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Taunahil

POEMS & SONGS,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTISH DIALECT.

BY

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

A NOTICE RESPECTING THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR IS PREFIXED.

FOURTH EDITION,

WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

LONDON,
PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN; WM. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH: AND WILLIAM TURNBULL, GLASGOW.

1817.

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TO

AUGUSTA,

COUNTESS OF GLASGOW,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE EDITOR.

Paisley, 1*st March* 1815.

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Tanner

NOTICE

RESPECTING

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was born in Paisley, 3d June 1774, of respectable parents. His father was a mechanic, and accounted superior to the common run of that class for intelligence. Robert was taught reading and writing, and he acquired his grammatical knowledge, at a later period of life, from a grammar prefixed to a pocket dictionary. He was early bred a weaver, and life was an unvaried round. Work and sleep—the visits of the muse—and stated or occasional meetings with a few select companions.

Our author, though partial to company, never contracted habits of indulgence in the pleasures of the bowl. Mental gratification was his delight, the confidence of friendship was the prop on which he rejoiced to lean. The candour of his own disposition, the absence of that suspicion which an enlarged acquaintance with mankind generates, and the esteem in which he was held, precluded him from acquiring that power of discriminating character on which man's success and respectability in society in a great measure depend.

We may account for his making few efforts to change his situation, from the dread he had to encounter the difficulties of a new mode of life. Considerations of this kind keep the most of mankind in their original condition. He used to paint in pretty strong colours, the inconveniences which he felt on settling for two years in Bolton, the only period he was absent from his native place. To it he returned, that he might attend the last days of a dying father, and pay the last tribute to his memory. He very strenuously dissuaded a companion from removing to a distance of five miles, where his situation could not have been much changed in respect of society and habits, though

he would thereby have considerably improved his pecuniary circumstances

Reluctance to change situation was increased by habits of filial affection. This trait in our author's character was peculiarly amiable. He considerded attention to his mother as a debt of gratitude, and his feelings were strongly interested by her widowed situation. The attachment increased by intercourse, and revolving years saw his attentions and affections more strikingly displayed to one who procured esteem from the worth of her character, and who has now to bewail the want of that respect which he so assiduously and tenderly paid. Nothing can more interest the reader in our author than his unwearied regard to his surviving parent. The admirers of his genius will contemplate with pleasure this instance of moral worth, and others may be led to imitate this example of domestic affection.

The friendliness of his disposition was rewarded by the attachment of his acquaintance, who speak of him with warm regard, and seem to cherish his remembrance with a degree of fondness that can only arise from having found in him the valuable qualities of a sound head and a good heart.

Humanity adorned his character. He felt for human woe, and the sight of distress, which wrung his heart, called forth the liberality of his hand. Misery was never known to apply to him in vain, and what he had not in his power to remove, he did all he could to alleviate.

Though a votary of the muse so early as his tenth year, he seems, from the fourteenth to about the twenty-third year of his life, to have neglected her, or courted her with little solicitude. During that period, company, or the amusements of youth, may have engaged his attention. At any rate there appear almost no traces of poetical composition during that period. His love of poetry was awakened on his return from Bolton, by forming a friendship with some musical friends, and he afterwards continued to pay his addresses to the muse with no common degree of ardour.

The modesty of his nature confined his ambition to the approbation of those around. Had he looked to the more enlarged circle of his countrymen, or still more extensive range of his fellow-subjects, he would have been roused to higher exertions; for on the opinion entertained of the audience or readers, depends the necessity of pre-

senting works calculated to sparkle for the moment, or to retain their lustre for ages. It is of the greatest importance to rise above the opinion of associates or townsmen, and to fix the eye on the applause and admiration of the more refined and enlightened part of mankind. Then every effort is made to attain superiority, and arrive at excellence. He who had to run in the Olympic games could not offer himself a candidate till he made great preparations, but one enters the lists, in a common race, without much preparation for the contest, or anxiety for the issue.

When advised to abandon poetry, as taking up too much of his time, he said this was not the case, as he composed his poems while at work, and wrote them afterwards. He had always beside him a writing apparatus. He was fond to shew his compositions when they were committed to paper, and to receive the tribute of applause to which he thought them entitled. If he did not court the muse from a pure love of poetry, he was hopeful that she would give him a name in the world, and on this he set a greater value than on any possession which fortune could bestow.

We shall enable the reader to judge of our author's own opinion of his productions, by inserting part of the advertisement to the first edition.

"The author of the following Poems, from a hope that they possess some little merit, has ventured to publish them; yet, fully sensible of that blinding partiality with which writers are apt to view their own productions, he offers them to the public with unfeigned diffidence. When the man of taste and discrimination reads them, he will no doubt find many passages that might have been better, but his censures may be qualified with the remembrance that they are the effusions of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes, as a poet, extend no farther than to be reckoned respectable among the minor Bards of his country."

The praise bestowed on his publication had great influence on his happiness. Such is the true food of the votaries of the muse; and it is discouraging indeed when they are deprived of that for which they have so general a relish. In an epistle to a poetical friend, he gives us his opinion upon the subject.

——— "jest aside,
I felt a glow, a secret pride,
Thus to be roos'd by one like you,
Yet doubted if sic praise was due,
Till self thus reason'd on the matter:
Ye know that Robin scorns to flatter,
And ere he'd prostitute his quill
He'd rather burn his rhyming mill—
Enough! I cried—I've gain'd my end,
Since I have pleas'd my rhyming friend."

His knowledge was almost exclusively confined to poetry. Various attempts were made to direct his studies to history, biography, and general subjects, but he could not for any length of time fix his attention to these.

His mind always recurred to his darling pursuit, where his associations were ever pleasing. His imagination delighted to wander in the fields, and contemplate the prospects which fancy formed or embellished. He was there always finding something that amused, or which might be converted to the improvement of his taste and compositions. It is this illusion, and similar associations, that afford to every one who enthusiastically

treads a particular walk in literature or in life, pleasure and perseverance. Those who enjoy the more substantial gifts of fortune, know not the peculiar and attractive favours shed by the muse on her votaries, whom, on that account, they are apt to undervalue.

He found it required a disagreeable effort to meet a stranger, particularly if in a station superior to his own. He had no favour to ask; he disliked servility, and from seldom associating with superiors, he had contracted a fear or awe of their presence. Intercourse would have removed this uneasiness, but the opportunities of brushing off diffidence were not sufficiently frequent, and perhaps, considering his period of life and confirmed habits, it was rather fortunate for his own happiness that he shunned every occasion of being admitted to the tables of the wealthy. In one instance his friend Mr. S. contrived to inveigle him to a dinner in the neighbourhood. He had conceived the manner of the great to be stiff, insolent, and overbearing; but, on coming away in the evening, he acknowledged to his friend that he was agreeably disappointed, having experienced so much kindness and attention under the hospitable roof of J. W. Esq.

The situation of those in the common or ordinary walks of life is apt to be pitied by men whose wealth allows them greater leisure and more varied means of enjoyment. When we perceive minds of superior mental attainments, and of nice sensibility, placed in narrow circumstances, the idea of their being depressed excites compassion. The estimate thus formed is often erroneous, and sympathy is misplaced. Our poet afforded one instance of contentment with situation. He was independent, and a love of independence was a strong feature in his character. This is only to be preserved by guarding against pecuniary embarrassments. He had not much, but he lived within his income. At the period of publishing his poems, he paid ready money for the paper, and he left at last a moderate sum of money. It is therefore strange that an anonymous reviewer should represent our Bard as in poverty.

Notwithstanding contentment with situation, if circumstances had permitted, he would not have been indisposed to move in a different circle. Nature will at times unexpectedly rise up, and traits of character are then discovered that were unnoticed by the individual and his friends. It was with no small satisfaction that I received the fol-

lowing insight into two features of our author's character.

Paisley, 14th Feb. 1808.

"We are a set of capricious beings—that dismal melancholy mood in which I wrote to you last has considerably worn off. One of the causes of it was this:—A fellow who for a long time had lived with me upon the most intimate and friendly terms, took it into his dizzy pow, that he was advancing rapidly in the high way of fortune; he of course must drop all low company; he had the effrontery even to say it, and used me and others in such a way as led us to see that he considered us as belonging to that order. A kick-up, which we had on that account, threw me into a kind of fever for some days."

He was not only in his letters, but in his conversation, apt to complain of the superiority assumed by the wealthy, and resisted the least encroachment on his respectability.

It would have been encouraging to genius and to his own improvement, if the first edition of our author's works had enabled him to emerge from obscurity, or if early patronage had set him on the

way of procuring a more liberal education. We may partly account for the seeming neglect of the public, from the number of mere versifiers, who, since the days of Burns, obtruded themselves on the world with very insufficient claims. Our author stood in need of judicious advice, and if he had acquired a little more experience, his eminence would have been more apparent. The fault of too early, or too hasty publication, is not soon repaired. Of this he came to be aware; for in a letter to a friend, he says, "I am confident had I waited a few years longer, I would have presented a volume less exceptionable."

His improvement might have been greater had he been less impatient under criticism. The feelings of the Poet, and the views of the critic are seldom in unison, and few are disposed to administer correction from a pure regard to the advantage of an author; fewer still can do it without giving offence. The partiality of a poet is disposed to retain as a beauty, what an indifferent person may treat as a deformity, and he will seldom consent to lop off redundancies, though they impair the energy of the composition The poet has felt the moment of inspiration, and supposes that others

must be as well pleased as himself with his effusions. The irritation of criticism forms a striking contrast, and to avoid the uneasiness from criticism, the hope of improvement is foregone.

He had not an extensive experience of mankind. He was modest and unassuming to a degree that bordered on bashfulness. Simple and confiding, he thought others as honest as himself. He seldom joined in general conversation, but was apt to get into an interesting discussion on a favourite topic with the person who sat next to him. He at times wrote inadvertently on any part of the table that was wetted. The disposition of his mind was chearful, but not gay. He was seldom known to utter a joke, and he seemed always to speak from motive and conscience, or, to use a common but strong expression, as if on oath. We are not to look to him for flashes of wit or smart repartee, though it was observed that at times his replies were unexpectedly happy.

His poetical celebrity got him numerous acquaintances, and his time was latterly too much interrupted by visitors. He made many efforts to resist such intrusions, and the habits to which they led. The facility of his nature, and a wish not to

give offence, with perhaps some hankerings after praise, prevailed over his better judgement. He had not the fortitude to say No. It is to be regretted that his efforts to get rid of company were fruitless, and impaired his happiness. The frivolous and the vain are ever the readiest to obtrude themselves upon the company, and to waste the time of men distinguished in any walk of literature or of life.

