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THE
Poetical Works of
ROBERT BURNS.

Published by Oliver & Boyd.
THE
Poetical Works
of
ROBERT BURNS

To which is prefixed,
THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

EDINBURGH:
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1816.
LIFE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns, the subject of these memoirs, was born on the 25th January, 1759, on the banks of Doon, about two miles from Air, near to which stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk, now celebrated by his admirable tale of Tam o’ Shanter.

His father, William Burns, originally from Kirkcaldy, after serving in a variety of situations, at last settled in Airshire as a gardener; but soon afterwards turned farmer. He maintained a very respectable character. In 1757, he married Agnes Brown. Robert was the first-born of this marriage. He was sent to school when about six years old, where he was taught to read English, and write a little; and at the age of eleven he had arrived at great proficiency. He was taught the rudiments of arithmetic by his father, in the winter evenings. He thus writes of his early days, in his letter to Dr Moore, "At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body.—I was a
years of age, I was a critic in substantive and participles.—In my infant and boyishness I owed much to an old woman who resided in my family, remarkable for her ignorance, carelessness, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the only collection in the country, of tales and songs, concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, lights, wraiths, apparitions, castraips, gianchanted towers, dragons, and other things. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry in my mind, and had so strong an effect on my imagination, that, even now, in my nocturnal rambles, I set a sharp look out in suspicious places. Though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors.”

Young Burns had now acquired a great facility for reading, and eagerly perused whatever book fell in his way; but still he had not
tion, and to be more of the wit than Robert. "Robert's face was generally grave, and expres-
sive of a serious, contemplative, and thoughtful
mind.—Gilbert's face said, Mirth with thee I
means to live!—and certainly, if any person, who
knew the two boys, had been asked which of them
was the most likely to court the Muses, he would
surely never have supposed that Robert had a
propensity of that kind."

The first circumstance which induced our youth-
ful poet to warble his "wild, artless notes," is
very interesting, on account of the elegant simpli-
city which distinguishes the following description
of his harvest partner: "She was a bonnie,
sweet, sounie lass. In short, she altogether, un-
wittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious
passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment,
gin-horse prudence, and luke-warm philosophy, I
hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest
blessing here below. Indeed, I did not know my-
self why I liked so much to loiter behind with her,
when returning in the evening from our labours;
why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings
thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly, why
my pulse beat such a furious ratan, when I look-
ed and fingered over her little hand, to pick out
the cruel nettle stings and thistles.

"Thus," says he, "with me began love and
poetry; which at times have been my only, and
till within the last twelve months, my highest en-
joyment."
a brushe, I went to a country dwelling, because my father had an unaccountable antipathy against these meetings, and my going was, what to the moment I repent, in opposition to his will. My father was subject to strong passions; and that instance of disobedience in me, he took like to me, which, I believe, was one cause of dissipation which marked my succeeding. I say dissipation, comparatively with the strictness, and sobriety, and regularity of presbytery country life; for though the will-o'-wisp mists of thoughtless whim were almost the sole guide of my path, yet early engrained piety and kept me several years afterwards within the verge of innocence. The great misfortune of my life was to want an aim. I had felt early some feelings of ambition, but they were the blind ghost of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his house. I saw my father's situation entailed on me, by mutual labour. The only two openings, by which
view in life, with a strong appetite for sociability, as well from native hilarity, as from a pride of observation and remark; a constitutional melancholy, or hypochondriasm, that made me fly solitude; add to these incentives to social life, my reputation for bookish knowledge, a certain wild logical talent, and strength of thought, something like the rudiments of good sense, and it will not seem surprising that I was generally a welcome guest where I visited, or any great wonder that always where two or three met together, there was I among them. But far beyond all other impulses of my heart, was un penchant à l’adorable moitié du genre humain. My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other; and as in every other warfare in this world, my fortune was various, sometimes I was received with favour, and sometimes I was mortified with a repulse. At the plough, scythe, or reaping-hook, I feared no competitor, an thus I set absolute want at defiance; and as I never cared farther for my labours than while I was in actual exercise, I spent the evenings in a way after my own heart.”

About a twelvemonth previous to the death of his father, Burns, who had then attained his twenty-fourth year, became anxious to be put in a situation to enable him to marry. His brother Gilbert and he had for several years held a small portion of land from their father, on which they chiefly raised flax. In disposing of the produce of their labour, our Author took it into his head
Duns and the brothers' farm, consisting of 118 acres, at £90 per annum each, and for four years, at well as during the period of seven years, with his father at Lochlea, his expenses in any year exceeded his income. In spite of the devil, and the flesh, I believe I should have been but the first year, from unfortunate seed, and the second from a late harvest, half our crops. This overset all my hopes, like the dog to his vomit.
his earliest productions, along with the other beauties of Mauchline.

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

To add to his misfortunes, her parents refused their consent to his marriage; and being thus every way unsuccessful, in the greatest distress of mind, he resolved to leave his country.

He had been offered the situation of an overseer in Jamaica: but previous to his setting off, he was advised to publish a volume of his poems by subscription. With the first fruits of his poetical labours, he had paid his passage, and purchased a few articles of clothing, &c. His chest was already on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Dr Blacklock, signifying his approbation of the Poems, and an assurance that Burns would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, completely changed his intentions.

Soon after his arrival in Edinburgh, his Poems procured him the admiration of all conditions. Persons of rank and power were not above taking notice of him; and, in a short time, the name of Burns was celebrated over all the kingdom. It ought here to be mentioned to his honour, that he had been in Edinburgh only a few months, and was still in the midst of poverty, when he erected a monument in the Canongate Church-yard to the
gested to him the necessity of seeking establishment.

Having settled with his publisher, in February 1788, Burns found himself nearly five hundred pounds, after discharging his expenses. Two hundred pounds was advanced to his brother Gilbert on condition that he took upon himself the support of his brother, and was struggling with many difficulties in the occupation of agriculture. Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, the farm on the banks of the river Nith, six miles from Dumfries, to which he entered on 1788. Having been previously recommended by the Board of Excise, his name had been included in the list of candidates for the humble
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR. XV

As, the labours of the farmer with the duties of an exciseman.

When Burns had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to an object of his most ardent attachment, and list-ting to no considerations, but those of honour and affection, he joined with her in a public declara-xn of marriage; thus legalizing their union, and rendering it permanent for life.

It was not convenient for Mrs Burns to remove immediately from Airshire, and our poet therefore took up his residence alone at Ellisland, to spare for the reception of his wife and children, he joined him towards the end of the year.

It is to be lamented, that, at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the society of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his situation; his old habits were broken; and the new circumstances in which he was placed, were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct. But his application to the arts and labours of his farm was interrupted, by several visits to his family in Airshire; and as the distance was too great for a single day’s journey, he generally spent a night at an inn on the road. On such occasions, he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed. In a little while temptation assailed him ever home.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he soon formed a general acquaintance in the district in which he lived.
dale, with welcome, with kindness, and respect. Their social parties too often
him from his rustic labours and his rural
overthrew the unsteady fabric of his remuneration, and inflamed those propensities, which temptation might have weakened, and prudence completely suppressed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm with dislike, if not with disgust.

Unfortunately, he had for several years been employed in an office in the Excise, as a certain amount of living was necessary for the support of his family, as has already been mentioned, he had been recommended to the Board of Excise, and had received the instructions necessary for such a situation, and was now applied to be employed; and, by the recommendation of Mr Graham of Fintry, was appointed as exciseman, or, as its is vulgarly called, gauger, for the district in which he lived. His farm, which was a great measure, abandoned to
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR. 

He had scarcely begun to recover from this shock, when he again became the victim of a severe rheumatic fever. As soon as he was able to venture abroad, he was advised to try the effect of sea-bathing. For this purpose, about the end of June 1796, he went to Brow, on the shore of Solway Frith, where he continued about three weeks without reaping any advantage. On his return to Dumfries, he was seized with a new attack of the fever, which terminated the life and sufferings of this great, but ill-requited genius, on Thursday, the 21st of July, 1796, in the thirty-eight year of his age.

Though Burns died in very indigent circumstances, yet his integrity and honest pride, with the frugality, industry, and prudence of Mrs Burns, prevented him from running into debt. Soon after his death a subscription was opened for his widow and children, in most of the principal cities of the United Kingdoms, by which a considerable fund was raised. The profits arising from Dr Currie's valuable edition of his Works, in four large volumes, were also devoted to the same charitable purpose. An annuity has thus been procured for the widow, which will enable her to bring up her children in a way suitable to the condition of their worthy father.
DEDICATION.

TO THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

OF THE

CALEDONIAN HUNT.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

A SCOTTISH BARD, proud of the name, and whose highest ambition is to sing in his Country's service—where shall he so properly look for patronage, as to the illustrious names of his native land; those who bear the honours and inherit the virtues of their Ancestors? The Poetic Genius of my Country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the Plough; and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of my native soil, in my native tongue: I tuned my wild, artless notes, as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient Metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my Songs under your honoured protection: I now obey her dictates.

THOUGH much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and Gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted Learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the venal soul
Despondency, an Ode
Winter, a Dirge
The Cotter’s Saturday Night
Man was made to mourn, a Dirge
A Prayer in the Prospect of Death
Stanzas on the same Occasion
Verses left at a Friend’s House
To a Mountain Daisy
To Ruin
To Miss Logan
Epistle to a Young Friend
On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West
To a Haggis
Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.
To a Louse
Address to Edinburgh
Epistle to J. Lapraik, an old Scottish
To the same
Oak-tree
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Ny Nannie, O
Green grow the Rashes, a Fragment
Again rejoicing Nature sees
The gloomy night is gath’ring fast
From thee, Eliza, I must go
The Farewell to the Brethren of St.
Lodge, Tarbolton
No Churchman am I for to rail and
The Jolly Beggars
POEMS,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonny day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his hugs,
Shew'd he was name o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockit, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The sient a pride, nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin
Ev'n wi' a tinkler gypsy's messin;
At kirk or market, mill or smiddle,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
Was made langsyne,—Lord!
He was a gash and faithful
As ever lap a shengh or dyke
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt f
Aye gat him friends in ilk'pl
His breast was white, his tou
W'et chad, wi' coat o' glossy h
His gawc'fe tail, wi' upward c
Hung o'ar his hundies: wi' a s

Na doubt but they were f
And unco pack and thick theyg
Wi' social nose whyles snuff't
Whyles mice and moudieswort
Whyles scour'd awa in lang e
And worry'd ither in diversions
Until wi' daffin weary grown.
Upon a knowe they sat them c
And there began a lang digres
About the lords o' the creation
And when the gentry's life I saw,
What was poor bodies liv'd a' for.
Our laird gets his racchet renta,
His caals, his keen, and a' his steants:
He rises when he likes himself;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horses;
He draws a heavy silken purse,
As lang's my tail, where, through the steaks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

F'r a man to o' en it's naught but tailag,
At baking, roasting, fying, boiling;
And though the gentry first are steekies,
Yet o' en the ha' s'ock fill their pechies.
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sibilin' treacle,
That's little short o' downright waster.
Our whipper-in, wees blastit women,
Poor worthless elf, it cats a dinner
Better than any tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan';
And what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATEH.

Trowth, Caesar, whyles their fash't enogh;
A cottar hawkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Bearing a quarry and sibilies,
Himsel', a wife, he thus sustains,
A semyrie o' wees duddie weans,
And nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thoek and rape.
And blindly chisel, and clever nur
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CESEAR.

But then, to see how ye're neglect
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disre
L—d man, our gentry care see lit
For delvers, ditchers, and sic catt
They gang as saucy by poor fock,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's cou
And mony a time my heart's been
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they man'n thole a factor's
He'll stamp and threaten, curse an
He'll apprehend them, poind their
While they man'n stan', wi' aspect
And fear it a', and fear and trembl
I see how fock live that has rich
But surely poor fock man'n be wret
Then chance and fortune are saw guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
And tho' fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their gruabie weans and faithful' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.

And whiles twalpeany worth o' nappy,
Can mak the bodys unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
And forfe at the flock in Loa'ee.

As bleak'd fac'd Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, rantin kilns,
When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year beginns,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
And shed a heart-inspiring steam;
The hunting pipe, and sneezing mill,
Are handed round wi' right gude will;
The canty said focks cracking crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house.—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae bairkit 'wi' them.

B 3
O' deest, honest man
Are riven out, both root and bran
Some rascal's pride's greed to qu
Wha thinks to bait him to the sat
In favour wi' some gentle Master
Wha, abiding, thrang a-parliam;
For Britain's gude his soul indites.

Cesar.

faith, lad, ye little bane about;
For Britain's gude, gude faith
Say rather, gawn an' premises;
And saying ay and no's they be:
At op'ness and plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambl'ing, mone;
Or maybe, in a frolic daff,
To Hague or Galais tak a w
To mak' a tour, and tak a wh
To learn an' tan', and see th
There, at Vienna or Ver
Burns' Poems.

For Britain's sake? for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, foud, and faction.

LUDER.

Hech man! dear sir! is that the gate
They Waste one manie a brae estate?
Are we nae forgotten and harraw'd
For gae to gae that gae at last?
O wad they stay cauch free courts,
And please themselves wi' country sports,
It wad for every on be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cottar!
For thae stane, rustins, ramblin' billies,
Fient haist o' thens ill-hearted fellows
Except for breakin' o'er their trimmers,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin' o' a haev or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, Master Caesar,
Sure gae folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o' thos needna fear them.

CAESAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentle ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true, they needna starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair work to erase their banes,
And fyll avuld age wi' grips and grumes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,

B 4
A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel.
But Gentlemen, and Ladies rare,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are.
They loiter, lounging, laak and laak,
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet unaik.
Their days insipid, dull, and taste,
Their nights unquiet, lang, and reste.
And ev'n their sports, their ball,
Their galloping through public plan.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, and
The joy can scarcely reach the hall.
The men cast out in party match,
Then souther a' in deep debauch.
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an'
Niest day their life is past endure.
The ladies arm-in-arm in cluster.
As great and gracious a' as siste.
But hear their absent thoughts o' a,
They're a' run deils and jades th.
There's some exception, man and woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
And darker gloamin brought the nights.
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy dreeze,
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their legs,
Rejoic'd they were na seen but yest;
And each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
And liquor gude, to fire his blude,
That's prest wi' grief and care:
There let him hause, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, XXXI. 6, 7.

Let other Poets raise a fracas,
'Bout vines, and wines, and drucken Bacchus,
And crabbit names and stories wrack us,
And grate our lug;
I sing the juice Scots Beer can mak us,
In glass or jug.

B 5.
Let husky Wheat the haughs adown,
And Aits set up their awnie born,
And Pease and Beans, at e'an or morn
Perfume the plain
Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grai:

On thee aft Scotland chows her cooc
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumblin in the boiling flood
Wi' kail and beef
But when thou pours thy strong hea
There thou shines:

Food fills the wame, and keeps us li
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy dragg'd wi' pine and g
But, o'il'd by thee
The wheels o' life gae down hill, sc
BURNS' POEM.

Thou ev'n brightens dark—Despair
Wi' glossy smile.

Aft, clad in moony silken weed,
Wi' Gentles thou comest thy hand;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
   The poor man's wine;
His wee drap parvisch, or his bread,
   Thou kitchen's grace.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and haunts?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
   By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the tents,
   Are doubly shr't.

That merry night we get the corn in,
O sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
Or reakin on a New-year mornin'
   In cog or bicker,
And just a wee drap sp'ritual burn-in,
   And gusty suck'r!

When Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see the fazz and freath
   I' the huggit caup!
Then Burne'win' comes on like death
   At ev'ry chaup.

*Burne'win—Burn-the-wind—the Blacksmith—an appropriate title.
Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright,
How fumblin cuifs their dearies slight;
Was worth the name?
Nae howdie gets a social night,
Or plack frae them.

When noesbour's anger at a plea,
And just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the barley-bree
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheepest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason
To wyte our countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
To her warst faes.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland well!
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor plackless deevils, like mysel?
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to merr,
Or foreign gill.

May gravels round his blather wrench,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' whisk'y punch
Wi' honest men.

O Whisky! soul o' plays and pranks!
Accept a Bardie's humble thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor verses!
Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's a—a!

Thee, Ferintosh! O sadly lost!
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic grips, and barking hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast
Is ta'en awa!'

Tae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wae mak the Whisky strike their prise!
And routh o’ rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a’ the rest,
And deal’t about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

THE AUTHOR’S

EARNEST CRY AND PI

TO THE
SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN T
OF COMMONS.

Dearest of Distillation! set and I
—— How art thou lost?——

PARODY ON

Ye Scottish Lords, ye Knights and S
Wha represent our brughs and shires,
And doncely manage our affairs.
BURNS' POEMS.

Alas! my reced muse is hearse!
Your Honours' hearts wi' grief twad pierce;
To see her sitting on her a---
    Low i' the dust,
And screechin out prosaic verse,
    And like to burst!

Tell them wha has the chief direction,
Scotland and we's in great affliction,
E'er since they laid that curst restriction
    On Aquavitæ;
And rouse them up to strong conviction,
    And move their pity.

Stand forth, and tell yon Premier Youth,
The honest, open, naked truth:
Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,
    His servants humble;
The muckle deevil blaw ye south,
    If ye dissemble!

Does any great man glunch and gloom;
Speak out, and never fash your thumb!
Let posts and pensions sink or soom
    Wi' them wha grant 'em;
If honestly they canna come,
    Far better want 'em;

In gath'rin votes you were na slack;
Now stand as tightly by your tack;
Ne'er claw your lug, and fidge your back,
    And hum and haw;
Seizin a stea
Triumphant, crush'nt like a man
Or lampit ab

Then on the tither hand present
A blackguard Smuggler right be
And cheek-for-chow, a chuffie

Colleguings je
Picking her pouch as bare as wi
Of a' kind coin

Is there, that bears the name o' 
But feels his heart's-blude rising |
To see his poor auld Mither's pot
Thus dung in a

And plunder'd o' her hindmost gr
By gallows knus

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
Trod i' the mire clean out o' sight.
And no get warmly to your feet,
   And gar them hear it,
And tell them wi' a patriot heat,
   Ye' winna hear it?

Some o' you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period and pause,
And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
    To mak harangues;
Then echo thro' St Stephen's wa's
   Auld Scotland's wranga.

Dempster, a true blue Scot I'se warran;
Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran *;
And that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,
   The Laird o' Graham †;
And ane, a chap that's d—n'd auldfairan,
   Dundas his name.

Erskine, a spunkie Norland billie;
True Campbelle, Frederick and Hay;
And Livingstone, the bauld Sir Willie;
   And monie ither,
Wham auld Demosthenes or Tully
    Might own for brithers.

Arouse, my boys † exert your mettle,
To get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or faith, I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,
   You'll see't or lang,

* Sir Adam Ferguson.
† The present Duke of Montrose,
(Deil na they never ma'ir do gude,
   Play'd her that pliskie!)
And now she's like to rin red-wud
   About her Whisky.

And Lord, if a'nce they pit her till't,
Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
And durt and pistol at her belt,
   She'll tak the streets,
And rin her whittle to the hilt
   I' the first she meets!

For Godsake, Sirs! then speak her fair,
And straik her cam'nie wi' the hair,
And to the muckle house repair,
   Wi' instant speed,
And strive, wi' a' your wit and lear,
   To get remend.

...
Tell you gude blude o' said Beconoch's,
I'll be his deet twa machinie bannocks,
And drink his health in said 'Nance Tiewock's.
Nine times a-week,
If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,
Wed kindly seek.

Could he some communicasion broach,
I'll pledge my aith in gude twaid Scotch,
He needna fear their soul stochoach,
Nor erudition,
You mixtin-sautie, queer hotch-potch,
The Coalition.

Aitl Scotland has a mauch tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a strang;
And if she promise said-er young,
To tak their part,
The' by the neck she should be strung;
She'll no desert.

And now ye chosen Fite-and-Forty,
May still your Mither's heart support ye;
Then, though a minister grew dory,
And kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your Honours a' your days,
Wi' soups o' kail and bruts o' naise.

* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in Mauchline,
where he sometimes studied Politics over a glass of
gude auld Scotch Drink.
Their lot and Scotland ne'er envies,
But blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys,
Tak' aff their Whisky.

What though their Phoebus kinder warms,
While Fragrance blooms, and Beauty charms!
When wretches range in famish'd swarms
The scented groves,
Or hounded forth, dishonour arms
In hungry droves.

Their gun's a burden on their shonther;
They downa bide the stink o' powther;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
To stan' or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throwther;
To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
BURNS' POEMS.

Nae cauld faint-hearted doublings tease him;
Death comes!—wi' fearless ee he sees him;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him;
And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'ee him
In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may steek,
And raise a philosophic reek,
And physically causes seek,
In clime and season;
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason.

Scotland, my auld respected Mither!
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit; on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Tak aff your dram!
A robe of seeming truth and
Hid crafty Observation,
And secret hung, with poise
The dirk of Defamation
A mask that like the gorge
Dye-varying on the pig
And for a mantle large an
He wrapt him in Relig

UPON a summer Sunday
When Nature's face is
I walked forth to view
And snuff the candle
The rising sun o'er G

...
Twa had mantecacles o' dolaun' black,
But ace wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a-woo a-back,
Was in the fashion shining,
Fu' gay that day.

The twa appear'd like sister twins,
In feature, form, and chace?
Their visage, wither'd, lang and thin,
And sour as any chace:
The third came up, hop-stop-and-loop,
As light as any lambic,
And wi' a kurtchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bannet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
' I think ye seem to ken me;
' I'm sure I've seen that bonny face,
' But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' she, and laughing as she spak,
And takes me by the hands,
' Ye, for my sake, hae g'ien the feck
' Of a' the ten commands
' A secon' some day.

' My name is Fun—your cronie dear,
' The nearest friend ye hae;
' And this is Superstition here,
' And that's Hypocrisy.
' I'm gaun to * * * * * * Holy Feast,
' To spend an hour in daffin:
'I'll get my Sunday's kark on,
  'And meet you on the haly spot;
  'Faith we'se ha' fine remarkin'

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
  And soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
  Wi' mony a weary body,

  In droves that day.

Here farmers gaash, in ridin graith,
  Gaed hoddin by their cottars;
There, swankies young, in braw braid cl
  Are springin o'er the gutters.
The lasses, akelpin barefoot, thrang,
  In silks and scarlets glitter;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,
  And furs bak'd wi' butter,

  Fu' crump that day.

When by the plate we set our nose,
  Weel heared --- --- ---
Here stands a shed to fend the show'res,
And screen our countra gentry,
There racer Jess and twa three wh-res,
Are blinkin at the entry.
Here sits a raw of tittlin jades,
Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
And there a batch o' webster lads,
Blackguardin frae K———ck,
For fun this day.

Here some are thinking on their sins,
And some upo' their claes;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his spins,
Anither sighs and prays:
On this hand sits a chosen swatch,
Wi' screw'd up grace-proud faces;
On that a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkin o the lasses
To chairs that day.

O happy is that man and blest!
Nae wonder that it pride him!
Wha's ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkin down beside him.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair back,
He sweetly does compose him,
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
And's loof upon her bosom
Unken'd that day.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation;
C
Wi' fright that
Hear how he clears the points o'!
Wi' rattlin and wi' thumpin!
Now moaky calm, now wild in wra
He's stampin, and he's jumpin!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up.
His eldritch squeal and gestures
Oh! how they fire the heart devout
Like cænharidian plaisters,
On sic a day.

But hark! the tent has changed its
There's peace and rest nae lange
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
S*th opens out his cauld harangue
On practice and on morals;
And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars and barrels
Like Socrates or Antonius,
Or some auld Pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day.

In gude time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd nostrum;
For P**bles, free the water-fit,
Ascends the holy rostrum:
See, up he's got the word o' G——
And meek and mim has view'd it,
While Common-Sense has ta'en the road,
And aff, and up the Cowgate*
Fast, fast, that day.

Wee M***r, niest, the guard relieves,
And Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weil believes,
And thinks it auld wives' fables:
But faith! the birkie wants a manse,
So, cannily he hums them;
Altho' his carnal wit and sense
Like haffins-ways o'ercomes him,
At times that day.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-cap commentators:
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters;

* A street so called, which faces the tow' in —

C 2
Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Than either School or College,
It kindles Wit, it wankens Lear,
It pangs us fa' o' Knowledge:
Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
Or any stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion,
By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith saul and body,
Sit round the table, weil content,
And steer about the toddy.
On this ane's dress, and that ane's le
They're making observations;
While some are cosie i' the neak,
And forming assignations,
To meet some day.
His talk of hell, where devils dwell,
Our very souls does harrow*!
Wi' fright that day.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowin brunstane,
Wha's ragin flame, and scorchin heat,
Wad melt the hardest whan-stane!
The half asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neighbour smarin
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale, to tell
How mony stories past,
And how they crowded to the yill,
When they were a' dismayd;
How drink gaed round, in cogs and caups,
Amang the furns and benches,
And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
And dants that day.

In comes a gauce, gash gudewife,
And sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kebbeck and her knife,
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld gudenmen, about the graces,
Frac side to side they bother,

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or malvie his braw claithing.
O wives! be mindful, anae yoursel'.
How bonnie lads ye wanted,
And dinna, for a kebbeck-bell,
Let lasses be affraughted.
On sic a day.

Now Clinkinbell, wi' rattlin tow,
Begins to jow and croon;
Some swagger hame the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon:
Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
They're a' in famous tune
    For crack that day.

How monie hearts this day converts,
O' sinners and o' lasses!

—The Lament o' Ayr, oin night ere gan.
DEATH AND DR HORNBOOK,

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never psalm'd,
Ev'n ministers they have been kea'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing who'd, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gann to tell,
Which lately o' a night befor,
Is just as true's the Dial's in hell,
Or Dublin city's.
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na' Fou; but just ha'd plenty;
I stach'r'd whyles, but yet took tient ay;
To free the ditches;
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes, ken'd ay
Frae ghains to witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-saw'r;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I coudna' tell.
C 4
I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awful scythe, out-owne ae shouther,
   Clear dangling hang

A three-taed leister on the ither
   Lay, large and lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
   And then it's ahank!

They were as thin, as sharp, and sma,
   As cheeks o' branks.

"Gude-een," quo' I: "Friend! ha' ye been
"When ither flock are busy sawin' ?"
It seemed to mak a kind o' staun,
   But naething spak;

At length, says I, "Friend! whare ye g;
" Will ye gae back ?"
[red ye weel, tak care o' seaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Sademun, quo' he, ' put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try it's mettle;
but if I did, I wad be kittle

  To be mislear'd,
wadna mind it, no that spittle
  'Out-owre my beard."

Veel, weel," says I, " a bargain be't;
'ome, gies your hand, and see we're gree't;
Ve'll ease our shanks and tak a seat,

  Come, gie's your news;
"his while" ye has been mony a gate,
  At mony a house.

y, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
's o'en a lang, lang time indeed,
in I began to nick the thread,

  And choke the breath:
ock maun do something for their bread,
  And see maun Death.

ax thousand years are near-hand fled,
in I was to the butching bred,
nd mony a scheme in vain's been laid
  To stap or scar me;
ill ane Hornbook's† taeu up the trade,
  And faith he'll waur me.

