shall tell how **COWPER**'s awfou Name

Cou'd flie a Strumpet.

H E kend the Bawds and Lowns fou well,
 And where they us'd to rant and reell,
 He paukily on them cou'd steal,

And spoil their Sport,

Aft did they wish the muckle De'll

Might tak him for't.

BUT

BUT ne'er a ane of them he spar'd,
E'en tho there was a drunken Laird
To draw his Sword, and make a Faird

In their Defence,

JOHN quietly put them in the Guard

To learn mair Sense.

THERE maun they ly till sober grown,
The Lad neist Day his Fault maun own;
And to keep a Things hush and lown,

He minds the Poor,

Syne after a his Ready's floun,

He damns the Whore.

AND she, poor Jade, withoutten Din,
Is sent to *Leith*-Wynd Fit to spin,
With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,

And hungry Wame,

And ilky Month a well paid Skin

To mak her tame.

BUT now they may scoure up and down,
And safely gang their Waks arown,
Spreading the Clap throw a the Town,

But Fear or Dread :

For that great Kow to Bawd and Lown,

JOHN COWPER's dead.

SHAME

SHAME faw ye'r Chandler Chafts, O Death,
For flapping of JOHN COWPER's Breath;
The Lofs of him is publick Skaith:

I dare well say,
To quat the Grip he was right laith

This mony a Day.

P O S T S C R I P T.

O F Umquile JOHN to lie or bann,
Shaws but ill Will, and looks right shan,
But some tell odd Tales of the Man,

For Fifty Head
Can gi'e their Aith they've seen him gawn

Since he was dead.

K E E K but up throw the *Stinking Stile,*
On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,
At the Kirk Door out frae an Ifle,

It will appear.

But tak good Tent ye dinna file

Ye'r Breeks for Fear.

F O R well we wat it is his Ghaift,
Wow, wad some Fouk that can do't best
Speak till't, and hear what it confest;

'Tis a good Deed

To send a wandering Saul to rest

Amang the Dead.

E L E-

ELEGY on Lucky *WOOD* in the *Cannongate*, May 1717.

O *CANNIGATE!* poor elritch Hole,
What Lofs, what Crosses does thou thole?

London and Death gars the look drole,

And hing thy Head.

Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld Coal

To blaw indeed.

H E A R me, ye Hills, and every Glen,

Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,

And Echo shrill, that a may ken,

The weafou Thud,

Be rackless Death, wha came unsenn

To Lucky WOOD.

S H E's dead o're true, she's dead and gane,

Left us and *WILLIE* Burd alane,

To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,

And rugg our Hair,

Because we'll ne'er see her again

For evermair.

S H E gae'd as fait as a new Prin,

And kept her Housie snod and been,

Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een,

Like Siller Plate;

She was a donsie Wife and clean,

Without Debate.

I T did ane good to see her Stools,
Boord, Fire-side, and facing Tools ;
Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,

Basket wi' Bread.

Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,

Since Lucky's dead.

S H E ne'er gae in a Lawin fause,
Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Hause,
Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Waus,

But reaming Swats ;

She never ran four Jute, because

It gee's the Batts.

S H E had the Gate fae well to please,
With *gratis* Beef, dry Fish, or Cheese,
Which kept our Purfes ay at Ease,

And Health in Tift,

And lent her fresh Nine Gallon Trees

A hearty Lift.

S H E gae us aft haill Legs o' Lamb,
And did nae hain her Mutton Ham,
Than ay at *Tule*, when e'er we came,

A bra' Goose Pye,

And was nae that good Belly Bawm,

Nane dare deny.

THE Writer Lads fow well may mind her,
Furthy was she, her Luck design'd her
Their common Mither, sure nane kinder

Ever brake Bread;

She has na left her Maik behind her,

But now she's dead.

TO the sma Hours we aft sat still,
Nick'd round our Toasts and Snifhing-mill,
Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,

The best of Bread,

Which aften coft us mony a Gill

To Aikenhead.

COU'D our saut Tears like Clyde down rin,
And had we Cheeks like Corra's Lin,
That a the World might hear the Din'

Rair frae ilk Head;

She was the Wale of a her Kin,

But now she's dead.

O Lucky WOOD 'tis hard to bear
The Lofs; but Oh! we maun forbear;
Yet fall thy Memory be dear

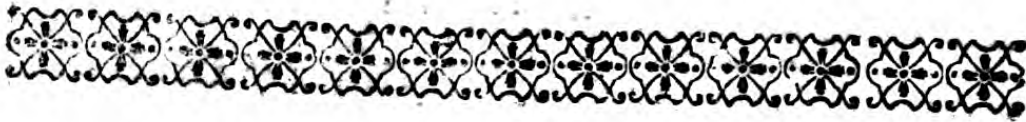
While blooms a Tree,

And after Ages Bairns will spear

'Bout Thee and Me.

E P I T A P H.

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



Lucky *SPENCER*'s last Advice.

Three Times the *CARLINE* grain'd and rifted,
Then frae the Cod her Pow she listid,
In baudy Policy well giftid,

When she now faun
That Death na langer wad be shiftid,

She thus began :

MY loving Lasses, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi ye'r Greeting grieve me,
Nor wi your Draunts and Droning deave me,

But bring's a Gill :

For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,

'Tis 'gainst my Will.

O black

O black Ey'd *Befs*, and mim mou'd *Meg*,
 O'er good to work or yet to beg,
 Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,

For whan ye fail,

Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,

Nor yet ye'r Tail,

W H A N e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,
 That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,
 Seem nice; but flick to him like Glew;

And whan set down,

Drive at the Jango till he Spew,

Syn he'll sleep soun.

W H E N he's asleep, then dive and catch
 His ready Cash, his Rings or Watch;
 And gin he likes to light his Match

At your Spunk-Box,

Ne'er stand to let the fumbling Wretch

E'en take the Pox,

C L E E K a ye can be Hook or Crook,
 Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook,
 Be sure to truff his Pocket-book,

Saxty Pound Scots

Is nae deaf Nits; In little Bouk

Lie great Bank-Notes.

T O get a Mense of whindging Fools,
That's frighted for Repenting-Stools,
Wha often, whan their Mettal cools,

Turn sweer to pay,

Gar the Kirk-Boxie hale the Dools

Anither Day.

B U T daut Red-Coats, and let them scoup
Free, for the Fou of cutty Stoup ;
To gee them up ye need no houp

E'er to do well.

They'll rive your Brats and kick ye'r Doup,

And play the De't.

T H E R E's ae fair Cross attends the Craft,
That curst Correction-house where aft
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggings saft

Makes black and blae,

Enough to pit a Body daft ;

But what'll ye say.

N A N E gathers Gear withoutten Care,
Ilk Pleasure has of Pain a Skare,
Suppose then they should tirlie ye bare,

And gar ye fike,

E'en learn to thole ; it's very fair

Ye're Nibour like.

F O R .