By way of compensation, it may be mentioned, that in a solitary walk our author had his musings interrupted by the voice of a country girl, who, on his approaching nearer the spot, was singing a song of his own,

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side."

This he said, was the sweetest and most delightful moment of his life. It was an elegant compliment paid him by accident, and a pledge of the rising popularity of his songs.

Our author was of rather a delicate make, and had a weak state of lungs, which prevented him from playing upon wind instruments. The attempt

to play on these might be abandoned partly on account of his father and some of his family falling sacrifices to consumption.

With the temperament of genius, there is frequently combined either disease, or a condition nearly allied to disease, that seeks for consolation from without, and requires to be fed by other praise than the mere approbation of the domestic circle. A careful reader may discover traces in his works of a diseased state, though it escaped the observation of his acquaintances. In one of the suppressed poems, dated 1804, we have the following explicit and striking acknowledgement.

> "But ere a few short summers gae,
> Your friend will mix his kindred clay,
> For fell Disease tugs at my breast
> To hurry me away."

His delicate state of health is evident from what he writes in a letter, September 10th, 1809.—"You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that I am well; indeed I have been a good deal stouter and healer these some months past than I have been for years."

The pain or uneasiness of his breast was sometimes increased by working too hard.

An irritated state of feeling cannot continue long without affecting conduct. Some seek solitude and retirement, others court company for relief. Some are oppressed with indolence, while others are driven about in incessant activity, or the same individual, disappointed in one quarter, turns to another. Men born with slender pretensions to genius, but enjoying an uninterrupted current of health and vigour, may felicitate themselves on their condition, when they perceive the terms on which talents are held, and the price which must be paid before any considerable portion of fame can be acquired.

The situation of men of genius is less enviable than the world suppose, from the splendour with which the names of a few of them are surrounded. "My spirits," says our Poet, "have been as dull and chearless as winter's gloomiest days." They are too often unfit for the realities of life, and their brains seem commonly in a state similar to that of those who are on the verge of madness, or in the first stage of intoxication.

There was in him a tendency to be captivated

by novelty, to try every new species of poetry that came across his reading. This prevented the world from receiving longer and more perfect compositions from his pen. He set earnestly to work for a short time, and abandoned the pursuit for some new subject. This is too often the error of genius, and to this fretful state of mind the world owes many of the liveliest effusions and finest productions. But these often excite general admiration, while they are proofs of the unhappiness of the individual.

This unsettledness of our author increased greatly for some weeks before he was found dead, 17th May 1810. The melancholy to which he was occasionally subject became more habitual. His eyes were observed to sink, his countenance got pale, and his body somewhat emaciated. The lineaments of his character were more strikingly displayed. He felt irritation from slight causes, unreasonably supposed himself the object of disapprobation, and badly used by persons who never intended him injury. So early as 1809 I can discover a tendency to this way of thinking, for to a friend who had neither given nor received offence he wrote thus:

"Although we seldom see one another, I should be truly and deeply mortified to suspect that any neglect of mine had lessened me in your esteem. We sons of labour cannot square every thing to our mind, and every man has his fault." He was easily agitated, dwelt almost exclusively on one subject, or was frequently recurring to one or two topics. His sensations proved that both health and intellect were undergoing a change for the worse. Two days before his departure, he destroyed his manuscripts most effectually. Not a scrap was allowed to escape the flame, except some songs and trifles which were in the possession of intimate friends. The loss is more to be regretted, since it is known that he had corrected both his miscellaneous poems and songs, and made considerable additions, which might have added greatly to his reputation.

We have too often to bewail the untimely fate of genius, and if we investigate the matter, there are generally for a considerable period indications of the uncertain tenure by which superior talents are possessed, and of the tendency to deviations of intellect from which the mass of mankind are com-

monly and happily exempt. How often are we called to mourn over the extinction of our brightest hopes, over the loss of men of the greatest reach of intellect, of the finest sensibility, or of the most upright intentions. From a similar cause proceeded the melancholy of COWPER, the madness of COLLINS, the eccentricities of BURNS, and the extravagancies of CHATTERTON. To a long list of the sons of genius must be added our Poet, for he also fell a sacrifice to a morbid sensibility of mind.

When the brain has begun to suffer, and, its usual attendant, a general restlessness, to prevail, how lamentably is the scene of existence altered! Then nature presents to the eye no charms, and social intercourse bestows no enjoyment. All within is fretful and repining. There is a bitterness which the soul would conceal, but cannot remove. External aid is not sought, inquiries remain unanswered, the recreations of general society are avoided, and even the consolations of friendship cease to cherish. There is a dark brooding over present misery, and gloomy forebodings respecting their final fate. While we shed a tear over the destiny of the individual, and

deplore the frailty of human nature, we cannot fail fervently to wish that we may escape a lot from which even virtue and genius are not exempt.

The miscellaneous poems are mostly occasional. The topics were such as presented themselves in the course of his humble life, and he hoped to give them importance by the charms of rhyme or embellishments of poetry. We are less interested than the poet or his friends perhaps expected; for while they had associations of former joys and of endearing friendships, the general reader comes to their perusal with no such prepossessions.

A limited education, and confined views of life, prevented him from acquiring that extensive information that might enable him to rank among the great and the moral poets. But what his situation permitted him he has done, if not always to claim admiration, at least to procure indulgence. While his commendations are in favour of the useful duties of life, his censure is calculated to repress some more vulgar vices, or rectify the more common faults.

A number of maxims that may be useful in the intercourse of life occur in his poems. Sometimes common observations are placed in a more striking light, and have somewhat the effect of novelty on the reader. In some instances there is a near approach to originality, and the following distich, if not the offspring of our author, is so intrinsically valuable, that it cannot be too generally known.

"Man owns so little of true happiness,
That curs'd be he who makes that little less.

He seldom tried the pathetic, which is most likely to ensure the poet's fame. The editor has done every thing in his power to remove whatever could hurt the feelings of individuals, the sensibility of the public, or the reputation of the author. It is hoped, that to the suppressions the author would have given his consent, and nothing is retained that can throw reproach upon his memory. Indeed many of them were adopted from erazures by the author, or from the opinion which he came afterwards to entertain of particular poems.

He wrote too little in each species of versification, and tried too many. Some of the kinds

which he tried would have required exclusive culture. By labour he might have attained dexterity, and the improved structure of his verse would have partly compensated for some imperfections.

No sooner did the work make its appearance, than the songs were hailed with admiration, sung with applause, and obtained general currency. The reader has the author's opinion of them in the following couplet.

"Still I think they too inherit,
Among the dross, some sparks of merit."

Social intercourse, attachment to some individuals of considerable musical attainments, and a taste for music, among the class to which he belonged, kindled, or kept alive the flame of the Poet, and gave it this particular direction. The gratification of the individual, at the moment of composition, is a powerful incentive; but an author proceeds with renewed energy when his opinion is supported by the approbation of others, and particularly of those whose opinion has most influence

on his habits and happiness. Approbation cannot fail to be grateful to every mind of sensibility, and our author was candid enough to acknowledge this.

> "Not but applause is music to my ear;
> He is a knave who says he likes it not."

Happily for flatterers and mankind, the happiness of the individual is seldom disturbed by the grossest flattery. This is indeed a weakness of our race. The improved taste of some of his companions in music and song writing prevented him from wasting his talents on frivolous subjects. They directed him on the road to eminence, and from their influence on his compositions of this kind, it is obvious, that, if his efforts in other kinds of poetry had been as judiciously directed, the world would have had, from his pen, poetry more worthy of admiration.

He had many advantages in cultivating this species of poetry. He had at all times access to the beauties of nature, and was well acquainted with the tender feelings of love and of domestic attachment, which form the themes of many of his lyrics. The numerous examples of songs in de-

tached pieces in the works of our earlier bards, in some recent musical publications, and, above all, the exquisite specimens, in the writings of BURNS, furnished him models; and the compositions which he has left, shew with what skill he has contrived to form his taste by such opportunities of improvement. He said BURNS "had licked the cream of our Scottish airs," yet he has himself served up many delicious treats of this kind to his countrymen.

He surveyed nature with the eye of a poet, felt a poet's rapture, and delineated her features with fidelity, elegance, and grace. The freedom of his sketches, and freshness of his colouring, cannot fail to excite a kindred feeling in every breast alive to rural scenery, and the beauties of nature. His views, drawn at all seasons of the year, and periods of the day, always please, and often delight. His individual portraits are striking and interesting. Under his management nature is always amiable, for there is invariably some association that interests curiosity, or affects sensibility, and in no case does he overstep the limits of delicacy, or express a sentiment offensive to the ear of modesty. The variety of his delineations excites our astonishment when we consider the circumstances in which he

was placed. The admiration with which they have been received, wherever known, ensures the author no inconsiderable station among those who have employed the language, and sung the loves of Caledonia.

It is pleasing to observe a person in his walk of life deriving the inspiration of genius from the original source of nature, receiving refined pleasure from wooing nature in her retired agreeable haunts; and, while thus solacing himself for the miseries inseparable from the lot of humanity, administering to the enjoyments of his countrymen, by pouring forth his feelings in strains not unworthy of one born in happier circumstances, and favoured with a more liberal education.

CONTENTS.

EPITAPHS.

SONGS.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

TOWSER.

A TRUE TALE.

"Dogs are honest Creatures,
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not;
And I'm a friend to dogs,
They ne'er betray their masters."

In mony an instance, without doubt,
The man may copy frae the brute,
And by th' example grow much wiser,
Then read the short memoirs of Towser.

With def'rence to our great Lavaters,
Wha judge a' mankind by their features,
There's mony a smiling, pleasant fac'd cock,
That wears a heart no worth a custock,
While mony a visage, antic, droll,
O'erveils a noble, gen'rous soul.

With Towser this was just the case,
He had an ill-faur't tawtie face,
His make was something like a messin,
But big, and quite unprepossessin',
His master caft him frae some fallows,
Wha had him doom'd unto the gallows,
Because (sae hap'd poor Towser's lot)
He wadna' tear a comrade's throat;
Yet in affairs of Love or Honour,
He'd stand his part amang a hun'er,
And where'er fighting was a merit,
He never fail'd to show his spirit.