1 epideimical fever was then raging in that country.
This Gentleman, Dr Hornbook, is professionally a
her of the Sovereign Order of the Feros; but, by
C 5
See, here's a scythe,
That hae pierc'd mon
But Deoter Hornbook
Has made them baith
'Twas but yestreen, m
I threw a noble throw
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've
But
It just play'd dirl on the
But
Hornbook was by, wi' re
And hae se certified the
That when I looked to m
It wi
Fient hae't o't wad hae wi
Burns' Poems.

But yet the bold apothecary
  Withstood the shock;
I might as well have tried a quarry
  O' hard whin-rock.

Ev'n then he cannot get attended,
Altho' their face he ne'er had seen it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
  As soon he smell'st,
Bait their disease, and what will mend it,
  At once he tells't.

And then o' doctor's saws and whistles,
Of a dimensions, shapes, and mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles,
  He's sure to have;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
  As A, B, C,

Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True sal-marinum o' the seas;
The farina o' beans and pease,
  He hasn't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
  He can content ye,

Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus spiritus o' capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
  Distill'd per se;
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail clippings,
  And many more.
* Nae doubt they'll ruin us.
* They'll ruin us.

The creature grain'd an eldritch lane,
And says, *Ye needna yoke the plow,*
* Kirk-yards will soon he till'd end.
* Tak ye nae fa.
* They'll a' be trench'd wi' money.
* In twa-threes.

* Where I kill'd a'ne a fair straet.
* By loss o' blude, or want o' bread.
* This night I'm free to tak my
  * That Hope.
* Has clad a score i' their last
  * By drap.

* An honest Webstar to his tr
* Whase wife's twa nieves went
  * Gat tippence-worth to mend
  * When
Burns' Poems.

His only son for Hornbook sets,
   "And pays him well;"
The lad, for twa gude gimmer pets,
   "Wass Laird himself."

A bonny lass, ye ken her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame;
She trusts her sel', to hide the shame,
   "In Hornbook's care;"
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
   "To hide it there."

That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on frae day to day;
Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,
   "An's weel paid for't;"
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
   "Wi' his d—n'd dirt."

But hark! I'll tell you o' a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
   "As dead's a herring;"
Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
   "He gets his fairin."

But just as he began to tell,
The anid kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
   Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleased mysel,
   And see did Death.
Twas simple Bard, rough at the rustic p
Learning his tuneful trade from ev’ry b
The chanting linnet; or the mellow thr
Hailing the setting sun, sweet; in the gro
bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast,
Or deep-ton’d plovers, grey, wild-whist’
the hill;
Shall he, nurs’d in the Peasant’s lowly s
To hardy Independence bravely bred,
By early Poverty to hardship steel’d,
And train’d to arms in stern Misfortune:
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crim
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhyme,
Or labour hard the panegyrick close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating P
Burns' Poems.

When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give; alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks got on their winter hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-worn crap;
Potatoes-bings are snugged up free skaith
Of coming Winter's biting frosty breath;
The bees rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds and flow'rs, delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' deevils, smoor'd wi' brunnstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide:
The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some but hauf-lang tree;
The honey morns precede the sunny-days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze;
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
(Whether impell’d by all-directing
To witness what I after shall name
Or whether, rapt in meditation high
He wander’d out he knew not where.
The drowsy Dungeon-clock† had
And Wallace-Tow’r† had sworn the
The tide-swollen frith, with sullen
Through the still night dash’d he shore:
All else was hush’d as Nature’s c
The silent moon shone high o’er the
The chilly frost beneath the silver
Crept, gently-crusting, o’er the glistening
When lo! on either hand the line
The clanging sigh of whistling wind
Two dusky forms dart thro’ the misty
Swift as the Goe‡ drives on the wide
Ane on th’ Auld Brig his airy staff
The ither flutters o’er the rising part
Our warlock Rhymmer instantly dea...
BURNS' POEMS.

65

knie, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,  
the very deils they brawly ken them.)  
g appear'd of ancient Pictish race,  
wrinkles Gothic in his face;  
'd as he wi' Time had wars!d lang,  
thy dour, he bade an unco bang.  
g was boshit in a braw new coat,  
at Lea'ce, frae ane Adams got;  
five taper staves as smooth's a bead,  
and whirlygigums at the head.  
s was stalking round wi' anxious search,  
time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch;  
his new-come neighbour took his oo,  
a vex'd and angry heart had he!  
relies sneer to see his modish mien,  
th' water, gies him this gude-oo—

AULD BRIG.

'I' frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, 
were streakit o'er free bank to bank,  
we be a brig as auld as me,  
that day, I doubt ye'll never see;  
se, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,  
vr whigweileries in your muddle.

NEW BRIG.

ndal, ye but show your little mense,  
about it wi' your scanty sense;  
poor narrow foot-path o' a street,  
a wheel-barrowes tremble when they meet,  
'd, formless bulk, o' stane and lime,  
wi' bonyy Brigs o' modern time?
Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' w
This mony a year I've stood the
And tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair I'll be a *Brig* when ye're a shape
As yet ye little ken about the mat
But twa-three winters will inform
When heavy, dark, continued a'-d
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow th
When from the hills, where spring

Or stately *Lugar*’s mossy fountains
Or whare the *Greensock* winds his me
Or haunted *Garrow* draws his feel
Arous'd by blust'ring winds, and spe
In mony a torrent down the s'maw-b
While crashing ice, borne on the ro
Sweeps dame, and mHls, and brigs,
And from *Glenbuck* down to the A
Auld *Aur* is —
BURNS’ POEMS.

Then down ye’ll hurl—deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the jumblie jamps up to the pouring skies.
A lesson, sadly teaching, to your cost,
That Architecture’s noble art is lost.

NEW BRIG.

Fine Architecture, growth, I needs must say’t o’er,
The L—d bethankit that we’ve tin’t the gat o’er;
Gaunt, ghastly, ghast-inspiring edifices,
Hanging, with threat’ning jet, like precipices;
Overarched, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting reefs fantastic, stony groves;
Windows and doors in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms, like some bedlam-statuary’s dreams,
The craz’d creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp’d on the bended knee,
And still the second-dread command be free,
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea;
Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird or beast;
Fit only for a doided monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace;
Or cuifs of litter times, wha held the notion,
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
Fancies that our gude Brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection.

auld brig.

O ye, my dear remember’d, ancient yeallings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred go
Wha meekly gae our hardies to the
(And what wad now be strange) ye g
A' ye douce flock I've born aboon th
Wre ye but here, what wad ye say
How wad your spirits groan in deep
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonizing, curse the time and
When ye begat the base degenerate
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their cou
In plain braid Scots haud forth a plain
Nae langer thrifty Citizens and douce
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-h
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceles
The harriment and ruin o' the countr
Men, three-parts made by tailors and
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on
Brigs and Harbours!

NEW BRIG
To liken them to your auld warls quad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth 'a Citizen', a term o' scandal;
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,
A a' the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men who grew wise priggin owre hops and raisins,
Or gather'd lib'ral views in bonds and seizures.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had abor'd them wi' a glimmer o' his lamp,
And wad to Common-sense for ane betray'd them,
'Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell; but all before their sight;
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd;
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd;
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet;
While arts of minstrelsly among them rung,
And soul-enobling Bards heroic ditties sung.
I had M'Lawklan*; thaim-inspiring Sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with
Highland rage;

* A well-known Performer of Scottish Music on the
linn.
t instrument appear'd,
c's self was heard;

in ev'ry part,
r'd moving on the heart.

am in front appears,
c'd in years;

r lilies crown'd,
r tangle bound.

air in all the ring,
'd in hand with Spring;

hay, came Rural Joy,

id-beaming eye:

her flowing horn,

'd with nodding corn;

'd locks did hoary abow,

ess brow.

his martial stride,

woody coverts hide:

ignant air,

he towers of Stair's;

al measures trode

long-liv'd abode:
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel
wreath,
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death;
At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

---

THE ORDINATION.

For sense, they little owe to frugal Heav'n—
To please the Mob, they hide the little giv'n.

KILMARNOCK Wabsters, fidge and claw,
    And pour your creeble nations;
And ye wha leather rax and draw,
    Of a' denominations:
Swith to the Leagh Kirk, ane and a',
    And there tak up your stations;
Then aff to Begbie's in a raw,
    And pour divine libations*
    For joy this day.

Curst Common-Sense, that imp o' hell,
    Cam in wi Maggie Lauder*,

*Alluding to a scoffing Ballad which was made on the admission of the late Reverend and worthy Mr L— to the Leagh Kirk.
And set the bairns to daub her
Wi' irt this day

Mak haste and turn King David own
And lilt wi' holy clangor:
O' double verse, come gie us four,
And skirl up the Bangor:
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang:
For Heresy is in her pow'r,
And gloriously she'll whang her
Wi' pith this day

Come, let a proper text be read,
And touch it aff wi' vigour,
How graceless Ham* leugh at his:
Which made Canaan a Niger;
Or Phineas† drove the murdering:
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour;
Or Zipporah‡, the scalding jade,
BURNS’ POEMS.

That stipend is a carnal weed
He takes but for the fashion;
And gie him o’er the flock to feed,
And punish each transgression;
Especial rams that cross the breed,
Gie them sufficient threshin,
Spare them nae day.

Now auld Kilmarnock cock thy tail,
And toss thy horns fu’ scanty;
Nae mair thou’lt rout out-owre the dale,
Because thy pasture’s scanty;
For lapfu’s large o’ gospel kail
Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
And ruins o’ grace the pick and wale,
No gien by way o’ dainty,
But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel’s streams we’ll weep,
To think upon our Zion;
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
Like baby-clouts a-drying:
Come, screw the pegs wi’ tuneful cheep,
And o’er the thairums be trying.
Oh, sure! to see our elbucks wheep,
And a’ like lamb-tails flyin
Fu’ fast this day!

Lang Patronage, wi’ rod o’ airn,
Has shaw’d the kirk’s undoin,
As lately Fenwick, sair forfearn,
Has proven to its ruin:

D
's POEMS.

man! Glencairn,
was brewin;
acht bairn,
a true ane,
And sound this day

vague nae mair,
ib for ever;
wn o' Ayr,
think you clever;
your fear,
e a Shaver;
repair,
weaver
Aff-hand this day.

just a match,
wa drones,
Laigh Kirk watch,
audrons;
'tither wretch.
And Common-Sense is goum, she says,
   To mak to Jamie Beattie
         Her 'plaint this day.

But there's Morality himsel',
   Embracing a' opinions;
Hear how he gies the tither yell,
   Between his twa companions;
See, how she peels the skin, and fell,
   As ane were peelin' onions:
Now there they're packed aff to h—ll,
   And banish'd our dominions,
         Henceforth this day.

O happy day! rejoice, rejoice,
   Come hoose about the porter!
Morality's demure decoys
   Shall here nae mair find quarter:
M'Kinlay, Russel, are the boys
   That heresy can torture;
They'll gie her on a rape a houys,
   And cow her measure shorter
         By the hedd sume day.

Come, bring the tither mutchin in,
   And here's for a conclusion,
To ev'ry New Light's mother's son,
   From this tyme forth, confusion:

*New Light* is a cant phrase in the West of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

D2
THE CALF.

TO THE REV. MR.

On his Text, Malachi, chap. iv. ver. 3, shall go forth, and grow up like a young tree.

Right Sir! your text I'll pro
Tho' heretics may laugh;
For instance, there's yourself,
God knows, an unco Calf

And should some patron be
As bless you wi' a kirk,
As bless me. Sir, but then -
BURNS' POEMS.

The like has been, that you may wear
A noble head o' horns!

And in your lug, most reverend James,
To hear you roar and rowte,
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
To rank among the Noste!

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
Below a grassy hillock,
Wi' justice they may mark your head—
"Here lies a famous Bullock!"

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O Prince! O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led the embattl'd Seraphim to war—
Milton.

O thou, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cootie,
Wha in your Cavern grim and sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Splairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scald poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor dammed bodies be;

D3
Far kend and noted is thy name;
And tho' yon lowan heugh's thy han:
Thou travels far:
And faith, thou's neither lag nor lan;
Nor blate nor scat.

Whyles, rangin like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd temp
Tirling the kirks
Whyles in the human bosom, pryin
Unseen thou lurk.

I've heard my rev'rend Gramie sa
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or whare anld ruin'd castles gray,
Nod to the moon
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's w
Wi' eldritch cro.
As dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentia light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
    Ayent the loch;
Ye, like a rash-buzz, stood in sight,
    Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stoore, quaick—quaick—
    Amang the svinges,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
    On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd bage,
Tell hew wi' you on ragwee nags,
They skim the muirs and dizzy crags,
    Wi' wisked speed;
And in kirk-yards reaw their leagues,
    Owsr howkit dead.

Thence, comtra wives, wi' toil and pain,
May plague and plague the kirk in vain;
For, O! the yellow treasure's tae
    By witchin skill;
And dawtlt, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
    As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young gude men, food, keen, and crouse,
When the best wark-loom i' the house,
    By cantrip wit,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the

By your dir

And 'nighted travellers are all

To their dest

And aft your moss-traversing

Decoy the wight that late and

The bleezin, curst, mischievous

Delude his ey

Till in some miry slough he sun

Ne'er mair

When Masons' mystic word and

In storms and tempests raise ye

Some cock or cat your rage must

Or, strange to

The youngest Brither ye wad wi

Aff straight to

Lang syne, in Eden's bonny seat
And played on man a cursed brogue,
   (Black be your fa' !)
And gied the infant warld a shog,
   'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, and reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
   'Mang better fock,
And sklentec on the man of Us
   Your spitefu' joke.

And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
And brak him out o' house and hall,
While scabs and blotches did him gail,
   Wi' bitter claw,
And loos'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl,
   Was warst ava !

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and sechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael" did you pierce,
   Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
   In prose or rhyme.

