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COLLECTION
OF
POEMS, SONGS, &c.

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH,

By JAMES DUFF;

FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL PERTHSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

“What would ye have me do,
“When out of twenty I can please not two?
“One likes the pheasant’s wing, and one the leg;
“The vulgar bo’l, the learned roast an egg;
“Hard task to hit the palate of such guests.”

POPE.

PERTH:
PRINTED BY R. MORISON, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1816.



Jerry

TO THE READER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the flattering reception which part of the following productions have met with amongst the higher as well as the lower classes of Perthshire, the author cannot appear before the public without considerable anxiety. To say that they are faultless, would be an assertion not founded on truth. Were the author to disclaim any pretension to merit in them, he would be treating without deference, the opinions of many enlightened and respectable gentlemen, who have long honoured him with their patronage and support. In proof of the favourable light in which they regard him, the reader is here presented with an extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman, an officer of the Perthshire Volunteers, dated, 12th January, 1807, as follows :

“ Give me leave to assure you of my sincere good wishes for your prosperity and success in life, and of every support which my influence, or that of the 4th Battalion Royal Perthshire Volunteers can afford you. In testimony of the sense they entertain of your merit, and your attention to the corps, the officers have unanimously voted Ten Guineas out of the funds of the regiment to be paid you. I have drawn the money,

by their desire, and will pay it you or your order, with pleasure. I am, &c. &c.

J—— S——."

On receipt of which, the author returned the following lines, extempore :

Your yellow guineas glitter fine,
 And I was wonder glad to see them ;
 May heaven bless these hearts o' thine,
 Which put it in your heads to gie them.
 Sae lang's I live yere bard I'll be,
 And aye till death your humble servant ;
 And may ye ne'er want gowd to gie,
 And I be mair and mair deservin't.

The sentiments conveyed in the letter above referred to, together with the pressing solicitation of friends, and a numerous acquaintance, have induced the author to lay these few sheets before the public, as they are, in hopes that they will be treated with lenity and candour, especially, as it will easily be seen, they have been written (mostly) from a design to please ; and if the perusal of them shall afford half the pleasure which the recitation generally yielded, the author will be

TALES, POEMS, &c.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

PERTH AND KINNOUL.

Written in Summer, 1810, while the Author was living in GASKHILL HOUSE, which commands a fine view of PERTH BRIDGE.

AE night comin' hame frae the Hammer an' Crown*,
Whare the wale o' gude fellows had met,
Whan the plain-stanes by far war owre strait to get down,
Whar sae mony bow winnocks are set.

Wi' my zigs and my zags, I cou'd hardly keep rule,
But by fortune the town was asleep,
Save twa wha preside over Perth an' Kinnoul,
And nightly their vigils must keep.

A

• An Inn.

On the Brig whar they stood, bein' close in converse,
 I listen'd to hear what they said;
 When Perth seem'd to brag o' her banks an' commerce,
 And the profits arising from trade.

Here Perth in her hand held her Eagle in view,
 On which she was gazing intent;
 While Kinnoul seem'd to lean on a spade an' a plough,
 On which was engraven—CONTENT.

Fair Bertha* was clad in the mode o' the toun,
 Which display'd ev'ry grace she possess'd:
 So tight was the train an' the waist of her gown,
 That she look'd like a Venus ha'f dress'd.

The reverse was Kinnoul, for the evening was cool,
 She consulted her comfort and health:
 Her winsies war made by sweet Modesty's rule,
 An' bespak baith her wisdom an' wealth.

Now Bertha seem'd proud o' her new-fashioned toun,
 Her slippers, an' silk parasol,
 But look'd on her sister, Kinnoul, wi' a froun,
 And observ'd, that her winsies look'd droll.

KINNOUL.

Dear sister, my gown's not so gaudy as yours,
 But it fits me as weel ilka wheet;
 And at noon I can rest in my sweet shady bow,
 Whan toun's fouk maun saunter the street.

* The antient name of Perth.

PERTH.

Na, sister, Kinnoul, I need dree nae sic dule;
 What think ye o' Bertha's fine Green;
 There's not sic anither, for wa'k or the bowl,
 'Twixt Dover an' Auld Aberdeen.

Besides I can boast o' this beautifu' Brig,
 Which connects you an' me now thegither,
 Wha's back is as plain as a Carse corn rigg,
 Nor in Scotland is there sic anither.

KINNOUL.

But, sister, keep mind, ye was helpit by me,
 Or yere Brig wad a never been biggit;
 For muckle gude gowd auld Kinnoul* had to gi'e,
 'By what thro' the warld ye thiggit.

Sae dinna look doun on an auld trusty frien',
 Tho' far yere advanc'd i' the fashion;
 My banks are as bonny as yours to be seen,
 An' the Tay rins as clear as it's passin'.

My banks too are cover'd wi' cattle an' grain,
 Nae kintry can furnish them cheaper;
 While yours, I can see, little ither contain,
 Than creatures that live upon paper.

A 2

* Thomas Earl of Kinnoul, to whose patriotic exertions, it is well known, the present Bridge of Perth owed its existence.

What villas an' gardens adorn my sides,
 Surpass'd by but few in the nation ;
 And a counicile sae wise, o'er my police presides,
 They're an honor an' grace to their station.

Now answer me discreetly,
 And to the point completely,
 And keep yere temper sweetly,
 But naither brag nor blaw.
 I dinna mean to teaze ye,
 Nor cringe owre laigh to please ye,
 Sae lat nae passion seize ye,
 Or faus conclusions draw.

BERTHA.

Dear sister, Kinnoul, I have heard ye wi' patience,
 An' blads o' the truth ye hae spoken,
 Tho' matchin' o' this wi' some bygane occasions,
 I'd fondly conclude yere but jokin'.

Of worthy Lord Thomas, I frankly allow,
 I have mony a time been his debter,
 For in ilka contrivance he helpit me through ;
 Nor a friend e'er had Bertha his better.

When great fouk like him hae the heart to stap furth,
 In support o' our local improvements,
 It endears in a wonderfu' manner their wirth,
 An' gi'es spirit ten-fauld to our movements.

But, sister, ye brag o' yere sweet shady banks,
 How they're buskit wi' gardens an' a' that,
 But whither in this yere deservin' o' thanks,
 A mament's reflection will shaw that.

Yere *Youngs* an' yere *Stewarts*, yere *Patons* an' *Woods*,
 Pray whare was their siller collectit,
 But in Bertha's rich banks, by the quill-driver bloods,
 Sae my banks shud of course be respectit.

Yere councile sae wise I wad likewise advise,
 To keep their streets cleaner and neater;
 It's a shame an' surprise what a filth on them lies,
 An' they ought to consider the matter.

And now my answer's endit,
 I've said what I intendit,
 Try ye yere skill to mend it,
 Without a crack or flaw.
 Let faith an' love unfeigned
 Be round us baith entwined,
 But if for war inclined,
 I'm ready at a ca'.

KINNOUL.

Dear sister for strife I was never inclin'd,
 Ye hae fairly mistaken my meanin',
 Tho' thus I thought needfu' to tell ye my mind,
 We sud ne'er be condemn'd for opinion.

Ye tell me the gowd that has gilded my braes,
 Was gether'd on your side the water,
 Ye may fetch it frae Mexico's mines gin ye please,
 So it maks me luke fairer an' fatter.

Of the dirt on my streets ye wi' justice complain,
 But how can the grievance be mendit?
 Sae auld an' sae narrow, ye very weel ken,
 Frae filth they can scarce be defendit.

But time will row roun', an' perhaps it is near,
 Whan my streets will be cleaner an' wider,
 Then bonny Brigend will unrival'd appear,
 Tho' Bertha be shinnin' a side her.

But, sister, luke ower yere ain vennels an' lanes,
 They're dirty an' dark i' the glomin':
 Last night passin' thro' I had maist broke my banes,
 Tho' hame frae the kirk I was comin'.

And as for those gentry ye've tauntit me wi',
 Wha's clade me wi' gardens and villas,
 Whan wearied o' thee they come hither to me,
 To repose 'mang my birks an' my willows.

Sae Bertha I beg you'll be quiet,
 To wrangle I mean not to try it,
 What profit wad either hae by it,
 'Twad only our folly expose.

Believe it was ne'er my intention
 To foster the seeds o' contention,
 Remember the fruits o' dissension
 Are bitter by what ye'd suppose.

Then Bertha said, sister, come gie me your hand,
 For now ye have quite satisfy'd me;
 And if on my friendship ye hae a demand,
 Depend on't its ne'er be denied ye.

Lat your banks an' my banks each other befriend,
 Since thus they're unitit thegither.
 And lat it hencefurth to the warld be kend
 Our sons live like brither an' brither.

By this auld *Saint John**, wi' his hammer strak twell,
Saint Paul† soon confirm'd what he said;
 When these loving friends bade each other farewell,
 And I swaggard hame to my bed.

* Old Church of Perth.

† New Church of Perth.

TIT FOR TAT.

THE CAT, THE WREN, AND THE REDBREAST:

A WAEFU' TALE.

LATELY strollin' thro' a garden,
 Simmer makin' a' thing glad,
 Ilka stap my time rewardin',
 Till I reach'd a rural shade.

Here I lean'd me to consither,
 Nature wi' her sister, Art,
 How sae sweet they seem'd thegither,
 Hand in hand, to act their part.—

Here the daisie decks the border,
 Where the tulip rears its head;
 There the hy'cinth, rang'd in order,
 Gilds yon sweet an' scented bed.

Flow'rs of every kind an' colour,
 With each other seem'd to vie;
 Here the best botanic scholar
 Might his skill an' learning try.

What amus'd me maist of ony,
 Was a wee bit bobin' Wran,
 Friskin' thro' the flow'rs sae funny,
 Back an' forrit fast she ran.

But while I sat gazin' at her,
 Robin, frae a neib'rin' tree,
 Doun cam dartin' wi' a blatter,
 Gart her feathers round him flee.

Cou'd I quietly sit an' see him,
 Thus abuse a saikless Wran;
 No! my heart cou'd not forgi'e him,
 Sae to chide him thus began.

" Ah! ye ruthless rascal, Robin,
 " Why wad ye a Wran devour;
 " See its wee bit bosom throbbin',
 " Life will leave it e'er an hour.

" Does that little vest o' scarlet,
 " Crookit claws an' pointit bill,
 " Sanction thee to be a varlet,
 " Or a fellow bird to kill.

" What if she's the tender mither
 " O' a young an' helpless brood,
 " Wha maun ply thro' wind an' weather,
 " To provide them daily food.

" Why has nature so providit
 " For your wants thro' a' the year,
 " Yet has fate so ill decedit,
 " That a Wran sud live in fear.

Scarcely had I quat my chidin',
 (Sorrow brak her neck a twa)
 Bounce lap *Badrans* frae her hidin',
 Claught up Robin an' awa'.

Fast I raise an' flang my bonnet,
 Ran an' cried an' clew my head,
 But her tusks war tight upon it,
 Aff like shot she wi' him gade.

Had I hane a gun to shoot her,
 Surely I had done the deed;
 Little cou'd a Robin boote her,
 War it not her savage greed.

Men an' birds are on a level,
 If the truth we see and hear;
 Some are born to fight and revel,
 Others doom'd to want an' fear.

Thus we see by what I've given,
 Ilka creature has its foe;
 Strange to think that gracious heaven
 Ever should ordain'd it so.

LINES

ON HEARING OF A

MAUSOLEUM FOR ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE BARD ;

And seeing a Hill Farmer's Subscription of a Stone
of Butter, and another of Cheese, for that purpose.
See Perth Courier, 1814.

HEAL be yere heart, my muirlan' chield,
May peace an' health lang bless yere bield,
Wi' flocks an' herds to stock yere field
Sae lang's ye live,
An' mickle may yere pantry yield
To tak an' give.

Ye've shawn mair love to ROBIE's wirth
Than niggard Ayr, which gave him birth,
Whar want an' hunger drave him furth
Wi' thread-bare coat,
Yet naught cou'd check his glee and mirth,
He brav'd his lot.

Oh ! hard an' stanie heartit Ayr,
Thy fame is lost for ever mair,
To let thy Bard, o' genius rare,
But siller scant,

Thus pace thy streets oppress'd wi' care,
Or cringin' want.

Full aghteen winters now are gane,
Since BURNS, yere Bard, was frae you tane,
Yet tomb or bust thou'st gi'en him nane,
To mark his head;
Nae wonder tho' each muse maks mane,
The tale to read.

And thou Dumfries, whar lang he dwelt,
An' for his wirth sic fondness felt,
Yet thy hard heart it cou'dna melt,
His life to cheer;
And now (for suith) thou'dst hae us tell't
His dust is dear.

That's a' the mends you now can make,
And nearest shift ye hae to take,
For troth ye're credit's been at stake
Near twenty year.
But now your native pride's awake,
I'm glad to hear.

E'en Scotland wide may weel think shame,
For by my saul she's sair to blame,
To let her Bard o' matchless fame,
E'er want a groat;

Or wife or bairn wha bear his name,
A weel spun coat.

Let never Poet after BURNS,
Wham Scotland lov'd, wham Britain mourn,
Expect for merit due returns,
Sae lang's he's livin';
And what can costly tombs or urns
Add now to heaven.

The passer-by may hap to speer,
What mighty man lies honor'd here;
Some hero, sure, or patriot peer,
Gets this reward,
No! this is BURN'S, of memory dear,
A Scottish bard.

That's just the end this tomb can serve,
Except his ashes to preserve.
How hard to let a genius starve
For lak o' bread,
And then sic kindness to observe
Whan he is dead.

Had nature's gifts been less profuse,
Had Scotia scrimply lent her muse,
Dumfries an' Ayr might plead excuse
For their neglect;

But wha durst sic a bard refuse
His due respect.

Cou'd bare applause content the wame,
Cou'd back or bed be clad by fame,
That, we'll allow, a bard may claim
His flame to nurse;
But for his saul he darsna aim
To touch our purse.

Experience aften lets us see,
A bard's ne'er thought of till he die,
Syne fouks begin their sympathy
By tomb or bust;
But what can braw mausoleums be
To lifeless dust.

Luke owre his book an' there ye'll see
The bard in a' his life an' glee,
That! that's the gowd that pleases me
Frae time to time,
And will, methinks, mair lastin' be
Than stane an' lime.

But hush, my muse, this theme resign,
What's ROBIE's now may yet be mine,
How proudly then wad JAMIE shine
In 's Mausoleum;

An' see this scribble ilka line,
In gilded volume.

Heal be his heart wha first contriv'd,
Fu' be their purse wha hae subscrib'd,
Rob's honor'd dust was lang depriv'd
O' what was due,
But now the wish'd-for day's arriv'd,
Or close in view.

Light be the sod upon his breast,
Sweet, saft an' sound, be ROBIE's rest,
Of a' the bards he was the best
To Scotland given,
And still, methinks, he leads the blest
That sing in heaven.

BESSEY BELL AND MARY GRAY,

[B. The former was daughter to the Laird of Kinvaid; the latter was daughter to the Laird of Lynedock, in Perthshire. It is said that, during the Plague in 1645, they, to avoid it, retired from their friends, to a romantic spot, now called Bechy Brae, on the banks of Almond, where they built a bower, and lived some time on the productions of nature, but being discovered by a young gentleman, who was deeply in love with BESSEY BELL, they all died of the plague soon after.

PART I.

WHEN plague and death, a dreary space,
Pervaded Britain's isle;
When sorrow sat on many a face,
And few were seen to smile.

On Almond side, as poets tell,
There dwelt two ladies gay;
The one was named fair BESSEY BELL,
The other MARY GRAY.

Fast knit in close relation's bands,
Their friendship still increas'd;
And each was heiress of the lands,
Her sires had long possess'd.

Thus BESSEY BELL and MA
To years and beauty grew
While death around them ev
Confirm'd his mission true

By fear impress'd, it struck
To live recluse from man
And long they sought a spot
Convenient for their plan,

To build a bower on Almon
Within a lonely wood,
Where herbs and nuts, and
Those maidens for their fo

Here many months in humb
They fixt their lone abode
Unknown or seen by human
They spent their time wit

Religion in their early youth
Had oft their mind employ
And trusting now its sacred
Much comfort they enjoy'

No costly table here was spr
With dishes rich and fine;
Nor humble Page, in liv'ry c
Pour'd out the homely win

The bramble grape, the hazle nut,

The crystal spring that flow'd,
Were all, it seem'd, those maidens sought,
And all that heav'n bestow'd.

No gaudy weeds those ladies wore,
Nor di'monds had to boast;
Nor silk, nor fur, from foreign shore,
Brought home with toil and cost.

The flax that wav'd on yonder field,
Supplied them linen white:
The wool which Scotia's mountains yield,
Here clad them day and night.

Here Nature spread her beauties wide,
In ev'ry flow'r that springs;
And music swell'd on either side,
From ev'ry bird that sings.

The lark awak'd them in the morn;
With her delightful note;
The linnets warbl'd from the thorn,
Around their humble cot.

Thus far remov'd from humankind,
They thought themselves secure;
Nor foul infection could them find,
Nor death discry their door.

But ah ! the fire of ardent love
 Conceal'd in BESSEY's breast,
 Which nought but fate could disapprove,
 Bereav'd her mind of rest.

A neighb'ring youth, of manners mild,
 And much respected birth,
 Her near acquaintance from a child,
 And conscious of her worth,

Who long had sigh'd for BESSEY BELL,
 And long conceal'd his pain;
 At length had told his tender tale,
 Nor was his suit in vain;

For she it seems had likewise lov'd,
 Though close she kept the same;
 No wonder then her heart approv'd,
 When he declar'd his flame.

Oft by sweet Almond's flow'ry side,
 This youthful pair had rov'd;
 Where oft he styl'd fair Bess his bride,
 And told how much he lov'd.

But now that he had lost his fair,
 No peace on earth had he;
 His mind was fill'd with anxious care,
 And sad perplexity.

Both town and country, far and near,
 He sought for BESSEY BELL;
 But ah! no tidings he could hear,
 For none her home could tell.

Thus did this youth, day after day,
 His search for her renew;
 Nor pass'd the stranger on his way,
 But ask'd if he her knew.

" Oh! have you seen fair BESSEY BELL,
 " The flow'r of womankind;
 " Oh! gentle stranger can you tell
 " Where I this nymph might find.

" Her hair is like the threads of gold,
 " Tied with a ribbon blue;
 " Her frame was cast in beauty's mould,
 " With nature's likeness true."

Then would he to the winds complain
 Of his hard destiny;
 Or breath'd his plaint in mournful strain,
 Or sad soliloquy.

" Oh! love, my unrelenting foe,
 " And cause of all my pain,
 " Must I the sweets of life forego,
 " And waste my youth in vain.

" Oh! hear my plaint, ye pow'rs above,
" And mitigate my woe;
" Oh! had she known how much I love,
" She had not left me so.

" The dove may take a morning flight,
" And leave her mate to mourn;
" But long before the fall of night
" Will to her nest return.

" Sure some unhallow'd rival hand
" Has borne my fair aside;
" Perhaps this night in wedlock's band,
" My BESS becomes his bride.

" Oh! would some angel lead the way,
" Or point what course to take;
" Though thousand dangers round her lay,
" I'd brave them for her sake.

" But why complain of BESSEY BELL,
" Or think of fortune ill!
" Oh! could I hope, (for who can tell)
" Perhaps she loves me still.

" But see the sun has left the sky,
" The shades of night draw near;
" The fleecy clouds of crimson dye
" Begin to disappear.

" No hamlet round me I can spy,
 " But bleak and dreary waste ;
 " Where shall a wand'rer safely lye
 " His wearied limbs to rest.

" To Lynedock-hall I'll bend my way,
 " Where friendship I shall find ;
 " There lives her uncle, worthy GRAY,
 " Of feeling heart and kind.

" My mournful tale of slighted love,
 " To him I will declare ;
 " A heart like his, no doubt, 't will move
 " To sympathetic care.

" But see ! from yon embow'ring shade
 " What glimm'ring taper shines ;
 " Perhaps some Hermit there is fled,
 " And now in hunger pines.

" I'll haste me hence perhaps in time,
 " E'er death has clos'd his eye,
 " To succour life was ne'er a crime,
 " Though even doom'd to die."

Then straight he hied him to the spot,
 From whence this taper shone ;
 At length he reach'd the humble cot,
 Built of green sod alone.

The roof of pyramidal form,
 Cut from the neighb'ring bushes;
 And as a shelter from the storm,
 'Twas thatched o'er with rushes.

He round it gaz'd with wond'ring eyes,
 To think upon the choice;
 But who can paint his sweet surprise,
 To hear a female voice.

He paus'd to think what hapless fair
 Might in this bower dwell;
 But, oh!! think what his feelings were,
 To hear his BESSEY BELL.

An eager transport fir'd his breast,
 Regardless of all harms,
 The door he gently backward press'd,
 And lock'd her in his arms.

But who can paint in colours fair,
 This sweet, this tender scene;
 Ye fervent lovers now declare,
 Nor dare, for once, to feign.

PART II.

Her faithful cousin, MARY GRAY,
Upon a couch reclin'd ;
The sacred volume by her lay,
Her guide and counsel kind.

Alarm'd to find a youth so rude,
Had found their sweet retreat ;
And see a stranger thus intrude,
She sunk beside her seat.

Her balmy lips of rosy hue,
Appear'd like lifeless clay ;
Her eyes like pearly drops of dew,
Their lusture died away.

At length she heav'd a melting sigh,
O'ercome with fear and grief ;
The stranger heard and turn'd his eye,
Then sprung to her relief.