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,
With wild ill natur'd scant of grace,
Nor e'er accosted ane with smiles,
Then, soon as turn'd, won'd bite his heels,
Nor ever kent the courtier art,
To fawn with rancour at his heart,
Nor aught kent he of cankert quarr'lling,
Nor snarling just for sake of snarling,

Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
Whilk shows he had a mighty soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
And will immortalize his name—
"Immortalize!—presumptive wight!
Thy lines are dull as darkest night,
Without ae spark o' wit or glee,
To light them through futurity."
E'en be it sae, poor Towser's story,
Though lamely tauld, will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month o' cauld December,
When nature's fire seem'd just an ember,
And growling Winter bellow'd forth
In storms and tempests frae the north—
When honest Towser's loving master,
Regardless o' the surly bluster,
Set out to the neist burrow town,
To buy some needments of his own,
And, case some purse-pest shou'd way-lay him,
He took his trusty servant wi' him.*

His bus'ness done, 'twas near the gloaming,
And aye the King o' Storms was foaming.
The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbl'd,
The strands gush'd big—the sinks loud rumbl'd;
Auld grannies spread their looves, and sigh'd,
Wi' "O Sirs! what an awfu' night!"—
Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigl'd,
And's master grudg'd that he had taigl'd;
But, wi' his merchandizing load,
Come weel, come wae, he took the road.
Now clouds drave o'er the fields like drift,
Night flung her black cleuk o'er the lift;
And thro' the naked trees and hedges,
The horrid storm, redoubl'd, rages;
And, to complete his piteous case,
It blew directly in his face.—
Whyles 'gainst the foot-path stabs he thumped,
Whyles o'er the coots in holes he plumped;
But on he gaed, and on he waded,
Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded.
To gang he could nae langer bide,
But lay down by the bare dyke-side—

Now, wife and bairns rush'd on his soul,
He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,
And, mourning, couret down aside him,
But, oh! his master cou'dna heed him,
For now his senses 'gan to dozen,
His vera life-streams maist were frozen,
An't seem'd as if the cruel skies,
Exulted o'er their sacrifice;
For fierce the winds did o'er him hiss,
And dash'd the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,
Twa ship-wreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,
If chance a vessel they descry,
Their hearts exult with instant joy;
Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear
The tread of trav'llers drawing near,
He ran, and yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,
But cou'dna make them understand him,
Till, tugging at the foremost's coat,
He led them to the mournfu' spot

Where, cauld and stiff, his master lay,
To the rude storm a helpless prey.

With Caledonian sympathy,
They bore him kindly on the way,
Until they reach'd a cottage bien,
They tauld the case, were welcom'd in—
The rousing fire, the cordial drop,
Restor'd him soon to life and hope;
Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
And antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale, may see
The worth of sensibility,
And learn frae it to be humane—
In TOWSER'S life he sav'd his ain.

BAUDRONS AND THE HEN BIRD.

A FABLE.

Some folks there are of such behaviour,
They'll cringe themselves into your favour,
And when you think their friendship staunch is,
They'll tear your character to inches:
T' enforce this truth as well's I'm able,
Please, reader, to peruse a fable.

Deborah, an auld wealthy maiden,
With spleen, remorse, and scandal laden,
Sought out a solitary spat,
To live in quiet with her cat,
A meikle, sonsy, taby she ane,
(For Deborah abhorr'd a he ane,)

And in the house, to be a third,
She gat a wee hen chucky bird.

Soon as our slee nocturnal ranger,
Beheld the wee bit timid stranger,
She thus began, with friendly fraise,
" Come ben, poor thing, and warm your taes,
" This weather's cauld, and wet, and dreary,
" I'm wae to see you look sae eiry,
" Sirs! how your tail, and wings are dreeping!
" Ye've surely been in piteous keeping;
" See, here's my dish, come take a pick o't,
" But, 'deed, I fear there's scarce a lick o't."

Sic sympathizing words of sense,
Soon gain'd poor chucky's confidence,
And while Deborah mools some crumbs,
Auld badrons sits and croodling thrums:
In short, the twa soon grew sae pack,
Chuck roosted upon pussie's back!

But ere sax wee short days were gane,
When baith left in the house alane,
Then thinks the hypocritic sinner,
Now, now's my time to ha'e a dinner:
Sae, with a squat, a spring, and squal,
She tore poor chucky spawl frae spawl.

Then mind this maxim,—Rash acquaintance
Oft leads to ruin and repentance.

THE AMBITIOUS MITE.

A FABLE.

WHEN Hope persuades, and Fame inspires us,
And Pride with warm ambition fires us,
Let Reason instant seize the bridle,
And wrest us frae the Passions' guidal;
Else, like the Hero of our fable,
We'll aft be plung'd into a habble.

'Twas on a bonny summer day,
When a' the insect tribes were gay,
Some journeying o'er the leaves of roses,
Some brushing thrang their wings and noses,
Some wallowing sweet in bramble blossom,
In Luxury's saft downy bosom;
While ithers of a lower order,
Were perch'd on plantain leaf's smooth border,
Who frae their twa-inch steeps look'd down,
And view'd the kintra far around.

Ae pridefu' elf, amang the rest,
Wha's pin-point heart bumpt 'gainst his breast,
To work some mighty deed of fame,
That would immortalize his name,
Thro' future hours wou'd hand him down,
The wonder of an afternoon;
(For ae short day with them appears,
As lang's our lengthen'd hunder years.)

By chance, at hand, a bow'd horse hair
Stood up six inches high in air;
He plann'd to climb this lofty arch,
With philosophic deep research,
To prove (which aft perplex their heads)
What people peopled ither blades,
Or from keen observation, show,
Whether they peopled were or no.

Our tiny hero onward hies,
Quite big with daring enterprize,
Ascend's the hair's curvatur'd side,
Now pale with fear, now red with pride,

Now hanging pend'lous by the claw,
Now glad at having 'scap'd a fa':
What horrid dangers he came thro',
Would trifling seem for man to know;
Suffice, at length he reach'd the top,
The summit of his pride and hope,
And on his elevated station,
Had plac'd himself for observation,
When, puff—the wind did end the matter,
And dash'd him in a horse-hoof gutter.

Sae let the lesson gi'en us here,
Keep each within his proper sphere,
And when our fancies take their flight,
Think on the wee ambitious mite.

THE STORM.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

Now the dark rains of Autumn discolour the brook,
And the rough winds of Winter the woodlands deform,
Here, lonely, I lean by the sheltering rock,
A-list'ning the voice of the loud-howling storm.

Now dreadfully furious it roars on the hill,
The deep-groaning oaks seem all writhing with pain,
Now awfully calm, for a moment 'tis still,
Then bursting, it howls, and it thunders again.

How chearless and desert the fields now appear,
Which so lately in Summer's rich verdure were seen,
And each sad drooping spray from its heart drops a tear,
As seeming to weep its lost mantle of green.

See, beneath the rude wall of yon ruinous pile,
From the merciless tempest the cattle have fled,
And yon poor patient steed, at the gate by the stile,
Looks wistfully home for his sheltering shed.

Ah! who would not feel for yon poor gypsy race,
Peeping out from the door of yon old roofless barn,
There my wandering fancy her fortunes might trace,
And sour Discontent there a lesson might learn.

Yet oft in my bosom arises the sigh,
That prompts the warm wish distant scenes to explore;
Hope gilds the fair prospect with visions of joy,
That happiness reigns on some far distant shore.

But yon grey hermit-tree which stood lone on the moor,
By the fierce driving blast to the earth is blown down
So the lone houseless wand'rer, unheeded and poor,
May fall unprotected, unpitied, unknown.

See o'er the grey steep, down the deep craggy glen,
Pours the brown foaming torrent, swell'd big with the rain,
It roars thro' the caves of its dark wizard den,
Then, headlong, impetuous it sweeps thro' the plain.

Now the dark heavy clouds have unbosom'd their stores,
And far to the westward the welkin is blue,
The sullen winds hiss as they die on the moors,
And the sun faintly shines on yon bleak mountain's brow.

THE RESOLVE.

"Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal."

BEATTIE.

'TWAS on a sunny Sabbath-day,
When wark-worn bodies get their play,
I wander'd out, with serious look,
To read twa page on Nature's book:
For lang I've thought, as little harm in
Hearing a lively out-field sermon,
Even tho' rowted by a stirk,
As that aft bawl'd in crowded kirk,
By some proud, stern, polemic wight,
Wha cries, "My way alone is right!"
Wha lairs himself in controversy,
Then damns his neighbours without mercy,

As if the fewer that were spar'd,
These few would be the better ser'd.
Now to my tale—digression o'er—
I wander'd out by Stanley tow'r,
The lang grass on its tap did wave,
Like weeds upon a warrior's grave,
Whilk seem'd to mock the bloody braggers,
And grow on theirs as rank's on beggars—
But hold—I'm frae the point again—
I wander'd up Gleniffer glen,
There, leaning 'gainst a mossy rock,
I, musing, eyed the passing brook,
That in its murmurs seem'd to say,
" 'Tis thus thy life glides fast away:
Observe the bubbles on my stream;
Like them, Fame is an empty dream,
They blink a moment to the sun,
Then burst, and are for ever gone:
So Fame's a bubble of the mind;
Possess'd, 'tis nought but empty wind,
No courtly gem e'er purchas'd dearer,
And ne'er can satisfy the wearer.

Let them wha hae a bleezing share o't,
Confess the truth, they sigh for mair o't.
Then let contentment be thy cheer,
And never soar aboon thy sphere;
Rude storms assail the mountain's brow
That lightly skiff the vale below."

A gaudy rose was growing near,
Proud, tow'ring on its leafy brier,
In fancy's ear it seem'd to say—
"Sir, have you seen a flow'r so gay?
The poets in my praise combine,
Comparing Chloe's charms to mine;
The sunbeams for my favour sue me,
And dark-brow'd Night comes down to woo me;
But when I shrink from his request,
He draps his tears upon my breast,
And in his misty cloud sits wae,
Till chas'd away by rival day—
That streamlet's grov'lling granting fires me,
Since no ane sees me, but admires me:

See yon bit violet 'neath my view,
Wee sallow thing, its nose is blue!
And that bit primrose 'side the breckan,
Poor yellow ghaist, it seems forsaken!
The sun ne'er throws a transient glow,
Unless when passing whether or no;
But wisely spurning ane so mean,
He blinks on me from morn till e'en."

To which the primrose calm replied,—
" Poor gaudy gowk, suppress your pride,
For soon the strong flow'r sweeping blast,
Shall strew your honours in the dust;
While I, beneath my lowly bield,
Will live and bloom frae harm conceal'd;
And while the heavy rain-drops pelt you,
Ye'll maybe think on what I've tell't you."—
The rose, derisive, seem'd to sneer,
And wav'd upon its bonny brier.

Now dark'ning clouds began to gather,
Presaging sudden change of weather;

I wander'd hame by Stanley green,
Deep pond'ring what I'd heard and seen,
Firmly resolv'd to shun from hence,
The dangerous steeps of eminence;
To drop this rhyming trade for ever,
And creep thro' life, a plain day-plodding weaver.