And now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin
   To your black pit;

* Vide Milton, Book VI.*

D 5
O wad ye tak a thougut—
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake

THE

DEATH AND DYING WOR
POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET

AN UNCO' MOURNFU' TAI

As Mailie, and her lambs thegither,
Were an day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her clout she coost a hitch,
And ower she wars'ld in the ditch:
Then groaning, dying, she did lie
O'er her destit bur.
BURNS' POEMS.

hou, whose lamentable face
are to mourn my woeful case!
ying words attentive hear,
rear them to my Master dear;
I him, if e'er again he keep
ackle gear as buy a sheep,
I him never tie them mair
icked strings o' hemp or hair;
a' them out to park or hill,
et them wander at their will;
hy his flock increase, and grow
xes o' lambs and packs o' woo,
I him, he was a Master kin',
ye was gude to me and mine;
tow my dying charge I gie him,
elsless lambs I trust them wi' him.
bid him save their harmless lives,
ogs, and tods, and butcher's knives!
em o' gude cow-milk their fill,
hey be fit to fend themsel;
et them duly, e'en and morn,
eats o' hay and rips o' corn.
ay they never learn the gates
er vile wanrestfu' pets!
ink thro' slaps, and reave and steal
oks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
ly they, like their great forbears,
onie a year come thro' the sheers;
'es will gie them bits o' bread,
airs greet for them when they're dead,
poor toop-lamb, my son and heir,
d him breed him up wi' care!
D 6
And no to rin and wear his coot
Like ither mensless, graceless, b
And neist, my yowie, silly thin
Gude keep thee frae a tether str
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit, moorland toop:
But aye keep mind to moop and
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel.
And now, my bairns, wi' my
I leave my blessin wi' you baith
And when you think upon your
Mind to be kind to anither.
New, honest Hughie, dinna
To tell my master a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed t
And for thy pains thou's get n
This said, poor Mailie tur'd
And clos'd her een amang the de
The last sad cap-stane of his woes;

Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' world's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed,

He's lost a friend and neebour dear,

In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,

She ran wi' speed;

A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,

Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel wi' mense;
I'll say't, she never brak a fence

Thro' thievish greed.

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spece

Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the bowe,
Her living image, in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,

For bits o' bread;

And down the briny pearls rowe

Poor Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' muirland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, and harry hips;
It maks gude fallows girm and gape,
   Wi’ choakin dread;
And Robin’s hannel waw wi’ crape,
   For Mailie dead.

O’, a’ ye bards on bonny Doon!
And wha’ on Ayr your chanter’s tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
   O’ Robin’s reed!
His heart will never get aboon
   His Mailie dead!

---

TO JAMES SMITH,

MERCHAND, MAUCHLINE.
BURNS’ POEMS.

You surely hae some warlock-breaef
   Owr'se human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was pier
er against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon,
   Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done,
  Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
   On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on every feature,
  She's wrote—the Man.

Just now I've ta'en a fit of rhyme,
My barmie noodle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
   Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisur moment's time
   To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
   And raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
   I rhyme for fun.
Has blest me wi' a random shot
    O' countra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,
To try my fate in gude black prest;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
    Something cries, "
  I red you, honest man, tak tent!
    Ye'll shaw your foll

  There's ither poets, much your better
  Far seen in Greek, deep men o' lette
  Hae thought they had insur'd their d
    " A' future ages;
  Now moths deform, in shapeless tat
    Their unknown

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-bough
To garland my poetic brows!
    "ill rove where busy pk
me with th' inglorious dead,
    Forgot and gone!

y o' Death begin a tale?
w we're living, sound and hale;
xp and maintop crowd the sail,
    Heave Care o'er side!
ge, before Enjoyment's gale,
    Let's take the tide.

a, as far's I understand,
chanted fairy-land,
Pleasure is the magic wand,
    That, wielded right,
ours like minutes, hand in hand,
    Dance by fu' light.

gic wand then let us wield:
co that five-and-forty's speak'd,
xy, weary, joyless eild,
    Wi' wrinkl'd face,
coastin', hirplin owre the field,
    Wi' creepin pace.

nce life's day draws near the gloamin,
rewel vacant careless roamin;
rewel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
    And social noise;
rewel dear, deluding woman,
    The joy o' joys!

how pleasant in thy morning,
Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Unmindful that the thorn is near
    Among the leaves;
And tho’ the puny wound appear,
    Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow’ry spat,
For which they never toll’d nor swat;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
    But care or pain:
And, haply, eye the barren hut
    Wi’ high disdain.

Wi’ steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does every sinew brace;
Thro’ fair, thro’ foul, they urge the chace
    And seize the prey:
Then canie, in some coz’ie place,
    They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan’,
BURNS' POEMS.

'What bitter toil and strain!—
unce wi' peevish, poor complainin'!
'tume's sickle Lau's wanin'?
E'an let her gang!
'th what light she has remainin',
Let's sing our sang.

m I here sing to the door,
座椅, 'Ye pow'rs! and warm implore,
agh I should wander terra o'er,
  'In all her climes,
at me but this, I ask no more,
  'Aye rowth o' rhymes,

dreeping roasts to countra lairds,
icticles hing frey their beards;
fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
  'And maids of honour;
yill and whisky gie to cairds
  'Until they scooner.

tle, empiter merits it;
trter gie to Willie Pitt;
wealth to some be-leger'd cit,
  In cent. per cent.
gie me real Sterling wit,
  'And I'm content,

tle ye are pleased to keep me hale,
sit down owre my scanty meal,
water-broon, or muslin kail,
  'Wi' chearfu' face,
Sworn foe to sorrow, care and rhyme

O ye douce fock, that live by grave, tideless-blooded, calm
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! 
How mu—
Your hearts are just a standing Your life

Nae hair-brain'd sentimental!
In your unletter'd nameless fa In arioso trills and graces!
Ye never
But gravissimo, solemn basses
Ye hum an

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye' Nae ferly tho' ye do dream
Burns' Poems.

Then, Jessie, I shall say nae mair,
But qua' my sang.
Content with you to mak a pair,
Where'er I gang.

A Dream.

Thoughts, words, and deeds the statute blames with reason,
But surely Dreams were never indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other Parade of June 4, 1786, the Author was no sooner dropt asleep, than he imagined himself transported to the Birthday Levee; and, in his dreaming fancy, made the following Address.]

Good-morning to your Majesty!
May Heav'n augment your blisses,
On every new Birthday ye see,
A humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang thae Birthday dreeses
See fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By mony a lord and lady:

BURNS' POEMS. 93
But aye unerring steady
On sic a day.

For me! before a monarch's face,
Ev'n there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor;
Sae, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony waur been o' the race,
And a'blins aroon been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sov'reign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chills that winna ding,
And downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right rest and elbowed,
And now the third part o' the string,
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire,
    Ye've trusted 'ministration
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
    Wad better fill their station
    Than courts you say.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
    Her broken shins to plaister;
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
    Till she has scarce a taster;
For me, thank God! my life's a lease,
    Nae bargains wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
    I shortly boost to pasture
    I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
    When taxes he enlarges,
(And Will's a true gude fallow's gett,
    A name not envy spairges),
That he intends to pay your debt,
    And lessen a' your charges;
But G-d's sake! let nae saving fit
    Abridge your bonny barges
    And boats this day,

Adieu, my Liege! may freedom geck
    Beneath your high protection;
And may ye rax Corruption's neck,
    And gie her for dissection.
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
    In loyal, true affection,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gives ye?
Thae bonny bairntime, Heaven
Still higher may they heez
In bliss, till Fate some day is
For ever to release ye.
Fae can

For you, young potentate of H
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' a
I'm tauld ye're driving rare
But some day ye may gnaw your
And curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pale
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie,

By night

Yet aft a ragged coat's been k
To mak a noble aiver.
Burns' Poems.

And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John †,
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

For you, right rev'rend Osnaburg,
Nane sets the laun-sleeve sweeter,
Although a ribband at your lug,
Wad been a dress completer;
As ye disown you naughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,
Or, troth! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

Young, royal Tarry Breck, I learn,
Ye've lately come athawart her;
A glorious galley ‡, stem and stern,
Weel rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern,
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple a'murn,
And, large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heav'n mak you gode as weel as braw,
And gie you lads a-plenty:
But swear na British hoy a'wa,
For kings are unco scant aye;

† Sir John Falstaff. See Shakespeare's Henry IV.
‡ Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain Royal sailor's amour.
The infant art, half-form'd, was cre
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
       In some wild gl
When sweet, like modest worth, she
       And stappet be

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-bough.
Were twisted, gracefu', round her b
I took her for some Scottish Muse,
       By that same te
And come to stop those reckless vow
       Wad soon been

A 'hair-brain'd, sentimental trace',
Was strongly marked in her face ;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace,
       Shone full upon
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,
       Beam'd keen wi
Her wantle large, o' greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
     A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
     A well-known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
     Wi' surging foam;
There, distant ahone Art's lofty boast,
     The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds!
Auld hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
     On to the shore;
And mony a lesser torrent scuds,
     Wi' seemin roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head,
Still, as in Scottish story read,
     She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bled,
     And polish'd grace.

By stately tow'r, or palace fair,
Or reins pedent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
     I cou'd discern;
While back-reeling seem'd to
Their south

His Country's Saviour†, mark
Bold Richardson's & heroic wall.
The chief on Sark ‖, who glorious
In high com

And He, whom ruthless fates exp
His native la.

There, where a scepter'd Pictish ▼
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid.
I mark'd a martial race, pourtray'd
In colours stro-

* The Wallaces.
† William Wallace.
Adam Wallace of Richardson, coust
tal Preserver of Scottish Independence.
‖ Wallace, Laird of Craige, who...
Burns' Poems.

Bold, soldier-fear'd, undismay'd;
They strode along.

Thro' many a wild romantic grove *.
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for Friendship, or for Love,
In musing mood),

An aged Judge, I saw him revo,
Dispensing good.

With deep struck, reverential awe,†
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God, and Nature's law,
They gave their lore;
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

Brydone's brave ward ‡ I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot-name on high
And hero shines.

Duan Second.

With musing deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavily-seeing fair;

* Barrskimming, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk.
† Catlines, the seat of the late Doctor, and present Professor Stewart.
‡ Colonel Fairston.
In me thy native Muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low
I come to gie thee such reward
As we bestow.

Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.
And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence, sweet, harmonious, Beattie sung
His "Minstrel lays;"
Or tore, with nobler ardour stung,
The sceptic's bays.

To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of Human-kind,
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,
The Artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclin'd,
The various man.

When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threat'ning storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain,
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

Some hint the Lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the Maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil
For humble gains.

E &
To mark the name yours—
Of rustic Bard!
And careful note each op'ning grace,
A guide and guard.

Of these am I—Call my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow'r;
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy mental hour.

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rosy-carol'd, chiselling phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple artless lays
Of other times.

I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
And joy and music pouring forth
In ev'ry grove,
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
With boundless loves.

When ripe'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely staff,
To vent thy beon's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy arrows along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name
I taught thee how to pour a song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven!
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, owre all my wide domains,
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Cooila's plains,
Become thy friends.
E.S.
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
   His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
   Adown the glade.

Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi's mine,
   Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
   A rustic Bard.

To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of Man,
   With soul erect!
And trust, the Universal Plan
   Will all protect.

And wear thou this.'—she solemn said,
ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,
OR THE
RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
   And hump them ay thegither;
The Rigid Righteous is a fool,
   The Rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was slipt,
   May ha'e some piles o' catt in;
Sae ne'er a fellow-creature slight
   For random fits o' daffin.

SOLOMON—ECCLES. vii. 16.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
   Sae pious, and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
   Your neebour's faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gunn mill,
   Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapit happen's ebbing still,
   And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
   As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door,
   For glaiket Folly's portals;
And shudder at the nisser;  
But cast a moment's fair reg;
What makes the mighty di
Discount what scant occasion
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a')
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated
Gies now and then a walloo,
What ragings must his veins co
That still eternal gallop;
Wi' wind and tide fair in your t
Right on ye scud your sea-wa.
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It makes a useless lee-way.

See Social Life and Glee ait dow
A' joyous and unthinking;
Till, quite transmogrify'd, they'
Debranchaw and fa'.
Before you gie poor frailty names,
    Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
    A treacherous inclination——
But, let me whisper i' your ear,
    Ye're, aiblins, oas temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
    Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
    To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
    The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
    How far perhaps they rue it.

Wha made the heart, 'tis He alone
    Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord, its various tone,
    Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
    We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
    But kenna what's resist.
Has auld Kilmarnock seen the De
Or great M'Kislay† thrown his
Or Robinson‖ again grown weel,
To preach an
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chi
"Tam Samsa"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and gr
And sigh, and sob, and grieve her li
And cleed her bairns, man, wife, an
In mourning w
To death she's dearly paid the hame
Tam Samsa's

The brethren o' the mystic press,
May hing their head in woeful beve

* When this worthy old sportsman was
fowl season, he supposed it was to be in
while by their nose the tears will revel,
Like oay bead;
sath's gie the Lodge an unco deevil,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heen winter muffles up his cloak,
'th binder the mire like a rock;
Heen to the loongus the curlers flock,
'Wi' gleesome speed,
Ha will they station at the cock?
Tam Samson's dead!

Was the king o' a' the core,
A guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Up the rink like Jees roar
In time o' need;
T now he lags on death's hog-score,
Tam Samson's dead!

Ow safe the stately saumont sail,
D trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
D eels, weil kend for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Oe dark in death's fish-creed we wail,
Tam Samson dead!