FORBY, my Looves, count upo' Loffes,
Ye'r Milk-white Teeth, and Cheeks like Rosfes,
Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Nofes,

Faws down wi Dads ;

To keep your Hearts up 'neath sic Croffes,

Set up for Bawds,

W I' well crish'd Loofs I hae been canty ;
Whan e'er the Lads wad fain a faun t'ye,
To try the auld Game *Taunty Ranty,*

Like Coosfers keen,

They took Advice of me your Aunty,

If ye were clean.

T H E N up I took my Siller Ca,
And whiff'd benn whiles ane, .whiles twa,
Roun'd in his Lug, That there was a

Poor Country K A T E,

As halefom as the Well of *Spaw,*

But unka blate.

S A E whan e'er Company came in,
And were upo' a merry Pin,
I flade away wi' little Din

And muckle Menss,

Left Conscience Judge, it was a ane

To Lucky SPENCE.

M Y



M Y Bennison come on good Doers,
 Who spend their Cash on Bawds and Whores,
 May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures

For a fair Snout :

Foul fa' the Quacks that that Fire smoors,

And puts nae out.

M Y Malison light ilka Day
 On them that drinks, and dis na pay,
 But takes a Snack and rins away ;

May't be their Hap

Never to want a *Gonorrhæa*,

Or rotten Clap.

L A S S gi'e us in anither Gill,
 A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill ;
 Let Death syne regiftrate his Bill

Whan I want Sense,

I'll slip away with better Will,

Quo Lucky SPENCE.



To the Most Beautiful

Scots Ladies,

This P O E M on the

P L A I D,

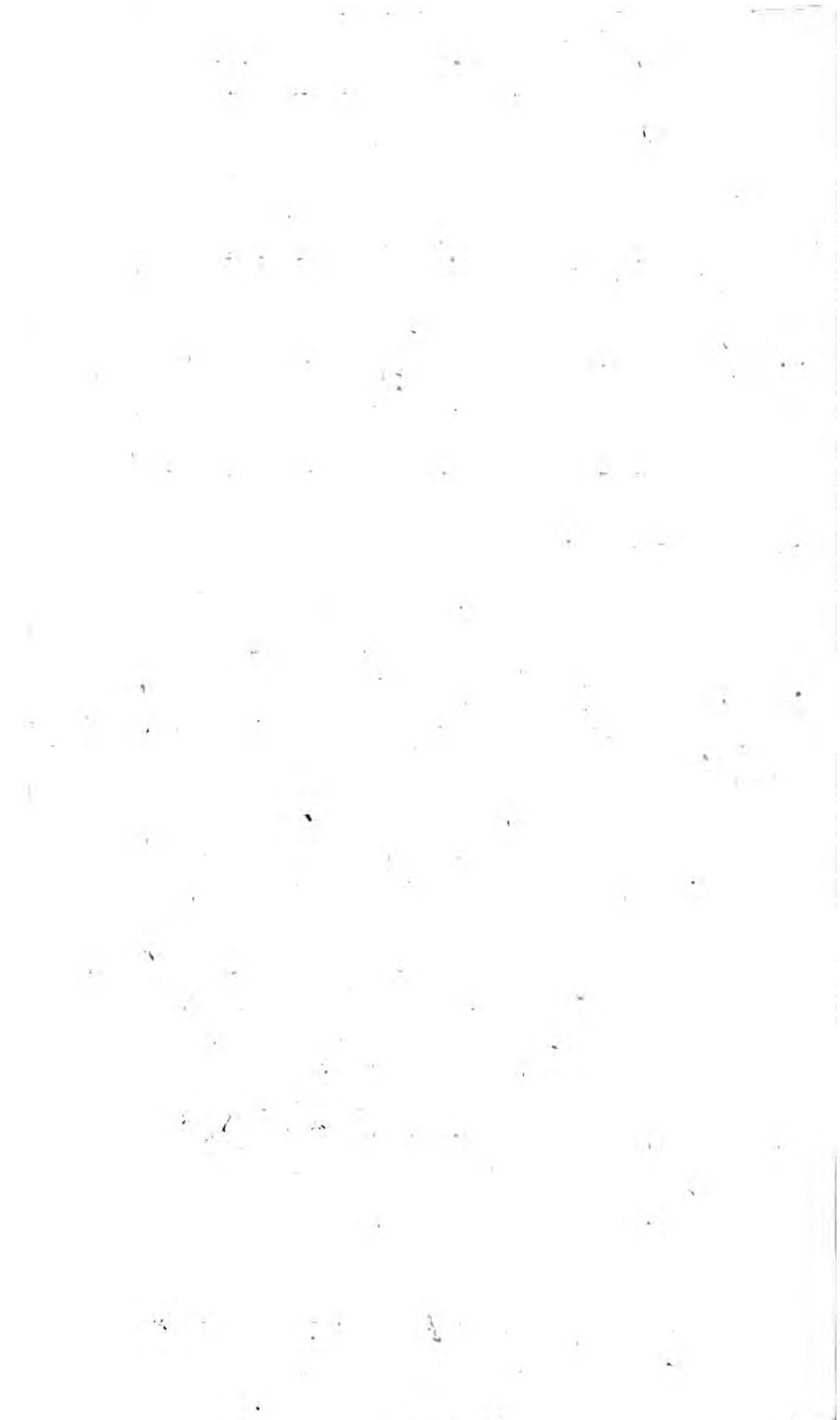
Is humbly dedicated

By,

May it please Your Ladyships,

Your devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY,





TARTANA: Or the PLAID.

*Brachia, & vultum teretesque suras
Integer laudo.*

H O R I



E CALEDONIAN Beauties, wha
have lang
Been baith my Muse, and Subject of
my Sang,
Assist your B A R D, wha now in
smootheft Lays

Designs the Glory of your P L A I D to raise.

How my fond Breast with bleezing Ardour glows,

When e'er my Sang on you just Praise bestows?

P H O E B U S. and his imaginary Nine
 With me have tint the Title of **D I V I N E**,
 To nae sic Shadows will I Homage pay,
 These to my real **M U S E S** shall give Way ;
 My **M U S E S**, wha on smooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
 Stray through the Haughs, or grace the Claver Mead ;
 Or these wha bath themselves where paughty *Clyde*
 Does rairing o'er his lofty Cat'raets ride :
 Or you, wha on the Banks of gentle *Tay*,
 Drain frae the Flowers the early Dews of *May*,
 To varnish on your Cheek the Crimson dy,
 Or make the White the new-fawn Snaws outvy :
 And you wha on *Edina's* Streets display
 Millions of matchless Beauties ilka Day ;
 Inspir'd by you, what **P O E T** can desire
 To warm his Genius at a brighter Fire ?

T H E P L A I D I sing, I'll sing with a' my Skill,
 Mount then O Fancy, Standard to my Will,
 Be strang ilk Thought, rin fast ilk happy Line,
 That Gracefouness and Harmony may shine,
 Adapted to the beautiful Design.