E'en love, with all its boasted charms,
He for a moment spurn'd,
And held her friendly in his arms,
Till life and sense return'd.

Her eyes resum'd their lustre bright,
 Her lips their scarlet hue;
 Her raven-locks and bosom white,
 His admiration drew.

A sudden stupor seiz'd his thought,
 But how, he could not tell;
 He, for a moment, quite forgot
 His peerless BESSEY BELL.

'Twas but a moment, and no more,
 This conflict he endur'd;
 The fair he long had lov'd before,
 But spake and he was cur'd.

Oh! MARY, dear, my cousin kind,
 And partner of my woe;
 Was ruthless fate itself design'd,
 To break my comfort so.

This is my much lamented friend,
 Young WILLIAM is his name;
 His love for me, which knows no end,
 Has been in this to blame.

But now that fortune's fickle wheel
 Has brought my friend to me;
 Come share with me the joy I feel,
 And I'll do so with thee.

Thus said, she spread a towel white,
 Upon her cousin's knee ;
 Then brought the best, that well she might,
 And serv'd them cheerfully.

No questions ask'd, no faults were found,
 Nor studied forms were here ;
 'Twas sweet content the supper crown'd,
 And welcome for good cheer.

With hand and heart they jointly strove,
 His comfort to procure ;
 Sure love alone can answer love*,
 And render bliss secure.

I need not here in words describe,
 The minutes wing their way
 Unheaded, till the feather'd tribe
 Proclaim'd approaching day.

The Lark, the Linnet, and the Thrush,
 With warbling notes, and wild,
 Began to chaunt on every bush,
 While bright Aurora smil'd.

When hand in hand, the loving pair,
 They left the humble cell,
 The heart-felt joys of love to share,
 And all its griefs to tell.

• Thomson.

'Twas by sweet Almond's limpid stream,
 Where sporting fishes play,
 Young WILLIAM, and his lovely dame,
 That morning took their way.

Here all that love could say was said,
 Or virtuous truth invent;
 And here the day was fix'd to wed,
 With blushing free consent.

This done, young WILLIAM took his leave,
 And homeward bent his way;
 While BESS was left no more to grieve,
 But wait the wish'd-for day.

With joy he hied him home to tell,
 So well's his journey sped,
 And how he found his BESSEY BELL,
 Embow'r'd in yonder shade.

He told his friends they must provide
 'Gainst the appointed hour,
 To welcome home his lovely bride,
 And grace the nuptial bow'r.

But now it pains my heart to speak,
 And all must grieve to hear,
 Our young bridegroom fell soon so sick,
 That death itself seem'd near.

The best of human skill was tried,
 The first advice was given,
 But all in vain, young WILLIAM died,
 He died in hopes of heaven.

Thus to disease a victim fell,
 A youth of spotless fame,
 Whose latest words were, BESSEY BELL,
 Life ended with her name.

Now let us turn to yonder bow'r,
 Where these two maidens gay,
 Prepar'd to meet the nuptial hour,
 Th' appointed marriage day.

But, ah! the pestilential breath,
 As many still suppose,
 Of their late stranger, prov'd their death,
 Though sweet as summer rose.

And there, unseen, their bodies lay,
 Till by some wand'rer found;
 And here their graves are seen this day,
 Denied the sacred ground.

This simple stone and ivy'd wall,
 Directs the stranger's way,
 To let the tear of pity fall,
 A tribute due to pay.

This, worthy BERRY* fenced round,
 With many a shrub and tree ;
 This spot he styl'd sequester'd ground,
 And still deserves to be.

Here Almond o'er its pebb'l'd bed,
 Meanders soft and sweet ;
 There many a winding walk and shade,
 Where lovers daily meet.

Here gallant GRAHAM, of well won fame,
 Has fix'd his mansion seat ;
 And greatly beautify'd the same
 With woods and gardens sweet.

His matchless skill, and boundless taste
 At Lynedock now to view,
 Have brought him many a noble guest,
 Which never Scotland knew.

But here my muse must quit her theme,
 Nor more the numbers tell ;
 May fortune wait on worthy GRAHAM,
 And peace to BESSEY BELL.

c 3

* Major BERRY, late of Lynedock.

TO ANDREW SCOT,

A BORDER BARD,

On reading his book of Poems, 1810.

HAIL, laurl'd bard o' Tweeda side,
 Of border poets a' the pride,
 Thy fame through Scotland, far an' wide,
 Is loudly ringin';
 Whar mountains rise, or burnies glide,
 Yere sangs are singin'.

HAD I the gifts o' ROBIE BURNS,
 Or FERGUSON, wham Scotland mourns,
 Or canty ALLAN's crafty turns
 For poetry,
 I'd drap a tear o'er a' their urns,
 An' crack wi' thee.

LEEZE me on thee, my sodger FOGGIE,
 To see yere face wad mak me voggie,
 On *Eildon hills*, wi' crook an' dogie,
 War I but there,
 Of gude Scotch drink, we'd hae a cogie,
 That healsom wair.

Fain wad I ruize ye, gin I cou'd,
 But o' that trade I ne'er was gude;
 Ye see my styl's baith rough an' rude,
 An' apt to stammer;

Though whiles I tak a rhymin' mood,
But grace or grammar.

I've read yere bookie owre an' owre,
An' tried yere verses, sax and four,
Till I was scarcely fit to glour
Wi' crusie light,
Sae pleas'd yere muse had sic a pow'r,
Or rhymin' slight.

Yere Vision I've perus'd wi' care,
Whilk aft wi' wonder gart me tare,
To see what truth ye've staitit there,
Anent the times;
An' how ilk gouk, like me, wad share.
His routh o' rhymes.

Yere puddock crack has music in it,
Ye've sic a funnie finish gi'en it,
Wha cou'd but laugh that e'er has seen it,
It is sae queer;
I'll to my memory ever preen it,
Ye needna fear.

And, oh! yere funnie Boswell's fair,
Is what I prize for ever mair,
How ilk ane there expose their ware,
An' risk their fate,

An' how the lads an' lasses pair,
 Whan it grows late.

Yere lime, yere marle, an' yere dung,
 An' Eildon hills hae sweetly sung,
 I'm glad to hear ye've lous'd their tongue,
 An' gart them crack;
 Nae wonder Mewrie's Abbey rung
 An' echo'd back.

Much I admire yere lentrane kail,
 They've made me mony a healsome meal,
 But, oh! the joakie lightsome tale,
 The Blankets airin';
 This month my een will scarce be heal,
 Sae sair wi' stairin'.

Yere harvist sports I like them weel,
 Whan ilka lass, an' sturdy chiel,
 Are met to wield the crookit steel,
 That reaps the corn,
 An' breathe the lowin' flame they feel,
 At e'en an' morn.

In short ilk theme ye tak in hand,
 Our highest praise may weel command,
 To guess the best, we're at a stand,
 They're a' sae droll;

Ye surely wield some majic wand,
Without controle.

Through a' yere buke there's naught to see
But modist mirth and loyalty,
An' that's the sort o' peotry
That I delight in,
Or, had I sic a gift as thee,
What I wad write in.

Perhaps ye'll think its rather free,
In ane sae little kend as me ;
I'm fear'd as soon as this ye see,
Ye'll hiss an' spurn it.
If sae I thought the case wad be,
I'd rather burn it.

But I hope better things o' you,
Gin a' that I hae heard be true.
This simple scrawl, whan ye review,
Ye maun excuse it :
'Twas weel intendit, just allow,
An' nae abuse it.

What gifts I hae, although but sma',
I count a cryin' sin to thraw ;
Tho' whiles I brack gude breedin's law,
In scrapes like this,

The fouk wha ken me here awa',
Ne'er ca't amiss.

But hark, the clock has warn'd ten,
The spoons an' 'tatoes are brought ben:
My wife cries, Jamie, quit yere pen,
Come heast ye end it;
The less that's said, ye brawly ken,
Is soonest mendit.

Sae fair ye weel, my *Bowden* bard,
Yere southland muse is right weelfard,
What though the times are tight an' hard,
Stick teuchly till her,
Yere trouble yet she will reward
Wi' friends an' sillar.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye keen yon paukie moddler blade*,
Wha through the warld drives a trade,
To shape fouk aff aneth the head,
Of ilka sort,
An' muckle gowd, its loudly said,
He's gettin' for't.

* Morison.

'Taws he that tald me first o' you,
 Baith whar ye win, an' whar ye grew,
 An' muckle mair than I'll allow
 My muse to tell;
 Yere painter and engraver too,
 He kens fu' well.

Nae doubt as soon's that chield ye see,
 Ye'll get a random swatch o' me,
 For brawlie can the calland gie,
 At ony time,
 A knacksy joake, wi' mirth an' glee
 In prose or rhyme.

ODE TO THE YEAR 1815,

ON HEARING OF THE

PEACE WITH AMERICA, 1st January.

WELCOME, welcome, welcome, here,
 News o' Peace and infant year;
 Gracious heaven sure has sent ye,
 Now we're bless'd wi' peace an' plenty,
 Yankies yieldin' to her senses,
 Britain's countin' her expenses,
 Baith are dreadin' consequences.

}

Now they're friendly shakin' hands,
 Signin' sicker bills an' bands.
 Let them freat wha feed on war,
 We'll be better, better far.
 Hand about the sneeshan horn,
 We'll get cheaper shuff the morn;
 Fill the pipe, an' keep it lightit,
 Things will shortly a' be rightit.
 Tea, Tobacco, Snuff, an' Cotton,
 Will be soon in plenty gotten.
 Fetch the kebbick, cakes, an' whisky,
 So let's a' be blythe an' frisky.
 Mark my neebour, honest PETER,
 Ne'er was mill-companion sweeter,
 Grindin' spice to prime his nose,
 Nearly gane frae wark an' brose;
 Growin' sae dowie, douf, an' doitit,
 Crabbit, cross, an' capernoitit;
 Careless o' his back an' wame,
 Headless baith o' house an' hame,
 See him now sae lightsome laughin',
 Loupin' like a lamb wi' daffin';
 Ilka thing gaun lightly wi' him,
 'Twad delight ye now to see him.
 Our gude wife was maistly dien'
 Tea an' tost sae seldom seein',
 Though I tried my best to please her,
 D—l a thing I did but teaze her:
 Growlin' ay for want o' silder,
 Kickin' baith the dogs an' childer.

Ne'er a man was mair opprest,
 Wi' a wife, of late the best.
 Now the great an' glorious news,
 Spreads a brightness o'er her brows;
 Now she's coothie, kind, an' tame;
 Peace abroad's made peace at hame.
 Oh!!! would Hydra-headed war,
 Break its sword, and burn its carr;
 Nations, then, would live like brothers;
 Kingdoms would be nursing mothers;
 Peace would universal reign;
 Plenty fill her horn again;
 Trade would flourish wide and free;
 Wealth would cover land and sea;
 Happy, then, would Europe be.

A PARODY

ON THE
 HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER,
 TO THE DUKE OF ATHOLL,

On the Author's first visiting the Falls, in 1811.

" Here haply, too, at vernal dawn,
 " Some musing bard may stray.

BURNS.

YES, matchless BURNS, a simple bard,
 Has seen my rugged banks,

Wha, for your care an' kind regard,
 Returns ye thousand thanks.
 My Noble Lord it seem'd to please,
 Wha granted a' my wishes:
 See how he's clad my sides wi' trees,
 An' bonny spreadin' bushes.

Here, now, the lightly loupin' trouts
 May near my margin play,
 Unhurt by Summer's sultry drōu'ts,
 Or Phebus' scorchin' ray.
 Here, too, the lover an' his lass,
 May saunter all unseen,
 Or saftly seat them on the grass,
 While plightin' vows between.

Here now the cushet builds her nest,
 An' tim'rous maukins coor;
 And here the mountain roe may rest,
 Frae dogs an' guns secure.
 Hark, how the lavrick strains her throat,
 And linnets pour their lay,
 To cheer this sweet sequester'd spot,
 As well's my thanks to pay.

Oh! cou'd my bard look back to see,
 Those scenes sae much the brighter,
 'Twad mak his heart to jump wi' glee,
 And e'en his truf ly lighter.

But ah! sic scenes nae mair can please;
 In death's dark house he dwals,
 Far, far, frae Athole's bonny braes,
 An' Bruar's roarin' Falls.

Oh! wad some bard o' gen'us bright,
 Again my banks survey;
 Wha now cou'd paint in colours right,
 An' a' my sweets pourtry.—
 What woods an' wa'ks adorn me now,
 What flocks and herds are seen,
 Whar Tilt an' Bruar rapid row,
 The clifty rocks atween.

Whar Nature in her careless heast,
 Threw doun the towrin' hills,
 And gracious heaven has wisely plac'd,
 The crystal lakes an' rills,
 The wearied trav'ler's heart to cheer,
 Wha here may hap to roam
 Bewilder'd 'midst those mountains dreer,
 When far frae house or home.

* Now Autumn comes, whan Hart an' Hind,
 Gars sportsmen here convene,
 Whan I'll be grac'd wi' ATHOLL, kind,
 And pride of Athole's green.

D 2

* * The last stanza was composed on seeing the Duke and Dutchess, with a large party, setting out from Blair to visit the Falls of Bruar. August, 1811.

The task be mine to thank his GRACE,
 While here I shall meander;
 And may his sons, till latest space,
 My banks, delighted, wander.

N.B. The author is very sensible that the whole composition, in every respect, is very far inferior to the original, by Burns; but they will, in some measure, shew what has been done by the Duke to remove the poet's complaint, and fulfil his wishes, which was the author's chief design.

ON THE CARES AND INSECURITY OF SERVITUDE,

ESPECIALLY IN THE EMPLOY OF THE GREAT.

GUDE G—d! on what a slender thread
 Do great fouks' servants trust their bread.
 A thousand ways it may be nickit,
 When aff poor *Humble* must be kickit,
 It maks nae matter what offence;
 His Honor's will is full pretence.
 E'en tho' he's buttler o' the house,
 His plate an' piggs, he must produce:
 Nae mercy for him on his knees,
 By George! he must give up his keys.
 May hap he wears his Master's coat,
 G—d help him then, if sae his lot,
 For whither he has ane or no,
 This instant he must strip an' go.

Albe't the coachman or the groom,
 Nae matter which, he gets his doom,—
 Get aff my horse, ye black-gard villan;
 I'm d——'d, if e'er ye get a shillin'.
 Perhaps he delves his honor's yard,
 Whar merit meets but sma' reward;
 An' care is aften ill-requitit,
 And even wisdom whiles outwitit.
 A thousand faes he has to fight,
 A thousand wrangs to put to right.
 Baith earth an' air seem to conspire,
 In addin' fuel to his fire.
 The cauld keeps back his early plants;
 The cook complains for what he wants;
 The auld housekeeper wants her fruits;
 The scull'ry wench roars for her roots.
 It buits naught to blame the season,
 They're deaf to baith his rhyme an' reason;
 He just as weel may quit his sang,
 He's certain to be put i' wrang.
 His blossom's blightit by the frost,
 By which his fondest hopes are lost,
 The scoarchin' heat dries up his soil,
 Which breeds him mickle care an' toil.
 The powrin' rain rears up the weeds,
 Which ilka kind o' vermine breeds.
 The catterpillar, wasps, an' worms,
 Devour his fruit and tree deforms.
 The moles, the mice, the snails, an' ants,
 Abuse his beds, an' waste his plants.

The meenest midge that mounts the air,
 At times can breed a gardiner care.
 But there's a vermine warse than these,
 His honor's *Pickthanks*, gin ye please :
 Of a' our pests they are the chief,
 Which breed a gardiner care an' grief :
 They cheat the rich, they wrang the poor,
 They crawl about the great fouks' door :
 In every soil they seem to thrive,
 In every season they're alive :
 They're hatch'd in hell, they feed on flame,
 Strife an' destruction's a' their aim :
 Oh ! gracious heaven, hear my pray'r,
 Destroy this brood, I ask nae mair.

ON THE GREAT BANKRUPTCY IN 1811.

BY WAY OF DREAM, OR REVERIE, Jan. 1st.

I DREAM'D a drearie dream yestreen,
 Gude grant sic dreams may ne'er prove true ;
 Just as the auld year bade gudeen',
 An' I had welcom'd in the new.

Methought my muse stude by my bed,
 An' smil'd propitious for the time ;
 She curtsied laigh, an' kindly said,
 I'll try to put yere dream in rhyme

Then fare ye weel, auld neebour *ten*,
 Since now *eleven* fills yere place;
 How she may rule I dinna ken,
 But now she wears a gloomy face.

I watna whither peace or war,
 Or death, or dearth it may bespeak;
 But some mischief, not distant far,
 Seems markit on her meagar check.

Its true we wantna meal an' maut,
 Wi' beef an' mutton, mony a stane;
 They're truly gude, but what o' that,
 When cash an' credit baith are gane.

Our great fouks a' are droun'd in tears,
 Around our sickly Sovereign's bed;
 Our puir fouks a' hae mourn'd, for years,
 The loss o' credit, cash, an' trade.

Commerce has fa'n an' broak her neck;
 Nou Bankrupt strides thro' ilka toun;
 The siller lender's lost our check;
 The warld's turnin' upside doun.

Our wives can get nae lint to spin;
 Our websters hae nae yarn to weave.
 Want's sair to thole—there's naught to win;
 The honest heart maun beg or thief.

Its but a month, or something mair,
 Since wi' a friend I hapt to dine,
 Wha daily din'd on viands rair,
 And after dinner choice o' wine.

But loss on loss, my friend oppress'd,
 His trade and credit baith declin'd;
 The gudes an' gear he lang possess'd,
 Were a' sequesterate an' consign'd

To crown his grief he's thrown in jail,
 Unable now to pay his debt,
 How painful there to hear his tale,
 An' see him sighin' through a grate.

There he maun ly till peace come back,
 An' shed its comforts o'er our isle;
 Methought the warld was gaun to wrack,
 If fortune didna quickly smile.

I dream'd ilka continental pow'r
 Had got a crackit crown to claw;
 The *Turk*, the *Pope*, an' *Laplund Boor*,
 As *Bonney* likes, maun stand or fa'.

Puir German *Joe* had gat his thumps,
 I saw his neck bent to the yoak;
 And *Methew Dutch* was left in dumps,
 Wi' scarce a bacco-pipe to smoak.

E'en Prussie, that perfidious sott,
 A tool to Bonaparte made ;
 An' Sweden sway'd by Bernadote,
 Their fugie king to England fled.

Puir *Poland*, *Portugal*, an' *Spain*,
 Laid prostrate by a tyrant's guile,
 While *Joseph Party* seem'd to reign,
 An upstart o' a foreign soil.

Methought the crown shook on his head,
 In spite o' a' his hellish art ;
 The throne that late for him was made
 I saw turn'd to a herrin'-cart.

I saw brave ARTHUR* beat his force,
 On Talavera's bludy field,
 Though twice his number, foot an' horse,
 The Corsican was forc'd to yield.

Methought Sir ARTHUR's sword prevail'd,
 Till peace display'd her olive branch,
 But mony a fort, an' mony a field,
 Were strew'd wi' *British* limbs an' French.

At this my muse, wi' grief an' shame,
 Sic waste o' blude an' wealth to see,
 Awak'd me frae my drearie dream,
 Or rather this daft reverie.

* SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

TO THE EDITOR

OF A

PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPER,

On seeing a great many local arguments, and patriotic songs, in his paper, after the defeat of Bonaparte, and taking of Paris, 1814.

DEAR SIR, I am glad that the blessing of Peace,
 Gives news-mongers time, inclination, and place,
 To publish productions of genius and worth,
 Which the Wits of their country at times may bring forth.
 It matters not much tho' tobacco they trade in*,
 Or pulpits, or benches, they trust for their bread in,
 If truth and improvement with knowledge they deal in,
 A wonderful pleasure to read them I feel in.
 Some few years ago, I remember it well,
 I convers'd with a friend, and with pain heard him tell,
 He had offered a song on the Feat of Barrosa,
 Perform'd by a hero and son of old Scotia.
 Perhaps it was bad, and perhaps it was good,
 But this I believe 'twas the best that he could.
 This song to be printed, by many were wanted,
 But that was a favour too great to be granted;
 You told him your paper must needs be respected,
 And from all such rhapsodies duly protected:
 So the bard and his song were completely neglected.

* Many of the said arguments were signed a Tobacconist.

Perhaps had he wrote you from Lanark or Fife*,
 You had published his song, and prevented this strife;
 But a Poet of P—th could be nought but a clown, Sir,
 So no wonder at all, on his song ye look'd down, Sir;
 And then so important and big as the times were,
 The news were more precious, by far, than his rhymes
 were;

No wonder remains, that to print ye declin'd them,
 And he to oblivion quietly consign'd them.
 Poor bard, he still sings, but he sings to himself,
 Regardless of favour, of flattery, or pelf;
 And I hear he resides in a rural retreat,
 Where the Maids of Parnassus, at times, do him greet.
 And now, Mr Editor, lang may ye write,
 And lang may your paper be read with delight:
 May the peace we have conquer'd, for ages abide,
 And the House of Hanover, for ever preside.

TO MISS STEWART OF S—G—s,

On her lending me the Queen's Wake, by Hog, and
 asking my opinion of it; with many other marks of
 kindness. BLAIR, 1813.

DEAR Madam, I have read the Wake with care,
 And much admire its legends, wild and rare;

* There were songs at this time, in the above paper, both from
 Lanark and Fife Militiamen.