Joyce ye birring paitricks a';
Cootie muircocks, crouesely craw;
Maukins, cock your fuds fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Ur mortal fze is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead
In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ancles setters;
In vain the burns came down like w.
          An acre braid!
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin', clatte
          Tam Samson's
Owre monie a wearis bag he limpit,
And ay the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behint him jumpit,
          Wi' deadly foids
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumps
          Tam Samson's d
When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
          Wi' weel-aim'd l
* Lord, five ' he cried
BURNS' POEMS.

low he lies, in lasting rest;
pe upon his moulderig breast
spitsfu' mairfowl bigs her nest,

To hatch and breed!
ne mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

August winds the heather wave,
portsmen wander by your grave,
vollics let his mem'ry crave
O' pouther an' lead.
cho answer free her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

a rest his saul, whare'er he be!
wish o' many me as than me;
d two feet, or maybe three,
Yet what remead?
ial, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

THE EPITAPH.
Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
xathing zealots spare him!
set worth in heaven rise,
I mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.
ixe, and canter like a sily
a' the streets and neeks o' Killie's,
ike is a phrase the country folks sometimes use for renk.
HALLOWEEN.

The following POEM will, by many, be enough understood; but, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and customs of the country where the scene is laid, Not giving a full account of the principal character and events of the night, so big with Prophecy andshown in the West of Scotland. The passion of the people makes a striking part of the history of its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it forms, in a philosophic mind, entertainment to a philosophic mind, to honour the author with a perusal, to contemplate it among the more enlightened in

---

Yes! let the Rich deride, then,
The simple pleasures of the hour.
To me more dear, congenial to
One native charm, than all the

---

Upon that night, when fairies lig
BURNS' POEMS.

Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colesan the rout is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove "*, to stray and rove,
Amang the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonny, winding banks,
Whar Doe's rins, wimplin, clear,
Whar Brucet† ance rul'd the martial ranks,
And shook the Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did conveen,
To burn their nits, and pose their stocks,
And hau'd their Halloween,
Fur' blythe that night.

The lasses feit, and cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fur' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, and warm, and kin' ;
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babe,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, and some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses hearts gang startin,
Whyles fast at night.

* A noted cavern near Colesan-house, called the Cove of Colesan; which, as well as Cassilis Downens, is famed in country story, for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

† The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.
And pou'lt, for wast o' better shift,
A rust was like a sow-tail,

Then, straight or crooked, yird or
They roar and cry a' throu'ther:
The ver' wee-things, todlin, rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shoun;
And gif the custock's sweet or sou
Wi' jocaleg they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they've plac'd t'"To lie that nig

* The first ceremony of Hallowe'en,
stock, or plant of hale. They must goe
with eyes shut, and pull the first they
king big or little, straight or crooked, is
size and shape of the grand object of
—the husband or wife, if any vird. or
The lasses staw free 'mang them a',
To pou their stalks o' owr; 
But Rab slips out, and jinks about
Behint the muckle thorn:
He gippit Nelly hard and fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle waist was lost,
When kitting i' the fence-house;
Wi' him that night.

The anld Gudewife's weel hoordit a\(\dagger\)
Are round and round divided,
And monie lads and lasses dates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
And burn the gither trimly;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

* They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in qun will come testoo the marriage-bed aye ting but a maid.

† When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, x. makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is most exposed to the wind; this calls a fence-house.

|| Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and last to each particular nut, as they lay them the fire; and, accordingly, as they burn quietly to-ther, or start from beside one another, the course and use of the courtship will be.
As they wad never mair
'Till suff! he started up the
And Jean had o'en a sair
To see

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-ka
Was burnt wi' primroses
And Mallie, nae doubt, too
To be compar'd to Willie
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pride
And her ain fit it brunt it
While Willie lap, and swor
'Twas just the way he w
To be

Nell had the false-house in
She pits hersel and Rob
In loving bleece they sweet
Till white in ase they're
Nell's heart was dancin at
She whismer'd Rob to lee
The thro' the yard the nearest taks,
And to the kiln she goes then,
And darkling graipit for the banks,
And in the blue-clue throws then,
Right fear't that night.

And aye she win't, and aye she swat;
I wat she made nan jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Gude L—d! but she was quakin'
But whether 'twas the deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bank-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didna wait on talkin
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
' Will ye gas wi' me, Grannie?'
' I'll eat the apple† at the glass,
' I gat frae uncle Johnnie: '

† Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, Wha hauds? i.e. who holds; an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

† Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it; and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, to be, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.
I'm little a' commoner than you.
I daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the soul thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
And liv'd and di'd deelecret,
On sic a night.

Ae harst afore the Sherra-Moor,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was nae past fifteen:
The simmer bad been cauld and wat,
And stuff was unco green;
And aye a rantin kira we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night.
"He gat hemp-seed", I mind it well,
"And he made unco light o't;
"But monie a day was by himself,
"He was sae sairly frightened
    "That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
    And he swore by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
    For it was a' but nonsense:
The said gudeman raught down the pock,
    And out a handful gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the flock,
    Some time when nac nac see'd him,
    And try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
    Tho' he was something sturtin;
The grasp he for a harrow taks,
    And haurls at his curpin:
And every now and then, he says,
    "Hemp seed I saw thee,

* Steal out, unperceived, and saw a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'Come after me, and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'Come after me and harrow thee.'
He roar'd a horrid murder
In dreadful' desperation!
And young and auld cam ri
To hear the sad narratio
He swore 'twas hilchin Jess
Or crouchie Merran Hun
Till step! she trotted thro'
And wha was it but griss
Asteer

Meg fain wad to the barn h
t for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
Gies the herd a pickle nits,
And twa red-cheekit apples,
Watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipps
That veer aight.

e turns the key wi' cannie throw,
And owre the threshold ventures;
First on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters:
Rattlin' rattled up the wa',
And she cried, L—d preserve her!
D ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

ey hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
Shane'd the stack he faddon't thrice*
Was timer propt for thravin':
Taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin:

ng down corn against the wind. Repeat it three
and the third time, an apparition will pass through
barn, in at the windy door and out at the other,
ng both the figure in question, and the appearance
stones marking the employment or station in life.
Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a
stack, and fathom it three times round. The las
om, of the last time, you will catch in your arms the
arms of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

* thrice
But, och! that night, amang the
She gat a fearfu' settin'!
She thre' the whins, and by the
And owre the hill gaed scriev;
Whare three lairds' lands met at
To dip her left stark sleeve in,
Was bent th

Whyles owre a linn the burnie pl
As thro' the glen it wimpl'd;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it str
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl'd;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly ra
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cockit underneath the bra
Below the spreading hazle,
Unseen that:

Amang the bracken, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
or else some outlier quey,
and gae a croon:
he's heart maist lap the hool;
v'rock height she jumpit,
I a fit, and in the pool
re the hogs she plumpit,
      Wi' a plunge that night.

on the clean hearth-stane,
gies three° are ranged,
'time great care is ta'en
them duly changed:
John, wha wedlock's joys,
't's year did desire,
't get the toon dish thrice,
't'd them on the fire,
      In wrath that night.

's sangs, and friendly cracks,
key didna weary;
tales and funny jokes,
ports were cheap and cheery:
'd sow'ar†, wi' fragrant lunt,
sein gabe a-steerin;

three dishes; put clean water in one, foul
or, and leave the third empty. Blindfold
lead him to the hearth where the dishes are
nor she) dips the left hand: If by chance in
ster, the future husband or wife will come o
patrimony a ma'd; if in the foul, a widow;
pty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no
all. It is repeated three times; and every
angement of the dishes is altered.
, with butter instead of milk to them, is all;
allowan supper.

†F 4
THE

AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR
MORNING SALUTATION

TO

HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

On giving her the accustomed Ripp of Corn &
hansel in the New Year.

A Gude New-Year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie;
Tho' thou's bowe-backit now, and knaggie,
    I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
    Out-owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, and crazy,
    And the auld hide's as white's a daisy,
BURNS’ POEMS.

The weel down a shapely shank
   As e’er tread yerd;
I could haes flown out-owre a stank,
   Like any bird.

It’s now some nine-and-twenty year,
   an’ thou was my gude father’s mare,
He gied me thee, o’ tocher clear,
   And fifty marck;
Tho’ it was sma’, ‘twas weel-won gear,
   And thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin’ wi’ your minnie:
Tho’ ye was trickie, slee, and funny,
   Ye ne’er was doszie;
But namely, tawie, quiet, and cannie,
   And unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranc’d wi’ muckle pride,
When ye broum hame my bonny bride:
And sweet and gracefu’ she did ride,
   Wi’ maiden air!
Kyle-Stewart I cou’d bragged wide,
   For sic a pair.

Tho’ now ye dow but hoyte and noble,
And wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
   For heels and win’,
And ran them till they a’ did wauble
   Far, far behin’.
F 5
Town's bodies ran, and —
    And can't thee man.
When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fallow,
    For pith and speed;
But every tail thou pay't them hallow,
    Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might siblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mett!
    And gart them whistle
Nae whip or spur, but just a wattle
    O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble jistie lae',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn;
Aft thee and I, in aught hours gaun,
    In gude March wea'
    'fore our han'.
When frosts lay lang, and snows were deep,
And threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap
   Aboon the timmer;
I kend my Maggie wadna sleep
   For that, or aimer.

In cart or car thou never reestit;
The stayest brace thou wad hae fac'd it;
Thou never lap, and stent, and breastit,
   Then stood to blow;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
   Thon smeov't awa.

My plough is now thy bairntime a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa,
   That thou hast nursit:
They drew me thretteen pund and twa,
   The very warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
And wi' the weesey warl' fought!
And monie an anxious day, I thought
   We wad be bent!
Yet hae to crazy age we're brought,
   Wi' something yet.

And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin',
And thy auld days may end in starvin',
   For my last fow,
F &
To a Mouse

On turning her up in her
The plough, November

Wee, sleekit, cowlin', tim'rous be
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou neednus start awa sae hastie,
Wi' bickering be
I wad be laith to rin and chase the;
Wi' murd'rin pa

I'm truly sorry. Man's dominie.
BURNS' POEMS.

Men-icker in a thraw,
'S a sma' request:
et a blessin wi' the lave,
    And never miss't.

'Woo bit 'house, too, in ruin!
silly wa's the win's are strewin!
d naething now to big a new ane
    O' foggage green!
Nd bleak December's winds ensuin,
    Baith snell and keen!

'hou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
and weary winter comin fast,
and cozie here, beneath the blast,
    Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
    Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
    But house or hauled,
To thole the winter's aleety dribble,
    And cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice and men
    Gang aft a-gly,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
    For promis'd joy.
And forward, tho' I canna see
I guess an'—

A WINTER

Poor naked wretches, when
That bide the pelting of the
How shall your houseless!
Your loop'd and window'd
From seasons such as these

When biting Boreas, fell
Sharp shivers through the
When Phoebus gies a shos
Far so

Thro' the
List'ning, the door and winsocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
    O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
    Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing!
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
    What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
    And close thy ce?

Rv'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-sote spoil'd,
    My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
    Sore on you beats.

Now Phæbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain,
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
    Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
    Slow, solemn, stole——

· Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
· And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost!
· Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows!
    Not all your rage, as now united, shows
Woe, want, and murder, o'er a
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful
How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by
The parasite empoisoning her ear.
With all the servile wretches in th
Looks o'er proud Property extended
And eyes the simple, rustic Hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus
Where, where is Love's fond, tend
With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath Love's noble man
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark Maiden-innocence a prey
To love, pretending an guile
Burns' Poems.

Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!
Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate;
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill satisfy'd keen Nature's clam'rous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch already crushed low
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snav,
And hail'd the morning wi' a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Thro' a' His works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.
While winds driss aff Ben-Lomond's
And bar the doors wi' driving snae,
And bing us owre the ingle;
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In naneley westlin jingle.
While frosty winds blow in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lag,
I grudge a wee the great flock's gift,
That live sae bien and snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursed pride.

It's hardly in a body's power,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
BURNS' POEMS.

But Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
Th' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang's we're hale and sair:
  "Mair speer na, nor fear na e',
Auld Age ne'er mind a seg;
The last o'it, the warst o'it,
Is only for to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and blude is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress!
Yet then content could mak us blest;
Ev'n then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
  Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that's free frae a'
  Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
  Has aye some cause to smile;
And mind still, you'll find still,
  A comfort this nae sma';
Nae mair then, we'll care then,
  Nae farther can we fa'.

What the' like commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hall?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.
In days when daisies deck the ground,
And blackbirds whistle clear,

* Ramsay.
It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon' on bank,
    To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in makin muckle mair:
It's no in books, it's no in lair,
    To mak us truly blest:
If happiness hae not her seat
    And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
    But never can be blest:
    Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
        Could mak us happy lang;
    The heart aye's the part aye,
        That mak's us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as you and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dr
    Wi' never-cessing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha earn'd a pittance to the
BURNS' POEMS.

Faith careless and fearless,
Of either heav'n or hell;
Reposing and decreeing
It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfully acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our states;
And, even should misfortunes come,
I, here who sit, have met wi' some,
And thank' for them yet.
They give the wit o' age to youth;
They let us ken oursel';
They make us see the naked truth,
The real good and ill.
The o' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There's wit there, ye'll get there;
Ye'll find me other where.

But tell me, Dèote, ace o' hearts,
(To say aught less wad wring the cartes,
And satter I detest)
This life has joys for you and T,
And joys that riches ne'er could buy,
And joys the vary best.
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
The lover and the frien';
You have your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean!
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name:
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r;
Still take her, and make her
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail, ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow;
Long since this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!
Fate still has blest me with a friend.
BURNS' POEMS.

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come skelpin rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As Phæbus and the famous Nine
Were glowrin o'er my pen.
My spaviet Pegasus will limp,
Till ance he's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit;
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and sight now
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

THE LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE
OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

Alas! how oft does Goodness wound itself!
And sweet Affection prove the spring of woe.