Great

Great is the Subject, vast th' exalted Theme ;
 And shall stand fair in endless Rows of Fame.

THE PLAIDS *Antiquity* starts first in View,
 And Precedence to this is always due :

ANTIQUITY bears in't a certain Spell,
 To make e'en Things of little Worth excell ;
 To smaest Subjects gi'es a glaring Dash,
 Protecting high born Idiots frae the Lash :
 Much mair 'tis valu'd when with Merit plac'd,
 It graces Merit, and's by Merit grac'd.

O first of **G A R B S** ! Garment of happy Fate !
 Sae lang imploy'd, of sic an antique Date :
 Keek back some Thousand Years till Records fail,
 And tine themfels in some Romantic Tale,
 We'll find how our Forefathers proudly scorn'd
 To be with ony ither Weed adorn'd ;
 Before base foreign Fashions interwave,
 Which 'gainst their Interest and their Brav'ry strave.
 'Twas they could brag their Freedom with proud *Ro ne,*
 And arm'd in Steell despise that Senat's Doom ;

Whilft

Whilft o'er the Globe their Eagle they display'd,
 And conquer'd Nations to them Homage paid ;
 We only then unconquer'd flood our Ground,
 And to the mighty Empire fixt the Bound.

Our ain bald native Prince then fill'd the Throne,
 In's PLAID array'd, magnificently fhone :
 Nor seem'd his Purple, or his Ermine lefs
 Surmounted by the univerfal Drefs.

In this the Thanes at Court made their Parade,
 With this the Shepherds and the Hinds were clade ;
 In this the Warrior row'd his brawny Arms,
 With this our bony Mithers vail'd their Charms :
 Ilk Quality, Age, Sex, ilk Youth, ilk Maid
 Deem'd it a *Defhabille* to want their PLAID.

O Heavens ! How chang'd ? How little look their Race ?
 When foreign Chains with foreign Modes take Place ;
 When *East* and *Western-Indies* man combine
 To make th' effeminate in their Gewgaws shine.
 Thus while the *Grecian* Troops in *Persia* lay,
 And learn'd the Habit to be faft and gay,
 By Luxury enerv'd they tint the Day.

I ask'd

I ask'd *Varell* what Sodgers he thought best,
 And thus he answer'd to my plain Request;
 " Were I to lead Battalions out to War,
 " And hop'd to triumph in the Victor's Car,
 " To win the loud Applause of worthy Fame,
 " And Pillars rais'd to eternize my Name;
 " I'd choose, had I my Choice, that sturdy Race
 " Who fearless can look Terrors in the Face,
 " Wha 'mang the Snaws the best of Limbs can fald
 " In TARTAN-PLAIDS, and smile at chilling Cald :
 " Nae usefess Trash should pain my Sodger's Back,
 " Nor Canvass Tents gar laiden Axles crack ;
 " Nae rattling Silks I'd to my Standards bind,
 " But bright TARTANA'S waving in the Wind.
 " The PLAID alane shou'd a my Ensigns be,
 " This Army frae sic Banners wad nae flee :
 " These, these were they, wha naked taught the Way
 " To fight with Art, and baldly win the Day.
 " The conquering *Gustavus* flood amaz'd,
 " While at their wondrous Skill and Force he gaz'd.
 " With sic braw Troops ane might o'er Europe rin,
 " Make out what *Rieblieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* did begin

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

WHILE scadin *Titan* tawns the Shepherd's Brow,
 And whiffling Hind. (v eat lagging at the Plow,
 The piercing Beams *BRUCINA* can defy,
 Not Sun burnt she's, nor dazl'd is her Eye.
 Ugly's the Mask, the Fan's a trifling Toy
 To fill at Kirk some Girl or fashous Boy:
 Fixt to ae Spot's the Pine and Myrtle Shades,
 But on ilk Motion wait the Umbrelian PLAIDS.
 Repelling Stour when Winds disturb the Air,
 And gee a Check to ilky ill bred Stare.

LIGHT as the Feathers of the airy Fry
 Of Larks and Lintwhites wha traverse the Sky,
 Is the TARTANA, spun sae very fine
 Its Weight can never make the FAIR repine,
 By raising Ferments in her glowing Blood,
 Which canna be escaped in the Hood:

Nor

Nor does it move beyond its proper Sphere,
 But lets the Gown in a its Shapes appear :
 Nor is the Straightness of her Waist deny'd
 To be by ilky ravisht Eye survey'd.
 For this the Hoop may stand at largest Bend,
 It comes nae near nor can its Weight offend.

T H E Hood and Mantle look nae haf sae gent
 I dow nae see them moving like a Tent.
 By Heather *Jenny*, in her Blanket drest,
 The Hood and Mantle fully are exprest,
 Which round her Neck with Rags is firmly bound,
 While she her Heather Befoms scrieghs around.
 Was Lucky *Strode* so great a Pattern, say ?
 Are ye to follow when sic lead the Way ?
 But ken ilk **F A I R**, wha shall this *Sur-tout* use,
 You're nae mair **SCOTS**, and cease to be my Muse.

T H E smootheft Labours of the *Persian* Loom
 Lin'd in the **P L A I D**, set aff the Beauty's Bloom :
 Faint is the Gloss, nor come the Colours nigh,
 Tho white as Milk, or dipt in Scarlet Dy.

The Lillie pou't by fair *PRINGELLA* grieves,
 Out-done by her white Hand, hangs a its Leaves;
 So sink the unfain'd Silks in our Esteem,
 Match'd with her fairer Face they sully'd seem.

IF shining red *CAMPBELLA*'s Cheeks adorn,
 W' immediately conceive the blushing Morn,
 Beneath that Dawn the Sun of Beauty's seen,
 Nor need we Light, but frae *CAMPBELLA*'s Een.

IF lin'd with green *STUARTA*'s Plaid we view,
 Or thine, *RAMSEIA*, edg'd around with blue;
 One shaws the Spring when Nature is maist kind,
 The ither Heav'n, whase Spangles lift the Mind.

A Garden Plot, enrich'd with chosen Flowers,
 Beeking in Sun Beams after vernal Showers,
 Where Tulips, Pinks, Daifies, and Violets,
 With Amaranths in evenest Order set,
 Hedg'd round with sweetest Brier and Jessamine,
 The rolie Thorn and variegated Green,

Give not sae great a Pleasure to the View,
 As when, *F E R G U S I A*, Mortals gaze on you.
 You raise our Wonder, and our Love engage,
 Which gars us curse, and yet admire the Hedge;
 The Silk and Tartan Hedges, which conspire
 With you, t'inflame with Love's fast spreading Fire.
 How many Charms can ilky fair ane boast?
 And aft our Fancy's in the Plenty lost;
 These mair remote, these we admire the maist,
 What's o'er familiar aften we despise,
 But Rarity makes still the Value rise.