The modern bard, a genius seems me,
 And sure am I he's no less thought by thee;
 His Ettrick muse has won him wealth and praise,
 And well becomes the bard to wear his bays:
 Save matchless BURNS or SCOTT, of high degree,
 Of all our poets he bears off the gree,
 At least, dear Madam, it seems so to me.
 To point his beauties, and his fancies fine,
 'Twere almost needful to transcribe each line;
 To fix on one might want of skill betray,
 So it were better that I nought would say,
 In fact they're all the wonder of the day.
 But that sweet tale of peerless MARY SCOTT,
 A stranger story never poet wrote;
 Dire family feuds had nearly cost her dear,
 But mutual love outwitted hatred drear;
 She and her Abbot slyly play'd their part,
 Though love and duty jointly felt the smart;
 Till fortune smil'd, which long before had frown'd,
 By which their wishes and their joys were crown'd.
 How widely different poor Matilda's case,
 Her young bridegroom torn from a first embrace;
 Their cup of bliss so mix'd with poison fell,
 Must melt the heart, and pain the tongue to tell.
 Old David's tale of fiends and fairy haunts,
 Gives ample mirth, but little credit vaunts.
 Methinks I see him weild his dread clymore,
 To slay the porter at the dungeon door,
 Though to the deed but little praise is due,
 Even I could kill a sleeping sentry too;

But oh! the tender and affecting scene
 Betwixt young Owen and his Fairie Queen;
 It shews a fancy far above the common,
 As she herself was far surpassing woman.
 The Witch of Fife affords no little sport,
 But, ah! her husband paid right smartly for 't;
 Poor prying dupe, so keen to know his wife,
 He found the secret, but he lost his life.
 Thus I might mention ev'ry minstrel's lay,
 And even attempt some compliments to pay;
 But what could serve such paltry praise as mine,
 Peruse the book, for there its beauties shine;
 To hear a rustic shepherd sing so free,
 At once enraptures and surprises me;
 I'll quit my quill, and never more pretend,
 To write a couplet for a foe or friend.
 May all the joys recorded in this book,
 In full perfection, be your share to bruke;
 But every grief which in this book we find,
 May gracious heaven still keep a stage behind.
 Your goodness, Madam, will my faults excuse
 This freedom taken, and my simple muse;
 Accept my thanks, I little more can give,
 I'll count your kindness till I cease to live.

THE SWEEP IN THE GENTLEMAN'S CELLAR.

On reading the story in a Newspaper, 1810.

TWA croneys ae night in a cellar were set,
 Whar mony a night they had merrily met;
 An' tastit the juice o' the bottle or butt man,
 The tean was the butler, the tither the footman.
 Full twenty lang years they had sairt the same master,
 An' still, in regard, they stack to him the faster;
 An' though they had drank as much rum as might
 drown'd him,
 They swore they would leave him as rich as they
 found him.

Now the glass an' the toast went so frequently round,
 That the cellar itsell maist gat drunk wi' the sound;
 To better acquaintance they aftentime drank it,
 An' this health, an' that health, was twenty times thankit.
 At length growin' tipsey, as drinkin' fouk do.
 Or what, in plain scots, our auld fathers ca'd fu';
 They each other's conduct began to despise,
 An' wad foughten like cocks, cou'd they ventur'd to rise.

At length in a sable and sootie-like weed,
 Some devil-like creature appear'd to their dread;
 Quite struck with the sight, a' their courage was gane,
 And baith sat as mute as a statue of stane.

At last Tom got spirits sufficient to speer,
 In the name of A——ty, sir, what want you here?
 Beg pardon, coth sweep, but I hope there's no sin,
 Though, in passin' your door, I made free to speak in.
 Poor sweep bein' gane, they were brought to their
 reason,
 And found they had sworn an' drank out o' season;
 They snatch'd up the candle, to bed they repair'd,
 Transported wi' joy, that frae hell they were spar'd.

REFLECTION.

Oh! liquor, what fools or what madmen you make us,
 To what follies or crimes you are apt to subject us;
 A miser may boast, but a drunkard should tent it,
 For one to a thousand he'll have to repent it.

TO BAILIE JOHN WRIGHT,

One of the Perth Magistrates, on his sending me a
 copy of ancient Scots Songs, with some Poetical
 Productions by E. Picken of Edinburgh, which he
 wished to hear my opinion of. Blair, April 1, 1813.

SIR,—I am ashamed of being so long in acknowledging the
 receipt of your favour, but I trust your goodness will not impute
 the delay to any want of respect either for the favour or the
 friend who conferred it. The truth is, I always had it in my

mind to write you something of a poetical nature, which might make you smile when you had nothing better to amuse yourself with, but it being winter,

MY Norland Muse was frozen quite,
 That fint a fit o' verse she'd write;
 But now we hail the chearfu' spring,
 When bards an' birds begin to sing.
 The linnet on the leafless thorn,
 Repeats her sang 'twixt e'en an' morn;
 The blackbird an' the mellow thrush
 Delight our lugs frae ilka bush.
 But to my task, I own I'm debtor,
 Baith for your bukes, an' friendly letter;
 And still I trust ye will forgie me,
 Although sae lang in hearin' frae me.
 The sample sheets by Poet PICKEN,
 Shaw me, in rhyme, that he's nae chicken.
 They're wonder gude, I gie consent,
 But chiefly that on sweet content.
 Auld Reekie's flow'rs, without their blights,
 In flatterin' strains the laddie writes;
 A bard like him, sic praise to gie her,
 Wad tempt a gouk to gang an' see her;
 But had he turn'd his tale an' telt,
 What dire diseases there are felt;
 An' foul corruption o' ilka kind,
 Which taint the body and the mind:
 What roguish tricks o' slight an' might,
 Are practis'd there, baith day an' night,

That godly sauls, sic like's mysell,
 Wad maistly reckon't neist to hell :
 Nae doubt there's worthy fouk intill her,
 Possess'd o' sense an' routh o' siller :
 But hungry guts an' pouches toom,
 Gars a' her beauties wear a gloom :
 Though Allan, Fergusson, an' Burns,
 Have ruis'd her tightly i' their turns,
 And spread her beauties to the light,
 Whilk pleases baith the sense an' sight,
 I wadna swap my heath-clad hills,
 Wi' healsome breeze an' chrystal rills,
 For a' the grandeur she displays,
 On hallowfairs or king's birth-days.
 Far be't frae me the bard to blame,
 Or mint his muse belied his theme ;
 Sure ilka man o' sense an' wirth,
 Respects the spot which gave him birth ;
 But a' that bards hae said about it,
 An' bards are wise, there's nane can doubt it,
 Albe't their tales are slee an' sleekie,
 I' envy nane that lives in Reekie.
 Your Scottish sangs I've read wi' glee,
 And mony a ane seems new to me,
 Though to my memory aft they bring
 The rants my granney wont to sing :
 Much I admire their ancient style,
 Though whiles its like to gar me smile,
 To think what Z's V's an' Q's,
 In days o' yore, our dads cou'd use ;

And yet their thoughts sae weel express,
 While buskit in sic hamely dress,
 Their loves an' friendships were sincere,
 Although, like me, they lackit lear :
 Their family feuds were fierce an' fatal,
 And mony a worthy fell in battle ;
 With sword in hand they made the laws,
 And aye the weakest lost the cause,
 Now though the times be altered far,
 There's somethings better, somethings war.
 But, Sir, least I shu'd grate your ear
 In reading nonsense, I'll forbear,
 And just like other beggars say,
 The mair I get, the mair I pray.

I need not pray for wardly wealth,
 Of that enough you now possess,
 But lang may you have peace and health,
 For that's what gold could ne'er purchess.

May honour still bear up your head,
 Till life has reach'd its farthest span,
 And when you're number'd with the dead,
 Each neighbour mourn an honest man.

Were it not presumption to teaze a Magistrate, I should like
 to hear your opinion of this scrawl, at your own leisure ; believe
 me it is (almost) a child of this days getting, breeding, and bring-
 ing furth, it therefore requires tender treatment, nor can it bear
 the light, or the sight of another besides yourself.

CONTENTS

OF A

WOOLLEN DRAPER'S HAND-BILL, 1813,

FOR WINTER FASHIONS.

SULTRY summer's past an' gone,
 Wearie winter's wearin' on,
 We maun double a' our duds
 To defend the winter thuds.
 Here's a Woollen Draper's bill,
 Wha can fit ye wha ye will,
 Cheap an' gude, an' fresh an' fine,
 Nane exceeds him in the line:
 Lately he has been at Leeds,
 Buyin' warm winter weeds,
 Claiths o' ilka kind the best,
 Double-mill'd, an' dy'd an' presst;
 Fustian, Plush, an' Velveteens,
 Toilinetts an' Florintees;
 Cassimeres, an' Corduroys,
 Baith for men an' stripplin' boys;
 Prints o' different kinds an' patterns
 Fit for maids or eildit matrons;
 Bombazetts an' bombazeens,
 Wore by country wives an' Queens;
 Fine Durants an' demities,
 Lawn an' Muslin what ye please;
 Silk an' imitation shawls,
 Fit for bridals, kirks, an' balls;

Ribbons rare, an' cambric laces,
 To set aff the foulest faces ;
 Cotton, silk, an' tartan gowns,
 A' to wile the witless louns ;
 Checks for bed an' winnock-hingers,
 Better ne'er was spun wi' fingers ;
 Blankets, sheets, and stripit tykin',
 Twilts an' cov'rin's to your likin' ;
 Glove o' kid an' shambo leathers,
 Beaver hats, an' ostrich feathers ;
 Muffs an' tippits rough an' rare,
 Baith o' cat an' badger's hair :
 Habit-sarks o' lace an' gauze,
 Which the swellin' bosom shaws ;
 Bracelets, broaches, beads, an' rings,
 Wi' a thousand ither things,
 Far too tedious here to mention,
 Though weel worthy o' attention.
 Thus the chapman chield can please ye,
 And to buy will treat an' teaze ye,
 Wi' his words sae slee and funnie,
 But his object is yere money.
 Money makes the mare to go,
 Money makes the clown a beau ;
 Money makes our foe a friend,
 Money answers every end.
 What is wit or wirth without it,
 Hufit an' cuft, wi' claithin' cloutit ;
 Shaw me merit, if ye can,
 Shaw me money ! that's the man.

ON HEARING OF BONAPARTE'S RETURN
FROM ELBA, 1815.

What a wonderful warld now we live in,
What a wonderful book is the news,
Such wonderful events are passing,
They baffle the pow'r of the muse.

To hear of the Bourbons and Boneys,
To think of their up's an' their down's;
What drummin', what dreellin' an' fightin',
Contending for kingdoms an' crowns.

What blude, an' what treasure's been wasted,
What cities an' kingdoms they've spoil'd,
What a blessing had Europe enjoy'd,
Had the seed o' the bundle been boil'd.

TO THE MEMORY

OF JOHN BOWIE,

The late celebrated Musician in Perth, who died at
Edinburgh, 1815.

AH! BOWIE, so lately the life of the ball,
How deeply thy loss is lamented by all;
No wonder, pale Bertha, in sable should mourn,
The soul of her music will never return.
Alas! our assemblies, how spiritless now,
Compar'd with the times of a BOWIE and GOW;

How dull is the dance, and how heartless the hall,
 How lifeless the music, and cheerless the ball.
 Their lives, like their music, gave pleasure and mirth,
 'Tis now, when departed, we think of their worth;
 Just so with the comforts this life does bestow,
 We prize them, when buried, like BOWIE and GOW.

THE ROADMAN'S HORSE;

On seeing one drowned in the River Tay, opposite to
 Perth, 1810. Extempore.

AH! luckless beast, this doolsome day,
 To lose yere life in ruthless Tay;
 Fy, Tay, think on't wi' keen remorse,
 Ye've reft a Roadman o' his horse.
 Yet every thing's wi' mercy mixt,
 Though thus to die yere fate was fixt;
 For now yere toils on earth are ended,
 And nae hereafter was intended:
 Had you liv'd lang t've felt the smarts
 O' rugged Roadman's whips an' carts;
 Sic pain an' drudg'ry you wad thol'd,
 You'd curs'd the day that you were foal'd.
 Through wind an' weet aye draggin' stanes,
 Wi' scarce a hyde to hap your banes;
 Syne, wi' auld age an' poverty,
 Turn'd out at some dyke side to die;

And then at last, how wad you like it,
 To hae your banes wi' corbies pickit ;
 There's naething ill but might been worse,
 For that's the fate o' Roadmen's Horse.
 But hush, my muse, your rhymes forbear,
 This Roadman's Horse was but a mare.

ON SEEING

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL SMILING.

AH ! why would'st thou tempt us at all with a smile,
 Thy beauty alone might a thousand beguile ;
 What a sin in such beauty to smile and decoy,
 Since one in a thousand can only enjoy.
 If pity for mankind e'er dwelt in thy breast,
 Oh ! spare those sweet smiles which bereave us of rest ;
 Let a cloud of disdain ever rest on thy brow,
 Then we'll live as free and contented as you.
 But why should a frown ever ruffle that face,
 Which nature has painted with sweetness and grace ;
 Let far meaner beauties of frowns have their share,
 But graces and smiles ever rest on the fair.

TO A NOTED SMUGGLER,

BY HIS OWN DESIRE, 1805.

OF a' the smugglers I've heard tell,
 Between Dumbarton an' Dunkell,

The fint ane yet 's like JAMIE BELL
 For makin' whisky,
 And then he's aye sae queer himsell,
 Sae frank an' frisky.

O! man, gin ye but saw him fu'
 Whan ance the bree begins to brew,
 His funny jokes wad gar ye true
 Ye war transportit,
 Whan wi' a drap o' sterling blue,
 Ye are comfortit.

He's ne'er a huckster wi' his glass,
 Nor does he like his friend the less;
 Although his pouch be bare o' brass,
 He counts 't nae crime,
 On siller he lays little stress,
 At ony time.

But, Oh! the greedy gauger gang,
 They do him muckle skeath an' wrang,
 For aft whan JAMIE's thrivin' thrang,
 Fu' croose an' cothie,
 They light upon him wi' a bang,
 And spoil his bothie.

Its nae hear-say, for I hae seen
 His loggies a' ta'en to the green,

And dung in staves afore my een,
 And durstna quarrel,
 Till a' his hut was spullied clean
 O' bote an' barrel.

Yay I have stude upon a know,
 And seen them set his house a-low,
 And brunt his biggin', stick an' stow,
 A shame to see,
 Some corbie yet will pike their pow
 Upon a tree.

I've sat mysell on A'mond brae,
 And mony a time my heart's been wae,
 To see yon rascals guide him sae,
 And laugh to see't,
 While me an' mony neighbours mae,
 War like to greet.

Were I a king, as I may be*,
 Cou'd I get owre to France a wee,
 I'd hang yon hempies on a tree,
 Wha play'd the plisky,
 And syne a premium I wad gie
 For sterlin' whisky.

It's strange to see each lord an' laird,
 For gude Scots drink hae sic regard,

F

♥ Bonaparte was then making several kings on the Continent.

Yet winna gie a house or yard
 To them wha mak it;
 Yay promise this an' that reward
 For rogues to tak it.

And scarce a spendthrift wierdless blade,
 Wha dowsna handle plough or spade,
 For suith, but maun be gauger bred,
 T' oppress the land,
 'T ware better far the hangman trade,
 They'd tane in hand.

Wad fortune yet be pleas'd to smile,
 And sweep these pests frae aff our isle,
 Or send them south five hunder mile,
 To plague the French,
 Auld Scotland wad get peace a while,
 Her drouth to quench.

Syne we wad freely tak our dram
 And seek nae gin frae Amsterdam,
 We'd let them gang the road they cam,
 And keep our clink,
 We cakes and kail our wames we'd cram
 And gude Scot's drink.

Yon stinkin' stuff our laws allow,
 I wadna war 't upo' my sow,

The very smell o't gars me speu,
 Or maks me sick,
 Its far frae like our Highland hue,
 The gude peat reek.

O! how it helps to skail the win',
 Or sends't the nearest door to fin',
 Gude troth it manna bide therein,
 Whar whisky's chief,
 And sure a glass can be nae sin
 That brings relief.

Nae doubt, there's some that drink sae deep,
 That in their shune it gars them sleep,
 But fouk shou'd aye a measure keep
 Besides their mou,
 And studdy hamewards still to creep,
 Whan that is fu'.

But wisht, my muse, yere maybe wrang,
 It's time, perhaps, to change yere sang,
 Ware Jamey Pat allow'd to gang
 As ye wad he't,
 The king wad bankrupt be ere lang
 In spite o' fate.

Syne what wad come o' you an' me,
 Wha trust to him for meat an' fee,

We then might either beg or dee,
 Or maybe war,
 We'll better let the gaugers be
 Just as they are.

Ye see for a' the ill they've done,
 How Jamey keeps his heart abune,
 He taks his glass his grief to droun,
 And cheerly sings,
 Sae lang's his pouch affords a crown,
 It comfort brings.

O! sweet content, whar is yere seat,
 Sair hae I sought ye eare an' late,
 Yet to this hour could never get
 But just a glisky,
 Save when in co' wi' peerless Kett,
 Or fu' wi' whisky.

A LAMENT FOR JAMES BELL,
A SMUGGLER,

Who lived at Ardeety, near Methven, in Perthshire,
 and died in June, 1812; he had many a time run
 the risk of his life before by his intemperance, though
 naturally a good hearted fellow; he died young, as
 might well be expected, from his way of living.

HAIGH, death, ye've won the day at last,
 That fatal dart was slyly cast,

Thou'st blawn a dour and dulefu' blast,
 Thy wrath to wrack it,
 On JAMIE BELL, an' nail'd him fast,
 In his last jacket.

Lament him a' wha near him dwell
 Beman him a' wha mak a stell,
 Greet for him wha in spirits deal
 Baith west an' east,
 But chiefly ye wha whisky sell,
 Ye'll miss him maist.

Ye wives wha shairt his draff an' drink,
 Hae mickle cause to mourn, I think,
 Though whiles he gied yere rumps a clink,
 Whan he was fu',
 He aften gart ye lisp an' wink,
 An' sometimes spew.

Ye crockry wives, an' peckmen a'*;
 I dread yere trafec's now but sma',
 Ye'll hae few errands north ava;
 Sae far's Ardeety;
 Yere coothie friend an' mine's awa',
 The mair's the pity.

Ye routhless rascals o' excise,
 Wha aft hae made his pat yere prize,

F 3

Men who carried whisky in a dish like a peck-measure.

The saut tears now frae a' yere eyes,
 May tricklin' fa'
 For JAMES will yet in judgment rise,
 An' shame ye a'.

Ye Methven whiggs, baith lads an' lasses,
 Wha o'er his dust on Sunday passes,
 Frae this time furth gie o'er yere clashes,
 Nor mair deride him;
 See on his grave as green the grass is,
 As those aside him.

Sound sleep his dust, whar now it's laid,
 Peace to his saul, whar e'er it's fled,
 For whan he's gane, I weel may said,
 Without a lie,
 If e'er a trusty friend I had,
 That friend was he.

Some think his ghaist still haunts Glendevon*,
 In shape o' bull or croakin' raven,
 To fleig the wives wha gae to Methven,
 Their yarn to sell;
 Whar mony a day he kned the laven,
 An' clam'd the stell.

Alas! Glendevon now is dry,
 There's naether whisky there nor why;

* A fictitious name for the place where he made his whisky.

It grieves my heart whan passin' by,
 An' fills my een,
 To mind whar canty he and I
 Had aften been.

Religion never wrang'd his senses,
 At priest-craft he took nae offences,
 To saintship he made nae pretences,
 He liv'd without it;
 But future fines an' recompences
 He ne'er disputit.

Nor cou'd he at a bumper grummle,
 Be't whisky clear, or toddy drummle,
 An' though at times he made a stummle,
 'Twas nae surprise;
 But, Oh! at last, death gart him tumble,
 Nae mair to rise.

Alas, alas! he's frae us riven,
 An' gude kens whar they hae him driven,
 He had his fauts, like a that's livin',
 Yet deil-ma-care,
 If e'er gude fellows meet in heaven,
 We'll find him there.

TO CAPTAIN JAMES STEWART,

JANUARY 1, 1807.

MY worthy patron, frank and kind,
A good new-year I hereby wish you ;
With health of body, peace of mind,
May gracious heaven be pleas'd to bless you.

No new-year's gift have I to spare,
Or you're the friend deserves to get it,
But just a simple poet's pray'r,
Then godsak do not under-rate it.

'Tis not but I must here allow,
It can do little good or evil,
But did I not wish well to you,
I'd be ungrateful as the d—l.

May peace and plenty crown your board,
With all domestic satisfaction ;
I'd likewise pray, could heaven afford,
A social bumper in the paction :

That when a friend you chance to see,
Or even, at times, your humble servant,
He still may share a glass with thee,
And always found the more deserving 't.

As for that core in red and blue,
With whom so highly you're connected,

While to their king and country true,
By me they'll always be respected.

Though fortune sometimes frown on me,
She ne'er could drown my heart in sorrow,
So longs I have a friend in thee,
I'll court the muse, and sing to-morrow.

To such a patron, such a friend,
Possess'd of such a soul as thou art,
If e'er a poet I commend,
'Twill be to one like Captain STEWART.

ON LORD MELVILLE'S

RESUMING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS,

After his Trial and honourable Acquittal, 1806.

YERE welcome, MELVILLE, to your seat,
L—d man, I'm glad to see ye;
Ye hae my prayers, aire an' late,
I little mair can gi'e ye.