O thou pale orb, that silent shines,
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that inly pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam;
Reflected in the gurgling stream.
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou busy power, Remembrance, cease.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-feign'd poetic pains,
My sad, love-lorn lamentings claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Powers above;
The promis'd Father's tender name;
These were the pledges of my love!

Encircled in her clasping arms,
How have the raptur'd moments flown?
How have I wish'd for fortune's charms
For her dear sake, and her's alone!
And must I think it! is she gone,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth!
Alas! life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thru' rough distress!
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd,
Your dear remembrance in my breast,
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd.
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Ev'n every ray of hope destroy'd,
And not a wish to gild the gloom!

The morn that warns th' approaching day,
Awakes me up to toil and woe:
I see the hours in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
Full many a pang and many a throe,
Keen Recollection's direful train,
Must wring my soul, ere Phoebus, low,
Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
\Sore-harass'd out with care and grief,
My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
Or, if I slumber, Fancy, chief,
Reigns haggard-wild, in sore affright:
Even day, all-bitter, brings relief,
From such a horror-breathing night.

While love's liars
Beneath thy silver-gles
To mark the mutabil-

Oh! scenes in strong r
Scenes, never, never,
Scenes, if in stupor I fe
Again I feel, again I
From every joy and ple
Life's weary vale I'll
And hopeless, comfort
A faithless woman's !

DESPOI

AN

Oversea'n with grief o'
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard;
Even when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an arm,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:

G 2
Than I, no lonely heroin
Where never human foot
Less fit to play the part
The lucky moment to im
And just to stop, and jw
With self-respecting air
But ah! those pleasures,
Which I too keenly tax
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be b
He needs not, he has
Or human love or l
Whilst I here, must
At perfidy ingrato!

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless
To care, to guilt unknow
How ill exchanged for ripe
To feel the follies, or the c
WINTER,

A DIRGE.

The Wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow;
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snae:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"
The joyless Winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Then all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join;
The leafless trees my fancy please;
Their fate resembles mine.

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy Will!
Then all I want, (Oh, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)

Dr. Young.
ANC'S POEMS.

I dost deny,
You!

THE

SATURDAY NIGHT,

TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.

Mock their useful toil,
Joy, and destiny obscure;
Far, with a disdainful smile,
Simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

ur'd, much respected friend!
urd his homage pays;
I scorn each selfish end,
a friend's esteem and praise;
toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
his night his weekly moil is at an end,
sees his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
sping the worm in case and rest to spend,
weary, o'er the mair, his course does hame-
ward bend.

ength his lonely Cot appears in view,
neath the shelter of an aged tree;
expectant wee-things, toddlin, stachair through
meet their Dad, wi' flatterin noise and glee.
wee-bit ingle blinkin bonnie,
his clean hearthstane, his thrifty Wife's smile,
sleeping infant prattling on his knee,
does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
I makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

yve the elder bairns come drappin in,
at service out amang the farmers rown';
se ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tattie rin
accomplish errand to a neebor town:
sir eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
a youthfu' bloom, love sparklin in her ee,
sea hame, perhaps, to shaw a braw new gown,
be deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.

' joy unseign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's weels fare kindly spiers.
a social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;

G 4
Their Masters and their M  
The youngers a' are war  
And mind their labours wi'  
And ne'er, tho' out o' sig  
' And O! be sure to fear th  
' And mind your duty dul  
' Lest in temptation's path;  
' Implore his counsel and  
' They never sought in vain t  
' aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gentl  
Jenny, wha kens the mean  
Tells how a neebor lad came  
To do some errands, and o  
The wily mother sees the con  
Sparkle in Jenny's eye, and  
With heart-struck anxious can  
While Jenny haffins is afn
The Youngster’s artless heart o’erflows wi’ joy,
   But blate and laithfu’, scarce can weel behave:
The Mother, wi’ a woman’s wiles, can spy
   What makes the youth se bashfu’ and se grave:
Weel pleas’d to think her bairn’s respectit like
   the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
   O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare;
I’ve paced much this weary; mortal round,
   And sage Experience bids me this declare—
‘If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
   One cordial in this melancholy vale,
‘Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
   In other’s arms, breathe out the tender tale,
‘Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
   evening gale.’

Is there, in human form, that hears a heart—
   A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
   Betray sweet Jessy’s unsuspecting youth?
(Curse on his perjur’d arts) dissembling smooth!
   Are Honour, Virtue, Conscience, all exil’d?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
   Points to the Parents, fondling o’er their child?
Then paints the ruin’d Maid, and their distraction
   wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
   The healsome parrick, chief o’ Scotia’s food;
G 5
The frugal Wise, garra
How 'twas a towmmond an' bell.

The cheerfu' Supper done,
They round the ingle fo.
The Sire turns o'er, wi' p
The big ha'-bible, ance
His bonnet rev'rently is l
His lyart haffets weari
Those strains that once o
He wales a portion wi'
And ' Let us worship G

They chant their artless
They tune their heart
Perhaps Dundee's wild-
Or plaintive Martyrs
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic pliant, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounce'd by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband, prays:
Hope's springs exulting on triumphant wing;
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
— Pope's Windsor Forest.

G 6
And in his Book of Life the impression
Then homeward all take off the
The youngling Cottagers retire
The parent pair their secret box
And proffer up to Heaven the
That: He, who stills the raven's
And decks the lily fair in flow
Would, in the way His Wisdom
For them and for their little ones
But chiefly in their hearts with pride.

From scenes like these old springs,
That makes her lov'd at home,
Princes and lords are but the brute
* An honest man's the noblest
And certes, in fair Virtue's heaven
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the Patriot and the PatNot Bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

---

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN,

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
Began the reverend song,
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
   Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
   Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
   The miseries of Man?

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
   Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
   A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen you weary winter-sun
   Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
   That Man was made to mourn,

O Man! while in thy early years,
   How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Look not alone on youthful praise,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right;
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrowsnew.
Then age and want, oh! ill-wind'd pale!
Show Man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap secure;
Yet think not all the Rich and Great,
Are likewise truly blest,
But oh! what crowds in ev'r land,
Are wretched and forlorn!
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That Man was made to mourn.

Marry and sharp the mom'rent's wise,
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And Man, whose heav'n-created face
The smiles of love adores,
Man's inhumanity to Man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, o'er Labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last.
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never sure been born,
Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn.

O, Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
A PRAYER.

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause,
Of all my hope and fear,
In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done.

Thou know' st that Thou hast formed me,
With passions wild and strong;
And listen' ing to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But—Thou art Good; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.
Way am I loath to leave t
Have I so found it fall o
Some drops of joy, wi
d
Some gleams of sunshine
Is it departing pang my
Or Death's unlovely, d
For guilt, for guilt, my t
I tremble to approach
And justly smart bome

Fain would I say, "For
Fain promise never m
But, should my Author
Again I might desert
Again in Folly's path t
Again Exalt the bun
Then how should I for
Who act so counter
Then in so oft, bras
BURNS' POEMS.

With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my pow'r's to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

VERSES

LEFT AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE, WHERE THE AUTHOR SLEPT ONE NIGHT.

O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above,
I know thou wilt me hear;
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleas'd to spare!
Go bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
Bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost
A family in Heaven!

TO A MOUNTAIN

ON TURNING ONE DOWN
PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem
To spare thee now is past my pow'r
Thou bonie gem

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The braidie gem.
Yet cheerfully thru glinted forth
   Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
   Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shel't'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
   O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
   Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scantie mantle clad,
Thy swawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
   In humble guise:
But now the share up'tears thy bed,
   An' low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade,
By love's simplicity betray'd,
   And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
   Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful be to note the card
   Of prudent Lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
   And whelm him o'er!
Ev’n thou who mourn’st the Daisy’s fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin’s ploughshare drives a stake,
    Full on thy bloom,
Till crush’d beneath the farrow’s weight,
    Shall be thy doom!

---

TO RUIN.

All hail, inexorable Lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
    The mightiest empires fall
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
    A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv’d, despairing eye,
    I see each aimed dart;
And thou, grim power, by life shorn’d,
While life a pleasure can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch’s prayer!
No more I shrink appall’d, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Rendg a life’s joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbs cease,
Cold—meandering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

---

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE’S POEMS, AS A NEW YEAR’S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

Again the silent wheels of time,
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts
In Edwin’s simple tale.
EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FR

May ——

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end,
Than just a kind momento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Even when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught
BURNS' POEMS.

But och, mankind are once weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
Its rarely right adjusted!

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na ceaseure,
For still th' important end o' life,
They equally may answer:
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him:

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Fras critical dissection;
But keek thro' every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rose,
Tho' naething should divulge it;
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling.
O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drousy bumm!
W'h a can do nought but fyke and fumble;
'Twad been nae plea
But he was gleg as ony wumble;
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie Kyle, may weepers wear,
And stain them wi' the saunt, saunt tear:
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her Laureat mony a year,
That's owre the sea

He saw Misfortune's cauld nor-west
Lang masterin' up a bitter blast;
A jilet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
BURNS' POEMS.

So, row't his hardies in a hammock,
And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misleading,
Yet coin his pouches wadna bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free:
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
And hap him in a cosie bie;
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glees!
He wadna wrang the vera deil,
That's owre the sea.

Farewewl, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonn lie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonnie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairms;
H 3
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reeking, rich

Then horn for horn they stretch and at
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weil-swallow'd kites, belye;
Are bent like drums
Then auld gudeman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
BURNS' POEMS.

His spindle-shank a gaid whip-lash,
    His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
    O how unseet !

But mark the rustic, haggis fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his wallie nieve a blade,
     He'll mak it whisst ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will smed,
     Like teps o' thrisale.

Ye powers wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
     That jaup in luggies ;
But, if ye wish her grateful prayer,
     Gie her a Haggis !

---

A DEDICATION

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Expect na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleecin', fleth'rin' dedication,
To roose you up, and ca' you guid,
And sprung o' great and noble blood,
Because ye're surnam'd like his Grace,
Perhaps related to the race ;

    H 4
Maun please the great foe
For me! sae laigh I need
For, Lord be thankit! I
And when I downna yoke a
Then, Lord be thankit! I
Sae I shall say, and that's
It's just sic Poet, and sic

The Poet, some guid an
Or else, I fear some ill an
He may do weel for a' he's
But only he's no just begun

The Patron, (Sir, ye man
I winna lie, come what will
On ev'ry hand it will allow't
He's just—nae better than I

I readily and freely grant,
He downna see a poor man
What's no his ain he winna
What ance he says he winna
Could he winna?
thing but a milder feature,
poor sinfu' corrupt nature:
at the best of moral works,
black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
srs wild on Ponotaxi,
ever heard of orthodoxy.
's the poor man's friend in need,
sileman in word and deed,
hro' terror of d-mn-ti-n;
a carnal inclination.
ility, thou deadly bane,
's o' thousands thou hast slain!
his hope, whose stay and trust is
'l mercy, truth, and justice!
stretch a point to catch a plack;
brother to his back;
'vo' a snitack frae a wh-ru,
at the rake that taks the door;
e poor like ony whunstane,
d their noses to the gruastane;
y art o' legal thieving;
er, stick to sound believing.
three-mile pray'rs, and half-mile graces,
l-spread looves, and fang wry faces;
b a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
in a' parties but your own;
ant then, ye're nae deceiver,
's sturdy, staunch believer.
sha' leave the springs o' Calvin,
lie dubs o' your ain delvin!
of heresy and error,
the day squeel in quaking terror!

H 5
BUAN'S POEMS.

* Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
* Five bonny lasses round their table,
* And seven braw fallows, stout and able
* To serve their king and country weel,
* By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
* May health and peace, wi' mutual rays,
* Shine on the ev'ning o' his days;
* Till his wee curlie John's ier-oer,
* When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
* The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest wi' fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, Want,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor!
But, by a poor man's hopes in Heaven!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet thegither,
Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

H 6
NET, AT CHURCH.

Ha! where ye gaw, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
    Owe gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
    On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare you set your fit upon her,
    Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
    On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haftet squattle!
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and spratt
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
    In shoals and nations;
    Don unsettle.
BURNS' POEMS.


s ver a tap mast , tow'ring height,
O' Miss's bonnet.

y soo th! right banld ye set your nose out,
as plump and grey as ony grozet;
for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
'd gie you sic a hearty doze o' t,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flammen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
How dare you do' t!

O, Jenny, dinna toss your head,
And set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad lea' e us,
And ev'n Devotion!
Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
Hail!
BURNS' POEMS.

Thy daughters bright the walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tear
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter'd in thy honour'd shade.

---

**EPISTLE TO J. LAPRA**

**AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD**

*April 1st*

While briers and woodbines budding g
And pa'kids scraichin loud at e'eu,
And mornin' pussie whidden seen,
Inspire my muse,
And there was muckle fun and jokin,'n
Ye needna doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was as sang amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard o'ught describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!
They told me 'twas an odd kind chief
About Muirkirk.

It put me sidgin' sair to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar't
He had ingine,
That nae excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That, set him to a pint o' ale,
And either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsell,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.
But, first and foremost
Amidst as soon as
I to the crumbo-jin

Yet crooning to a bit

I am nae poet, in a
But just a rhymer, likely
And hae to learning

Where'er my Muse cast
I jive

Your critic-fock may...
And say, 'How can ye;
' You wha ken hardly
Ye'd better take up spades and shovels,
Or knappin' hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in College classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
And very they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek.

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse, tho' blemish in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Ferguson's the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
If I can hit it;
That would be lèar enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye haes friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I believe, are few,
Yet if your catalogue be fu',
I'ze no insist,
But gif you want ne friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
BURNS' POEMS.

: ye whom social pleasure charms,
rose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
o hold your being on the terms,
    "Each aid the others,"
as to my bowl, come to my arms,
    My friends, my brothers!

, to conclude my lang epistle,
my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
a lines frae you wad gar me sissle,
    Who am, most fervent,
ile I can either sing, or whissle,
    Your friend and servant.