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T H E chearing Sun, if shining a the Day,
 We're staw'd, and lose the Pleasure of his Ray;
 But when behind the marly Cloud he hides
 His Beams sometime, then to the Azure glides,
 With greater Guft his Absence he repays,
 When we are warm'd with his enliv'ning Blaze.
 So when the **F A I R** their dazling Lustres shroud,
 And disappoint us with a **T A R T A N** Cloud,
 How fondly do we peep with wishful Eye,
 Transported when ae lovely Charm we spy.

Aft to our Coft, ah me! we aften find
 The Power of Love ftrikes deep, tho he be blind ;
 Perch'don a Lip, a Cheek, a Chin, or Smile,
 Hits with Surprife, and flings young Hearts in Jail.

F R A E when the Cock proclaims the rifing Day,
 And Milk-maids fing around sweet Curds and Whey,
 Till gray-ey'd Twilight, Harbinger of Night,
 Purfues o'er † Siller Mountains finking Light,
 I can unwearied frae my Winnocks view
 The **PLAID**, wi' something ftill about it new.
 How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome Air
 We fee **HEPBURN A** wauk with eafy Care ;
 Ae Arm haf circles round her flender Waift,
 The ither like an Ivory Pillar plac'd,
 To hadd her **PLAID** around her modeft Face,
 Which faves her Blufhes with the gayeft Grace ;
 If in white Kids her taper Fingers move,
 Or unconfin'd jett thro' the fable Glove,

W I T H what a pretty Aftion **KETH A** fets,
 Her **PLAID**, and varies aft its airy Plaits ;

How

† Ochil Hills.

How does that naked Space the Spirits move,
 Between the ruff'd Lawn and spitefou Glove?
 We by the Sample, tho nae mair be seen,
 Imagine a that's fair within the Skreen.

THUS Belles in Plaids vail and display their Charms,
 The Love-sick Youth thus bright *HUMEA* warms,
 And wi' her gracefou Mien her Rivals a alarms.

THE PLAID it sel gees Pleasure to the Sight,
 To see how a its Setts imbibe the Light,
 Forming some Way, which e'en to me lies hid,
 White, black, blew, yellow, purpure, green and red.
 Let *Newton's* Royal Club through Prisms stare,
 To view Celestial Dies with curious Care,
 I'll please my sel, nor shall my Sight ask Aid
 Of Chrystal Gimcracks to survey the P L A I D.

HOW decent is the P L A I D when in the Pew,
 It hides the enchanting F A I R frae Ogler's View.
 The Mind's aft crowded with ill tim'd Desires,
 When Nymphs unvail'd approach the sacred Quires;

Even

Even Senators, wha guard the Common-weal,
 Their Minds may rove: — Are Mortals made of Steel?
 The finisht Beaux stand up in a their Airs,
 And seek out Beauties mair than mind their Prayers:
 The Wainscot Forty Sax's are perplext
 To be eclips'd, Spite makes them drap the Text.
 The younger gaze at ilk braw Thing they see,
 The Orator himsel is scarcely free,
 Ye Men wha ~~wad~~ your Piety express,
 To sacred Domes ne'er come in naked Drefs:
 The Power of Modesty shall still prevail,
 Then *SCOTIAN* Virgins use your native Vail.

T H U S far young *Cosmel* read, then glowr'd and curst,
 And speer'd fou doufly at me how I durst
 Advance sic Praises for a Thing despis'd,
 He, smiling, sware I had been ill advis'd.

T O you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,
 And Numbers vast, not Fools, may side wi' you:
 As many shall my Sentiments approve,
 Tell me what's not the Butt of Scorn and Love?

Were

Were a mankind agre'd to think ae Way,
 What wad Divines and Poets hae to say?
 Nae Ensigns wad on martial Fields be spread,
 And *Corpus Juris* never wad be red :
 We'd need nae Councils, Parliaments, nor Kings,
 Ev'n Wit and Learning wad turn filly Things,
 You mis's my Meaning still, I'm much afraid,
 I wad nae hae them always wear the P L A I D.

A L D *Salem's* Royal Sage, of Wits the Prime,
 Said, *For ilk Thing there was a proper Time.*
 Nights but *Aurora's* P L A I D, that ta'ne away,
 We tine the Pleasure of returning Day;
 Ev'n through the Gloom, when view'd in sparkling Skies,
 Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratifie our Eyes :
 So through *HAMILLA's* op'ned P L A I D we may
 Behadd her heavenly Face, and heaving milky Way.
Spanish Reserve, join'd with a *Gallick* Air,
 If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* Fair.

N O W you say well, said he, but when's the Time
 That they may drap the P L A I D without a Crime?

THEN I,

Left, O fair Nymphs, ye should our Patience tire,
 And starch Reserve extinguish gen'rous Fire,
 Since Heaven your soft victorious Charms design'd
 To form a Smoothness on Man's rougher Mind;
 When from the bauld and noble Toils of War,
 The rural Cares, or Labours of the Bar;
 From these hard Studies, which are learn'd and grave,
 And some frae dangerous riding o'er the Wave,
 The *Caledonian* manly Youth resort
 To their *Edina*, Love's great Mart and Port,
 And croud her Theatres with a that Grace
 Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* Race;
 At Consort, Ball, or some FAIR's Marriage Day,
 O then with Freedom a that's sweet display.
 When Beauty's to be judg'd without a Vail,
 And not its Powers mete out as by Retail,
 But Hale-sale, a at anes, to fill the Mind
 With Sentiments gay, soft, and frankly kind;
 Fling by the PLAID, and like the Lamp of Day,
 When there's nae Cloud to intercept his Ray,

Sae shine *MAXELLA*, nor their Censure fear,
Wha, Slaves to Vapours, dare not sae appear,

ON *Ida's* Height, whan to the Royal Swain,
To ken wha shou'd the Prize of Beauty gain,
JOVE sent his twa fair Daughters, and his Wife,
That he might be the Judge to end the Strife;
Hermes was Guide, they fand him by a Tree,
And thus they spake with Air divinely free,
Say, *PARIS*, which is fairest of us Three.
To *JOVE's* high Queen, and the Cœlestial Maids,
E'er he wou'd pass his Sentence, cry'd, *Nae PLAIDS*
Quickly the Goddeses obey'd his Ca,
And in plain Nature's Dress he view'd them a,
Then to *CYTH'REA* gave the Golden Ba.