EPISTLE

TO A. B*RL**D.

FEB. 1806.

RETIR'D, disgusted, from the tavern-roar,
Where strong-lung'd Ignorance does highest soar,
Where silly Ridicule is pass'd for Wit;
And shallow Laughter takes her gaping fit;
Here lone I sit, in musing melancholy,
Resolv'd for aye to shun the court of Folly;
For, from whole years experience in her train,
One hour of joy brings twenty hours of pain.
Now since I'm on the would-be-better key,
The muse oft whispers me to write to thee,
Not that she means a self-debasing letter,
But merely shew there's hopes I may turn better;
That what stands bad to my account of ill,
You may set down to passion, not to will.

The fate-scourg'd exile, destin'd still to roam
Thro' desert wilds, far from his early home,
If some fair prospect meet his sorrowing eyes,
Like that he own'd beneath his native skies,
Sad recollection, murthering relief,
He bursts in all the agonies of grief;
Mem'ry presents the volume of his care,
And "harrows up his soul" with "such things were:"
'Tis so in life, when Youth folds up his page,
And turns the leaf to dark, blank, joyless Age,
Where sad Experience speaks in language plain,
Her thoughts of bliss, and highest hopes were vain;
O'er present ills I think I see her mourn,
And, "weep past joys that never will return."

Then come, my friend, while yet in Life's gay noon,
Ere Grief's dark clouds obscure our summer sun,
Ere Winter's sleety blasts around us howl,
And chill our ev'ry energy of soul,
Let us look back, retrace the ways we've trod,
Mark Virtue's paths from guilty Pleasure's road,

And, 'stead of wand'ring in a devious maze,
Mark some few precepts for our future days.

I mind still well, when but a trifling boy,
My young heart flutter'd with a savage joy,
As with my sire I wander'd thro' the wood,
And found the mavis' clump-lodg'd callow brood,
I tore them thence, exulting o'er my prize,
My father bade me list the mother's cries:
"So thine would wail," he said, "if reft of thee:"
It was a lesson of humanity.

Not to recount our every early joy,
When all was happiness without alloy,
Nor tread again each flow'ry field we trac'd,
Light as the silk-wing'd butterflies we chac'd;
Ere villain-falsehood taught the glowing mind
To look with cold suspicion on mankind—
Let's pass the valley of our younger years,
And further up-hill mark what now appears.

We see the sensualist, foul vice's slave,
Fatigu'd, worn-out, sink to an early grave;
We see the slave of av'rice grind the poor,
His thirst for gold increasing with his store;
Pack-horse of fortune, all his days are care,
Her burthens bearing to his spendthrift heir.

Next view the spendthrift, joyous o'er his purse,
Exchanging all his guineas for remorse;
On Pleasure's flow'r-deck'd barge away he's borne,
Supine, till every flow'r starts up a thorn;
Then all his pleasures fly, like air-borne bubbles—
He ruin'd sinks "amidst a sea of troubles."
Hail, Temperance! thou'rt Wisdom's first, best lore,
The sage in ev'ry age does thee adore;
Within thy pale we taste of ev'ry joy,
O'erstepping that, our highest pleasures cloy;
The heart-enliv'ning, friendly, social bowl,
To rapt'rous extasy exalts the soul;
But when to midnight hour we keep it up,
Next morning feels the poison of the cup.

Tho' fate forbade the gifts of schoolmen mine,
With classic art to write the polish'd line,
Yet miners oft must gather earth with gold,
And truth may strike, tho' e'er so roughly told.

If thou in aught would'st rise to eminence,
Show not the faintest shadow of pretence,
Else busy Scandal, with her thousand tongues,
Will quickly find thee in ten thousand wrongs;
Each strives to tear his neighbour's honour down,
As if detracting something from his own.
Of all the ills with which mankind are curst,
An envious, discontented mind's the worst:
There muddy Spleen exalts her gloomy throne,
Marks all conditions better than her own:
Hence Defamation spreads her ant-bare tongue,
And grimly pleas'd, feeds on another's wrong.
Curse on the wretch, who, when his neighbour's blest,
Erects his peace-destroying, snaky crest!
And he who sits in surly, sullen mood,
Repining at a fellow-mortal's good!

Man owns so little of true happiness,
That curst be he who makes that little less!

The zealot thinks he'll go to heaven direct,
Adhering to the tenets of his sect,
E'en tho' his practice lie in this alone,
To rail at all persuasions but his own.

In judging, still let moderation guide;
O'erheated zeal is certain to mislead.
First bow to God in heart-warm gratitude,
Next do our utmost for the general good.
In spite of all the forms which men devise,
'Tis there where real solid wisdom lies;
And impious is the man who claims dominion,
To damn his neighbour diff'ring in opinion.

When suppliant Misery greets thy wand'ring eye,
Altho' in public, pass not heedless by,
Distress impels her to implore the crowd,
For that denied within her lone abode:

Give thou the trifling pittance which she craves,
Tho' ostentation call'd by prudent knaves;
So conscience will a rich reward impart,
And finer feelings play around thy heart.

When Wealth with arrogance exalts his brow,
And reckons Poverty a wretch most low,
Let good intentions dignify thy soul,
And conscious rectitude will crown the whole:
Hence indigence will independence own,
And soar above the haughty despot's frown.

Still to thy lot be virtuously resign'd;
Above all treasures prize thy peace of mind;
Then let not envy rob thy soul of rest,
Nor discontent e'er harbour in thy breast.
Be not too fond of popular applause,
Which often echoes in a villain's cause,
Whose specious sophistry gilds his deceit,
Till pow'r abus'd, in time shews forth the cheat:

Yet be't thy pride to bear an honest fame;
More dear than life watch over thy good name;
For he, poor man! who has no wish to gain it,
Despises all the virtues which attain it.

Of friendship, still be secrecy the test,
This maxim let be 'graven in my breast—
Whate'er a friend enjoins me to conceal,
I'm weak, I'm base, if I the same reveal;
Let honour, acting as a pow'rful spell,
Suppress that itching fondness still to tell,
Else, unthank'd chronicle, the cunning's tool,
The world will stamp me for a gossip fool.
Yet let us act an honest open part,
Nor curb the warm effusions of the heart,
Which, naturally virtuous, discommends
Aught mean or base, even in our dearest friends.

But why this long unjointed scrawl to thee,
Whose every action is a law to me,

Whose every deed proclaims thy noble mind,
Industrious, independent, just, and kind.
Methinks I hear thee say, "Each fool may teach,
Since now my whim-led friend's begun to preach!"
But this first essay of my preaching strain,
Hear, and accept for Friendship's sake. Amen.

EPISTLE

TO J. K**G,

On receiving a Moral Epistle from him. May 1802.

PLEASE accept the thanks and praise,
Due to your Poetic lays,
Wisdom aye should be rever'd,
Sense to wit be aye preferr'd.
—Just your thoughts, in simple guise,
Fit to make frail mortals wise,
Every period, every line,
With some moral truth doth shine.
—Like the rocks, which storms divide,
Thund'ring down the mountain's side,
So strides Time, with rapid force,
Round his unobstructed course;

Like a flood upon its way,
Sweeping downward to the sea:
But what figure so sublime
As describe the flight of time?
—Life's a dream, and man's a bubble,
'Compass'd round with care and trouble,
Like a ship in tempest tost,
Soon o'erwhelm'd, for ever lost;
Like the short-liv'd passion-flow'r,
Blooming, dying, in an hour;
Like the tuneful bird that sings,
Flutt'ring high on sportive wings,
Till the fowler's subtle art,
Drives Death's message to its heart,
While, perhaps, Death aims his blow
For to lay the wretch as low.
—Now since life is but a day,
Make the most of it we may;
Calm and tranquil let us be,
Still resign'd to Fate's decree:
Let not poortith sink us low,
Let not wealth exalt our brow;

Let's be grateful, virtuous, wise,
There's where all our greatness lies.
Doing all the good we can,
Is all that Heaven requires of man.
Wherefore should we grieve and sigh,
'Cause we know that we must die?
Death's a debt requir'd by nature,
To be paid by every creature;
Rich and poor, and high and low,
Fall by Death's impartial blow—
God perhaps in kindness will
Snatch us from some coming ill;
Death may kindly waft us o'er
To a milder, happier shore.
—But, dear Jamie! after a',
What I've said's not worth a straw;
What is't worth to moralize
What we never can practise?
As for me, with a' my skill,
Passion leads me as she will:
But resolves, laid down to-day,
Ere to-morrow, 're done away—

—Then, let's ever cheary live,
Do our best, and never grieve;
Still let Friendship's warmest tie
A' deficiencies supply,
And, while favour'd by the Nine,
I your laurels will entwine.

EPISTLE

TO J. B*CH*N*N.

AUGUST 1806.

My gude auld friend, on Locher banks,
Your kindness claims my warmest thanks;
Yet thanks is but a draff-cheap phrase,
Of little value now a-days:
Indeed 'tis hardly worth the heeding,
Unless to show a body's breeding.
Yet mony a poor doil't, servile body,
Will scrimp his stomach of its crowdy,
And pride to run a great man's erran's,
And feed on smiles and sour cheese-parin's,
And think himsel' nae sma' sheep-shank,
Rich laden wi' his Lordship's thank.
The sodger too, for a' his troubles,
His hungry wames, and bloody hubbles,

His agues, rheumatisms, cramps,
Receiv'd in plashy winter camps,
O blest reward! at last he gains
His Sov'reign's thanks for a' his pains.

Thus, tho' 'mang first of friends I rank you,
'Twere but sma' compliment to thank you;
Yet, lest ye think me here ungratefu',
Of hatefu' names, a name most hatefu',
The neist time that ye come to town,
By a' the pow'rs beneath the moon!
I'll treat you wi' a Highland gill,
Tho' it should be my hindmost fill.

Tho' in the bustling town, the Muse
Has gather'd little feck of News,
—'Tis said, the Court of Antiquarians
Has split on some great point of variance,
For ane has got, in gouden box,
The spectacles of auld John Knox;
A second proudly thanks his fate wi'
The hindmost Pen that Nelson writ wi';

A third ane owns an antique rare,
A Saep-brush made of Mermaid's hair!
But, niggard wights, they a' refuse 'em,
These precious relics, to the Museum,
Whilk selfish, mean, illegal deeds,
Hae set them a' at loggerheads.

Sure Taste refin'd, and Public Spirit,
Stand next to genius in merit;
I'm proud to see your warm regard,
For Caledonia's dearest Bard:
Of him ye've got sae gude a Painting *,
That nocht but real life is wanting.
I think, yon rising genius, Tannock,
May gain a niche in Fame's heigh winnock,
There, with auld Rubens, plac'd sublime,
Look down upon the wreck of Time.