---

TO THE SAME.

April 21, 1785.

ile new-ca'd kye rowtse at the stake,
pawnies reek in pleugh or braik,
a hour on e'em's edge I take,
    To own I'm debtor,
honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
    For his kind letter.

jeskit sair, wi' weary legs,
lin the corn ow'rae the rigs,
lealin thoo' amang the naigs
    Their ten hours bits,
awkward Muse sair pleads and begs,
    I wadna write.
Her dowff excuses put me mad:
  "Conscience," says I, "Ye thowk.
  I'll write, and that a hearty blaw
       "This verra nig"
  Sae dinna ye affront your trade,
       "But rhyme it"

  "Shall bauld Lapraik, the king:
  Tho' mankind were a pack o' c
  Roose you see weel for your de
       "In terms sae"
  "Yet ye'll neglect to shew your
       "And thank"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
And down gae the stumps i' the
Quoth I, "before I sleep a wh
       "I vow I'll"
BURNS' POEMS.

But I shall scribble down some thoughts
Just clean off-look.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge and carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard and sharp;
Come kittle up your martial harp
Wi' giesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune wayf and warp;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me mony a jirt and fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L-o-d, tho' I should beg
Wi' hart pow,
I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the kimmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city Gent,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And meikle wame,
In some hit brugh to represent
A Baslie's name?

Or is't the naugthy feudal Thane,
Wi' ruffled sark and glancin cane,
'Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
'Then turn me, if Thou please, adri
   'Thro' Scotland:
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
   'In a' their pride.

Were this the charter of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich and great,' Damnation then would be our fate,
   Beyond remeand;
But, thanks to Heav'n! that's no th We learn our cress

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
' The social, friendly, honest man,
   'Whatser he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan.
   'And none but A
BURNS' POEMS.

Tho' here they scrape, and squeeze, and growl,
Their worthless niesefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
       The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detecting owl
       May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joys,
       In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties,
       Each passing year:

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

May — 1785.

I got your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' grateful heart, I thank you brawlies;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
       And unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
       Your flatterin strain.

But I se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelines skelented
       On my poor Music;
       I
Or *Ferguson*, the writer chief,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson*! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts;
My curse upon your whustnane hearts
Ye Enbrugh gentry
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his par

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a.street,
As whiles they're like to my dead,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed,
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Would'ne the'ther chapters winna hain.
Burns' Poems.

She lay like some unshord-of-isle
   Beside New Holland,
Or whar wild-meeting oceans boil
   Besouth Magellan.

Ranmore and famous Ferguson,
Gied Forth and Tay a lift afore;
Yarrow and Tweed, to monie a tune,
   Ower Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Deon,
   Naechby rings.

Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
But, Willie, set your st to mine,
   And cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnsies shine
   Up wi' the best.

We'll sing oond Caille's plains and fells,
Her muirs red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her doos and dells,
   What glorious Wallace
Aft bare the gree, as story tells,
   Free southern billies.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood;
Oft hae our fastless: fathers struck
   By Wallace's side,
Still pressing onward, red-vent shiel,
   Or glorious died.
Ev'n Winter bleak has charm
When winds rave thro' the煞
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary grey
Or blinding drifts wild-furious
Dark'ning the sky

O Nature! a' thy shows and charms
To feeling, pensive hearts has charm
Whether the Summer kindly warms
Wi' life and balm
Or Winter howls, in gusty storm
The lang dark

The Muse, nae Poet ever saw her
Till by himself he learn'd to wander
Adown some trottin burn's means
And no think her
BURNS' POEMS.

Shall let the buzz, grumbling hive
Bum o'wer their treasure.

Farewell, ' my rhyme-composing brither,'
We've been owre lang unkend to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May Eavy wallopin a tether,
Black seed, infernal!

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While Muirlan Herds like gude fat braxies;
While Terra Firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this new-light,
'Bout which our herds sae aft has been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,

* See Note, page 75.

13
And shortly after she was done,
    They got a new ane.

This pass'd for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up and wad confute it,
    And ca'd it wrang;
And meikle din there was about it,
    Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel leara'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld fock the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
    And out o' sight,
An' backline-coming, to the leuk
    She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The herds and kisels were alarm'd;
The rev'rand man's head was fill'd.
And monie a' fellow got his ticks,
   Wi' hearty grunt;
And some to learn them for their tricks,
   Were hung'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
And auld-light caddies bare sic hands,
That faith the youngsteirs took the saads
   Wi' nimble shanks,
'Till lairds forbade, by strict commandes,
   Sic bluiday pranks.

But new-light herds got sic a cowe,
Rack thought them ruin'd stick and stowe,
Till now amainst on-every knowe,
   Ye'll find ane plac'd;
And some, their new-light fair avow,
   Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin';
Their zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin';
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greadin
   Wi' grimin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lied on
   By word and write.

But shortly they will cow the lowns!
Some auld-light herds in neibour towns
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons,
   To tak a flight,
And stay an month amang the moons,
   And see them right.
Sae, ye observe, that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonshine mat
But tho' dull prose-sock Latin splat
   In logic tulzie,
I hope we bardies ken some better
   Than mind sic br

---

EPISTLE TO JOHN R.

INCLOSING SOME POE

O augh, rude, ready-witted Rankin
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin'
There's monie godly folks are thinkin'
   Your dreams
   and
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
   Straught to eild b
ask a deevil o' the saunts,
And fill them fu';
then their failings, flaws, and wants,
Are a' seen through.

ocrisy, in mercy spare it!
holy robe, O diana tear it!
s' for their sakes wha often wear it,
The lads in black;
your curs'd wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't aff their back.

ik, wicked sinner, wha ye're scaithing,
just the blue-gown badge and claithing
sants; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
ony unregenerate heathen,
Like you or I.

sent you here some rhyming ware,
hat I bargain'd for and mair;
when you hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
sang*; ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

'faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
And danc'd my fill;

* A song he had promised the Author.
And brought —

A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought none wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad flash me for't;
But, deil-ma-cars!

Somebody tells the poacher-courte
The bale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whistle o' my groat,
And pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
Aither and my hail.
BURNS' POEMS.

I.—d, I'se hae sportin by and by,
For my good guinea;
Tho' I should hirld the buckskin yye
For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had twuckle fur to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three drape about the waise,
Scarse thro' the feathers;
And baith a yellow George to clain,
And those their brethren!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair!
But peenworths again are fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

WRITTEN IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,

ON NITH-SIDE.

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
'Grave these counsels on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
I 6
Let prudence bless enjoyment’s cup,
Then raptur’d sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and big,
Life’s meridian flaming high,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life’s proud summits wouldst thou scale,
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in sullen wait;
Dangers, eagle-pinion’d, bold,
Soar around each cliﬀy hold,
While cheerful peace, with linnet and
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev’ning close,
Beck’ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease,
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou’st seen, and heard, and said,
And teach the sportive younkers rou
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
BURNS' POEMS.

Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS ——— OF ———.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation mark!
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?
Ye burnies, wimp

Or foaming strang

Mourn little harebe
Ye stately foxtowe
Ye woodbines hang
Ye roses on your tho

At dawn, when ev'ry
Droops with a diamon
At e'en, when beans t
I' th
Ye maukins whiddin ti

Mourn, we —
ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless heavenly light.

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haur! thee haste to his black smiddie,
O'er hurebonie hides,
And like stockfish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy said sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sol shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Fras man exil'd,

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
O Henderson! the man! the broth!
And art thou gone, and gone for ev
And hast thou crost that unknown
Life's dreary bow
Like thee, where shall I find anothe
The world around

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Gre
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait.
BURNS’ POEMS.

common tale o’ grief,
Mathew was a great man.

common merit hast,
war’d at fortune’s door, man;
pity hither cast,
Mathew was a poor man.

noble sodger art,
rest by this grave, man,
saulders here a gallant heart;
Mathew was a brave man.

men, their works and ways,
hew uncommon light, man;
wha weel had won thy praise,
Mathew was a bright man.

friendship’s sacred ca’,
be itself resign, man;
eathetic tear maun fa’,
Mathew was a kin’ man!

st staunch without a stain,
e unchanging blue, man;
a kinsman o’ thy ain,
Mathew was a true man.

lust wit, and fun, and fire,
ter gude wine did fear, man;
thy billie, dam, and sire,
Mathew was a queer man.
niggish, whinging sot,
me poor Matthew dare, man;
and sorrow be his lot,
Mathew was a rare man.
EMS.

S. ZEEB

OF SPRING

de green

isis white,

cystal streams;

ry wight

ry morn,

ow'r,
Queen o' Scotland,
lie in prison strange.

Queen o' bonnie France,
happy I have been;
by raise I in the morn,
the lay down at e'en:
the sovereign of Scotland,
may a traitor there;
I lie in foreign bands,
ever ending care.

O thee, thou false woman,
star and my foe,
sequence, yet, shall what a sword
hew thy soul shall gae:
ing blood in woman's breast
never known to thee;
tears that drops on wounds of woe
woman's pitying ee.

! my son! may kinder starr
thy fortune shine;
y those pleasures gild thy
ne'er wad blink on mine!
pr thee frae thy mother's face,
therein their hearts to thee:
ere thou meet'st thy mother
rember him for me!

a, to me, may summer-suns
hair light up the morn!
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

TO ROBERT GRAHAM
OF FINTRA.

Late crippl'd of an arm, and now a
About to beg a pass for leave to beg
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and so
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's case)
Will generous Graham list to his Pet
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening)
And hear him curse the light he first
And doubly curse the luckless rhymes

Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have
One shakes the forests, and one spurrs
BURNS’ POEMS.

Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
But oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fainceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trasty cur,
Clad in rich dulness, comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics curseless venom dart.
Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monros;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Post Founders on thro' life.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom hir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heads or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the mere
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid
If mantling high she fills the golde
With sober selfish ease they sip it
Conscious the bounteous mead they
They only wonder "some folks"
The grave sage hen thus easy pic!
And thinks the mallard a sad worth
When disappointment snaps the cl
And thro' disastrous night they da
With deaf endurance sluggishly th
And just conclude, that "fools are"
So, heavy, passive to the tempest'
Strong on the sign-post stands the
Not so the idle muses' mad-cap
Not such the workings of their moo
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heaven, or va
I dread thee, Fate, relentless a
With all a poet's, husband's, fath
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL
OF GLENCAIRN.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigie steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down wi' years;
His locks were bleached white wi' time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The reliques of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!"
“I am a bending, aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gone;
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae simmer sun e'alt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And ither's plant them in my room.

“'I've seen sae mony chang'fu' years,
On earth I am a stranger grown;
I wander in the ways of men,
Alike unknowing and unknown:
Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
I bear alane my lade o' care,
For silent, low, on beds of dust,
Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

“'And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!)
'My noble master lies in clay;
"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair!
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence ever mair!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the bard
Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.

"In poverty's low barren vale,
Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
Nae ray of fame was to be found;
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen grey with time?
Must thou, the noble, gen'reus, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?
Why did I live to see that day?
A day to me so full of woe!
O! had I met the mortal shaft
Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been.

K 2
ay forget the child
sae sweetly on her knee;
ther thee, Glencairn,
thou hast done for me!"

LINES

John Whiteford of Whiteford,
Bart.

THE FOREGOING POEM.

y honour as thy God rever'st,
wind's reproach, nought earthly

tive offering I impart,
bute of a broken heart.
valed'st, I, the patron, lov'd;
honour, all the world approy'd.
ill we too go as he has gone,
dreary path to that dark world un-
As market-days are wearin late,  
And fouk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bousin at the sappy,  
And getting fou and unco happy,  
We think nae on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
What sits our sulky sullen dame,  
Gatherin her brows like gatherin storm,  
Nurain her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did cantor,  
(Auld Ayr, wham no'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

Oh, Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken bellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market day thou was na sober;  
That ilka medler wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roarin fou on;  
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;  
Dr catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
I'd think how mony counsels sweet,  
K 3
... a roamin sweet, th
And at his elbow, Sout
His ancient, trusty, dr
Tam lo'ed him like a w
They had been for a
The night drave on wi'
And aye the ale was gr
The landlady and Tam
Wi' favours, secret, aw
The souter tauld his qu
The landlord's laugh wi
The storm without mig!
Tam didna mind the sto
Care, mad to see a me
E'en drown'd himself an
As bees flee hame wi' la
The minutes wing'd thei
Kings may be blest, but
O'er a' the ills o' life vic
But pleasures are like
BURNS' POEMS.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride!
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stone,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder hallow'd:
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
While standing fast his gude blue bonnet;
While crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
While gow'sing round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the saw the chapman smeard;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whine, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murderer bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the wall,
Whare Musgo's aither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn.
What dangers thou canst make us scorn
Wi' tippeny wi' fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the deevil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's nodd
Fair play, he car'd na deils a bodle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Taw saw an unco sight!—
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brount new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and m;
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them ah
wind o' the roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
BURNS' POEMS.

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
'Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blade red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
'Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tam's ee glowl'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they sleekit,
'Till ills carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her daddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queens
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linnen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie bags wad spean a foal,
Lowpin'; and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

K 5
And perish'd monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith muckle corn aind bear,
And kept the country-side in fear;
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches,
Wad ever grace'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing man cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang.)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidle'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
'Till first an ean, even another.
Burns' Poems.