GREAT Criticks hail! our Dread, whase Love or Hate,
Can with a Gloom or Smile gee Verse its Fate,
Attend, while o'er this Field my Fancy roams,
I've something mair to say, and here it comes:

WHEN

WHEN Virtue was a Crime, in *Tancred's* Reign,
 There was a noble Youth wha wad nae deign
 To own for Sovereign ane a Slave to Vice,
 Or blot his Conscience at the highest Price;
 For which his Death's devis'd with hellish Art,
 To tear frae his warm Breaft his beating Heart.
 Fame tald the tragic News to a the Fair,
 Whase num'rous Sighs and Grains fough through the Air:
 A' mourn his Fate, Tears trickle frae ilk Eye,
 Till his kind Sifter flung the Woman by;
 She in his Stead a gen'rous Off'ring stay'd,
 And he the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her PLAID:
 So when *Aeneas* with *Achilles* strove,
 His divine Mother hasted from above,
 Well seen in Fate, prompt by maternal Love,
 Hid him in Mist, and warded aff the Blaw,
 That was design'd him by his valiant Fae.

I of the PLAID cou'd tell a hundred Tales,
 Then hear anither since that Strain prevails,

THE

† Homer.

THE Tale nae Records tell, it is so auld,
 It happned in the eafy Age of Gowd,
 When am'rous *Jove*, Chief o' th' *Olympian* Gods,
 Staw'd with *Saturnia*, came to our *Abaides*
 A Beauty-hunting; for in these faft Days,
 Nor Gods, nor Men, delighted in a Chace
 That wad defstroy, not propagate their Race.
 Beneath a Fir-tree in † *Glentanan's* Groves,
 Where, e'er gay *Fabricks* raife, *Swains* fang their Loves,
IRIS lay fleeping in the apen Air,
 A bright *TARTANA* vail'd the lovely *FAIR*;
 The wounded God beheld her matchlefs Charms
 With earneft Een, and grasp'd her in his Arms,
 Soon he made kend to her with winning Skill
 His Dignity, and Import of his Will.
Speak thy Desire, the Divine Monarch faid.
Make me a Goddess, cry'd the braw *Scots* Maid,
Nor let hard Fate bereave me of my PLAID.
Be thou the Hand-maid to my mighty Queen,
 Said *Jove*, and to the World be aften feen.

† A large Wood in the North of Scotland.

*With the Celestial Bow, and thus appear
Clad with these radiant Colours as thy Wear;*

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

MAY she be curst to starve in *Froglan* Fenns,
To wear a † *Fala* ragg'd at baith the Ends,
Grain fill' beneath an *antiquated* Suit,
And die a Maid at *Fifty Five* to boot;

May

† A little square Cloath wore by the Dutch Women.

May she turn *quaggy Fat*, or *crooked Dwarff*,
 Be *ridicul'd* while primm'd up in her *Scarff*,
 May *Spleen* and *Spite* still keep her on the *Fret*,
 And live till she *outlive* her *Beauty's Date* ;
 May a this light, and mair than I have said,
 Upon that *Wench* wha disregards the **PLAID** ;

BUT with the Sun let ilky Joy arise,
 And frae fast Slumbers lift her happy Eyes ;
 May blooming Youth be fixt upon her Face,
 Till she has seen her fourth descending Race,
 Blest with a Mate with whom she can agree,
 And never want the finest of *Bohea* :
 May ne'er the *Miser's* Fears make her afraid,
 Who joins with me, with me admires the **PLAID** ;
 Let bright **TARTANA**'s henceforth ever shine,
 And *Caledonian* Goddesses enshrine. ;

FAIR Judges to your Censure I submit,
 If you allow this **POEM** to have Wit,
 I'll look with Scorn down on these mufty Fools,
 Wha only move by aild Worm-eaten Rules.

But

But wi' th' ingenious if my Labours take,
I wish them ten Times better for their Sake ;
Who shall esteem this vain are in the wrang,
I'll prove the Moral is prodigious strang :
I hate to trifle, Men should act like Men,
And for their Country only draw their Sword and Pen.





TO THE
A U T H O R
 O F

T A R T A N A : Or the P L A I D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*They daily chyme the same dull Tone,
Their Muse no daring Sallies grace,
But stify held with Bit and Curb,
Keeps heavy Trot, tho equal Pace.*

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

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



SCOTS
SONGS.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.



EDINBURGH:
Printed for the AUTHOR at the *Mercury*,
opposite to *Niddry's-Wynd*, 1720.

Dr. E. C. ...



S C O T S
S O N G S.

The happy Lover's Reflections.



THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,

I left my Love behind me ;

Ye Pow'rs ! What Pain do I endure

when soft Ideas mind me ?

Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd

The beaming Day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely MAID,

In fit Retreats for wooing.



Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,

Gazing, and chafly sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,

'Till Night spread her black Curtain,

I pitied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.



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



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



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



The Lass of Peattie's Mill.



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

Her



Her Arms white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,
 To Age it wou'd give Youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran,
 An Extasy of Blifs,
 When I such Sweetness fand
 Vrap't in a balmy Kifs.

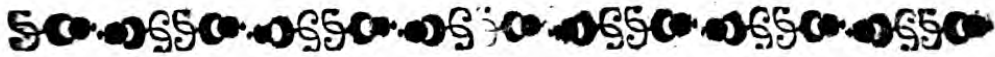


Without the Help of Art,
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
 He did her Sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 He me to Love beguil'd,
 With'd her for my Bride.



O had I all that Wealth
 Toptown's high Mountains fill,
 To purchas'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my Will ;

I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny She,
 The Lass of Peattie's Mill
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.



D E L I A.

To the Tune of Green Sleeves.

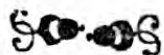
YE watchful Guardians of the F A I R,
 Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
 Of my dear *D E L I A* take a Care,
 And represent her Lover
 With all the Gayety of Youth,
 With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth,
 'Till I return, her Passions sooth
 For me, in Whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid Slave,
 With Soul sunk in a Golden Grave,
 Who knows no Virtue but to save,
 With glaring Gold bewitch her.

Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me who know how to be kind,
 And have more Plenty in my Mind,
 Than one who's ten Times richer.



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



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



Bonny J E A N.



L O V E's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove
 Said, *CUPID*, bend thy Bow with speed,
 Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
 For *J E A N I E*'s haughty Heart must bleed.
 The smiling Boy, with divine Art,
 From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,
 Which flew unerring to the Heart,
 And kill'd the Pride of bonny *J E A N*.



No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses *W I L L I E*'s kind Address,
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst every Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bonny *J E A N*.



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



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





The Kind Reception,
To the Tune of Auld lang syne.



S H O U L D auld Acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho they return with Scars?

These are the noble H E R O E 's Lot,

Obtain'd in glorious Wars:

Welcome my V A R O to my Breaft,

Thy Arms about me twine,

And make me once again as blest,

As I was lang syne.



Methinks around us on each Bough

A Thousand *Cupids* play,

Whilft thro' the Groves I walk with you

Each Object makes me gay.

Since your Return the Sun and Moon

With brighter Beams do shine,

Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,

As they did lang syne,

Despise

Despise the Court and Din of State ;

Let that to their Share fall

Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,

While bounded like a Ball ?

But sunk in Love, upon my Arms ;

Let your brave Head recline,

We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,

As we did lang syne.