* Portrait of R. Burns, painted by Mr. J. Tannock, for the Kilbarchan Burns' Anniversary Society.

I ne'er, as yet, hae found a Patron,
For, scorn be till't! I hate a' flatt'ring,
Besides, I never had an itching,
To slake about a great man's kitchen,
And like a spaniel lick his dishes,
And come, and gang, just to his wishes—
Yet studious to give worth its due,
I pride to praise the like of you,
Gude cheilds, replete wi' sterling sense,
Wha wi' their worth mak' nae pretence.
Ay—there's my worthy friend, M'M***,
I'll lo'e him till my latest breath,
And like a traitor wretch be hang'd,
Before I'd hear that fellow wrang'd;
His ev'ry action shows his mind,
Humanely noble, bright, and kind,
And here's the worth o't, doubly rootet,
He never speaks ae word about it!
—My compliments an warm gude-will,
To Masters S*mp**, B*rr, and L**e;
Wad rav'ning Time but spare my pages,
They'd tell the warld in after ages,

That it, to me, was wealth and fame,
To be esteem'd by chields like them.
O Time, thou all-devouring bear!
Hear—" List, O list" my ardent pray'r!
I crave thee here, on bended knee,
To let my dear-lov'd pages be!
O take thy sharp-nail'd, nibbling elfs,
To musty scrolls on college shelfs!
There, with dry Treatises on Law,
Feast, cram, and gorge thy greedy maw:
But grant, amidst thy thin-sown mercies,
To spare, O spare my darling verses!

Could I but up thro' hist'ry wimple
With Robertson, or sage Dalrymple;
Or had I half the pith and lear
Of a Mackenzie, or a Blair!
I aiblins then might tell some story,
Wad shew the Muse in bleezing glory;
But scrimpt o' time *, and lear scholastic,
My lines limp on in Hudibrastic,

* " Time"—Scottish idiom, for Leisure.

Till Hope, grown sick, flings down her claim,
And drops her dreams of future fame.
—Yes, O waesuck! should I be vaunty?
My Muse is just a Rozinante,
She stammers forth with hilching canter,
Sagely intent on strange adventure,
Yet, sae uncouth in garb and feature,
She seems the fool of Literature.

THE PARNASSIAD.

A VISIONARY VIEW.

COME, Fancy, thou hast ever been,
In life's low vale, my ready friend,
  To cheer the clouded hour;
Tho' unfledg'd with scholastic law,
Some visionary picture draw,
  With all thy magic pow'r;
Now to the intellectual eye
  The glowing prospects rise
Parnassus' lofty summits high,
  Far tow'ring 'mid the skies,
    Where vernally, eternally,
      Rich leafy laurels grow,
    With bloomy bays, thro' endless days,
      To crown the Poet's brow.

Sure bold is he who dares to climb
Yon awful jutting rock sublime,
  Who dares Pegasus sit,
For should brain-ballast prove too light,
He'll spurn him from his airy height,
  Down to Oblivion's pit;
There, to disgrace for ever doom'd,
  To mourn his sick'ning woes,
And weep that ever he presum'd,
  Above the vale of Prose.
    Then, O beware! with prudent care,
      Nor 'tempt the steeps of Fame,
    And leave behind thy peace of mind,
      To gain a sounding name*.

Behold!—you ready rhyming carl,
With flatt'ry fir'd, attracts the warl',
  By canker'd pers'nal satire;

* "The career of genius is rarely that of fortune, and often that of contempt; even in its most flattering aspect, what is it but plucking a few brilliant flowers from precipices, while the reward terminates in the honour?" D'Israeli.

He takes th' unthinking croud's acclaim,
For sterling proofs of lasting Fame,
And deals his inky spatter.
Now see, he on Pegasus flies,
With bluff important straddle!
He bears him midway up the skies,
See, see he's off the saddle!
He headlong tumbles, growls and grumbles,
Down the dark abyss:
The noisy core that prais'd before,
Now joins the general hiss.

Now see another vent'rer rise,
Deep fraught with fulsome eulogies,
To win his patron's favour;
One of those adulating things,
That, dangling in the train of kings,
Give Guilt a splendid cover.
He mounts, well prefac'd by my Lord,
Inflicts the spur's sharp wound;
Pegasus spurns the great man's word,
And wont move from the ground.

Now mark his face flush'd with disgrace,
Thro' future life to grieve on,
His wishes crost, his hopes all lost,
He sinks into oblivion.

Yon city scribbler thinks to scale
The cliffs of Fame with Pastoral,
In worth thinks none e'er richer,
Yet never climb'd the upland steep,
Nor e'er beheld a flock of sheep,
Save those driv'n by the butcher;
Nor ever mark'd the gurgling stream,
Except the common sew'r,
On rainy days, when dirt and slime
Pour'd turbid past his door.
Choice epithets in store he gets
From Virgil, Shenstone, Pope,
With tailor art tacks part to part,
And makes his Past'ral up.

But see, rich clad in native worth,
Yon Bard of Nature ventures forth,
  In simple modest tale,
Applauding millions catch the song,
The raptur'd rocks the notes prolong,
  And hand them to the gale;
Pegasus kneels—he takes his seat—
  Now see—aloft he tow'rs,
To place him 'bove the reach of fate,
  In Fame's ambrosial bow'rs:
    To be enroll'd with Bards of old,
      In ever-honoured station,—
    The gods, well pleas'd, see mortals rais'd
      Worthy of their creation.

Now mark what crowds of hackney scribblers,
Imitators, rhyming dabblers,
  Still follow in the rear!
Pegasus spurns us one by one,
Yet still, fame-struck, we follow on,
  And tempt our fate severe:

In many a dogg'rel Epitaph,
  And short-lin'd, mournful ditty,
Our " Ahs !—Alases !" raise the laugh,
  Revert the tide of pity.
    Yet still we write in nature's spite,
      Our last piece aye the best;
    Arraigning still, complaining still,
      The world for want of taste * !

Observe yon poor deluded man,
With thread-bare coat and visage wan,
  Ambitious of a name;
The nat'ral claims of meat and cleading,
He reckons these not worth the heeding,
  But presses on for fame!
The public voice, touchstone of worth,
  Anonymous he tries,
But draws the critic's vengeance forth—
  His fancied glory dies;

* " Still restless fancy drives us headlong on,
With dreams of wealth, and friends, and laurels won,
On Ruin's brink we sleep, and wake undone."

Neglected now, dejected now,
He gives his spleen full scope,
In solitude he chews his cude,
A downright misanthrope.

Then, brother Rhymsters, O beware!
Nor tempt unscar'd the specious snare,
Which self-love often weaves;
Nor doat, with a fond father's pains,
Upon the offspring of your brains,
For fancy oft deceives.
To lighten life, a wee bit sang
Is sure a sweet illusion!
But ne'er provoke the critic's stang,
By premature intrusion.
Lock up your piece, let fondness cease,
Till mem'ry fail to bear it,
With critic lore then read it o'er,
Yourself may judge its merit.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND.

"THE western sun shines o'er the Loch,
And gilds the mountain's brow,
But what are Nature's smiles to me,
Without the smile of you?

"O will ye go to Garnock side!
Where birks and woodbines twine—
I've sought you oft to be my Bride,
When! when will ye be mine?"

"Oft as ye sought me for your Bride,
My mind spoke frae my e'e;
Then wherefore seek to win a heart,
That is not mine to gi'e?"

"With Connel down the dusky dale,
Long plighted are my vows:
He won my heart before I wist
I had a heart to lose."

The fire flash'd from his eyes of wrath,
Dark gloom'd his heavy brow,
He grasp'd her in his arms of strength,
And strain'd to lay her low.

She wept and cried—the rocks replied—
The echoes from their cell,
On fairy wing, swift bore her voice
To Connel of the dale.

With vengeful haste he hied him up,
But when stern Donald saw
The youth approach, deep stung with guilt,
He, shame-fac'd, fled awa'.

"Ah! stay, my Connel—sheath thy sword—
O do not him pursue!

For mighty are his arms of strength,
  And thou the fight may rue."

"No!—wait thee here—I'll soon return—
  I mark'd him from the wood!
The lion heart of jealous love,
  Burns for its rival's blood!"

"Ho! stop thee, coward—villain vile!
  With all thy boasted art,
My sword's blade soon shall dim its shine,
  Within thy reynard heart!"

"Ha! foolish stripling, dost thou urge
  The deadly fight with me?
This arm strove hard in Flodden Field,
  Dost think 'twill shrink from thee!"

"Thy frequent vaunts of Flodden Field
  Were ever fraught with guile:
For honour ever marks the brave,
  But thou'rt a villain vile!"

Their broad blades glitter to the sun,
  The woods resound each clash,
Young Connel sinks 'neath Donald's sword,
  With deep and deadly gash.

"Ah! dearest Flora, soon our morn
  Of love is overcast!
The hills look dim—Alas!—my love!"
  He groan'd, and breath'd his last.

"Stay, ruthless Ruffian!—murtherer!
  Here glut thy savage wrath!
Be thou the baneful minister
  To join us low in death!"

In wild despair she tore her hair,
  Sunk speechless by his side—
Mild Evening wept in dewy tears,
  And, wrapt in Night, she died.

THE COCK-PIT.

The barbarian-like amusement of seeing two animals instinctively destroying each other, certainly affords sufficient scope for the pen of the Satyrist; the Author thought he could not do it more effectually than by giving a picture of the Cock-pit, and describing a few of the characters who generally may be seen at such glorious contests.

"THE great, th' important hour is come,"
O Hope! thou wily nurse!
I see bad luck behind thy back,
Dark brooding deep remorse.

No fancied muse will I invoke,
To grace my humble strain,
But sing my song in homely phrase,
Inspir'd by what I've seen.

Here comes a feeder with his charge,
'Mong friends 'tis whisper'd straight,

How long he swung him on a string,
  To bring him to his weight *.

The carpet's laid—Pit-money drawn—
  All's high with expectation;
With birds bereft of Nature's garb,
  The handlers take their station.

What roaring, betting, bawling, swearing,
  Now assail the ear!
"Three Pound!"—four Pound, on Ph-ll-p's cock!"
  —Done!—Done, by G-d, Sir!—here!"

Now cast a serious eye around—
  Behold the motley group,
All gamblers, swindlers, ragamuffins,
  Votaries of the stoup.

* When a feeder has unluckily fed his bird above the stipulated weight, recourse is had to the ludicrous expedient of making poor chanticleer commence rope-dancer; being tied on the rope, he flutters, and through fear evacuates part of his preponderancy. When this happens to be the case, the knowing ones, who are up to it, will not bett so freely on his prowess, as the operation is supposed to have weakened him.