That seat an' clock, lang may ye bruck,
It sets ye weel to wear them;
Sae lang's our councils ye conduct,
Our faes we needna fear them.

Now praise be bless'd, ye've kept yere place,
 In spite o' feud an' faction;
 Yere faes are beaten wi' disgrace,
 And fleein' in distraction.

Their black intrigues, like broken brigs,
 Are fa'en in sad confusion;
 The lads wha wear the mickle wigs,
 Have gi'en a clear decision.

We've prov'd yere mettle aft afore,
 An' fand ye ay a true ane;
 Ye've borne the brunt, an' clear'd yere score,
 Whan some ware mischief brewin'.

Let snarlin' tikes now fidge an' fyke,
 To think ye live sae cheerie;
 Ye'll wagg the gully owre the dyke,
 An' dare them to come near ye.

A cloud at noon may intervene,
 But when bright Sol advances,
 His cheerin' rays are felt an' seen,
 An' a' his glory glances.

Then set yere face against yere faes,
 Regardless o' their scorning,
 So shall the evening of your days
 Shine full as bright's the morning.

TO J——N Y——G, Esq. of B———,

On his presenting me with a fine copy of Fergusson's
Poems, 1807.

SIR, I receiv'd your bonny buke,
And whan I got it i' my cluke,
I leant me doun into the nuke,
An' till't wi' speed;
Now though I've read it near an ouk,
Still tane I'm wi'd.

What hae I done, or e'er can do,
To get sic kindness done by you,
I wish you weel, I maun allow,
Wi' a' my heart;
But what o' that, its but your due,
An' gude my part.

This bonny buke ye've sent me here,
I've heard its fame this twenty year,
But never dreamt it was sae queer,
An' fu' o' funn,
Else I sud had it, cheap or dear,
As sure's a gun.

But now sin' ye hae sent it me,
I'll look it o'er right tentilie;
And ilka bonny line I see,
I'll note it weel;

'Twill maybe help my muse a wee,
To think an' feel.

Troth, FERGUSSON, the bauld an' slee,
Ye've been a chield o' mickle glee,
But what muschanter gart ye die
Sae very sune;
Was't spitefu' death that clos'd yere ee,
Ere it was nune?

Had ye but liv'd till sixty-three,
A time sae common now to dee,
Or e'en till youth had ca'm'd a wee,
Its headless pow'r;
But, Oh! to meet eternity
At twenty-four.

It chills the blude within my vain,
To think on drearie death's domain,
What countless thousands he has slain,
Of wit an' wirth,
While sic a scribbler's I remain
Upo' the earth.

Wha can but wonder an' admire,
To see sae much poetic fire,
And think what muse cou'd thee inspire,
While yet sae young:

Or taught thee thus to strike the lyre,
With ardor stung.

'Twas nae ramstam'ran jade like mine,
Cou'd gar thy verses clink sae fine,
She surely was some nymph divine,
Which tun'd thy reed,
And made thy measure sweetly shine;
But, Oh! she's dead.

Few now-a-days can fill thy place,
Or tell their tale wi' sic a grace,
Puir Scotland now I wail thy case,
Wi' tearfu' ee;
Of a' the hearts thou was't the ace,
O' Loudans three.

Late ROBIE BURNS, a poet rare,
Sang sweetly on the banks of Ayr;
But now he's gane, an' gude kens where,
Ne'er to be seen,
And left us a' in sad despair,
To dight our een.

He was a bard o' great renown,
Far fam'd in ilka kingdom roun',
But death came by an' cow'd him down,
Just in his prime;

Though weel might ROBIE worn the crown,
As king o' rhyme.

Yet we may follow far a hint,
Albe't we ne'er appear in print,
Sae lang's we dig Parnassus' mint,
Or try to climb;
We'll doubtless find some treasure in't,
As weel as him.

As for mysell, I'll say but little,
My muse was never worth a spittle,
But faith I'll wad my crooket whittle,
Wad some fouk try,
To tell the best wad be right kittle,
For a' their cry.

For instance, there's Queen Mary's flight*,
Frae Leaven castle under night,
When favour'd by fair Luna's light,
To wit, the moon;
It's wordit baith as right an' tight
As ROB cou'd dune.

But simple bards, like me, thinks shame,
In case the critic-club shu'd blame,
Or say my muse war weak an' lame,
Or unco stiff;
Sae I'll conclude an' 'scribe my name
JACOBIE DUFF.

* An excellent song composed by J—n Y—g, Esq.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS RETURN FROM LONDON, 1810.

YERE welcome hame, my worthy friend,
 What news hae ye frae Lon'on,
 I'd tell ye we've been thinkin' lang,
 Wad ye nae think it funnin'.
 As for mysell, the truth to tell,
 Gin ye'll no count it flatt'rin',
 Wi' joy to hear yere safe come back,
 My very een war wat'rin',
 Sae glad this day.

That dearest ha'f, your soncy wife,
 I hope she's heal an' soun';
 Abroad, at hame, the ba'm o' life,
 On earth the richest boon.
 Lang may she live to grace your ha',
 An' a' your comforts share;
 In health an' sickness ay a friend,
 To sooth your every care,
 Sae kind ilk day.

Even B——'s braes wi' whinstane hearts,
 Will a' be blythe to meet ye;
 And ilka bonny bird that sings
 Through B——d's bow'rs, will greet ye.

For dowie were yere bonny wa'ks,
 An' droopin' hang yere plantin';
 Yea hauntit seem'd your princely ha',
 Because its life was wantin'

In you yon day.

Now Flora blooms in a' her pride,
 Aroun' yere stately dwallin';
 And sweet Pomona fills her lap,
 Wi' mellow fruit that's fallin'.
 Were I the lord o' sic a seat,
 Even kings cou'd ne'er advise me,
 Nor a' the pomp o' Lon'on court,
 Frae B——d's braes entice me,

On ony day.

Here I wad court the rural muse,
 In B——d's shady bowers;
 An' busk a garland for her brow,
 Frae 'mang yere sweetest flowers.
 Here I wad shaw that artless fair,
 What taste an' art cou'd do,
 And point her out the pink an' rose,
 Whar noxious nettles grew,

For mony a day.

Whar late the furze an' fern wild,
 The brush an' bramble throve,

We see the garden and the lawn,
 And taste the scented grove.
 Here art an' nature blend their sweets,
 And baith as ane conspire,
 To form a theme for a' the nine,
 And strangers to admire,
 Sae fine this day.

See windin' Tay meanders by,
 Where Bertha's beauties clean,
 To wash their claes on summer days,
 Assemble on the green.
 Here we may view the Grampians steep,
 And Ochill's verdant hills;
 Where lowin' herds an' fleecy flocks,
 In countless number fills,
 Ilk summer day.

Here great Strathmore, which teems with store,
 And sweet strathearn too;
 With woods an' fields, which plenty yields,
 A landscape grand we view.
 What hardy swains possess those plains,
 While Bertha's bonny lasses,
 In crowds are seen to trip the green,
 Which a' description passes
 O' mine, this day.

Compar'd wi' these what's Drury-lane,
 Or even Covent-garden,
 Where a' the wealth o' Britain meets,
 The poet's pains rewardin'.
 What sairs their rhymes o' bludy crimes,
 Or feats o' Roman heroes;
 How CATO died, or CÆSAR bled,
 Their TARQUIN's and their NERO's,
 Wha rang yon days.

But passing these, saw ye St Paul's,
 Or auld Westminster Abby,
 Whar' great men ly fu' snug an' dry,
 An' just as quiet 's they may be?
 There PITT and Fox, wha faught like cocks,
 While here they liv'd thegither,
 Ly now fu' snug, just lug to lug,
 Nor change a word wi' ither,
 By night or day.

Great CHATHAM too, that statesman true,
 Wha shook St Stephen's wa's,
 Whan sovereign pride owre high wad stride,
 Or break through Britain's laws.
 There NELSON brave but fills a grave,
 Scarce sax feet lang by twain,
 Whase dauntless soul, frae pole to pole,
 Was sovereign o' the main,
 For mony a day.

There let them rest till doomsday come,
 Let's speak about the livin';
 Saw ye Sir Francy* Madcap's Carr,
 By moonstruck mortals driven;
 Yet strange to think that patriot knight,
 Sae fond o' popularity,
 Shu'd be sae shy as slight a crowd,
 Which had sic partiality
 For him, yon day.

What fuss, what toil, an' sad turmoil,
 To keep the state frae sinkin';
 While ilka crowd bawls out aloud,
 We're just on ruin brinking:
 But here's the man that wisely can,
 Frae sure destruction save us;
 He'll rule the roast, wi' little cost,
 Our great forefathers gave us,
 Far best this day.

But yere come hame, baith heal an' feerc,
 And that's eneugh to me;
 Let thickest hides haud langest out,
 Sae lang's we're flittin' free.
 Now gie's yere lufe, to be a prufe,
 Ye'll lae's nae mair again,
 But live at ease, on B——d's braes,
 Or Bertha's bonny plain,
 For mony a day.

* Sir F. B—rd—tt

FEMALE PRIDE;

Written on seeing a young girl attending a tent preaching in the Den of Methven, and shewing a great many affected airs.

O THOU wha kensna what thou really art,
 Wha sorrow rates thy stinkin' pride a f—t;
 Puir glaiket goukie, wi' yere duds o' braws,
 Thou'rt gude for naething but to fleig the craws.
 L—d help the gouk, wha's doom'd to buckle wi' ye,
 He's either daft or does na rightly see ye;
 What can he hope for, frae a flirt like thee,
 But just a penance a' his life to dree.
 Yere wants o' this, an' needs o' that, for ever
 Will keep the blockhead in a constant fever.
 Unlike are ye that thrifty wife yere mither,
 Wha's sair forfochen to haud things thegither;
 An' brought ye up to brak her heart wi' pride,
 An idle taupy, an' a scauld beside.
 First whan I saw thee in this bonny den,
 O! thought I, lassie, wart thou but my ain.
 A' that day after I maist tint my reason,
 An' little gude gat I o' that *occasion**.
 The gospel bell I scarce perceiv'd to tingle,
 Though loudly rung by magnu bonu P——l.
 I glowr'd an' sigh'd, I sigh'd an' glowr'd again,
 Syne try't to tine ye, but I try't in vain;
 Yere witchin' image paintet on my mind,
 First dang me doitit, neist it drave me blind.

* A common name to a sacrament at Methven.

A gipsy-cap ha'f hid thy lovely face,
 And heaven itsell seem'd row'd in a pelisse ;
 A habit-sark, wi' lace as braid's my loof,
 O'er-spread a breast, perhaps, o' virtue proof ;
 Morocco slippers, wi' white cotton hose,
 Brent new frae Perth, on Friday, I'd suppose ;
 Where eggs an' butter brought the cash to pay,
 And *Grant* an' *Wylie* bore the price away.
 You, an' your like, mak merchants gang sae bae,
 Wha cheat the lasses, yea the lads an' a' ;
 Their whigmaleeries sae bewitch your sight,
 Ye must be at them, be it wrang or right,
 What sairs the cleadin' o' your mams an' dadies,
 They're no like you, for ye maun be like ladies.
 Oh ! wad ye listen to a sound advice,
 Ye'd quite yere glaikery, an' at last be wise ;
 The lad that likes ye for your duds o' braws,
 Will soon detest ye, and perhaps hae cause.
 Let prudence guide ye, an' let sense prevail,
 You'll find them usefu', though his fondness fail.
 Be less affected, and be mair at ease,
 If ye wad wish a lad o' sense to please.
 Triumph not o'er the conquest o' an ass,
 For he's but such, that loves a shameless lass.

TIBBY STENTAN,
A JUVENILE PRODUCTION.

A TRUE STORY.

THERE lives a wife, near by Dunkell,
 Nae dou't o' her ye hae heard tell,
 That kintry-side she's sae weel kent in,
 Her name, to wit, is TIBBY STENTAN.
 I sairt this wife a lang ha'f year,
 But how she sairt me, dinna speer.
 For I believe a winter night
 Wad be owre short to tell ye right.
 Her character and customs then,
 Here but, in part, I will explain;
 For I confess, in poetry,
 The task wad be owre hard for me;
 But sic 's I can ye's get a sketch,
 Sae far's it lies within my reach.
 In short she is a warlie wretch;
 A jealous greedy graceless b—h.
 Meal, bread an' cheese, she kept up lockit.
 And wore the keys within her pocket.
 Her lapart milk, an' blinket whey,
 War' a' securely lockit by.
 Of crumbs an' crusts, we were sae scant,
 Our very rattans died for want;
 As for a cat, or e'en a mouse,
 The deil o' ane wad keep the house;

Sae little cou'd our kitchen boast
 O' hoild or sodden, raw or roast.
 Our young gudeman he kept a pointer,
 Which was a burden on her jointure ;
 But a' the neibours, round about,
 They paid the ken, ye needna doubt ;
 For fient an egg their hen cou'd lay,
 But what to Juba fell a prey ;
 And muckle din there was about it,
 For lang an' loud the wives disputit :
 But Tibby keepit ay the field,
 And ilka wife was forc'd to yield.
 She had some cows stude in her byre,
 Which brunt her up wi' jealous fire,
 For when their meltit was but sma',
 She sware some witch had taen't awa'.
 She very seldom fasht the kirk,
 But ay at hame wad lounge an' lurk.
 Syne when her neibours war frae hame,
 An' a' thing quiet, she thought nae shame
 To ease them o' their peats an' pob,
 (It was her common Sunday's job,)
 To mend her fire, she thought nae sin,
 They help't to kindle an' keep it in.
 Her conscience some fouk thought was dead,
 Or else a bargain they had made,
 That nae remorse should reach the heart,
 Till frae this life she shou'd depart,
 When they would meet gude friends in heav'n,
 Whare all offences are forgiven.

But faith she'll mend, or there she'll never go ;
Sae tak her sentence as you see below.—

As dust to dust must certainly return,
An' ev'ry wretch their wickedness shou'd mourn,
So as this limmer was akin to Cluitie,
She weel deserves a corner dark an' suttie.

THE OLD HORSE.

Written on seeing one turn'd out to die, 1811.

OF a' the beasts that burden bear,
That usefu' brute, the horse or mare,
They best deserve our chiefest care
And lenitie,
And e'en a sympathetic tear,
Whan like to die.

But waes me seldom that's the case,
Whan routhless whip-men, scant o' grace,
Baghash an' bann them to their face,
Right base an' bauld,
An' swear they ne'er war worth their place,
Whan fail'd an' auld.

This was my case, might Tamey say,
Wha lang had liv'd wi' D. & B.

Even till his hyde was lyart an' gray,
 Wi' perfect eild;
 And now his driver grudg'd him Hay,
 That ruthless chield.

Though baith his masters wish'd him weel,
 And for his frailties seem'd to feel;
 His driver wish'd him wi' the deil,
 An' ca'd him sweer,
 Because at plough he cou'dna teel,
 Death was sae near.

When he had liv'd to twenty-three,
 An age which horses seldom see,
 He took a thought ae night to die,
 An' gie's the slip;
 But yet though death be snell an' slee,
 He lost the grip.

For Tamey mendit ere the morn,
 Wi' drinks, an' druggs, an' bites o' corn,
 The doctor ply'd his crookit horn,
 Wi' wond'rous art;
 But, Oh! puir Tamey look'd forforn,
 An' sick at heart.

At this time Tamey's faes prevail'd,
 Sae far as gat his sentence seal'd,

When baith his sight an' strength war' fail'd
 An' scarce o' breath,
 To turn him out frae house or beild,
 To dree his death.

But Tamey seem'd to guess the scheme,
 For he, at night, came stoitin' hame,
 An' frae a stak he cram'd his wame,
 O' healsome corn;
 But wae's my heart he bore the blame,
 An' skeath neist morn.

For now he's to a hut confin'd,
 Wi' scarce a roof or windock blind,
 To strive wi' cauld an' whistlin' wind,
 For his offence;
 Now judge if this cou'd be ca'd kind,
 Or common sense.

Nor even here maun Tamey stay,
 For now he'll need baith drink and hay,
 And that's a trouble ilka day,
 Baith late an' air;
 Back to cauld hame without delay,
 He must repair.

And now he's tane the mortersheen,
 See how he runs at nose an' een,
 He'll poison a' thing there that's green,
 Think on the skeath,

There's nae remead for Tamey seen,
But instant death.

A tanner now they did provide,
Wha lang had green'd for Tamey's hide,
Wi' ax an' whittle at his side
They took the gate,
And led puir Tamey like a bride,
To meet his fate.

When at the destin'd spot arriv'd,
A spot that lang had been contriv'd,
The bludie butchers soon depriv'd
Tam o' his life ;
He fell, puir brute, an' ne'er reviv'd,
Which clos'd the strife.

Nae sooner was the slaughter done,
Than fast to flae him they begun ;
Syne a great haigh they row'd him down,
A hideless corse,
A prey to a' the tykes aroun',
That wale o' horse.

But were ilka horse as laigh as he,
What wretched lives wad puir-fouk dree ;
Ere lang our great-fouk ye wad see
Like wind an' fire,

*Sho ch' an' H 2 Lam like you
or me*

Through dub an' myre.
 But heav'n be prais'd, that's no the case,
 The young fills up the auld horse place,
 Sae we'll ne'er suffer sic disgrace,
 We hope an' pray;
 But still though puir, we'll die in peace,
 Like kindred clay.

A GRATEFUL THOUGHT
 FOR PEACE AND PLENTY;

On hearing of the Peace with France, and feeling the
 return of Plenty, October, 1801.

COME, let us hail this happy day,
 When war and famine's fled away,
 Since peace and plenty deigns to smile
 Again upon our native isle.

Let ev'ry tongue, with raptur'ous lays,
 Resound his glory and his praise,
 Who peace and plenty to us brings,
 The Lord of lords, and King of kings.

He still in mercy on us looks,
 And turns our spears to prooning hooks;
 Our parched lands to fruitful plains,
 By former and by latter rains.

In love, in mercy, and in grace,
 He's turn'd our bloody war to peace;
 He's turn'd our hearts to treat with those
 We lately deem'd eternal foes.

On him let us with patience wait,
 Who crowns the year with goodness great;
 Who war to peace, in mercy, turns,
 And dries up many an eye that mourns.

Long live our King in health and peace,
 And cruel war for ever cease:
 O! may each subject act his part,
 And hold him reigning in his heart.

No foreign foes we then will dread,
 Nor dire domestic faction breed;
 The poor will live, the rich may thrive,
 And love, and peace, will yet revive.

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

OH! fairest of the female race,
 The mirror of thy sex;
 Wert thou endow'd with ev'ry grace
 But only to perplex!

Those fascinating charms of thine,
 Each youthful heart have fir'd;
 Wert thou created, thus divine,
 But just to be admir'd!

Could e'er this heart to beauty bend,
 It sure had bow'd to thee:
 But if you want a faithful friend,
 Depend on one in me.

But friendship's all I dare avow,
 And all you can approve,
 Yet downright friendship, all allow,
 Is near a kin to-love.

May prudence, friendship, truth, and love,
 Thy youthful years attend,
 And soon some worthy favourite prove
 A lover, and a friend.

ON THE DEATH OF

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

NOW famous Fox has left his box,
 And flung his cards aside,
 He found at last the die was cast,
 In spite of time and tide.

What now avails his witty tales,
 Which most men once esteem'd;
 His sand is run, life's thread is spun,
 However short it seem'd.

Full fifty years, it plain appears,
 He liv'd a single life,
 At length when age had slak'd his rage,
 He thought upon a wife.

Poor luckless maid, by fate betray'd,
 A widow now she weeps;
 His luring tongue with logic hung,
 In silence ever sleeps.

Now when he's dead, it may be said,
 His like we've seldom seen;
 In oratory he bore the gree,
 With wit and learning keen.

One worthy end, he long maintain'd,
 Yea even to his decease,
 In Britain's cause, he always was,
 An advocate for peace.

TO MY AULD BRAID SWORD,

ON SEEING IT HANGING IN THE CORNER OF MY
ROOM, 1807.

HEAL be yere heart my auld clymore,
To see ye yet I'm glad ;
My gutcher swore, in days o' yore,
You was a trusty blade.

Ferara strain'd his ilka nerve,
To mak you stout an' true,
Your king an' kintry baith to serve,
And South'rons to subdue.

At Shirramuir you stude the sture,
Till baith sides vict'ry claim'd ;
Whan baith sides wan, an' baith sides ran,
And baith war' loudly blam'd.

At Prestonpans, when Highland Clans,
Made Saxon sons to flee ;
Wi' Highland wreath, ye dealt their death,
For few cou'd match wi' thee.

In coward Coup, they plac'd their hope,
And sair they hae to rue ;
But Gardner stood, wi' courage good,
Till numbers gart him bow.

Much spoolie then, frae 'mang the slain,
 Was gather'd roun' Tranent;
 They fill'd their purse, wi' mony a curse,
 But bore them a' content.

Then Cumberland gat the command,
 Which check'd yere ruthless pride;
 Syne owre the Forth ye took the north,
 'Mang Highlan' hills to hide.

Wi' prospects vain, ye tried again,
 The fortune o' the field.
 But treeble force, o' foot an' horse,
 Soon made the Clans to yield.

Culloden plain, an' savage men,
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae,
 Yet thanks to fate, baith kirk an' state,
 May bless that 'ventful day.

And ay sinsyne, wi' me an' mine,
 Ye've been in perfect peace;
 Though sair ye're spilt, in sheath an' hilt,
 My spence I think ye grace.