O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend

You may pursue the Chace,

And after a blyth Bottle end

All Cares in my Embrace :

And in a vacant rainy Day

You shall be wholly mine ;

We'll make the Hours run smooth away,

And laugh at lang syne.



The HERO E pleas'd with the sweet Air

And Signs of gen'rous Love,

Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,

Bow'd to the POW'RS above :

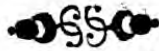
Next

With Consent and glad Haste
 reach'd the sacred Shrine,
 Good Priest the Couple blest,
 then out of Pine.

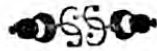


The PENITENT.

To the Tune of the Lass of Livingston.



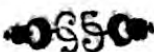
PAIN'D with her slighting of *AMIE*'s Love,
BELL dropt a Tear, — *BELL* dropt a Tear,
 the Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear, — Well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the Praises of the Youth
 From her own Tongue, — From her own Tongue,
 Who now converted was to Truth,
 And thus she sung, —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



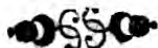
Blest Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
 More frank and kind, — More frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
 But spoke their Mind, — But spoke their Mind :

Repent

Repenting now the promis'd fair
 Wou'd he return,—— Wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
 Or cause him mourn,—— Or cause him mourn.



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



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

Thus



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



LOVE'S CURE.

To the Tune of Peggy I must love thee.



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





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



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



Men may be foolish if they please,
And deem't a Lover's Duty
To fight, and sacrifice their Ease,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Case for many a Year,
Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
False *BETTY*'s Charms now disappear,
Since *PEGGY*'s far out-shine them.





O D E.

HENCE every Thing that can
Disturb the Quiet of Man;

Be blyth my Soul,

In a full Bowl

Drown thy Care,

And repair

The vital Stream :

Since Life's a Dream,

Let Wine abound,

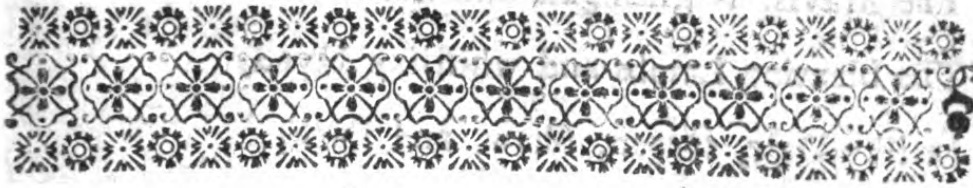
And Healths go round,

We'll sleep more sound,

And let the dull unthinking Mob pursue

Each endless Wish, and still their Toil renew.





THE
YOUNG LAIRD
 AND
EDINBURGH KATT.



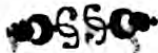
OW wat ye wha I met Yestreen
 Coming down the Street, my Jo,
 My Miftrefs in her Tartan Screen,
 Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo,

My dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night,
 That never wisht a Lover Ill,
 Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
 Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

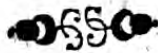


O *KATT* wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome Town a while,
 The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
 And a the Summer's gawn to smile :

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hynd,
 In ilky Dale, Green, Shaw, and Park,
 WiH nourish Health and glad ye'r Mind.

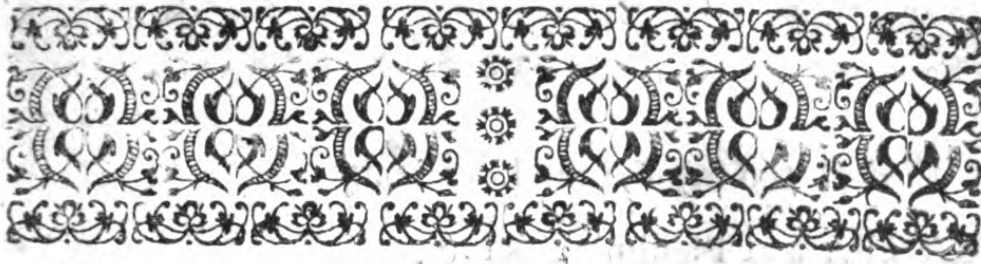


SOON as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burnside and play,
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
 We'll pou the Dazies on the Green,
 The Lucken-gowans frae the Bog ;
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the Velvet Fog.



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

KATT's



K A T Y's
A N S W E R.



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



R I G H T fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher,
 Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
 And wyt ye'r poor *Kate*,
 When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

F O R



FOR tho my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Pleishin dainty,

Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his Gear.

And sae we had need to be tenty.



TUTOR my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion,

Brag well o' ye'r Land
And there's my leal Hand,

Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

A. R.



An hafty Hensure, called *Hary*,
 Wha was an Archer, hynd
 Fit up a Tackle withouten tarry,
 That Torment sae him tynd.
 I watna whither's Hand coud vary,
 Or the Man was his Friend,
 For he escap'd throw' Might's of *Mary*,
 As ane that nae ill meand,

But Good that Day.

Then *Laurie* like a Lyon lap,
 And soon a' Flane can fedder,
 He hecht to pierce him at the Pape,
 Thereon to wed a Wedder:
 He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
 It buff't like ony Bladder;
 But sae his Fortune was and Hap,
 His Doublet made of Leather,

Sav'd him that Day.

The Buff sae boisterously abais't him,
 He to the Earth dusht down,
 The tither Man for dead there left him,
 And fled out of the Town.
 The Wives came furth, and up they rest him,
 And fand Life in the Lown;
 Then with three Routs on's Arse they rais'd him,
 And cur'd him out of Sown,

Frae Hand that Day.

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

Fou low this Day.

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

Fou ill that Day.

Heich Hutchon with a Hisill Rice,
 To red can throw them rummil ;
 He maw'd them down, like ony Mice,
 He was na Baity Bummil :
 Tho he was wight, he was na wise,
 With sic Jangleurs to jummil ;
 For frae his Thumb they dang a Slice,
 While he cried Barlafumil,

I'm slain this Day.

When

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

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

The Miller was of manly Make,
 To meet him was nae Mows ;
 There durst na tenfome there him take,
 Sae noyted he their Pows :
 The Bushment hale about him brake,
 And bickered him wi Bows ;
 Syne traitroufly behind his Back,
 They hew'd him on the Howes.
Behind that Day.

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

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

By this *Tam Taylor* was in's Gear,
 When that he heard the Bell,
 He said he should make all a steer,
 When he came there himsel :
 He gaed to fight in sic a Fear,
 While to the Ground he fell ;
 A Wife that hat him on the Ear,
 With a great Knocking-mell
Fell'd him that Day.

When

When they had bierd like baited Bulls,
 And Brainwood brynt in Bails ;
 They were as meek as any Mules ;
 That mangit are with Mails ;
 For Faintness thae forfoughten Fools
 Fell down like flaughter'd Fails ;
 Fresh Men came in, and hail'd the Dools,
 And dang them down in Dails,
Bedeem that Day.

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

The End of the first CANTO.





CHRIST'S-KIRK
ON THE
GREEN.

CANTO II.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

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

Fou fast that Day.