But why of it thus lightly speak?
  The poor man's ae best friend—
When Fortune's sky low'rs dark and grim,
  It clears the drumly scene.

Here sits a wretch with meagre face,
  And sullen drowsy eye;
Nor speaks he much—last night, at cards,
  A gamester drain'd him dry.

Here bawls another vent'rous soul,
  Who risks his ev'ry farthing;
What d-l's the matter, though at home
  His wife and brats are starving.

See, here's a father 'gainst a son,
  A brother 'gainst a brother,
Who, e'en with mair than common spite,
  Bark hard at one another.

But see yon fellow all in black,
  His looks speak inward joy;

Mad happy since his father's death,
  Sporting his legacy.

And, mark—that aged Debauchee,
  With red bepimpl'd face—
He fain would bett a crown or two,
  But purse is not in case.

But hark!—what cry,—"He's run! he's run!"—
  And loud huzzas take place—
Now mark, what deep dejection sits
  On every loser's face.

Observe the Owner—frantic man,
  With imprecations dread,
He grasps his vanquish'd Idol-god,
  And twirls off his head.

But, bliss attend their feeling souls,
  Wha nae sic deeds delight in!
Brutes are but brutes, let men be men,
  Nor pleasure in cock-fighting.

PROLOGUE

To the Gentle Shepherd, spoken in a Provincial Theatre.

Ye patronizers of our little party,
My heart's e'en light to see you a' sae hearty;
I'm fain indeed, and trouth I've meikle cause,
Since your blythe faces ha'f insure applause.
We come this night with nae new-fangl'd story,
Of knaves' deceit, or fop's vain blust'ring glory,
Nor harlequins' wild pranks, with skin like Leopard,
We're come to gie your ain auld Gentle Shepherd,
Whilk aye will charm, and will be read, and acket,
Till Time himsel' turn auld, and kick the bucket.
I mind, langsyne, when I was just a callan,
That a' the kintra rang in praise o' Allan;
Ilk rising generation toots his fame,
And, hun'er years to come, 'twill be the same:

For wha has read, tho' e'er sae lang sinsyne,
But keeps the living picture on his mind;
Approves bauld Patie's clever manly turn,
And maist thinks Roger cheap o' Jenny's scorn;
His dowless gait, the cause of a' his care,
For "nane, except the brave, deserve the fair."
Hence sweet young Peggy lo'ed her manly Pate,
And Jenny geck'd at Roger, dowf and blate.

Our gude Sir William stands a lesson leel
To lairds wha'd hae their vassals lo'e them weel;
To prince and peer, this maxim it imparts,
Their greatest treasures are the peoples' hearts.

Frae Glaud and Symon would we draw a moral,
"The virtuous youth-time mak's the canty carle,"
The twa auld birkies caper blythe and bauld,
Nor shaw the least regret that they're turn'd auld.

Poor Bauldy! O 'tis like to split my jaws!
I think I see him under Madge's claws:

Sae may Misfortune tear him spawl and plack,
Wha'd wrang a bonny lass, and syne draw back.

But, Sirs, to you I maist forgat my mission,
I'm sent to beg a truce to criticism;
We don't pretend to speak by square and rule,
Like yon wise chaps bred up in Thespian school:
And to your wishes should we not succeed,
Pray be sae kind as take the will for deed.

THE CONTRAST.

Inscribed to Mr. J. S——k, August 1803.

When Love proves false, and friends betray us,
All nature seems a dismal chaos
  Of wretchedness and woe;
We stamp mankind a base ingrate,
Half lothing life, we challenge fate
  To strike the final blow.
    Then settl'd grief, with wild despair,
      Stares from our blood-shot eyes,
    Tho' oft we try to hide our care,
      And check our bursting sighs.
        Still vexed, sae wretched,
          We seek some lonely wood,
        There sighing, and crying,
          We pour the briny flood.

The contrast mark—what joys we find,
With friends sincere and beauty kind,
Congenial to our wishes;
Then life appears a summer's day,
Adown Time's crystal stream we play,
As sportive's little fishes.
We see nought then but general good,
Which warm pervades all nature;
Our hearts expand with gratitude
Unto the great Creator.
Then let's revere the virtuous fair,
The friend whose truth is tried,
For, without these, go where we please,
We'll always find a void.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

MARK where daemon hither bends,
Gnawing still his finger-ends,
Wrapt in contemplation deep,
Wrathful, yet inclin'd to weep.

Thy wizard gait, thy breath-check'd broken sigh,
Thy burning cheeks, thy lips, black, wither'd, dry;
Thy side-thrown glance, with wild malignant eye,
Betray thy foul intent, infernal Jealousy.

Hence, thou self-tormenting fiend,
To thy spleen-dug cave descend!
Fancying wrongs that never were,
Rend thy bosom, tear thy hair,
Brood fell hate within thy den,
Come not near the haunts of men.

nan be faithful to his brother man,
guileful, still revert kind Heaven's plan,
slavish fear, and mean distrust shall cease,
confidence confirm a lasting mental peace.

ODE.

In imitation of Pindar.

The simile's a very useful thing,
This priests and poets needs must own,
For when the clock-work of their brains run down,
A simile winds up the mental spring.
For instance, when a priest does scan
The fall of man,
And all its consequences dire,
He makes him first a little sportive pig,
So clean, so innocent, so trig,
And then an aged sow, deep wallowing in the mire!

Yes, sure the simile's a useful thing,
Another instance I will bring.

Thou'st seen a cork tost on the rain-swell'd stream,
Now up, now down, now whirl'd round and round,
Yet still 'twould swim,
And all the torrent's fury could not drown't:
So have I seen a forward empty fop
Tost in Wit's blanket, ridicul'd, &c.
Yet, after all the banter, off he'd hop,
Quite confident in self-sufficiency.

Ah! had kind Heaven,
For a defence,
Allow'd me half the brazen confidence
That she to many a cork-brain'd fool hath given!

THE PORTRAIT OF GUILT.

IN IMITATION OF LEWIS.

'Twas night, and the winds thro' the dark forest roar'd,
From Heaven's wide cat'racts the torrents down pour'd,
And blue light'nings flash'd on the eye;
Demoniac howlings were heard in the air,
With groans of deep anguish, and shrieks of despair,
And hoarse thunders growl'd thro' the sky.

Pale, breathless, and trembling, the dark villain stood,
His hands and his clothes all bespotted with blood,
His eyes wild with terror did stare;
The earth yawn'd around him, and sulph'rous blue,
From the flame-boiling gaps, did expose to his view,
A gibbet and skeleton bare.

With horror he shrunk from a prospect so dread,
The blast swung the clanking chains over his head,
  The rattling bones sung in the wind;
The lone bird of night from the abbey did cry,
He look'd o'er his shoulder intending to fly,
  But a spectre stood ghastly behind.

"Stop, deep hell-taught villain!" the ghost did exclaim,
"With thy brother of guilt here to expiate thy crime,
  "And atone for thy treacherous vow;
"'Tis here thou shalt hang to the vultures a prey,
"Till piece-meal they tear thee and bear thee away,
  "And thy bones rot unburied below."

Now closing all round him fierce demons did throng,
In sounds all unholy they howl'd their death-song,
  And the vultures around them did scream;
Now clenching their claws in his fear-bristled hair,
Loud yelling they bore him aloft in the air,
  And the Murd'rer awoke—'Twas a Dream.

THE HAUNTET WUD.

In imitation of JOHN BARBOUR.

QUHY screim the crowis owr yonder wud,
Witht loude and clamourynge dynne,
Haf deifenynge the torrentis roare,
Quhilk dashis owr yon linne?

Quhy straye the flokis far outowr,
Alang the stanery lee,
And wil nocht graze anear the wud,
Thof ryche the pasturis be?

And quhy dis oft the sheipherdis dog,
Gif that ane lamikyne straye,
Aye yamf and yowl besyde the wud,
Nae farthir yn wil gaye?

"Marvil thee nocht at quhat thou seist,"
The tremblynge rusticke sayde,
"For yn that feindis-hauntet wud,
Hath guyltlesse blude been sched.

"Thou seist far down yon buschye howe,
An eldrin castil greye,
Witht teth of tyme, and weir of wyndis,
Fast mouldiryng yn decaye.

"'Twas ther the jealous Barrone livit,
Witht Lady Anne hys wyfe,
He fleichit her neatht that wudis dark glume,
And revit hyr ther of lyffe.

"And eir hyr fayre bodye was founde,
The flesch cam fra the bane,
The snailis sat feistyng onne hyr cheikis,
The spydiris velit her ein.

"And evir syne nae beist nor hyrde
Will byde twa nichtis ther,
For fearful yellis and screichis wylde
Are heird throch nicht sae dreir."

ODE.

Written for, and read at the Celebration of Robert Burns' Birthday, Paisley, 29th Jan. 1805.

Once on a time, almighty Jove
Invited all the minor gods above,
To spend one day in social festive pleasure;
His regal robes were laid aside,
His crown, his sceptre, and his pride:
And, wing'd with joy,
The hours did fly,
The happiest ever Time did measure.

Of love and social harmony they sung,
Till heav'n's high golden arches echoing rung;
And as they quaff'd the nectar-flowing cann,
Their toast was,
"Universal peace 'twixt man and man."

Their godships eyes beam'd gladness with the wish,
And Mars half-redden'd with a guilty blush;
Jove swore he'd hurl each rascal to perdition,
Who'd dare deface his works with wild ambition;
But pour'd encomiums on each patriot band,
Who, hating conquest, guard their native land.

Loud thund'ring plaudits shook the bright abodes,
Till Merc'ry, solemn-voic'd, assail'd their ears,
Informing, that a stranger, all in tears,
Weeping, implor'd an audience of the gods.

Jove, ever prone to succour the distrest,
A swell redressive glow'd within his breast,
He pitied much the stranger's sad condition,
And ordered his immediate admission.