May never faction lift its hand,
 Your shining point to stain,
 Nor foreign foe on Britain's strand,
 Require your help again.

Yet shou'd my honor, or my life,
 My country, or my friend,
 In danger be, I'll join the strife,
 And still on thee depend.

THE GREEDY GODLY ELDER,

EXTEMPORE ;

Composed on seeing an Elder's horses feeding amongst
 his neighbour's hained grass, while he was fast asleep,
 suspecting no harm.

NOW godly RINTOUL, by my word an' my soul,
 Although yere an elder anointit,
 A rogue yere detectit, when least ye suspectit,
 And fairly for ance disappointit.

If conscience is quick, ye must there feel a prick,
 And a fire in the conscience is dreadfu' ;
 To settle the storm, ye must penance perform,
 For now it is absolute needfu'.

Whar now, I wou'd ask, is that hypocrite mask,
 Must sanctity leave ye for ever ?
 I fear it is true, what yere nei'bours avow,
 That godliness hurtit ye never.

'Tis strange what deceit, in kirk-men we meet,
Holy Willie was just sic anither ;

By trial we find ye're a' birds o' a kind,
And in roguery, ye're brither an' brither.

'Twas never for need, sae it must hae been greed,
That ye fed on the fat o' your nei'bours;
To trick and to cheat a' honest men hate,
As it baffles their views an' their labours.

Ye arch hypocrites, in kirks and in streets,
Whate'er be yere sect or profession,
Though Satan may laugh when the mask is pou'd aff,
Depend on a terrible threshin'.

THE HORN'D DEIL; *OR, CUDDY AND HER FOAL.*

Written on hearing a gentleman honestly declaring how
much he was frightened one night by meeting them
unexpectedly.

AE night as John came stoitin hame,
His heart as blythe as blythe cou'd be;
He naither dreadit ghaist nor deil,
But whistl'd cheerly o'er the lea.

He was nae fu', nor ha'f sae fu',
As some fo'k whiles at glomin' be;
Yet ane might brawly kend that night,
He'd tasted o' the barley bree.

As zig-zag, thus he saunter'd hame,
 His ain bit housie drawin' near,
 A dreadfu' scream assail'd his ear,
 Eneugh the stoutest heart to fear.

He cockt his stick, an' swore an aith,
 By a' the powers that sacred be,
 Wha e'er shou'd dare to do him skeath,
 That they or him the smart shou'd dree.

Still loud an' louder raise the roar,
 As near an' nearer John it drew,
 Whan something like a Horn'd Deil,
 Appear'd to his astonish'd view.

His courage fail'd him a' at length,
 His very heart maist left its hole;
 But what think ye was't at the last,
 Just simple Cuddy an' her Foal!!

ON THE POVERTY OF POETS.

'TIS oft remark'd, that most of bards are poor,
 But how it is, remains a mystery sure;
 Unless it be, the muse her gifts bestow
 On those whom fortune has not favour'd so.

Yet uniformly that is not the case,
 Hand me the Bible, and I'll point the place,
 Where worthy David could compose an' sing,
 A famous leader, and a wealthy king.

His son, for wisdom, and for wealth renown'd,
 Of ancient poets, should the chief be crown'd;
 That song of songs by Solomon compos'd,
 Abounds with beauties, though so much transpos'd.

Even our king James, the first that bore the name,
 He was a poet and a man of fame:
 And still we're kings, this truth I will maintain,
 For who can conquer or subdue the brain,
 And there in state the poets chiefly reign.

In dreadful warfare sometimes we engage,
 A cruel conflict with poetic rage:
 The balls we throw, when marksmen are expert,
 They seldom fail to strike the head or heart.

Our warlike weapon is the grey goose quill,
 The sable liquid is the blood we spill:
 Intrench'd in paper we our foes defy,
 And oft our works survive us when we die.

Then let not poets, for their empty purse,
 Be counted beggars, and their gifts a curse:

Their brain's a treasure which will ne'er exhaust,
 Their pen's a pleasure which through life will last :
 O ! may each bard employ them both aright,
 And write in wisdom, if he wills to write.

TO MR WILLIAM D———T.

IN ANSWER TO A POETICAL LETTER,

Complimenting me on the Florist Society Song, December, 1808.

SIR, I receiv'd yere funnie letter,
 And own mysel yere humble debtor ;
 To be sae ruis'd in Scottish strain,
 Nae dou't but I was wond'rous vain.

Troth I was fidgin' fain to see't,
 And maist wi' gladness like to greet ;
 Sae henceforth I shall be yere brither,
 An' glad what time we may forgither.

Now dinna hain yere hamely muse,
 But now an' then lat's hear yere news,
 Or what remarks ye hae to gie,
 An' trust the same's be done by me.

As poet, I hae sma' pretence,
 Though I can clink a verse by chance ;

But sic's it is, ye's get a swatch,
Gin I as mickle time can catch.

First time I hae a mament's leisure,
I'll wait upon ye, Sir, wi' pleasure;
For, tak my hand, I'm mair content,
The mair an' mair we grow acquaint.

But, WILLIE, I'm sae sair confin'd,
I canna ride whan I'm inclin'd;
The 'tendin' o' his honor's yard,
Requires my hand, an' close regard.

Sae first time ye come past our way,
I hope ye'll gie's a kind gude-day;
And gin there be a drig i' bottle,
We's ha've 't atween's to weet our throttle.

But troth the whisky's growin' sae dear,
We seennle see't but ance i' year:
An' late it's turn'd to treackle water,
Eneugh to turn our stamachs at her.

But Hansle-munday's comin' fast,
Sae, WILLIE, lad, gin ye come wast,
Speak in, for that day I intend
To hae a glass to gie a friend.

And gin I binna unco thrang,
Ye's get a hearin' o' the sang;

Whar past an' present time's compar'd,
Has met sae much o' your regard.

Till then I'll now say fare-ye-well,
And lang may ye bruke health an' heal;
Blest wi' your young an' canty wife,
To sweeten a' the cares o' life.

And see that ye be coothie till her,
Yet dinna wi' your kindness spill her,
In case ye hinna done 't already,
Through fondness to be ca'd a dadie.

She's sweet an' young, her sex are tender,
Mind, then, frae danger ay defend her;
Sae far's ye can, ye maun support her,
And to her duty whiles exhort her.

In sickness ye maun sympathise,
And while in health appear to please:
She in return will gratefu' prove,
And pay your kindness a' wi' love.

A fool can sometimes gi'e advice,
Sae mine to you is, ay be wise:
Whate'er ye win tak tent in spending,
A house has mony wants attending.

And better leave to those we hate,
Than beg frae friends, though e'er sae great:

They wha despise the needfu' clink,
Are sure the greatest fools, I think.

The niest to them are certain wretches,
Wha mak an idol o' their riches :
Extremes like these, may heaven prevent,
And bless us ay wi' sweet content.

And may our rural rustic muse,
Smile sweet wi' a' her gifts profuse ;
This grantit, here we have eneugh,
Believe me yours, while JAMIE DUFF.

THE SAINT AND THE BULL,

WRITTEN IN 1801.

The cause of this poem was a neighbouring farmer denying his Bull on Sunday, he having been severely reprimanded by his Session, for allowing his Bull to do on Sunday what they thought was not a work of necessity on that day.

" The rigid righteous is a fool,
" The rigid wise another."

BURNS.

YE wha in stories tak delight,
Come lend yere lugs while I recite
A tale o' truth, as weel's o' fun,
Ye'll maybe laugh afore its done.

In Lagganallan lives a man,
 A saint on earth, nae dou't he's one.
 A real NATHANIEL, quite complete,
 Frae head to heel an Israelite.

A great S——r by profession,
 A zealous bigot in his station ;
 But a' his zeal on sense was graftit,
 And a' his faith wi' love was waftit.

This man was ance as puir as me,
 Then fient a friend or sense had he ;
 But heaven was kind an' sent him pence,
 And now he has baith friends an' sense.

Now SAMUEL's got a handsome farm,
 And what for no, pray what's the harm ;
 And SAMUEL's gotten horse an' kye,
 Wi' cocks an' hens, an' swine forby.

He has a Bull, o' Bull's the wale,
 For better never bore a tail ;
 An usefu' brute, baith stark an' sturdy,
 Sax quarters lang 'tween horn an hurdy :

He keeps his master's cows in milk,
 And cleads his landlady in silk ;
 And a' his neebors round about,
 He sairs their kye, ye needna dou't :

Yea even on the holy Sunday,
 He does his wark as weel's on Monday;
 Nor time nor place, for ony body,
 Will Wattie grudge to meet their dody.

But this great sin, it now appears,
 Had reacht a godly elder's ears,
 Which bred puir SAMUEL great vexation,
 For he maun shank afore the session:

And there like beagles bald they seiz'd him,
 And lang an' sair they vext an' teaz'd him;
 Declarin' he must understand
 His Bull had broke a great command:
 Which sin, they said, if unrepentit,
 Procur'd him h—ll, they brawly kentit.

As for the Bull, they plainly tell'd him,
 This very night he bute to geld him:
 This griev'd puir SAMUEL to the heart,
 Though there he durstna tak his part;
 Whate'er he thought he didna speak,
 But fidg'd an' sighin', scratch'd his wick.

Up spak his quarter Elder JOHN,
 Wha wi' his gab wad yield to none;
 But, O! a holy saint was he,
 As e'er was born in Christandee:—

Now, SAMUEL, ye maun mak confession,
 Of this yere sin afore the session ;
 And promise ye'll do sae nae mair,
 And we'll conclude the whole wi' pray'r.

Puir SAMUEL shook an' swat for shame,
 And fairly own'd he was to blame ;
 And promis'd that in a' time comin',
 They'd baith behave them mair becomin'.

Here SAMUEL pray'd most ferventlie,
 That this great sin might pardon'd be ;
 And that each Bull might understand,
 The duties o' that great command ;
 And tak a warnin' by this case,
 To live that day in perfect peace,
 Nor mair offend this holy session,
 The shinin' stoeps o' their profession.

SAMUEL'S PRAYER BEFORE THE SESSION.

OH ! a' ye saints that shine above,
 An' see our ilka action ;
 We maun confess, we far come short,
 O' what we hae made paction.

But praise be blesst, our kirk's as gude
 As ane that has a steeple,

An' we're a holy chosen seed,
A true devoted people.

O! may each grace adorn our face,
Like oil anoint our banes then;
And may each blessin' light amang's
Like show'rs o' puttin' stanes then.

O! bless the heal S———r race,
And each true covenanter,
And we will sing an' pray wi' grace,
Like P——e, our precenter.

Yea bless our kirk, and session-house,
Likewise our manse an' glebe then,
And send us increase fifty fold,
And we'll due praise ascribe then.

But auld kirk fouk, an' burghers baith,
O! sink them to earth's centre,
For they're gaen the braid road to hell,
'Side Belial the tormenter.

O! bless our Priest an' Presbytery,
Wi' ilka honest Elder;
And may our corn gie double meal,
Whan we mak our niest melder.

That we may have wherewith to gie,
A portion to our pastor;

That points us out the road to heaven,
And gars us run the faster.

O ! bless our basket an' our store,
And purge awa' our sins then ;
And may our corn grow thick an' rank,
That we may need nae whins then.

For, O ! what could an' hungry wames
We gat wi' them last winter,
And but for them, my gude gray mare,
Nae dou't but I had tint her.

O ! mak our kye to understand
What time they ought to bull at,
That still the fourth an' great command,
They study to fulfil that.

And help this session aye to wa'k
Afore this congregation,
Like burnin' an' like shinin' stoops,
In their exalt'd station.

And, O ! may we submission pay,
To every gude injunction,
That they may think we stand in need,
For they're a holy function.

Our solemn league an' covenant,
And likewise our accession,

May we baith seal an' testify,
And die in this profession.

For we're the purest kirk on earth,
We're like a bride adorn'd,
Wi' jewels rare, an' robes sae fair,
Although by some we're scorn'd.

Now bless our Elders a' owre head,
Their spouses, ane by ane,
And we'll gie praises ever more,
Amen, yea, and amen.



When 'sa'ms an' prayer baith were endit,
And SAMUEL back to grace commendit,
He scruggit's bonnet, aff he startit,
Gudenight, coth he, an' sae they partit.

Thinks SAMUEL, d—l pick aff my feet,
If e'er this session mair I meet;
And mony a mellison he wisht them,
Although sae weel he lately blest them.

Now SAMUEL's hame, right discontent,
And for the Bull in haste he sent;
And there wi' grief an' anger tell'd it,
That this same night he buit be geldit.

Because that on the holy Sunday,
 He wrought his wark as weel's on Monday;
 And now the session they desire it,
 Because their rites an' rules require it.

The Bull, like ither Bulls, cou'd speak,
 Nor needit lang his tale to seek;
 And what he said, ye wad hae sworn,
 Was never dung by hoof an' horn.

"Geldit, coth Wattie, what for that,
 "I'd sooner thole the nine-tail'd cat;
 "I'll rather bear a broken leg,
 "Than bear that hatefu' name, a saig.

"Deil speed their face that e'er advis'd it,
 "And blaw them blind that wad practise it;
 "For nature's gifts, an' nature's laws,
 "Ilk honest male shou'd plead the cause.

"Besides, coth Watt, it's no like reason,
 "For we hae our appointed season;
 "Of Sabbath there was nae restriction,
 "Sae that may sair you for conviction."

Thus said the Bull, an' curl'd his nose,
 Syne gae a rout, an' aff he goes:
 While SAMUEL stood in sad suspense,
 To think his Bull cou'd speak sic sense.

The very Sabbath niest in view,
 WILL' WATSON, wi' his riggit cow,
 Came wast the gate, thinkin' nae ill,
 To get the help o' SAMUEL's Bull.

The mornin' was baith clear an' fair,
 The lavrocks liltit through the air :
 The dew drap shin'd on ilka blade,
 And a' the din o' toil was laid.

Just here an' there a lum was reekin',
 And beasts o' prey their holes were seekin' ;
 It weel might seem baith man an' beast
 Kend this to be a day o' rest.

The cocks were on the middin's crawin',
 The hens frae aff the roost were drawin' :
 The sun had newly left the hill,
 Whan WILLIE gaed to seek the Bull.

By this time he had reach'd the town,
 Whar SAMUEL liv'd in great renown ;
 For grace an' gear had on him smil'd,
 And a' his former fears beguil'd.

The servant lass, a thumpin' hussy,
 Was new got up, an' unco bussy ;
 Whan wast the close came simple WILL,
 And speer'd gin he wad get the Bull.

But SAMUEL's Hird, a loun ca'd JOHNEY,
 Wha likes a lass as weel as ony;
 A sober douse religious chield,
 As ever ca'd a cow ti field.

He yet in bed lay snug an' still,
 But hearin' WILLIE seek the Bull,
 He bang'd ti door just wi' his sark,
 And cried that wasna Sabbath's wark.

Sae ye may tak awa' yere cow,
 For nae sic things we can allow:
 Gae hame an' keep the fourth command,
 Or sure in Tophit ye will land.

Puir WILLIE fidg'd an' clew his head,
 And lookit like's his nose ware bled;
 And own'd that lecture did him blot,
 If it was orthodox or not.

Religion's gude, whan rightly guidit,
 But bigotry, I canna bide it:
 I fairly find your admonition
 Is but a gyte o' superstition.

By this time SAMUEL was come furth,
 A man o' solid sense an' worth:
 His coul-kilmarnock on his head,
 His beard was aff as clean's a bead.

The solemn league was in his hand,
 The pledge and standard o' our land;
 The specks sat stridelegs on his nose,
 He had been readin', ye'd suppose.

O! graceless sinner, SAMUEL cried,
 Hae ye a thoughts o' gude denied;
 Wad ye profane the holy Sunday,
 Wi' what may brawly stand till Monday.

Coth WILLIE, SAMUEL, yere mistaen,
 The mirry tid may then be gane;
 Syne she may gae as yeld's a horn,
 And I'll hae baith the skeath an' scorn.

Wae-wirth that whingin' whig, profession,
 That e'er it prosper'd in our nation;
 If we maun mak sic sacrifice,
 I dread the gospel's a' but lies.

But hark ye, SAMUEL, I perceive,
 Ye wish to shine aboon the lave;
 I dread the hypocrite ye play,
 Wha took the tap i' house to pray.

But since I see ye're sae begotted,
 And to religion sae devoted,
 Although wi' scripture I cou'd sand ye,
 I'll e'en just la'e ye as I fand ye.

Sae WILLIE an' his cow came hame,
 Ha'f mad wi' anger, spite an' shame,
 Nor cou'd he scarce believe his een,
 Sic bigotry on earth had been.

What was said o' the scribes may be yet said o' SAMUEL,
 They strain'd at a gnat, and they swallow'd a camel:
 I count that religion a species of swindling,
 Which starts at a straw, and can stride owre a windling.

THE POOR MAN'S LAMENT

FOR MAJOR A——N'S LEAVING ATHOLE TO LIVE IN
 LOTHIAN, May 22, 1816.

AS lately I mus'd on the banks of the Garry*,
 I met an old man who was walking alone;
 His body was bent, and his steps they were wary,
 And thus to himself he was making his moan:—

Ah! generous A——N, this day is to leave us,
 And many in Athole his loss may lament;
 Alas! it's no wonder his absence should grieve us,
 Since here for a blessing he surely was sent.

The poor and the friendless around him are sighing,
 His goodness and bounty oft lent them relief,
 He had such a pleasure their wants in supplying,
 His leaving this country adds care to their grief.

* The river Garry runs through Athole.

To sum up his actions would wound but his feelings,
 Albeit I were able the whole to declare,
 Each day while amongst us such traits were revealing,
 As seldom or never has met with compare.

The thoughts of his leaving us now makes me sorry,
 And many in Athole are mourning with me;
 And long will his name be rever'd at Rinrory,*
 By friends and acquaintance of ev'ry degree.

Let Lothian rejoice where he goes to reside in,
 While Athole his absence so justly may mourn;
 His much honour'd memory our hearts shall abide in,
 As grateful desires in our bosoms will burn.

Poor Brunty, the blacksmith, with me may lament him,
 And pledge him his blessing wherever he be,
 For who will like A——N from ruin prevent him,
 Or once from his Duners† again set him free.

He now may employ both his anvil and bellows,
 And earn his bread by the sweat of his brow;
 But thanks to the Major, the king of good fellows,
 And long may he live a kind action to do.

May fortune befriend him, may Providence guard him,
 So may he be bless'd in his basket and store;
 And then may his Master in Heaven reward him,
 When Athole and Lothian shall know him no more.

K 2

* The ancient name of Urrard.

† Merciless Creditors.

JOHN PICKEN'S GHAIST.

This singular character was a native of Perthshire, and a Cooper to trade. The funny tricks which he played among his credulous neighbours, would afford sufficient materials for a volume, nevertheless he died with the character of an honest man, and a good neighbour, though several foolish or ignorant people have taken it into their head, that they have seen his ghost, at various times, and at different places.

The author of the following verses being one of the above description, would also add his testimony to confirm the story, but humbly begs that no body will believe it who are of a different opinion.

The scene is cast near Methven; the time of action, twelve at night.

" This is the dark and dreary hour
 " When injur'd ghosts complain."

MALLET.

" That bards are second sighted is nae joke,
 " And ken the lingo of the spiritual folk."

BURNS.

AE night the sun had set i' wast,
 The moon was risin' frae the sea;
 The blazin' planets a' shone bright,
 An' little starnies blinkit hie.

As hame I dander'd through the dubs,
 An' stammart o'er the rowin' stanes;
 Whiles stoitin' sidelins i' the ditch,
 In danger aft to brak my banes.

Wi' gude peat-reek* my head was light,
 Wi' Craigie† Ale my wame was fu';
 For that day I had been at Perth,
 An' sell'd my sonsie brandit cow.

For Methven straight I took the road,
 Whar mony a merry night I'd been,
 Whar Megg an' I had spent our youth,
 And mony up's an' down's had seen.

I had got safe owre Lochty-brig,
 An' by the Brunton-brae‡ fu' weel,
 An' past the bush an' bogle strip,
 Whar Patie Kermock saw the deil.

When Satan, like a saddl'd horse,
 Wi' bridle hingin' owre his mane,
 Lap owre the ditch an' cross'd the road,
 Syne turn'd an' cross'd it back again.

But Patie kent it was the De'il,
 An' weel aware o' clootie's pranks,
 For though he fain had rode that night,
 He stumpit forrat on his shanks.

His granny had a proverb true,
 (I wat a willie wife was she,)
 The de'il, though girdit e'er so tight,
 Was ne'er to ride the water wi'.

* Highland whisky. † A Brewrie. ‡ A place famous for witches.

But naither de'il nor ghaist saw I,
 Till Kippen's* saughs came i' my view,
 Whan something like a spirit pale,
 Appear'd to my astonish'd view.

A cooper's knife was in his hand,
 A bunch o' girds hang owre his arm,
 He seem'd to stare me fu' i' the face,
 Nae wonder though I dreadit harm.

Had Kippen been alive himsel,
 I had concluded that war' he;
 But Kippen's dead a towmond gane,
 Sae that can never Kippen be.

My hair began to rise on end,
 My knees smat fast on ane anither,
 My flesh crap closer to my skin,
 And e'en my heart began to swither.

My bonnet fell frae aff my head,
 The staff was trim'lin' i' my hand,
 Nor cou'd I now resolve mysel,
 Which way was best, to rin or stand.

At length John Barley-corn spake up,
 "Come ye'll gae on, an' I'll gae wi' ye;
 "Tak courage, face him, benna fly'd,
 "An' a' the help I can, I'll gie ye.