Blyth

Blyth to win aff sae wi' hale Banes,
 Tho mony had clowr'd Pows;
 And dragl'd sae 'mang Muck and Stanes,
 They look'd like Wirry-kows:
 Quoth some, who 'maist had sint their Aynds,
 Let's see how a Bowls rows;
 And quat this Brulziement at anes,
 Yon Gully is nae Mows,

Forsooth this Day.

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am well content,
 I think we may do war;
 Till this Time Toumond Ise indent
 Our Claiths of Dirt will sa'r:
 Wi' Nevels I'm amaist fawn faint,
 My Chafts are dung a char;
 Then took his Bonnet to the Bent,
 And daddit aff the Glar,

Fou clean that Day.

Tam Taylor wha in in Time of Battle
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him;
 Gat up now wi' an unco' Rattle,
 As nane there durst a quell'd him:
 Bauld *Befs* flew till him wi a Brattle,
 And spite of his Teeth held him
 Clofs by the Craig, and with her fatal
 Knife shored she wou'd geld him,

For Pease that Day.

Syne

Syne a wi' ae Consent shook Hands,
 As they stood in a Ring;
 Some red their Hair, some set their Bands,
 Some did their Sark Tails wring :
 Then for a Happ upo' the Sands
 They did their Minstrel bring ;
 Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,
 At ilka blithsome Spring,

Lap high that Day.

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

And mim that Day.

Now settl'd Goffies sat, and keen
 Did for fresh Bickers dirle ;
 While the young Swankies on the Green
 Took round a merry Tirlle :
Meg Wallet wi' her pinky Een,
 Gart *Lawrie's* Heart-frings dirle,
 And Fouk wad threep, that she did green,
 For what wad gar her Skirle,

And Skreigh some Day.

The

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

Of Usquebae.

Furth started nieft a pensy Blade,
 And out a Maiden took ;
 They said that he was *Falkland* bred,
 And danced by the Book ;
 A souple Taylor to his Trade,
 And when their Hands he shook,
 Ga'e them what he got frae his Dad,
Videlicet the Yuke,

To claw that Day.

Whan a cry'd out he did sae well,
 He *Meg* and *Befs* did call up ;
 The Lassies babb'd about the Reel,
 Gard a' their Hurdies wallop,
 And swat like Pownies whan they speel
 Up Braes, or when they gallop,
 But a thrawn Knublock hit his Heel,
 And Wives had him to hawl up,

Haff fell'd that Day.

But mony a pauky Look and Tale
 Gae'd round whan Glouming hous'd them,
 The Ofler Wife brought ben good Ale,
 And bade the Lasses rouze them ;
 Up wi' them Lads, and I'fe be Bail
 They'll loo ye ann ye touze them :
 Quoth *Gawffie*, this will never fail
 Wi' them that this gate woes them,
On sic a Day.

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

In the mean Time in came the Laird,
 And by some Right did claim,
 To kifs and dance wi' *Masie Aird*,
 A dink and dortie Dame :
 But O poor *Mause* was aff her guard,
 For back-gate frae her Wame,
 Beckin, she loot a fearfu' Raid,
 That gart her think great Shame,
And blush that Day.

Auld

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

Goodman this Day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle Dish,
 And betwisht ilka Tune,
 He laid his Lugs in't like a Fish,
 And suckt till it was done ;
 His Bags were liquor'd to his Wish,
 His Face was like a Moon ;
 But he cou'd get nae Place to pish
 In, but his ain twa Shoon,

For Thrang that Day.

The *Letter-gae* of haly Rhime,
 Sat up at the Boord-head,
 And a he said was thought a Crime,
 To contradict indeed :
 For in Clerk Lear he was right prime,
 And cou'd baith write and read,
 An drank fae firm till ne'er a Styme
 He cou'd keek on a Bead,

Or Book that Day.

When he was frute, twa sturdy Chiels,
 Be's Oxter, and be's Coller,
 Held up frae cowping o' the Creels
 The liquid Logick Scholar:

When he came hame his Wife did reel,
 And rampage in her Choler,
 With that he brake the spinning Wheel,
 That cost a good Rix-dollar,

And mair some say.

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

To eat or Day.

On whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,
 On them flood mony a Goan,
 So me fill'd wi' Brachan, some wi' Kail,
 And Milk het frae the Loan.
 Of Daintiths they had Routh and Wale,
 Of which they were right fon;
 Bu naithing wa'd gae down but Ale,
 Wi drunken *Donald Don*,

The Smith that Day.

Twice

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

In Stoms that Day.

The Bride was now laid in her Bed,
 Her left Leg Ho was flung;
 And *Geordie Gib* was fidgen glad,
 Because it hit *Jean Gun*.
 She was his Jo, and aft had said,
 Fy, *Geordie*, had your Tongue,
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your Bride,
 But chang'd her Mind when bung,

That very Day.

Tebee! quoth *Touzie*, when she saw
 The Cathel coming ben,
 It pypin hett gae'd round them a,
 The Bride she made a fen,
 To fit in Wyliecoat fae braw,
 Upon her nether En,
 Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,
 That meets a Clockin Hen,

And blyth were they,

The *Souter, Miller, Smith* and *Dick,*
Lawrie and *Hutchon* bauld,
 Carles that kept nae very strict
 Be Hours, tho they were auld;
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,
 But whare good Ale was fald,
 They drank a Night, e'en tho *auld Nick*
 Shou'd tempt their Wives to scald

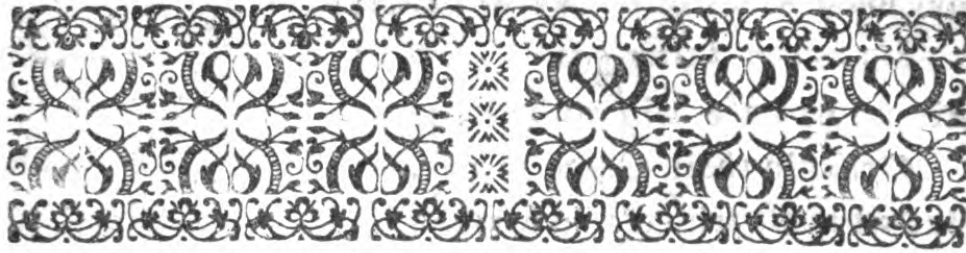
Them for't neist Day.

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen
 Sic Banqueting and Drinkin,
 Sic Revelling, and Battles keen,
 Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin,
 And unko Wark that fell at E'en,
 Whan Lassies were haff winkin,
 They lost their Feet and baith their Een,
 And Maidenheads gae'd linkin

Aff a that Day.

The End of the second CANTO.





CHRIST'S-KIRK
ON THE
GREEN.

CANTO III.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

NOW frae East Nook o' *Fife* the Dawn
Speel'd Westlines up the Lift,
Carles wha heard the Cock had crawn,
Begoud to rax and rift.
And greedy Wives wi girning thrawn,
Cryd, Lasses up to Thrift;
Dogs barked, and the Lads frae Hand,
Bang'd to their Breeks like Drift,
Be Break of Day.