As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud!
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah; Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin! In hell they'll roast thee like a berrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Kate soon will be a wonsfu' wooman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg.
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The sent a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious stile;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin clung her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

* It is a well known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.
ON SEEING A WOUNDED LIMP BY ME,
WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb
And blasted be thy murder-aimin
May never pity soothe thee with
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel h

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood
The bitter little that of life remain
No more the thickening brakes,
plaints,
To thee shall home, or food, or past

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of
ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM,
ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
    Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
    Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While Summer with a matron grace
    Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
    The progress of the spiky blade:

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
    By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
    Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac Winter rages o'er
    The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
    Or, sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet post of the year,
    Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
    Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
TIONS THRO
COLLECTING TH
THAT

Hear, Land o' Cakes
Frac Maidenkirk to J.
If there's a hole in a' :
    I'm
A chield's among you,
    And

If in your bounds ye ol
Upon a fine, fat, fudge!
O' stature short, but go
    That
And wow! he has an
O' c

By some auld, boulst-b
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha’ or cham’er,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep-read in hell’s black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye’ll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——se.

It’s ta’uld he was a sodger breal,
And ane wad rather fa’a than fled;
But now he’s quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta’en the——Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has a south o’ auld nick-nackets:
Rusty aira caps and jingling jackets*,
Wad hand the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmmond gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld sant-hackets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve’s first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-Cain’s fire-shool and sender;
That which distinguished the gender
O’ Balaam’s ass;
A broom-stick o’ the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi’ brass.

Forbye, he’ll shape you aff fu’ gleg
The cut of Adam’s philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel’s craig
He’ll prove you fully,

* Vide his Treatise on ancient armour and weapons.
To Miss Cruikshanks,

A Very Young Lady.

Written on the Blank Leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

Aureous rose-bud, young and gay,
BURNS’ POEMS.

Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!
      May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
Till some evening, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And every bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER,

THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD,
ESQ.

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page,
    And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
    From Isabella's arms.
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew,
    The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
    May lay its beauties low.
That nature finest stre
So Isabella's heart was st
And so that heart we

Dread Omnipotence, alon
Can heal the wound he
Can point the bimetal grieve
To scenes beyond the g
Virtue's blossom there shan
And fear no withering b
There Isabella's spotless w
Shall happy be at last.

THE HUMBLE PE
BRUAR WAT

TO THE NOBLE DUKE

My Lord, I know your will.
Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping glowing treats,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray:
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorched up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes among,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen
Wi' hauf my channel dry:
A panegyrical rhyme, I ween,
Ev'n as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the shelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rim;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Wad then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
And meet you, I give

Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober lavrock, warbling wild,
    Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
    Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
    The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
    In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure,
    To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
    Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd mak his seat,
    To weave his crown o' flow'rs;
Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
    From prone-descending show'rs.
Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly-dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to-prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social flowing glasses,
The grace be—' Athole's honest men,
' And Athole's bonnie lasses!'
IN LOCH-TUHY.

A wild Scene among the Hills of Oughter.

Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your wat’ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature’s gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow’s shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace;
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:

\textit{in Freedom’s pride.}
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand’ring swains,
Where the mossy riv’let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life’s poor season peaceful spend.
Oh, if man’s superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow’rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the sea you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,
OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE OF THE INN
AT KENMURE, TAYMOUTH.

Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
’Er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th’ abodes of covey’d grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
’Till fam’d Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild-scatter’d, clothe their ample sides;
Th’ outstretching lake, embosom’d ’mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
g sweet in infant pride,
his verdant side:
g'd in Nature native taste:
Nature's careless haste;
over the new-born stream;
in the noontide beam—

bosom swell,
the hermit's mossy cell:
of hanging woods;
headlong tumbling floods—

love her heaven-taught lyre,
lore with creative fire;
of fate half reconcil'd,
steps might wander wild;
in these lonely bounds,
her bitter rankling wounds:
left might heav'nward stretch

s of poe.
"Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where thro' a shapeless breach his stream resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whit'ning sheet descends,
And viewless echo's ear astonish'd rends.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,

The hoary cavern, wide surrounding, lowers.
Still thro' the gap, the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid cauldron boils—

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

Sweet floweret, pledge o' meike love,
And ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na' move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.
November hirpipes o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May He who gies the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blow,

L
EPISTLE TO DAFIE,

BROTHER POET.

Of a', the thy command

And why

For my Evin Whyle

Sic

Am

Irving
BURNS' POEMS.

Hale be your heart, hale be your' fiddle;
Lang may your elbow jink and diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares,
'Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleekit;
And gif its sae, ye sud be lickit
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hain't wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jads or masons;
And whyles, but ay owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

'z' the thoughtless seen o' man,
Amend me to the Bardie clan;
Sect it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
Devil-hast, that I sud ban,
They ever think.

Hought; nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Ares to gie us joy or grievin';
At the pockie put the mive is,
And while ought's there.

L 2
At name, a-nce, a-
  The Muse, poor hizz
Tho' rough and raploch be her measure,
  She's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie:
The warl' may play you monie a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
  Tho' e'er sae purr,
Na, even tho' limpin wi' the spavie
  Frae door to door.

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EPITAPHS.

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ON A CELEBRATED RULING
Here sower Will in death does sleep
To h-l, if he's gane thither,
  to been.
ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACEI WEE JOHNNY.

Who'er thou art, O reader know,
That Death has murder'd Johnny!
And here his body lies fu' low—
For easil he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O vs whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the generous Friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe!
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride!
The friend of man, to Vice alone a foe,
For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.'

FOR ROBERT AITKEN, Esq.

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that know him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR GAVIN HAMILTON, Esq.

The poor man weeps—here Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be sau'd or d——d!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,

L 3
Who, noteless, scarce the sound —
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave,
Here pause — and, thro' the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name.
S O N G S .

JOHN BARLEYCORN,

A BALLAD.

There was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.
They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they have sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.
The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

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

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

L 4
They've taken a weapon, long and sharp
And cut him by the knee:
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.
They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.
They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his banes;
BURNS' POEMS.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.
'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

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

A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—' Gillicrankie.'

When Guilford gude our pilot stood,
And did our helm throw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
And did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was nae slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's Burns he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca' man:

L 5
Poor Tammy Gage was a man,
Was kept at Boston, man;
'Till Willie Howe took o'er the town
For Philadelphia, man.

Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin,
Gude Christian braid to draw, man;
But at New-York, wi' knife and fork,
Sir-loin he hacked up, man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spar and whup,
Till Fraser, brave, did fa', man;
Then lost his way, as misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.

Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
And did the Buckskin's claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive, frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guilford too,
Rosan to fear a fa', man;
Said the clare...
Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne, weak, held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man.
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures throw, man,
For North and Fox united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were 'Charlie's cartas,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
'Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair frae pa', man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placards,
On Chatham's boy did ca' man;
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
'Up, Willie, warm them a', man!'?

Behind the throne then Greville's gone,
A secret word or two, man;
While slye Dundas aroo'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man;
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cried, 'Willie, rise!'
'Wad I hae fear'd them a', man?'

But, word and blow, North, Fox, & Co.
Gow'd Willie like a ba', man,
'Till Southron raise, and coot their claith,
Behind him in a raw, man:
L 6
THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

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

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shinning clearly;
I set her down wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I kent her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again...
BURNS' POEMS.

But by the moon and stars see bright
That shone that hour see clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night
Amang the rigs o' barley

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinking;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

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

SONG.

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

TUNE—'I had a Horse, I had nan mare.'

Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns,
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now wavin grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushion roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

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

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way.
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly press,
Swear how I love thee dearly!
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely cham'er!

---

SONG.

*Tune—* My Nannie, O.

Behind your hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mooses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.
The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill;
The night's bainth mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue.
That wad beguile my Nannie, O;
Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's a bennie, O;
The op'ning-gown's, wat wi' dew,
Nae pure, is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
My thoughts are at my Nannie,
Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life hae I,
But live, and love my Nannie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
And 'twere na for the lasses, O.
And tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
And war'ly cares, and war'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalterie, O!.
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless aces, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

---

SONG.

TUNE—'Johnny's Grey Brecks.'

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her ee?
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
   The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
   And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
  Wi' joy the tenant seedsman stalks;
But life to me's a weary dream,
   A dream of ass that never walks.
   And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
   Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
   And every thing is blest but I.
   And maun I still, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
   And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step,
   I meet him on the dewy hill.
Burns' Poems

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging o'er the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!
And man in still, &c.

Song.

Tune—'Rosalie Castle.'

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

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

'Tis not the surging billows' roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
Farewell, old Cumnor's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

SONG.

TUNE—*Gilderoy.*

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
That throb, Bliss, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

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

Tune—"Good Night, and Joy be wi' you a'!"

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic ycle
Ye favour'd, ye enlightened few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortuna's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious architect divine!
... you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request, permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One rossed, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the hard, that's far ams.

---

SONG.

TUNE—'Prepare, my dear Brethren,
   Tavern let's fly.'

No churchman am I for to rail and to wr
No statesman or soldier to plot or to fig
No sly man of business contriving a snar
For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my
But see you the crown how it waves in the air,  
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

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

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

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

**A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.**

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

* Young's Night Thoughts.
When lyart leaves bestrew the yird,
Or, wavering like the bauckie ’n’ bird,
   Bedim cauld Boreas’ blast:
When hailstanes drive wi’ bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
   In hoary cranrough drest;
Ae night, at e’en, a merry core
   O’ randie gangrel bodies,
In Poosie-Nansie’s held the splore,
   To drink their o’re duddies;
   Wi’ quaffing and laughing,
   They ranted and they sang;
   Wi’ jumping and thumping
   The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in suld red rags,
Ane sat, weel brac’d wi’ meatly bogs,
   And knapsack a’ in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
   Wi’ ragouchee and blankets warm.
Burns' Poems.

Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whup,
Then staggering, and swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

Air.

Tune—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;
This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daddle, &c.

My 'prentiship I past where my leader breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
I serv'd out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daddle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,
And there I left for witnesses an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with Elliott to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daddle, &c.
As when I us'd in scarlet to
What th'o' with hoary lock
windy shocks,
Beneath the woods and rock home;
When the tother bag I sell,
I could meet a troop of hell and

drum. L

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebar
Aboon the choras' roar.
While frighted rattans had
And seek the benmost b
A fairy fiddler frae the nev
He skirl'd out ancom.
**BURNS' POEMS.**

**AIR.**

**TUNE—'Soldier Laddie.'**

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
So the sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
He ventur'd the soul, I risked the body,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified cot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoons to the sife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.

Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I meet my old boy at a Cunningham fair,

M 2
And still I can join in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my soldier laddie.
Sing, Lal de lal, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk,
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus took,
Between thenselves they were sae bizzy;
At length, wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up and made a face;
Then turn'd and laid a smack on Grizzly,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

TUNE—'Auld Sir Symon.'
BURNS'Boldex.

I fear I may be mistaken;
   But what will ye have of a fool?

For drink I was venturing my neck;
   A hissing's the half of my craft;
But what could ye other expect
   Of one that's avowedly daft.

I once was ty'd up like a stick,
   For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I once was abus'd 't the kirk
   For toweling a laes i' my daftin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
   Let nobody name wi' a jeer;
There's ev'n, I'm ta'ld, i' the court,
   A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observe'd ye, you reversed lad
   Makes faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad
   It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
   For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chale that's a fool for himself,
   Gude L—d, is far dafter than I.

RECIATIVO.

Then niest outspak a raucle carlin,
Tha kent fa' weel to cleeck the sterling,

M 3
A Poem.

had hooked,
been ducket;
highland laddie,
woodie!
thus began Highlandman:

were dead, 'Gudeman.'

ere was born,
Id in scorn;
o his clan,
highlandman.

John Highlandman!
John Highlandman!
all the lan'
John Highlandman.
Burns' Poems.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn,
The pleasures that will ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sing, hey, &c.

Recitativo.

A pigmy Scrapper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to driddle,
Her strappin limb and gaucy middle
(He reach'd nae higher,)
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
He croon'd his gamut, ane, twa, three,
Then, in an Arioso key,

The wee Apollo
Set off, wi' Allegretto glee,

His giga solo,
AIR.

Whistle o'er the Lave o't.

up to dight that tear,
he and be my dear,
ur every care and fear
le owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

idler to my trade,
he tunes that e'er I play'd,
xetest still to wife or maid,
whistle owre the lave o't.

weddings we'se be there,
nicely's we will fare;
about, till Daddie Care
istle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.
Recitativo.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,
As weel as poor Gut-scrapers;
He takes the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—
He swoor, by a' was swearing worth,
To spit him like a pliver,
Unless he wad from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended,
And pray'd for grace, wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarrel ended.
But tho' his little heart did grieve
When round the tinker press'd her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve,
When thus the Caird address'd her:

Air.

Tune—"Clout the Cauldron.

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go and clout the cauldron.
The Caid prevail'd—
In his embraces say
Partly wi' love o'ersay
And partly she was
Sir Violino, with an
That show'd a man
Wish'd union between
And made the battle
To:

But hurchin Cupid she
That play'd a dame
The full...
He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,
And shor'd them Dainty Davie
O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade
As ever Bacchus listed,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
His heart she ever miss'd it.
He had nae wish, but—to be glad,
Nor want—but when he thirsted;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
And thus the Muse suggested
His sang that night.

AIR.

TUNE—' For a' that, and a' that,' I AM a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentlefolks, and a' that:
But Homer-like, the glowran byke
Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as meikle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wise enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, and a' that;
Great love I bear to a
Their humble slave
But lordly Will, I hol
A mortal sin to dra

In raptures sweet, thi
Wi' mutual love, a
But for how lang the
Let inclination law

Their tricks and craft
They've ta'en me i
But clear your decks.
I like the jeds for:
For a' that, and
And twice as
My dearest blue
They're welc
BURNS' POEMS.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To lowse his pack, and wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best;
He rising, rejoicing,
Between his twa Deborahs,
Looks round him, and found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNK—' Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.'

See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring;
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing:

CHORUS:

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter, how or where!
A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;

N
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged brats and callets!
One and all cry out, Amen!
A fig, &c.

FINIS.