* A brother tradesman.

Syne I took courage to mysel,
 And ventur'd forrat on the spectre;
 But first implor'd the pow'rs abune,
 To be my guardian an' protector.

Wi' alter'd voice, I falt'rin' speer'd,
 O! Sir, are ye a ghaist or d—l,
 And O! what errand brought ye here,
 O! was't for gude, or was't for evil.

The creature, gin I rightly name 't,
 Wi' close attention now beheld me;
 Then wi' a sad an' downcast look,
 This dismal tale o' sorrow tald me:—

“ Know I'm John Picken's growsom ghaist,
 “ Wha's doom'd so late to wander here,
 “ And tell what hardships he endures,
 “ In yonder regions, fell an' drear.

“ There he is doom'd a certain time,
 “ To gird a caldron, red an' hot,
 “ Nor dare complain, or seek relief,
 “ Frae this his sad an' wretch'd lot.

“ Here Pluto, wi' an iron rung,
 “ Keeps a' his subjects to their toil;
 “ The greatest rascals kent on earth,
 “ Are here his convicts for a while.

" And I'm employ'd to fetch him girds
 " Frae this his neebor's saughen ward,
 " Which are consum'd as fast's they're driven,
 " And fear'd to say my case is hard.

" Here mony a king (whose cruel laws
 " Their subjects poor cou'd ne'er exempt,)
 " Are doom'd to drag a servile chain,
 " And held by beggars in contempt.

" Here sturdy beggars wha impos'd
 " On simple fouk, by trick an' lie,
 " Are forc'd to dig, to knit, an' spin,
 " Wi' hungry guts, but meat or fee.

" Here statesmen great, wha fed on war,
 " And lang their country's bluid had shed,
 " Are doom'd to tread on burnin' coals,
 " Or rest on briars for a bed.

" Here coward leaders, wha cou'd sell
 " Their country's honor or its bluid,
 " Are forc'd to herd wi' savage beasts,
 " And fight the lion for his fuid.

" Here Pluto keeps a monthly court,
 " Whar justice hads her iron scales,
 " Whan ilka rascal gets his due,
 " Nor dare protest or lodge appeals.

" Here mony a limb o' Britain's law,
 " The boastit blessin' o' our land,
 " Are headlang hurl'd wi' a' their bribes,
 " And feel the weight o' Pluto's wand.

" The sable liquid they have spilt,
 " The paper squeebs they lang had flung,
 " Are now collected in a mass,
 " To scorch their prostituted tongue.

" Here Pharoah drags an iron carr,
 " Where Dathan and Abiram ride,
 " While Corah acts the coachman's part,
 " And 'plies the whip on either side.

" Here Herod, that relentless hound,
 " 'Mang bugs, an' lice, an' maggots lies,
 " Wha slew the babes o' Bethlehem,
 " Regardless o' a mither's cries.

" Here Nero too, that bluidy wretch,
 " Wha wasted Rome wi' sword an' fire,
 " And whil'st it flam'd within his sight,
 " Cou'd sit unmov'd an' play his lyre.

" His sceptre now is turn'd a snaik,
 " His crown is chang'd to burnin' lead;
 " The meanest slave he slew in Rome
 " Is heapin' coals upon his head.

“ And here’s an empty chair for him*

“ Wha’s wastin’ Europe like a plague,

“ And soon must fa’ by time or fate,

“ Which hads the gully at his craig.

“ And likewise TAM†, wha by his beuks,

“ Set Europe first in ithers taps,

“ Till axes, rapes, an’ gullatines,

“ In ilka land war makin’ slaps.

“ Here Ixion ever turns his wheel,

“ As idant as he did at first ;

“ And here TANTALUS tries in vain

“ To quench his everlastin’ thirst.

“ Here DANAUS’ fifty daughters still

(“ Regardless baith o’ love an’ truth,)

“ Are toilin’ hard their pails to fill,

“ But ne’er can fill them to the mouth.

“ And thousands mair whom I might name,

“ Of ancient and of modern times,

“ Wha here must serve their quarantine,

“ And suffer penance for their crimes.

“ But time wad fail to tell the ha’f

“ Of what Iv’e seen transacted yonder,

“ War ye transportit there alive,

“ The sight wad strike ye dead wi’ wonder.”

* Bonaparte.

† Paine.

Weel, friend, sin' ye hae done sae weel,
 Coth I, wad ye but be sae kind,
 As tell me what was PICKEN's crime,
 That he's to sic a post consign'd.

That I cou'd tell, wad time allow,
 And A'mond side can witness bear,
 What tricks he play'd for mony a day,
 While in his youth he girdit there.

But that which seal'd his dreadfu' doom,
 And what he sairly rues this day,
 His mither blam'd him for her death,
 And sae hae mony neebors mae.

Yet to his credit be it tellt,
 And even though owre late to mend it,
 Still be it kent to a' that hears 't,
 Nae ill by JOHNEY was intendit.

(The way was this,) whan JOHN was young,
 I wat a winsome youth was he;
 And a' the lasses o' the strath
 Was fond o' JOHNEY's company.

And round his ingle aft they rang'd,
 In winter wi' their spinin' wheel,
 And JOHNEY kisst them a' by turns,
 He kent the cummars lo'ed it weel.

Wi' sangs an' jokes the day drave by,
 Of health an' mirth the surest omen;
 Syne barley-bracks amang the stacks,
 The lads an' lasses took their glomin'.

Then to their wheels again wi' speed,
 Around a rantin' cozie ingle,
 Their hesp to spin, an' task to end,
 And mirth wi' toil promisc'ous mingle.

But JOHNEY's heart bein' fu' o' funn,
 His mind ran constant on intriguin',
 Sae he resolv'd, ae winter night,
 To gie the cummars a' a fligin'.

His neebor man had hane a colt,
 Wha, wi' the batts, contriv'd to die,
 Coth JOHNEY, quietly till himsel,
 Now this is just the chance for me.

The head he hackit aff the beast,
 Wi' skin an' hair, an' lugs I ween;
 Besides it had a hawkit face,
 Wi' girnin' teeth, and glowrin een.

He tied it tightly in a string,
 Syne slade it down his mither's lum,
 The cummars never heard it mudge,
 Their sangs an' wheels made sic a bum.

At length it reacht the backet stane,
 The reek, by chance, was thick an' thrang,
 But something gart the girdle ring,
 Whar 'hint the backet stane it hang.

His presence be about's, coth Kate,
 The L—d be here, cried Meg M'Lean,
 My life, my life, scream'd Sarah Scrim,
 The Deil's upo' the backet stane.

Owre wheels an' stules the hussies lape,
 Ilk screech was louder than anither,
 The farest ben was foremost butt,
 Out-owre the tap o' JOHNEY's mither.

The carlin' lost her feet wi' fright,
 And heels-owre-head i' flure she fell,
 But whan she raise or wan the door,
 The fient ane lookit back to tell.

'Tween fa's an' freight she gat that night,
 Her days thereafter warna mony,
 And when the carlin' clos'd her een,
 Her neebors laid the wyte on JOHNEY.

But whether that be true or no,
 'Tis needless now to mak reflection,
 Sae ye may think o't what ye like,
 But I must follow my direction.

By this the day began to brake,
 And Kleekem's* cock began to craw,
 Sae I thought time to wander hame,
 And JOHNEY'S vision wore awa'.

TO W——M Y——G,

WEAVER IN METHVEN,

* In answer to his Letter, wherein he told the misery which he suffered on giving up taking snuff, and how he was obliged to begin to it again, and the comforts he then enjoyed.

DEAR Sir, yere letter came to hand,
 By which I clearly understand,
 Yere nose an' you have had a plea,
 And ye've been beat, I plainly see.

Wow, man, but ye was soon o'erpow'r'd,
 Cou'd ye nae for a month endur'd;
 I'll lay my lug ye'd won the day,
 And snuff an' nose wad baith gi'en way.

But for an ouk to growl an' grumble,
 And through the bed to row an' tumble;

* A well known inn-keeper in Methven.

And then to snuff a votary fa',
It shaws ye are nae man ava.

Yere very wab, ye tell to me,
Rejoic'd the snuffy drap to see;
Nae dou't the lay, the reed, an' speel,
Gin they wad speak, war pleas'd as well;
The temples likewise, an' the beam,
Seem safer to your hands an' wame;
Yea ye might add the shafts an' haidles,
Keep better time to feet an' tradles.

Oh! snuff, oh! snuff, what mighty merit,
Or magic pow'r dost thou inherit,
Wi' thee a Wabster might command
The forces o' his native land.

I was amind mysel, to quite it,
But troth I'm fear'd 'twad put me doitit;
I'll rather drink a gill the less,
Than run the risk o' sic distress:
Sae I remain your snuffy crony,
And trusty brither, Wabster JOHNEY.

THE INVITATION

OF A FRIEND FROM DUNKELD TO ATHOLE,

While the author lived at Lude, 1815.

WHAT muckle mischief ails ye PATIE,
Hae ye forgotten me an' KETTY,
Or hae ye scor'd us frae yere beuk,
Because we've left his grace the Duke.

If sae yere friendship's been but sma',
In case ye hae hane aught ava,
The only way I'll get amends,
Is just to score you frae my friends.

But ere I tak this rash extreme,
I fain wad try some ither scheme,
An' wait anither ouk wi' patience,
In hopes ye'll send some explanations,
Or come yoursel an' clear the matter,
And this, I think, wad be far better.

Pray, is 't wi' beuks, or is 't wi' lasses,
Or is 't wi' rovin' bucks an' glasses,
Ye spend yere time, an' seem sae thrang,
That yere a stranger here sae lang ?

Cou'd ye but venture up to Lude,
Ye's want for naething here that's gude,

For I hae routh o' milk an' brose,
 At brackfast-time to mak a dose ;
 Wi' kail an' cakes, at noon, for dinner,
 Owre gude for ony graceless sinner.

Of Athole-brose I canna want,
 Tho' honey-comb is wearin' scant,
 But bees are busy 'mang the flow'rs,
 Baith in the garden, meads, an' moors,
 Providin' fast for winter store,
 Whan we'll get Athole-brose galore.

Besides, cou'd ye but stride to Blair,
 The best that's in 't, ye's get a share ;
 There's Will' an' Sandy, Jock, an' Tam,
 Wha weel can dose a Highland dram,
 O' gude peat-reek, that healsome ware,
 Which heezes up the heart frae care :
 They've promis'd, and they will fulfil,
 To treat ye wi' a hearty gill,
 The best that Beniglow can boast,
 It maks nae matter what the cost.

But PATIE, ere ye lae Dunkel,
 Mark what I say, an' mind it well ;
 Remember drouth is ill to bide,
 Sae ye against it must provide :
 Moist weel yere clay wi' barley water,
 'Twill help ye through the stoor the better ;

And tak the mornin' by the end,
When to the north yere course ye bend.

When ye arrive at Moulinearn,
Ye'll be right drouthie there, I'll warran';
On Mistress Pennycook ye'll ca',
She ne'er was sweer a cork to draw,
Ye'll get a glass, an' maybe twa'.

Pitlochry niest comes in yere row,
The lan'lord there is Jamie Gow;
There ye again may weet yere wizzen,
In case yere gab be like to gizzen.

At Tyandete, M'Naughton dwells,
Wha whisky keeps, an' whisky sells;
Here ye again may find a glass,
Ye'll trudge the lighter through the Pass*.

Aldgirnock niest comes in yere ee,
Whar on yere right a signe ye'll see;
The name, (M'Rostie) can ye read it,
Wha keeps a spark for them wha need it.
A canty cock, if he's at hame,
He taks his glass and thinks nae shame.

A little farer west Auldclune;
The lan'lord here is Johny Moon,

* The Pass of Killacrankie, 1669.

An honest miller, (if there's ane)
 As ever laid a pick on stane.
 Wi' little din he's frank an' free,
 An' likes a chield o' mirth an' glee!
 His siller-girdit Whisky quaigh,
 Will heeze yere heart gin it be laigh.

Niest stage to this is Ballintowl,
 Whar lives John Shaw, a funnie soul;
 Here ye will find a clean hotell,
 Wi' Meal an' whisky baith to sell;
 For John's a meal an' whisky-munger,
 An' still a lad, tho' lads there's younger.
 His mither maks his bed an' brose,
 An' John himsel can clout his hose.
 Sae ne'er a wife nor lass wants Johnny,
 They're a' the same—black, brown, or bonny,
 But yet tho' Johnny wants a wife,
 He keeps the cordial ba'm o' life.
 Gude aquavitie, clean an' clear,
 Sae tak a glass yere heart to chear.

Whan Killmavonig ye come through,
 By-north the brig a signe ye'll view,—
 A crown supportit by a thistle,
 Whar ye may snugly weet ye're whistle.
 A cleanly wife, a kind gudeman,
 Wha tells a joke as weel's he can,
 And tho' his logic be na fine,
 His whisky's pure as Adam's wine;

Sae tak a gill to warm yere heart,
 An' treat the lan'lord wi' a part.
 This done, nae doubt he'll be so gude
 As shaw ye up the brae to Lude,
 That sweet retreat, that pleasant spot,
 Whar fickle fortune's cast my lot;
 And still, sae far as I can see,
 She seems inclined to sport wi' me.

Here Lude looks down on bonny Blair,
 Wi' a' the rural grandeure there.
 And here my muse can tune the lay,
 As sweet as on the banks o' Tay.
 Yet still my bosom heaves a sigh,
 And aft a tear bedews mine eye,
 To think how partial Fortune can
 Exalt the novice o'er the man.

Now PATIE plead nae mair excuse,
 In case ye yet provoke my muse,
 To send ye down some ither ditty,
 Perhaps as bitter and as wittie;
 For friends like ill to meet neglect,
 Frae whar they thought to find respect.

Sae I'll conclude this courtin' letter,
 In hopes ye'll think upo' the matter.
 Depend sae soon's in Lude I see ye,
 A Highland welcome I sall gi'e ye.

Fareweel my friend, fareweel this stuff,
I'm still yere trusty JAMIE DUFF.

Sent with a brace of WILD DUCKS to a Gentleman in
Town. The author caught the ducklings, by speed
of foot, when abroad with the dam in a field, 1804.

ACCEPT a trifle from a friend,
Befriended first by you,
Which friendship shall forever bend
His friendship leal and true.
This simple gift you'll understand,
But cost me little toil;
Then take it frankly off my hand,
And share with me the spoil.

No dog nor gun did I employ,
To kill the harmless pair;
Nor lure, nor engine to decoy,
These younglings to insnare,
The cruel hand which holds the pen
That writes this rustic line,
First seiz'd the brood, then slew the game,
That you might freely dine.

THE GUDE WIFE;
OR, CONTENT AT HAME.

YE gods! ye hae gi'en me a wife,
And I fand her a very gude thing;
She shares a' the cares o' my life,
And maks me as bless'd as a king.

When smilin' she gi'es me delight,
Tho' gloomin' I think o' nae harms:
There's naething that does me affright,
But the day I'll be 'reft o' her charms.

Of children she has foster'd me nine,
And twa are already in heav'n;
Then why should we dare to repine,
Since still we are bless'd wi' the seven.

She's frugal, contentit, and quiet;
Her chiefest delights are at hame;
Her fare is a clean simple diet;
Of riches she ne'er had a dream.

She's tender, like maist o' her kind,
Possess'd o' a weak constitution,
Which ruffles her temper an' mind:
Wha wadna bewail her condition.

Alas! o' mysel I may say,
 The days are awa' I hae seen,
 Whan light as a buck I cou'd play,
 Or dance wi' the best on the green.

Frae hallak to hallak I haapit,
 My heart was as light as a strae;
 But now I'm grown auld an' bald-sca'pit,
 An' hirplin an' hoollie maun gae.

Ah! youth is the time to improve in,
 'Tis then that our Time is in flow'r;
 'Twere better ae day then to live in,
 Than ten when we're fifty an' four.

Auld age an' diseases the gither,
 Have rifled our cheek an' our mouth,
 Yet still we're contentit wi' ither,
 And mind on the days o' our youth.

Ye wives to your husbands be kind,
 Ye husbands be true to your wives;
 If love be sincere you will find,
 'Twill last you the length of your lives.

Let wisdom and prudence preside;
 Be apter to prize than to blame;
 Let naught your affection divide,
 And aye be contentit at hame.

TO MR A. BARRIE,

LATE TEACHER IN EDINBURGH,

And Author or Compiler of the Collections which
bear his name ; by his own desire, on retiring from
business.

NOW BARRIE is dead baith to writing and reading,
But still he's alive to good drinking and feeding.
Tho' deaf to the dux or the dunce of a class,
He's quick as a thought to his friend and his glass.

Retir'd from his labours, he lives on its gains,
Enjoying its pleasures, devoid of its pains ;
And tho' with the weight of his years he must bend,
Still, still he delights in a bottle and friend.

Much merit he has in his famous Collection,
Compil'd with such taste, and arrang'd in perfection :
By ages to come will his books be preferr'd,
And by children unborn will his name be rever'd.

P. S. What beating, what threat'ing, what flattering,
and fleaching,
That man must employ, whose employment is teaching ;
How arduous the task, but how pleasing the pain,
The youth to instruct, when the End we obtain.

TO THE DOOR-KEEPERS

OF ST JOHN'S KIRK, P—TH,

On their refusing the Author admittance, being a
Stranger.

SEE yon rude unfeeling mortal,
Virtue's paths who ne'er has trod,
How unmeet to guard the portal
Opening to the House of God.

Mark him how he treats the stranger,
Who would fainly enter in ;
Stares him as if dreading danger,
Then denies him with a grin.

But if from a gilded pocket,
He can shew a silver pledge,
Then his door is quick unlocked,
Then his friendship you engage.

Thus the gospel we must purchase,
Ananias like of old :
Shame ! that of St Johnston's churches,
Such a tale should e'er be told.

God forbid that such a porter,
E'er at Heaven's gate should be :

Sure he'd prove a poor comforter,
To a sinner such as me.

To Miss B—— CAMPBELL,
An excellent Young Lady of Fortune.

YES, worthy Miss CAMPBELL, right well may we trace,
Those graces which Nature hath lavish'd on thee ;
In mildness of temper, and sweetness of face,
With a heart and a hand so benevolent and free.

Nor less has good fortune been kind to the fair,
For riches and honour are freely bestow'd,
In plenty to keep, and a portion to spare ;
With these gracious Heaven has this Lady endow'd.

On Mr SOUTHY's being made Poet Laureat, by Mr
WALTER SCOTT declining the competition. Ex-
tempore.

NOW, SOUTHY, since you've won the Laurel,
And got it too, without a quarrel,
Long may the bay your brows adorn,
And shine the brighter as its worn.

Let never pride, that canker worm,
 Its shining or its shape deform;
 But wit, without a great parade,
 And sense your every work pervade.

Nor let a monarch's smiles, profuse,
 A fauning venal line excuse:
 What truth forbids you never do it,
 Or sink the Man to raise the Poet.

THE POOR MAN'S PETITION,

IN PRAYER.

O! THOU, the Parent and the friend
 Of all the human race,
 Whose goodness and whose wisdom great
 Gave ev'ry one their place.

Tho' I enjoy a scanty share
 Of wit and wealth from thee,
 O! grant content with what I have,
 And that's enough to me.

The King may wear a crown of care,
 The Statesman seem to please;
 They both may have their secret griefs,
 Which kingdoms cannot ease.

O! let a conscience clear of guilt,
 My close companion be;
 And let my heart be fix'd above,
 Where faith alone can see.

There let my treasure likewise ly,
 And there, my chiefest joy,
 That to possess them all at last,
 This life I may employ.

THE GRAVE.

THIS is the place appointed, where
 The great and small must be;
 And here the servant and his lord,
 Are both alike with me.

The lofty look, the haughty heart,
 With me no more are seen:
 The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
 Are dress'd in humble green.

The friend, the foe, the clown, the beau,
 Promisc'ous here unite,
 The hero brave, the coward slave,
 Can neither run nor fight.

Peace I maintain thro' my domain,
 No traitor lurks with me;
 My empire large, there's none can charge
 With pride or perjury.

Nor toll, nor tax, nor grievous acts,
 Are known within my bound;
 Nor keen debate, in church or state,
 Are heard the smallest sound.

Who would not, then, be more than fain,
 To dwell so bless'd with me,
 Where strife, nor war, nor int'rests jar,
 To mar tranquillity.

On hearing of the death of Mr PITT, Prime Minister,
 1806.

WHEN good Elijah left this earth,
 And wing'd his way to heaven,
 A double portion of his gifts
 Was to his colleague given.

May such, at present, be the case,
 (Could heaven but think it fit,)
 That still our Premier might possess,
 The gifts of worthy PITT.

On hearing of Admiral DUNCAN's death.

IS DUNCAN dead! the tyrant's dread;
Lament in kintry and in town:
He tore the bays frae WINTER's* head,
An' dang the Dutch at Camperdoun.

On the death of Admiral LORD NELSON, 1805.

HAVE heroes in heaven a place or a share,
Yes, NELSON the first of our heroes is there.
No fear then of Britain, her guardian he'll be,
For Neptune made NELSON the Lord of the sea.

AN EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NOBLEMAN,

Who died in 1781, while the author was serving his
father, the late Earl of M——t.

HERE lies a lord, an only son,
Whose course was bright, but soon was run;
Had worth or wealth the pow'r to save,
This had not been young P——h's grave.
His father mourns a darling son,
Whose highest hopes are here undone:

* De Winter the Dutch Admiral.