But

But some wha had been fow Yestreen,
 Sic as the *Letter-gae*,
 Air up had nae will to be seen,
 Grudgin their Groat to pay.
 But what aft fristed's no forgeen,
 When Fouk has nought to say ;
 Yet sweer were they to rake their Een,
 Sic dazy Heads had they,

And bet that Day.

Be that Time it was fair foor Days,
 As fou's the House cou'd pang,
 To see the young Fouk or they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang,
 And wi' a Sofs aboon the Claiths,
 Ilk ane their Gifts doun flang.
 Twall Toop Horn Spoons down *Maggy* lays,
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang,

For Kale or Wbey.

Her Aunt a Pair of Tangs fush in,
 Right bauld she spake and spruce,
 Gin your Goodman shall make a Din,
 And gable like a Goose,
 Shorin whan fou to skelp ye're Skin,
 Thir Tangs may be of Use ;
 Lay them enlang his Pow or Shin,
 Wha wins syn may make Roose,

Between you twa.

Auld

Auld *Bessie* in her red Coat braw,
 Came wi' her ain Oe *Nanny*,
 An odd like Wife, they said that saw,
 A moupin runckled *Granny*,
 She fley'd the *Kimmers* ane and a,
 Word gae'd she was na kanny;
 Nor wad they let *Lucky* awa,
 Till she was brunt wi *Branny*,
Like mony mac.

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

Kind *Cirsh* was there, a kanty *Lass*,
 Black ey'd, black hair'd, and bonny;
 Right well red up and jimp she was,
 And *Wooers* had fow mony:
 I wat na how it came to pass,
 She cutled in wi' *Fonnie*,
 And tumbling wi' him on the *Grass*,
 Dug a her *Cockernonny*
A Fee that Day.

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

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

Hait Drink, frush butter'd Cakes and Cheese,
 That held their Hearts aboon,
 Wi' Clashes mingled aft wi' Lies,
 Drave aff the hale Forenoon :
 But after Dinner ann ye please,
 To weary not o're soon,
 We down to E'ning Edge wi' Ease
 Shall loup, and see what's done,
It's the Donp o'the Day.

Now

Now what the Friends wad fain been at,
 They that were right true blue ;
 Was e'en to get their Wyfons wat,
 And fill young Roger fou :
 But the bauld Billy took his Maut,
 And was right stiff to bou ;
 He fairly gae them Tit for Tat,
 And scour'd aff Healths anew,

Clean out that Day.

A Creel bout fow of muckle Stains
 They clinked on his Back,
 To try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins,
 They gart him cadge this Pack.
 Now as a Sign he had tane Pains,
 His young Wife was na slack,
 To rin and ease his Shoulder Bains,
 And sneg'd the Raips fow snack,

Wi'er Knife that Day.

Syne the blyth Carles Tooth and Nail,
 Fell keenly to the Wark ;
 To ease the Gantrees of the Ale,
 And try wha was maist fark ;
 'Till Boord and Floor, and a did sail,
 Wi spilt Ale i'the Dark ;
 Gart Fock's Fit slide, and like a Fail,
 Play'd dad, and dang the Bark,

Aff's Shins that Day.

The *Souter*, *Miller*, *Smith* and *Dick*,
Et cet'ra, clofs fat cockin,
 Till wafted was baith *Cash* and *Tick*,
 Sae ill were they to floken;
 Gane out to pish in *Gutters* thick,
 Some fell, and some gae'd rockin,
Sanny hang sneering on his *Stick*,
 To see bauld *Hutchon* bockin

Rainbows that Day.

The *Smith's* Wife her black *Deary* fought,
 And fand him *Skin* and *Birn*;
 Quoth she, This *Day's* *Wark's* be dear bought,
 He ban'd, and gae a *Girn*,
 Ca'd her a *Jade*, and said she mucht
 Gae hame and scum her *Kirn*,
 Whisht *Ladren*, for gin ye say ought
 Mair, I'fe wind ye a *Pirn*

To reel some Day.

Ye'll wind a *Pirn* ! Ye filly *Snool*,
 Wae-worth ye'r drunken *Saul* !
 Quoth she, and lap out o'er a *Stool*,
 And claught him be the *Spaul* ;
 He shook her, and sware muckle *Dool*
 Ye's thole for this ye *Scaul* ;
 I'fe rive frae aff ye'r *Hips* the *Hool*,
 And learn ye to be baul

On sic a Day.

YOUNG

Your Tippamizing, scant o' Grace,
 Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;
 Our Nibour *Pate* fin break o' Day's
 Been thumpin at his Studdy,
 Ann it be true that some Fowk says,
 Ye'll girn yet in a Woody;
 Syne wi' her Nails she rave his Face,
 Made a' his black Baird bloody,

Wi' Scarts that Day.

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

On her that Day.

The Wives and Gytlings a spang'd out
 O'er Middings, and o'er Dykes,
 Wi' mony ane unco Skirl and Shout,
 Like Bumbees frae their Bykes;
 Thro thick and thin they scour'd about,
 Plashin thro Dubs and Sykes,
 And sic a Rierd rang thro the Rout,
 Gart a' the hale Town Tykes

Tamph loud that Day.

But

But d'ye see fou better bred
 Was menf-fou *Maggy Murdy*,
 She her Man like a Lamy led
 Hame, wi' a well wail'd Wordy,
 Fast frae the Company he fled,
 As he had tane the Sturdy;
 She fletch'd him fairly to his Bed,
 Wi ca'ing him her Burdy,

Kindly that Day.

But *Lawrie* he took out his Nap,
 Upon a Mow of Peafe,
 And *Robin* spew'd in's ain Wife's Lap,
 He said it ga'e him Eafe.
Hutchon wi' a' three lugged Cap,
 His Head bizzin wi' Bees,
 Hit *Geordy* a mislus his Rap,
 And brake the Brig o's Neefe

Right fair that Day.

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

Wi' Fa's that Day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
 Till a' their Sense was smor'd;
 And in their Maws there was nae Mank,
 Upon the Furms some snor'd:
 Ithers frae aff the Bunkers fank,
 Wi' Een like Collops scor'd:
 Some ram'd their Nodles wi' a Clank,
 E'en like a thick scul'd Lord,

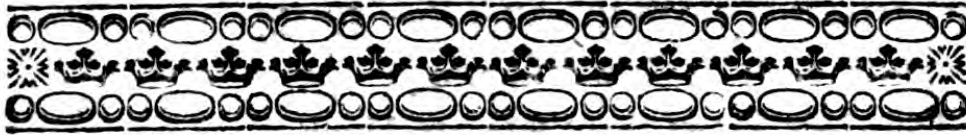
On Posts that Day.

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

'Bout him that Day.

The End of the third CANTO.





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