The sranger enter'd, bow'd respect to all,
Respectful silence reign'd throughout the hall.
His chequer'd robes excited their surprise,
Richly transvers'd with various glowing dyes:

A target on his strong left arm he bore,
Broad as the shield the mighty Fingal wore,
The glowing landscape on its centre shin'd,
And massy thistles round the borders twin'd;
His brows were bound with yellow-blossom'd broom,
Green birch and roses blending in perfume;
His eyes beam'd honour, tho' all red with grief,
And thus heav'n's King spake comfort to the Chief.
"My son, let speech unfold thy cause of woe,
Say, why does melancholy cloud thy brow?
'Tis mine the wrongs of virtue to redress;
Speak, for 'tis mine to succour deep distress."
Then thus he spake: "O king! by thy command,
I am the guardian of that far-fam'd land
Nam'd Caledonia, great in arts and arms,
And every worth that social fondness charms,
With ev'ry virtue that the heart approves,
Warm in their friendships, rapt'rous in their loves,
Profusely generous, obstinately just,
Inflexible as death their vows of trust;

For independence fires their noble minds,
Scorning deceit, as gods do scorn the fiends.
But what avail the virtues of the North,
No patriot Bard to celebrate their worth,
No heav'n-taught Minstrel, with the voice of song,
To hymn their deeds, and make their names live long?
And, oh! should Luxury, with soft winning wiles,
Spread her contagion o'er my subject isles,
My hardy sons, no longer Valour's boast,
Would sink despis'd, their wonted greatness lost.
Forgive my wish, O king! I speak with awe,
Thy will is fate, thy word is sovereign law!
O! would'st thou deign thy suppliant to regard,
And grant my country one true patriot Bard,
My sons would glory in the blessing given,
And virtuous deeds spring from the gift of Heaven!"

To which the god—"My son, cease to deplore,
Thy name in song shall sound the world all o'er;
Thy Bard shall rise, full fraught with all the fire
That Heav'n and free-born nature can inspire:

Ye sacred Nine, your golden harps prepare,
T' instruct the fav'rite of my special care,
That whether the song be rais'd to war or love,
His soul-wing'd strains may equal those above.
Now, faithful to thy trust, from sorrow free,
Go wait the issue of our high decree."—
Speechless the Genius stood, in glad surprise,
Adoring gratitude beam'd in his eyes;
The promis'd Bard his soul with transport fills,
And light with joy he sought his native hills.

'Twas in regard of Wallace and his worth,
Jove honour'd Coila with his birth,
And on that morn,
When Burns was born,
Each Muse with joy,
Did hail the boy;
And Fame, on tiptoe, fain would blown her horn.
But Fate forbade the blast, too premature,
Till worth should sanction it beyond the critic's power.

His merits proven—Fame her blast hath blown,
Now Scotia's Bard o'er all the world is known—
But trembling doubts here check my unpolished lay,
What can they add to a whole world's praise;
Yet, while revolving time this day returns,
Let Scotchmen glory in the name of Burns.

ODE.

Written for, and performed at the Celebration of Robert Burns' Birth-day, Paisley, 29th Jan. 1807.

RECITATIVE.

While Gallia's chief, with cruel conquests vain,
Bids clanging trumpets rend the skies,
The widow's, orphan's, and the father's sighs,
Breathe, hissing thro' the guilty strain;
Mild Pity hears the harrowing tones,
Mix'd with shrieks and dying groans;
While warm Humanity, afar,
Weeps o'er the ravages of war,
And shudd'ring hears Ambition's servile train,
Rejoicing o'er their thousands slain.

But when the song to worth is given,
The grateful anthem wings its way to heaven;
Rings thro' the mansions of the bright abodes,
And melts to extasy the list'ning gods;
Apollo, on fire,
Strikes with rapture the lyre,
And the Muses the summons obey,
Joy wings the glad sound,
To the worlds around,
Till all nature re-echoes the lay.—
Then raise the song, ye vocal few,
Give the praise to merit due.

SONG.

Tho' dark scowling Winter, in dismal array,
Remarshals his storms on the bleak hoary hill,
With joy we assemble to hail the great day
That gave birth to the Bard who ennobles our Isle.
Then loud to his merits the song let us raise,
Let each true Caledonian exult in his praise;

For the glory of Genius, its dearest reward,
Is the laurel entwin'd by his country's regard.

Let the Muse bring fresh honours his name to adorn,
Let the voice of glad melody pride in the theme,
For the genius of Scotia, in ages unborn,
Will light up her torch at the blaze of his fame.
When the dark mist of ages lies turbid between,
Still his star of renown thro' the gloom shall be seen,
And his rich blooming laurels, so dear to the Band,
Will be cherish'd for aye by his country's regard.

RECITATIVE.

Yes, Burns, "thou dear departed shade!"
When rolling centuries have fled,
Thy name shall still survive the wreck of Time,
Shall rouse the genius of thy native clime;
Bards yet unborn, and patriots shall come,
And catch fresh ardour at thy hallow'd tomb—
There's not a cairn-built cottage on our hills,
Nor rural hamlet on our fertile plains,
But echoes to the magic of his strains,
While every heart with highest transport thrills.

Our country's melodies shall perish never,
For, Burns, thy songs shall live for ever.
Then, once again, ye vocal few,
Give the song to merit due.

SONG.

Written to Mason's national Air, "Patriots, who for Freedom bled"

Hail, ye glorious sons of song,
Who wrote to humanize the soul!
To you our highest strains belong,
Your names shall crown our friendly bowl.
But chiefly, Burns, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotchman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Fathers of our country's weal,
Sternly virtuous, bold and free!
Ye taught your sons to fight, yet feel
The dictates of humanity:

But chiefly, Burns, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotchman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth shall ever be!

Haughty Gallia threats our coast,
We hear their vaunts with disregard,
Secure in valour, still we boast
"The Patriot, and the Patriot Bard."
But chiefly, Burns, above the rest,
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotchman's breast,
Thy name, thy worth shall ever be!

Yes, Caledonians! to our country true,
Which Danes nor Romans never could subdue,
Firmly resolv'd our native rights to guard,
Let's toast "The Patriot, and the Patriot Bard."

PRAYER, UNDER AFFLICTION.

ALMIGHTY Power, who wings the storm,
And calms the raging wind,
Restore health to my wasted form,
And tranquillize my mind.

For, ah! how poignant is the grief
Which self-misconduct brings,
When racking pains find no relief,
And injur'd conscience stings.

Let penitence forgiveness plead,
Hear lenient mercy's claims,
Thy justice let be satisfied,
And blotted out my crimes.

But should thy sacred law of right,
Seek life a sacrifice;
O! haste that awful, solemn night,
When death shall veil mine eyes.

THE FILIAL VOW.

Why heaves my Mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
Why starts the big tear glist'ning in her eye?
Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?
'Tis for my Father, mould'ring with the dead,
My Brother, in bold manhood, lowly laid,
And for the pains which age is doom'd to bear,
She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear.
Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy,
She grieves to think she may be burthensome,
Now feeble, old, and tott'ring to the tomb.

O hear me, Heaven! and record my Vow,
Its non-performance let thy wrath pursue!
I swear—Of what thy providence may give,
My Mother shall her due maintenance have.

'Twas hers, to guide me through Life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way,
Now, while her pow'rs in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine, to hand her down Life's rugged steep:
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis Nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged Parent's woes.

EILD.

A FRAGMENT.

The rough hail rattles thro' the trees,
  The sullen lift low'rs gloomy grey,
The trav'ller sees the swelling storm,
  And seeks the ale-house by the way.

But, waes me! for yon widow'd wretch,
  Borne down with years and heavy care,
Her sapless fingers scarce can nip
  The wither'd twigs to beet her fire.

Thus youth and vigour fends itsel';
  Its help, reciprocal, is sure,
While dowless Eild, in poortith cauld,
  Is lonely left to stand the stoure.

STANZAS,

Written with a pencil on the grave-stone of a departed friend.

STOP, passenger—here muse a while;
  Think on his darksome lone abode,
Who late, like thee, did jocund smile,
  Now lies beneath this cold green sod.

Art thou to vicious ways inclin'd,
  Pursuing Pleasure's flow'ry road,
Know—fell Remorse shall rack thy mind,
  When tott'ring to thy cold green sod.

If thou a friend to virtue art,
  Oft pitying burthen'd mis'ry's load;
Like thee, he had a feeling heart,
  Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

With studious philosophic eye,
  He look'd thro' Nature up to God,
His future hope his greatest joy,
  Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

Go, passenger—revere this truth;
  A life well spent in doing good,
Soothes joyless age, and sprightly youth,
  When drooping o'er the cold green sod.

ON

A. WILSON'S EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

O Death! its no thy deeds I mourn,
Tho' oft my heart-strings thou hast torn,
'Tis worth and merit left forlorn,
Life's ills to dree,
Gars now the peerly, brakish burn
Gush frae my e'e.

Is there who feels the melting glow
Of sympathy for ithers woe,
Come, let our tears thegither flow,
O join my mane!
For Wilson, worthiest of us a',
For aye is gane.

He bravely strove 'gainst Fortune's stream,
While Hope held forth ae distant gleam,
Till dash'd and dash'd, time after time,
On Life's rough sea,
He wept his native thankless clime,
And sail'd away.

The patriot bauld, the social brither,
In him were sweetly join'd thegither;
He knaves reprov'd without a swither,
In keenest satire,
And taught what mankind owe each ither
As sons of nature.

If thou hast heard his wee bit wren
Wail forth its sorrows thro' the glen,
Tell how his warm, descriptive pen
Has thrill'd thy saul;
His sensibility sae keen,
He felt for all.

Since now he's gane, and Burns is dead,
Ah! wha will tune the Scottish reed?
Her Thistle, dowie, hings its head;
Her harp's unstrung;
While mountain, river, loch and mead,
Remain unsung.

Fareweel, thou much neglected bard!
These lines will speak my warm regard,
While strangers on a foreign sward
Thy worth hold dear;
Still some kind heart thy name shall guard
Unsullied here.

POOR BOWLMAN'S REMONSTRANCE.

THROUGH winter's cold and summer's heat,
I earn my scanty fare,
From morn till night, along the street,
I cry my earthen ware:
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
And mock not that decrepitude,
Which draws me from my solitude,
To cry my plates and bowls.

From thoughtless youth I often brook
The trick and taunt of scorn,
And tho' indiff'rence marks my look,
My heart with grief is torn:
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
Nor sneer contempt in passing by;
Nor mock, derisive, while I cry,
Come, buy my plates and bowls.

The potter moulds the passive clay
  To all the forms you see;
And that same Pow'r that form'd you,
  Hath likewise fashion'd me.
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
  Though needy, poor as poor can be,
  I stoop not to your charity,
But cry my plates and bowls *.

* When decrepitude incapacitates a brother of humanity from gaining a subsistence by any of the less dishonourable callings, and when he possesses that independency of soul which disdains living on charity, it is certainly refinement in barbarity to hurt the feelings of such a one.—The above was written, on seeing the boys plaguing little Johnnie the Bowlman, while some, who thought themselves men, were reckoning it excellent sport.

SONNET

TO SINCERITY.

PURE emanation of the honest soul,
  Dear to my heart, manly Sincerity!
Dissimulation shrinks, a coward foul,
  Before thy noble art-detesting eye.