His country weeps a trusty friend,
 On whom, in need, she might depend.
 But death takes neither bribe nor bill,
 Death's stroke is sore, and sure to kill.
 May all a lesson take thereby,
 And live as they would wish to die,
 Since high and low alike must lie.

AN EPITAPH FOR LAURENCE SCRUB.

HERE Laurie lies, as cauld as lead,
 A warly wretch weel kent to be,
 Wha never tellt till he was dead,
 What kind o' faith or hope had he.

It was his siller, not his soul,
 That Laurie fasht his thum to save.
 Though yon proud Prelate came to growl
 Some pater-noster owre his grave.

He might as weel sung Chievy Chace,
 For aught that Laurie seem'd to care,
 Whan ance his een war clos'd in peace,
 His lugs war likewise shut I fear.

Ah! graceless, think afore ye die,
 And try to clear your score yoursel,
 For gin ye trust a rogue like me,
 Whar ye may land, 'tis hard to tell.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Of a Young Gentleman who died at a boarding school,
after very sanguine hopes of his recovery, 1803.

AH! cruel death, hast thou at last prevail'd,
Has health and beauty, youth and vigour fail'd;
Relentless tyrant, deaf to every pray'r,
Our fondest wishes and our chiefest care.
This noble plant thou'st cut before its prime,
Had heaven not will'd it; sure it were a crime:
But fate decreed it, and it must be so,
Nor youth, nor age, are proof against the blow.
Yet ne'ertheless each breast must heave a sigh,
And tears of sorrow drop from every eye,
Who knew his merit, and his worth could tell,
Which would, if written, to a volume swell.
A noble spirit, with a generous heart,
A mind courageous, and a frame alert:
Had *Howard's** fortune been at his command,
He could distribute with as free a hand:
The verdant plain laments him as its pride,
Each youth bewails him as his sportive guide:
As in their gambols he still led the van,
What might he not, had he arriv'd to man.
But hush my muse, cease longer to complain,
Thy grief's unseason'd, as thy plaint is vain;
He is not lost though alter'd his abode,
He's now in bless, for ever with his God.

* The rich and generous Howard who lately liberated so many
insolvent debtors, in his tour through Scotland.

ACROSTIC

TO THE INITIALS OF HIS NAME.

THE fairest flow'r on Almond's side,
 GREW late at Drummond hall,
 DEVOURING death, in wanton pride,
 RESOLV'D this flow'r should fall.

TO THE MEMORY OF

LIEUT.-GENERAL, SIR JOHN MOORE;

Who was killed at Corunna, by a canon ball, after it
 had struck the ground, 16th January, 1809.

AH! gallant MOORE, has fate confirm'd thy doom,
 And sent our hero to an early tomb:
 The destin'd shot seem'd loath to do the deed,
 But all in vain, for heaven had so decreed.
 The fatal ball must first assail the ground,
 As if unwilling so much worth to wound:
 But forc'd to rise, ah! rueful tale to tell,
 Our valiant leader, and our hero, fell!
 But liv'd to hear, ere death had seal'd his eye,
 The French were beaten and oblig'd to fly:
 The conflict ended with the closing day,
 When every column of the foe gave way,
 To British valour they were forc'd to yield,
 And left us masters of the bloody field;

And, ah ! a field which many still may mourn
 For friends departed, never to return.
 Now though he's gone who was his country's pride,
 Despair not, Scotia, thou hast friends beside :
 A Baird, a Hope, a Ferguson, a Graham,
 Will yet avenge thee, and support thy fame ;
 They long for thee have ventur'd limb and life,
 And shone conspicuous in the glorious strife ;
 Undaunted still, they spurn a tyrant's laws,
 And death or glory must decide the cause :
 Undaunted still, they spurn a tyrant's chain,
 And death or glory must conclude the scene.



ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL HOWE.

HAS death depriv'd the State of Howe,
 It pains my heart to hear the news ;
 He was a dread to Britain's foes,
 And often check'd their hostile views.

Now that his body lies in dust,
 His spirit craves this simple boon,
 With laurels yearly crown his bust,
 He won them well the first of June.

TO THE MEMORY OF
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ABERCROMBIE,

Who was killed in Egypt, 21st March, 1801.

HAS ABERCROMBIE left this earth,
A better soul ne'er trode upon it,
Nor braver soldier e'er drew breath,
Nor truer Scotchman wore a bonnet.

It was his fate to bear the brunt,
While life was lent, in Britain's quarrels;
Of warlike chiefs he stood in front,
And fell a vet'ran crown'd with laurels.

HIS EPITAPH.

HERE now in dust a hero lies,
Who ne'er could flinch or flee,
If glory be the soldier's prize,
A happy man is he.

TO A PENITENT SINNER,
Who had cut his own throat, but was prevented from
death and h-ll, by immediate medical assistance.

HERE lives a saint baith heal and weel,
A miricle to tell;
Sir Lancet claucht him frae the deil,
Within an inch o' h-ll.

BONAPARTE'S COMIN';
Or, ROUSE BROTHER BRITONS.

This song was composed about the end of the year 1803, a time when this country was in daily expectation of Bonaparte invading it by a Flotilla, with three or four hundred thousand troops on board: a time when every loyal Briton, as well as the author, thought it is his duty and his interest to rally round the standard of true freedom, and do his best to defend his all. The reception which this song has met with is universally known.

It was dedicated to, and Patronised by, the 4th Battalion, first brigade, Royal Perthshire Volunteers; as also the Lord Lieutenant, and Commander-in-Chief, General M'Donald.

TUNE—*Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

BONAPARTE's comin', they're tellin' us,
 What's he to do when he comes;
 He thinks we're sae feard o' his numbers,
 We'll rin at the sound o' his drums.
 But rouse brither Britons, an' meet him,
 And shew him our hearts are o' steel;
 We'll face him, we'll fight him, we'll beat him,
 And send him to France or the deil.

CHORUS.

*Then wha wadna be a brave sodger,
 And fight for his country an' laws:
 Afore we will yield to a tyrant,
 We'll die in the glorious cause.*

He's braggan he'll tak a' our siller,
 An' learn us a new country-dance;
 An' then he will lift our bit island,
 An' carry it wi' him to France!!!

But come when he likes, he'll be cheatit,
 An' that he will fin' to his cost;
 What tho' he's the Austr'ans defeatit,
 In Britons he never shall boast.

Then wha wadna be a brave sodger, &c.

He's swearin' he'll brig owre the channel,
 An' syne he'll come hither dry-shod;
 But faith gin brave Nelson meet wi' him,
 I dread he'll come short o' the road.
 For Nelson, he is a brave sailor,
 An' Bonapart kens that fu' weel;
 For brawlie he minds o' the drubbin'
 He got frae him ance at the Nile.

Then wha wadna be a brave sodger, &c.

Now we hae baith sodgers and sailors,
 An' plenty o' fine volunteers;
 Wi' routh o' militia an' yeomen,
 Then what the mischanter can fear's.
 We'll laugh at their threaten'd invasion,
 Our hearts to our king are sae true;
 We'll stand or we'll fa' by our colours,
 An' swear by the red an' the blue.

Then wha wadna be a brave sodger, &c.

Our king an' our country commands us,
 Our liberty, laws, an' our lives,

An' what's still as dear to each Briton,
 Our honor, our creed, an' our wives.
 Then let us unite to defend them,
 And enter the lists volunteer;
 An' tell the proud Corsican tyrant,
 We want nae French fashions this year.
Then wha wadna be a brave sodger, &c.

Now fill up a bumper to Nelson,
 To Duncan, St Vincent, an' Howe;
 Likewise to brave Keith, an' Sir Sidney,
 While laurels encircle their brow.
 An' here's to each sodger an' sailor,
 That's beat him by land an' by sea;
 And if he attempts to invade us,
 Weel beaten again he shall be.

*Then wha wadna be a brave sodger,
 An' fight for his country an' laws:
 Afore we will yield to a tyrant,
 We'll die in the glorious cause.*

SCOTLAND'S COMFORT;

OR, WILLIE'S WELCOME BACK AGAIN.

This song was written about the time that Mr PITT took his seat as Chancellor of the Exchequer, (after Mr ADDINGTON) and Lord MELVILLE's appointment to be first Lord of the Admiralty.

TUNE—*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*

NOW Scotland nae langer be mournin',
 But dry up the tear frae your ee,

Ye see how ilk bosom is burnin'
 Wi' love an' affection for thee.
 Thy sons are in arms already,
 Just waitin' the word o' command,
 Shou'd e'er the proud Corsican laddie,
 Attempt on our borders to land.

Drums an' trumpets an' a',
 Trumpets an' drums an' a',
 The din o' our drums an' our trumpets,
 Will flig the French fugies awa'.

Our tars, they are waitin' his motion,
 Sole master at sea, how they ride;
 Our commerce, it covers the ocean,
 Which mortifies Bonapart's pride:
 It frets him to think how he's hamper'd,
 An' crib'd like a cock in a cage;
 Our brave wooden wa's are a rampart,
 He daresna attempt to engage.

Guns an' cannons an' a',
 Cannons an' guns an' a',
 The strong wooden walls o' auld England,
 Still keeps the proud consul in awe.

But lat him come owre whan he's ready,
 We'll met him wi' bay'nets an' pikes;
 He'll find we're as canker'd an' steady,
 As bees in defence o' their bykes.



Our hames an' our honeys' our riches,
 We'll 'fend them sae lang as we may,
 An' fight amang bluid to the breeches,
 Afore we will leave them a prey.

Hames an' honey an' a',
 Honey an' hames an' a',
 We'll fight for our hames an' our honeys,
 Sae lang as a sword we can draw.

Now Willie's* got haud o' the helm,
 Wha brawlie the coble can steer;
 An' Harry,† that never will fail him,
 Is just at his elbow, we hear;
 An' since they're united thegither,
 They'll keep her in trim, ye may swear,
 Whan favour'd by Paddy, our brither,
 Nae danger has Britain to fear.

Scotlan' an' Englan' an' a',
 Englan' an' Irelan' an' a',
 Wi' pilots like Willie an' Harry,
 We'll venture our life, an' our a'.

Now fill up a bumper to Geordie,
 Our father, our friend, an' our king;
 An' lang may he reckon we're wordie
 To shelter us under his wing.
 Lat Bonaparte faction an' party
 Gae knit themsels up in a string,

* MR PITT.

† LORD MELVILLE.

Sae lang's we've a groat to mak hearty,
 We'll drink to our monarch an' sing.

Singin' an' drinkin' an' a',
 Drinkin' an' singin' an' a',
 We'll drink to our king an' his council,
 But Willie's the weal o' them a'.

NELSON'S LAMENT.

Written on hearing of the Battle of Trafalgar, and the fate of the justly renowned Commander-in-chief LORD NELSON, 1805, patronised, as well as the two foregoing, by the Stormont Volunteers.

TUNE—*Highland Laddie.*

COME my lads, let's join the core,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie,
 That rallys round our native shore,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

Since Briton's sons were born free,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 Then wha wad sell his liberty,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

Our fathers bought it wi' their bluid,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 To shaw their sons the cause was guid,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

Let France an' Spain unite their force,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;

Gude-faith the dub they darna cross,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

But hark ! what news ? I hear the horn,
Sodger laddie, sailor laddie ;
Some seem to smile, some seem to mourn,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

The Cadiz fleet has hoisted sail,
Sodger laddie, sailor laddie ;
But Nelson soon their ships did hail,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

The British thunder then did roar,
Sodger laddie, sailor laddie ;
From thirty-three he dash'd a score,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

Thus British valour was display'd,
Sodger laddie, sailor laddie ;
Although but twenty-seven he led,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

But sad the tale I hae to tell,
Sodger laddie, sailor laddie ;
The brave, the gallant Nelson fell !
My dauntless sailor laddie.

But ere he fell the day was won,
Sodger laddie, sailor laddie ;
And victory hail'd him for her son,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

The fatal ball had pierc'd his breast,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 When like brave Woolf, he sunk to rest,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

The flags of France were fa'n in show'rs,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 Which strew'd his dying bed wi' flow'rs,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

I die in peace, the hero cried,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 Since Britain's foes are still defy'd,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

Now haughty Gaul in sable mourns,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 Since Neptune a' her projects spurns,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

And poor Castile, in grief may greet,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 Betray'd by France, she's lost her fleet,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

Then drink a health to Nelson's crew,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;
 Brave British tars sae staunch an' true,
 My dauntless sailor laddie.

The palm o' victory they'll maintain,
 Sodger laddie, sailor laddie;

An' ride triumphant o'er the main,
My dauntless sailor laddie.

THE BANKS OF ALMOND.

A SONG.

This song was written purposely as a remembrancer of the rural customs of former times, and even of the Author's younger years.

TUNE—*Captain O' Kain.*

AS musing I roam'd on the banks of sweet Almond,
One fine summer evening, while Phœbus shone clear,
A concert of swains from the Grampian mountains,
Who met by appointment, I chanced to hear.
The evening was fair, and the lambkins were playing,
Their flocks and their herds were all grazing around,
Each lad and his charmer sat on the green verdure,
And nothing but mirth and contentment was found.

Says Sandy to Nelly, will ye go and wander,
Down by yon green harbour, near Logie's high tower,
I'll lead thee where Almond does sweetly meander,
And cull thee a posie from every wild flower.
Says Nelly, Dear Sandy, fain would I attend thee,
But see how my lambkins are stray'd o'er the plain;
Tho' Phœbus be shining, he's quickly declining,
And evening approaching forbids me my swain.

Oh! Nelly, my jewel, how can ye be cruel,
 How long must I sigh, in suspense of thy love;
 These three sultry summers I've woo'd thy affection,
 And tried ev'ry art thy good will to improve.
 How often thy lambkins I've gather'd with pleasure,
 How often a garland I've wove for thy hair;
 How oft have I sung thee asleep on my bosom,
 And yet, like Leander, to die in despair.

See yonder two stock-doves, a-billing and cooing,
 How fondly they perch upon yonder green tree:
 The linnet, the lark, and the sweet warbling black-bird,
 Each male and his female, how well they agree.
 See John and his Jenny, with James and his Nancy,
 See Pate and his Peggy, how blest in their love;
 While Sandy must languish, in sorrow and anguish,
 Since Nelly will ne'er of his passion approve.

Oh! Sandy, no longer complain of thy Nelly,
 'Tis long since thy love was approv'd of by me;
 Be ye still as loving as Pate to his Peggy,
 And I'll be as faithful as Peggy to thee.
 And now since ye've told me, how tender ye love me,
 No rival on earth shall my favour obtain,
 Till Hymen shall bless us, and crown all our wishes,
 And then I will love thee again, and again.

THE JUBILEE.

TUNE—*Captain O'Kain.*

Sung at a public dinner, in the Hammermen's Tavern, Perth,
25th October, 1809, being a day of public rejoicing throughout
the kingdom, as a Jubilee.

WHILE war, with its weapons of rapine and slaughter,
Is raging and wasting each neighbouring shore,
The sons of true freedom, in Britain's fair island,
In peace still possess all our comforts in store.
No blood-thrifty tyrant yet dares to invade us,
Unaw'd like the rocks which encircle our isle;
Can the sons of great Fingal e'er stoop to subjection,
No! Britons at danger indignant can smile.

The sons of great Fingal were always true hearted,
And fortune, propitious, still smiles on the brave;
Should danger approach us, we'll stand by our stations,
For valour, true valour, our country must save.
Then rush round your standards, ye sons of the moun-
tains,
And meet the proud tyrant*, come face him with me;
As Britons we'll fight him, like Britons we'll beat him,
The birth-right of Britons is still to be free.

Then fill and let's drink to this land of true freedom,
It's Britain, the pride of all kingdoms, we sing,
She's the centre of wealth, and the envy of Europe,
But the glory of England is George, our great king.

* Bonaparte.

Now fifty long years has he been our protector,
 And long may he live o'er his people to reign;
 The patron of virtue, the idol of Britain,
 The dread of all tyrants, and lord of the main.

THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA. A SONG.

This Song was written on the news arriving of a great victory being gained by the British and Spanish forces, commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, over the French army at Talavera, in Spain, 1809.

TUNE—*Woo'd an' married an' a'.*

WHAT news brother Bob frae the battle?

They tell me ye've been at the war;
 Has Arthur again shaw'd his mettle,
 An' gi'en the bauld braggart a scar.
 Faith, lad, ye ken little about it;
 Had ye but been yonder to see,
 Wha first wad been dung ye had dou'tit,
 Till force made the Frenchmen to flee.

Wi' bay'nets an' bullets an' a',
 Thumpin' an' thuddin' an' a';
 They gat sic a deil o' a drubbin',
 The Monseiurs took leg an' awa'.

Dark night frae destruction secur'd them,
 Neist mornin' they rally'd in view,

But Wellesley again overpow'r'd them,
 Wi' bay'nets an' bullets sae true.
 By George they gat sic a drillin',
 Sae soon as our troops cou'd advance,
 We show'd a British cotillion,
 The like o't they ne'er saw in France.

Sic cuttin' an' cap'rin' an' a',
 Flankin' an' wheelin' an' a';
 They danc'd till the dusk o' the glomin',
 Sine up wi' their trumps an' awa'.

But waes me for gallant M'Kenzie,*
 Wha fell in the first o' the fray,
 I wat he was warlike an' winzie,
 An' show'd them some rare Highland play:
 But fate had determin'd upon it,
 An' mortals wi' fate manna thraw:
 Yet see how she's busket his bonnet,
 Wi' laurels an' feathers an' a'.

Plumes an' ribbons an' a',
 Credit an' honor an' a';
 He faught like a lion for Britain,
 An' died like a Scotchman an' a'.

Now Joseph,† tak tent o' your dwallin',
 Bide nearer the door o' your ha',
 Sin' Arthur, yon bauld British callan',
 Can lick ye wi' ane for your twa.

* General M'Kenzie.

† Joseph Bonaparte.

Sic fortune attend ilka hero,
 An' send him safe back to his ain,
 Wha fights against France an' its Nero,
 Their freedom an' rights to maintain.
 Russia an' Prussia an' a'.
 Naples an' Austria an' a';
 Had ilk ane a leader like Arthur,
 The Corsican billie buit fa'.

Yet shou'd the blate Spaniards look o'er us,
 Or thowless, tak part i' the play*,
 We'll wind up the sang wi' a chorus,
 An' lae them the piper to pay.
 It matters na wha cook the kettle,
 Gin we binna brunt wi' the kail;
 We'll trust them the tulzie to settle,
 An' finish the farce wi' a tale;
 That Joseph an' Jerome an' a',
 Lucian, an' Bonny an' a',
 May live whar they like o'er the water,
 But Briton's maun keep them in awe.

THE PERTSHIRE FLORIST SOCIETY SONG.

This song was composed 1808. The author was much indebted to two of his brethren, viz. Mr A. G. at Rait, and Mr J. T. at Perth, for their joint assistance in furnishing him with materials.

TUNE—*Woo'd an' Married an' a'.*

LANG syne whan sweet Perth was a meadow,
 An' Bertha near A'mond did stand,

* The Spaniards at this time were but lukewarm in the cause.

Then farmin' was taen little heed o',
 They kendna the worth o' the land.
 Our auld-fashion'd fathers, they tell us,
 They had but sma' pieces o't till'd;
 The maist o't was mountains an' valies,
 Save maybe a handy bit field.

'Twas bogs an' bushes an' a',
 Bauks an' meadows an' a';
 Their gaits an' their sheep, an' their cattle,
 Wild staigies, wild fillies an' a'.

The tenants o' sic sober maillins,
 Cou'd pay little rent to their lairds,
 Our gentry thought then birken paillings
 Did brawlie aroun' their kail yards;
 Brick dykes warnna then i' the fashion,
 Hait-houses they had nane ava,
 There grew ne'er a fruit i' the nation,
 That wantit the help o' a wa'.

Just grozers an' rizers an' a',
 Brumbels, blae berries an' a';
 Content wi' the growth o' the island,
 Our dadies were cothie an' braw.

But bonny Miss Science, they ca'd her,
 Came hither this kintry to view,
 An' said she wad stay gin they bade her,
 In Perth, wi' the lads o' the blue.

Pomona an' Flora gat notice,
 An' soon came a visit to pay;
 An' mony a fair babie they brou't us,
 To busk the sweet banks o' the Tay.

We've melons, pine apples an' a',
 Geraniums, carnations an' a';
 We'll nurse them wi' care, an' wi' kindness
 Then wha can ere wile them áwa'.

And now since Pomona an' Flora,
 Delight in the banks o' the Tay,
 We'll* cultivate rather than borrow,
 Sae far's they may fa' in our way.
 We'll shade them in sultry hot weather,
 We'll 'fend them frae frost an' the snaw,
 Syne feast on the vintage we gather,
 Whan Boreas in winter may blaw.

Orchards an' gardens an' a',
 Forcin' an' framin' an' a';
 We'll rival the lads about Lon'on,
 Wi' Flora, Pomona an' a'.

The noblest an' best o' our country,
 Admirin' our progress an' plan,
 Hae tender'd such proofs o' their bounty,
 As merit our thanks to a' man.
 Then joyfully drink to their honors,
 Sure nane o' us here can do less;

* Altered by the author.

Sae lang's we hae them for our donors,
We weel may depend on success.

Nobles an' gentry an' a',
Magistrates, merchants an' a';
Sae lang as we prove oursel's wordie,
Their favours they'll never withdraw.

Then fill up a glass to each Briton,
To king an' to kintry aye true,
An' friendship an' love to ilk meeting,
Held here by the lads o' the blue.
Let statesmen attend to their station,
We envy them not o' their powers;
It's theirs to be rulin' the nation,
It's ours to be 'tending our flowers.

Roses an' lillies an' a',
Dazies an' vi'lets an' a';
See what a profusion of beauty
An' sweetness, a garden can shaw.

Now drink to our army an' navy,
Success baith by land an' by sea;
May each in their station behave aye,
In whatever rank or degree.
Look round you, an' see how we're thrivin',
In commerce, the spade, an' the plough,
Their progress is past my descrivin',
In justice, to gie them their due.

Farmin' an' fencin' an' a,
 Ploughin' an' plantin' an' a';
 Behad how our kintry's improvin',
 An' poverty wearin' awa'.

Those lines in the last stanza are altered from the original, by the author, in order to make double rhyme.

THE PERTHSHIRE LOCAL MILITIA, A SONG.

This song was written in summer, 1810, on seeing the Stormont Corps at drill on the inch of Perth, after the Highland and Perth Corps were returned to their own homes.

TUNE—*Dainty Davie.*

NOW local lads, ye've left your plough,
 An' chang'd your coats to red an' blue,
 To shaw our faes your hearts are true,
 An' leal to Dainty Geordie.
 Sin' last we met on Bertha green,
 His birth an' jubilee day we've seen,
 An' mony a loyal toast I ween,
 Was drank to Dainty Geordie.

CHORUS.

*Wha wadna drink, wha wadna sing,
 Wha wadna fight for sic a king;
 Sae lang's my hand a sword can swing,
 I'll draw't for Dainty Geordie.*

At Perth, as weel's at Lōndon town,
 Our bells maist rang the steeples down,
 An' mony a blythesome sang gaed roun',
 Thae nights to Dainty Geordie.

Now since ye've met at Perth again,
 To weild your muskets on the plain,
 I'll screw my pipe to martial strain,
 And up wi' Dainty Geordie.

Wha wadna drink, &c.

Our Highland Clans, they first came down,
 To grace our green, an' Bertha town,
 An' sweetly did their bagpipes soun',
 To rouse their flame for Geordie.

Their native garb beset them weel,
 When on our inch they met at drill,
 An' stout an' sturdy did they wheel,
 Their pride was Dainty Geordie.

Wha wadna drink, &c.

Syne Bertha's sons, wi' warlike Hay*,
 Assembl'd on the banks o' Tay,
 Their skill in tactics to display,
 As weel's their love for Geordie.

Weel did they march in rank an' file,
 Aye clean an' sprightly a' the while,
 Nor thought their duty e'er a toil,
 Sae wee'ls they lo'ed their Geordie.

Who wadna drink, &c.

* Of Seggieden.

At Ochtertyre, a chosen band,
 Have pledg'd their aith, wi' heart an' hand,
 To march whar honor may command,
 An' fight for Dainty Geordie.

A valiant sodger leads the core,
 Wha vows to guard his native shore,
 Or meet the foe whar canons roar,
 Sae weel's he likes his Geordie.
 Wha wadna drink, &c.

Now Stormont lads, wi' heart an' glee,
 Rouse up an' lat your kintry see,
 And tell our faes, wha e'er they be,
 Sae weel's ye like our Geordie.
 Lang may ye live to bruke your name,
 Aye rankit in the rows o' fame,
 While I sit safe an snug at hame,
 An' sing o' Dainty Geordie.
 Wha wadna drink, &c.

THE HERO OF BAROSSA. A SONG.

The battle of Barossa was fought and won by our gallant countryman, General Sir Thomas Graham, on the 5th March, 1811. On that day the British arms were victorious, over nearly three times their number.

TUNE—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

ASSIST me ye muses of dear native Scotia,
 While thus in the praise o' your Hero I sing,

Wha lately displayed on the heights of Barossa,
 Sic zeal for his kintry, an' love to his king.
 'Twas there he despis'd ev'ry danger an' peril;
 'Twas there he resolv'd British valour to shew;
 And there our brave vet'ran was crown'd wi' fresh laurels,
 For there he encounter'd an' vanquish'd the foe.

The cause o' his country first call'd him to arms,
 And soon were the proofs o' his valour display'd:
 Sweet rural retirement could yield him no charms,
 Compar'd to what drums an' the trumpet convey'd.
 At *Toulon* an' *Malta*, no valour was wantin',
 And mournful *Corunna*, where Moore met his fall,
 (The fate o' his friend could the Graham never dauntin',)
 But that of Barossa surpasses them all.

No wonder the French were soon drove in confusion,
 And fled frae their Eagles wi' terror and shame.
 To rally again were the hight o' delusion,
 Or cope with an army led on by the Graham;
 A name sae lang famed in the history of Scotia,
 For saik o' that chieftain at Falkirk wha fell*,
 And now made immortal so late at Barossa,
 Which Frenchmen for ages wi' sorrow may tell.

The bluid o' that hero still seems to pervade him,
 His name and his valour, his lineage proclaim.
La Pena† may blush, that he basely betrayed him,
 Or flinch'd frae the side o' a sodger like Graham.

* Sir John the Græmc. † A Spanish General.

That day he was deaf to the cries o' his nation,
 Regardless what shame his misconduct might bring,
 While Graham, as a hero, stood true to his station,
 And faught like a lion for kintry an' king.

This feat of Barossa, oh! could I explain it,
 But language would fail to express what I feel,
 To tell how brave Graham, by the point o' the bay'net,
 Taught Frenchmen that Britons had plenty o' steel
 Then fill an' we'll drink to this son of auld Scotia,
 His name an' his country wi' transport we own,
 For know that the hero, wha shone at Barossa,
 Was our honour'd chief, gallant Graham of Balgow'n.

BONNY JEAN.

A SONG. Written in 1806.

TUNE—*Andrew wi' his cutty gun.*

ON A'mond side there liv'd a lass,
 She had twa wylie winkin' een,
 Of a' our maids she was the pride,
 For nane cou'd vie wi' bonny Jean.
 Blythe, blythe an' bonny was she,
 Blythe gaed she out an' in;
 I wadna gi'en a blink o' Jean,
 For a' my nearest kith an' kin.

She's left us a' in tears to greet,
 She was sae lo'ed by great an' sma',

We gied her ay our hearts to keep,

An' now she's ta'en them frae us a'.

Blyth, blythe an' bonny was she, &c.

The lasses now, on A'mond side,

They're glad to hear that Jeany's gane;

Sae lang's she did in Logie bide,

A lad or lover they gat nane.

Blythe, blythe an' bonny was she, &c.

At kirk or market whare she gaes,

There's nane like Jeany to be seen,

She captives a' our kintry beaus,

Or kills them wi' her winkin' een.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bosom was like driftit snaw,

Her lips like dazies to be seen,

Her breath excell'd the violet far,

But, oh! her wylie winkin' een.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

Through Logie woods the linnet sings,

An' lightly louns frae tree to tree,

But Jeany's heart was like the roe,

That rins upon the mountain hie.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

At *Freeland* fair the lilly grows,

At *Invermay* the violets blaw;

But *Dupplin* garden boasts a rose,
 The sweetest flow'r amang them a'.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Sae I'll awa' to Earn side.
 An' see gin I can find her there;
 An' gin she stoop to be my bride,
 She shall be mine for ever mair.
 Blythe, blythe an' bonny was she,
 Blythe gaed she out an' in;
 I wadna gi'en a blink o' Jean,
 For a' my nearest kith an' kin.

THE BLYTHESOME FAIR.—A SONG.

AIR—*The Highland Lad an' his Lowland Lassie.*

AWAKE, my muse, and join the lay,
 Awake to love and peerless beauty,
 While tuneful birds on every spray,
 To love and sing is now their duty.
 O my bonny blythesome fair,
 My handsome charming youthful Peggy;
 Ye lands, ye fields, ye flocks and feus,
 Ye're naething when compar'd to Peggy.

Had nature form'd thee far less fair,
 Thy virtues well might won my favour,
 But, O! thy charms beyond compare,
 Has bound my heart in chains for ever.
 O! my bonny blythesome fair, &c.

Ye fragrant birks that fan the breeze,
 Extend your boughs to screen my dearie;
 Ye blythesome birds that strive to please,
 Exalt your note to make her cheerie.
 O! my bonny blythesome fair, &c.

Ye gamesome lambs that skip the lea,
 Ye lightsome kids that climb the craigie;
 It cheers my mind your mirth to see,
 Sweet emblems o' my artless Peggy.
 O! my bonny blythesome fair, &c.

The winter winds may cease to blaw,
 The moon, for months, her face may cover,
 The sun may fail his beams to shaw,
 But I can never cease to love her.
 O! my bonny blythesome fair,
 My handsome charming youthful Peggy;
 Ye lands, ye fields, ye flocks, ye feus,
 Ye lose ye're charms compar'd to Peggy.

THE FLOWER OF ATHOLE.

TUNE—*Come under my plaidie*

THE lasses of Athole, they're trig an' they're braw,
 They're busket like ladies at kirk an' the ha';
 They're modest an' witty, they're handsome an' pretty,
 But Babie's the beauty an' flower o' them a'.
 Lang, lang have I lo'ed her, lang, lang have I woo'd her,
 Nor has the sweet creature yet answer'd me na;

But, Oh! my sweet Babie, seems shy to her Robie,
An' looks like unwillin' to venture ava.

Last glomin' I met her beside the green shaw,
She blush'd like a cloud whan the day's gaun to daw'
I clespit my treasure, I press'd her wi' pleasure,
For crowns, or a kingdom, I car'd nae a straw;
My bosom was beatin' while Babie stood fretin',
An' fain frae my arms she seem'd to withdraw;
I kiss'd her, I squees'd her, I tooz'd I teaz'd her,
The lamb on the lea cou'd not equal us-twa.

O! sweet is the daizie that decks the green shaw,
An' sweet is the apple that grows by the wa';
And sweet is the mornin', when flow'rs are adornin',
But Babie is sweeter to me than them a':
With eyes like an eagle, each heart to inveigle,
A bosom of down, an' a neck like the snaw,
Sae mild is her nature, sae sweet is each feature,
Oh! Babie's the diamond that dazzles us a'.

She tells me I'm rovin' and roguish an' a',
An' 'leges my passion will soon wear awa';
That young men are ranging, an' oftentimes changing,
An lea'es silly lasses to fret an' to fa';
But lassie, believe me, I'll never deceive thee,
This heart is yere ain, for ye've conquer'd it a';
Come then, my dear Babie, look blythe on yere Robie,
An' ye's be my ain yet in spite o' them a'.

THE LASSIE WI' THE YELLOW COTTIE.

To its own Air.

LASSIE wi' the yellow cottie,
 Will ye tak a muirlan' Jockie;
 Lassie wi' the yellow cottie,
 Think ye will ye go wi' me.
 I hae meal an' milk a plenty,
 I hae kail an' cakes sae dainty,
 I've a butt an' ben fu' gentie,
 But I want a wife like thee.

Lassie wi' the yellow cottie, &c.

Although my meallin' be but sma',
 An' little gowd I hae to shaw,
 I hae a heart without a flaw,
 An' I will keep it a' for thee,

Lassie wi' the yellow cottie, &c.

I hae been in town an' kintry,
 'Mang the common-fouk an' gentry,
 But the bonny lass o' Fintry,
 That's the maid that matches me.

Lassie wi' the yellow cottie, &c.

Wi' my lassie, an' my dogie,
 Owre the lea an' through the bogie,
 Nane on earth wad be sae vogie,
 Or sae blythe as we wad be.

Lassie wi' the yellow cottie, &c.

Haste ye lassie to my bosom,
 While yere roses are in blossom,
 Time is precious, dinna lose him,
 Flow'rs will fade, an' sae will ye.
 Lassie wi' the yellow cottie,
 Oh! tak pity on yere Jockie;
 Lassie wi' the yellow cottie,
 I'm in haste, an' sae shou'd ye.

FAREWELL TO ATHOLE;

OR, THE BEAUTIES OF BLAIR. Written Oct. 1814.

TUNE—*County of Tyrone.*

FAREWELL, lovely Athole, since now I must leave thee,
 A sweet habitation I once found in thee;
 Tho' fortune deceiv'd me, and of thee bereav'd me,
 I'll sing of thy beauties wherever I be.
 Thy gardens so blooming, thy walks so perfuming,
 Thy lawns so delightful, thy waters so clear;
 Thy fine lofty mountains, and pure chrystal fountains,
 Where Atholl takes pleasure in hunting the deer.

He calls on his marksman, come lads are ye ready?
 Yes, please you, my lord, we are waiting your will;
 Then mount and we'll go, let's be active and steady,
 For nine noble harts I have purpos'd to kill.
 Then off goes his Grace, by the glen or the mountain,
 The wind from the eastward* this morning blows clear,

* Those who kill deer must study the wind.

By this time the deer drinks his full at the fountain,
Then bounds to the height to discry what is near.

Here nature holds empire in rude rural grandeur,
When bright blooming summer enlivens the scene ;
While streamlets and springs from the mountains meander,

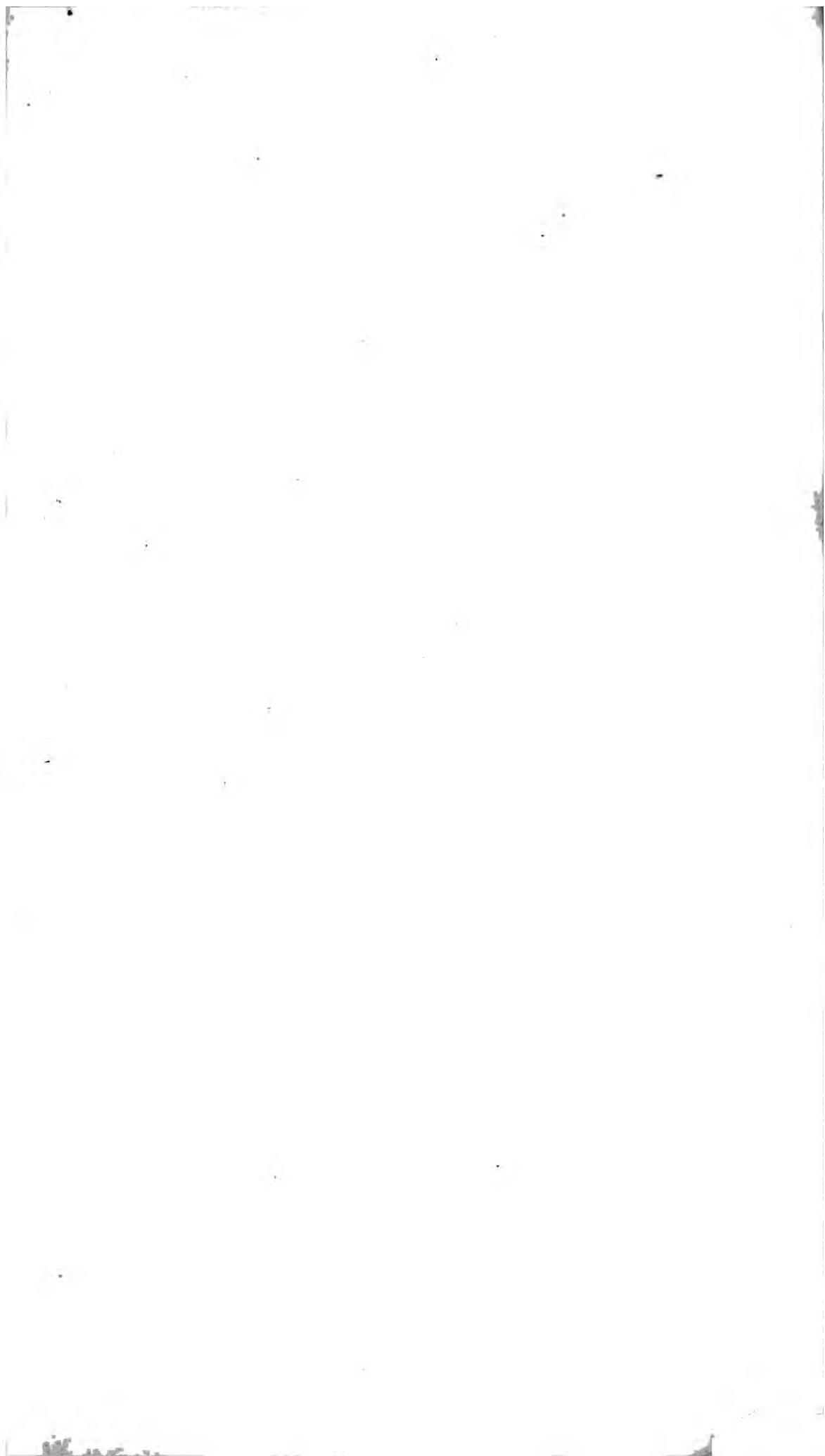
'Mongst rocks so romantic, and pastures so green.
What's London, with all its parade and its palace,
Its tow'rs, and its troops, with its buildings so fine ;
Be mine the brown hills, and the verdant sweet vallies,
Where health, peace and pleasure, delight to combine.

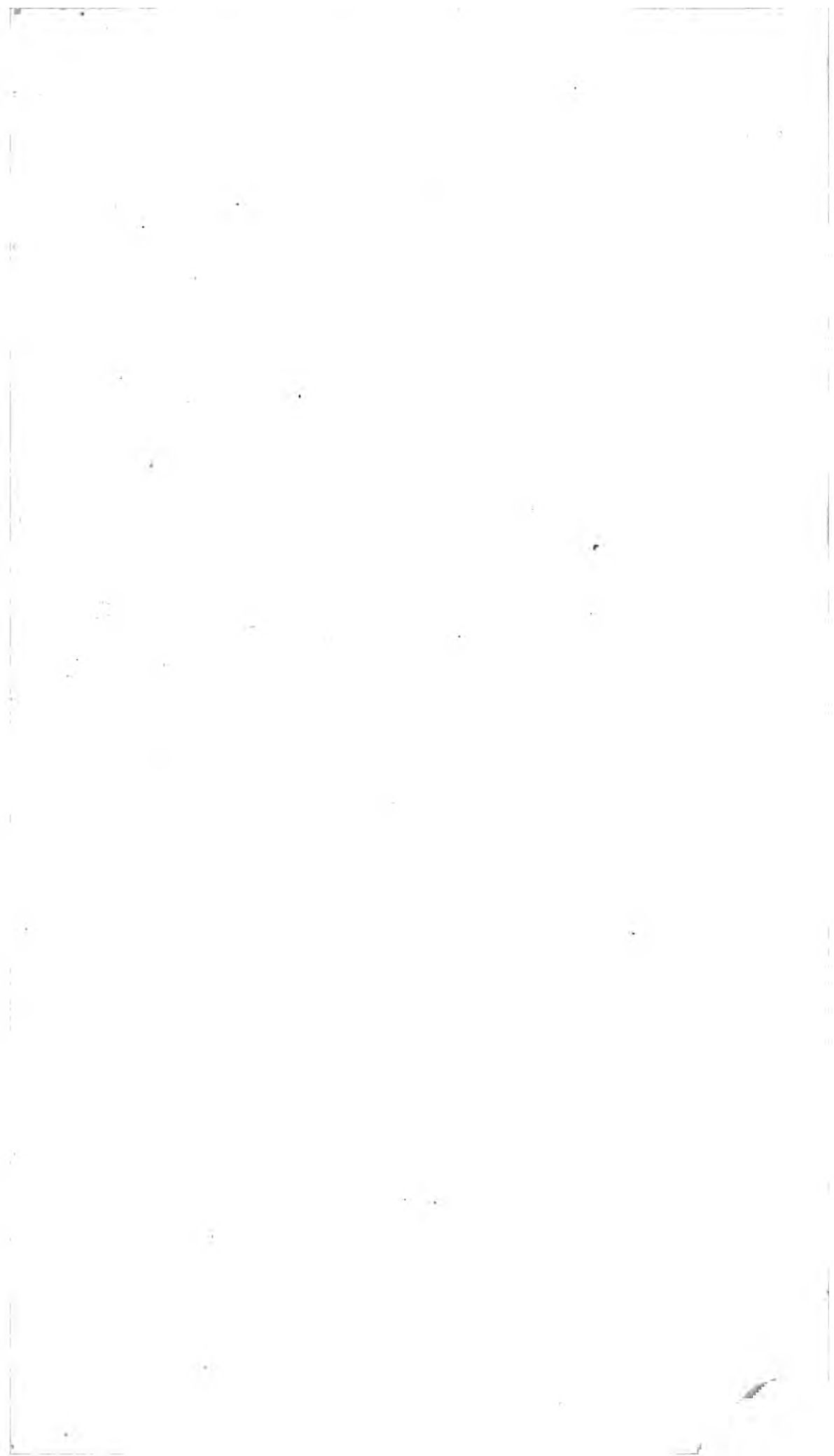
Here flow the fine falls of the Tilt, and the Bruar,
Where beauties of art, and of nature convene ;
Whose praise have been sung, and no praise can be truer,
Where else are such scenes in our isle to be seen :
Here I could delight me in rural retirement,
While 'tending my flocks on those mountains so free,
Nor envy the wealthy of all his acquirement,
My dog, and the muse, my companions would be.

Here stands a fair mansion, in beauties abounding,
Whoever beholds them with rapture admire ; [ing,
With sweet scented woodlands, and pastures surround-
Each stranger is loath from those scenes to retire.
They talk of sweet Richmond, of Windsor and Oatlands,
They sing of the beauties of Tweed and Traquair,
But were I the monarch of England and Scotland,
My dwelling would be in the Mansion of Blair.

FINIS.







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