Thou scorn'st the wretch who acts a double part,
  Obsequious, servile, flatt'ring to betray,
With smiling face that veils a ranc'rous heart,
  Like sunny morning of tempestuous day.

Thou spurn'st the sophist, with his guilty lore,
  Whom int'rest prompts to weave the specious snare;
In Independence rich, thou own'st a store
  Of conscious worth, which changelings never share.

Then come, bright virtue, with thy dauntless brow,
And crush deceit, vile monster, reptile low.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A GUINEA NOTE.

THOU little badge of independence,
Thou mak'st e'en pride dance mean attendance:
Thou sure has magic in thy looks,
Gives p—ts a taste for tasteless books;
Makes lawyers lie, makes courtiers flatter,
And wily statesmen Patriots clatter,
Makes ancient maids seem young again,
At sixty, beauteous as sixteen;
Makes foes turn friends, and friends turn foes,
And drugmen brew the pois'ning dose,
And ev'n as common say prevails,
Thou mak'st e'en Justice tip the scales.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SPIDER DART OUT UPON A FLY.

ET gang your grip, ye auld grim devil!
lse with ae crush I'll mak' you civil—
ike debtor-bard in merchant's claw,
'he fient o' mercy ye've at a'!
ae spite and malice (hard to ken 'em,)
it spewing out their secret venom—
h, hear!—poor buzzard's roaring murder,
et gang!—na faith!—thou scorn'st my order;
Veel, tak' thee that!—vile ruthless creature!
'or who but hates a savage nature?
ic fate to ilk unsocial kebar,
Vho lays a snare to wrang his neighbour.

LINES,

ON SEEING A POP PASS AN OLD BEGGAR.

He who unmov'd, can hear the suppliant cry
Of pallid wretch, plac'd on the path-way side,
Nor deigns one pitying look, but passes by
In all the pomp of self-adoring pride—
So may some great man vex his little soul,
When he, obsequious, makes his lowest bow;
Turn from him with a look that says, vain fool,
And speak to some poor man whom he would shame to know.

LINES

ON A FLATTERER.

I HATE a flatt'rer as I hate the devil,
  But Tom's a very, very pleasing dog,
Of course let's speak of him in terms more civil—
  I hate a flatt'rer as I hate a hog;
Not but applause is music to mine ears,
  He is a knave who says he likes it not,
But when in Friendship's guise Deceit appears,
  'Twould fret a Stoic's frigid temper hot.

A RESOLVE.

Written on hearing a fellow tell some stories to the hurt of his best friends.

As secret's the grave be the man whom I trust,
What friendship imparts still let honour conceal,
A plague on those babblers, their names be accurs'd!
Still first to enquire, and the first to reveal.
As open as day let me be with the man
Who tells me my failings from motives upright,
But when of those gossiping fools I meet one,
Let me fold in my soul, and be close as the night.

EPIGRAMS.

CRIED Dick to Bob, "Great news to-day!"
"Great news," quoth Bob, "what great news, pray?"
Said Dick "Our gallant Tars, at sea,
"Have gain'd a brilliant victory."
"Indeed!" cried Bob, "it may be true,
"But that, you know, is nothing new."

"FRENCH threats of invasion let Britons defy,
"And spike the proud frogs if our coast they should crawl on."
Yes, statesmen know well that our spirits are high,
The financier has rais'd them Two Shillings per Gallon.

NATURE, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
For scrimpet pith, to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

EPITAPHS.

On seeing a once worthy character lying in a state of inebriation on the stre

If loss of worth may draw the pitying tear,
Stop, passenger, and pay that tribute here—
Here lies, whom all with justice did commend,
The rich man's pattern, and the poor man's friend;
He cheer'd pale Indigence's bleak abode,
He oft remov'd Misfortune's galling load:
Nor was his bounty to one sect confin'd,
His goodness beam'd alike on all mankind;
Now, lost in folly, all his virtues sleep,
Let's mind his former worth, and o'er his frailties weep.

FOR T. B. ESQ;

A Gentleman whom Indigence never solicited in vain.

Ever green be the sod o'er kind Tom of the wood,
For the poor man he ever supplied;
We may weel say, alas! for our ain scant of grace,
That we reckt not his worth till he died:

Though no rich marble bust mimics grief o'er his dust,
  Yet fond memory his virtues will save,
Oft, at lone twilight hour, sad Remembrance shall pour
  Her sorrows, unfeign'd, o'er his grave.

ON A CRABBED OLD MAID.

HERE slaethorn Mary's hurcheon bouk,
  Resigns its fretful bristles—
And is she dead! no—reader, look,
  Her grave's o'ergrown with thistles.

ON A FARTHING GATHERER.

HERE lies Jamie Wight, wha was wealthy and proud,
Few shar'd his regard, and far fewer his goud;
He liv'd unesteem'd, and he died unlamented,
The Kirk gat his gear, and auld Jamie is Sainted!

SONGS.

SONGS.

JESSIE, THE FLOW'R O' DUMBLANE.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its soft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
For guileless Simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days 'till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
'Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest Grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain:
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dumblane.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

LOUDON's bonnie woods and braes,
  I maun lea' them a', lassie;
Wha can thole when Britain's faes
  Would gi'e Britons law, lassie?
Wha would shun the field of danger?
Wha frae Fame would live a stranger?
Now when Freedom bids avenge her,
  Wha would shun her ca', Lassie?
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes
Ha'e seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle Hope shall soothe thy waes
  When I am far awa', lassie.

Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
  Yielding joy to thee, Laddie,
But the dolefu' bugle brings,
  Waefu' thoughts to me, Laddie.

Lonely I may climb the mountain,
Lonely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
  Far frae Love, and thee, Laddie.
O'er the gory fields of War,
When Vengeance drives his crimson car,
Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,
  And nane to close thy e'e, Laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
  O suppress thy fears, Lassie,
Glorious Honour crowns the toil,
  That the Soldier shares, Lassie;
Heav'n will shield thy faithful lover,
'Till the vengeful strife is over,
Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,
  'Till the day we die, Lassie;
'Midst our bonnie woods and braes
We'll spend our peaceful happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
  On Loudon's flow'ry lea, Lassie.

THE LASS O' ARRANTEENIE.

FAR lone, amang the Highland hills,
'Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, and woody glens,
With weary steps I wander.
The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are nought to me, when gaun to thee,
Sweet lass o' Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
And's scarcely seen by ony:
Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeany,
Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
The flower o' Arranteenie.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
  I view the distant ocean,
There Av'rice guides the bounding prow,
  Ambition courts promotion—
Let Fortune pour her golden store,
  Her laurell'd favours many,
Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
  The lass o' Arranteenie.

THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

KEEN blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw:
The wild flow'rs o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and cheary,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,
For, O gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

THE FLOWER OF LEVERN SIDE.

Ye sunny braes that skirt the Clyde,
  Wi' summer flow'rs sae braw,
There's ae sweet flow'r on Levern side,
  That's fairer than them a':
Yet aye it droops its head in wae,
Regardless o' the sunny ray,
And wastes its sweets frae day to day,
  Beside the lonely shaw;
Wi' leaves a' steep'd in Sorrow's dew,
Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue,
Wha aft the sweetest flow'r will pu',
  Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonny flow'r on Levern side,
  O gin thou'lt be but mine;
I'll tend thee wi' a lover's pride,
  Wi' love that ne'er shall tyne;

I'll take thee to my shelt'ring bow'r,
And shield thee frae the beating show'r,
Unharm'd by ought thou'lt bloom secure
  Frae a' the blasts that blaw:
Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
That streaks the glowing western sky,
But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
  And lone will be thy fa'.

SONG.

LANGSYNE, beside the woodland burn,
  Amang the broom sae yellow,
I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,
  On Nature's mossy pillow;
A' 'round my seat the flow'rs were strew'd,
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel' a summer snood,
  To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine round the rose,
  Its richer hues to mellow,
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
  To busk the sedge sae yellow.
The crow-flow'r blue, and meadow-pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link,
But little, little did I think
  I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forc'd afar,
  Tost on the raging billow,
Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,
  Or wreck'd on rocky shallow.
Yet aye I hope for his return,
As round our wonted haunts I mourn,
And often by the woodland burn
  I pu' the weeping willow.

SONG.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
Where the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side,
Tho' the broomy knowes be green,
Yet there we may be seen,
But we'll meet—we'll meet, at e'en, down by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi' woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side,
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,
While in ither's arms they lie, down by yon burn side.

Awa', ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,—
Those fairy-scenes are no' for you, by yon burn-side,
There Fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
And the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, down by yon burn side.

Now the planting taps are ting'd wi' goud, on yon burn side,
And Gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side,
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll through the fields alane,
There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean! down by yon burn side.

THROUGH

CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LONELY WA'S.

THRO' Cruikston Castle's lonely wa's,
  The wintry wind howls wild and dreary,
Tho' mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
  Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary.
Yes, Mary, tho' the winds shou'd rave
  Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
  For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

Loud o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
  Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure,
But I will ford the whirling deep,
  That roars between me and my treasure.

Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
  With jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest flood I'd bauldly brave,
  For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
  And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
But when the lonesome way is past,
  I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.
Yes, Mary, tho' stern Winter rave,
  With a' his storms, to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'd brave,
  For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.

I'LL HIE ME TO THE SHEELING HILL.

Air—Gilly Callum.

I'LL hie me to the sheeling hill,
And bide amang the braes, Callum,
Ere I gang to Crochan Mill,
I'll live on hips and slaes, Callum.
Wealthy Pride but ill can hide
Your runkly measl't shins, Callum,
Lyart pow, as white's the tow,
And beard as rough's the whins, Callum.

Wily woman aft deceives,
Sae ye'll think, I ween, Callum,
Trees may keep their wither'd leaves,
'Till ance they get the green, Callum.
Blythe young Donald's won my heart,
Has my willing vow, Callum,
Now, for a' your couthy art,
I winna marry you, Callum.

THE BRAES OF BALQUHITHER.

Air—The Three Carls o' Buchanan.

Let us go, lassie, go
  To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
  'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
  Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
  On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bow'r,
  By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
  Wi' the flow'rs o' the mountain;
I will range thro' the wilds,
  And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils,
  To the bow'r o' my deary.

When the rude wintry win'
  Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
  On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
  As the storm rattles o'er us,
'Till the dear sheeling ring
  Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
  Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
  A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
  Let us journey together,
Where glad Innocence reigns
  'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

SONG.

Air—Whistle o'er the lave o't.

O LASSIE, will ye tak' a man,
Rich in housing, gear, and lan',
De'il tak' the cash! that I soud ban,
Nae mair I'll be the slave o't.
I'll buy you claise to busk you braw,
A riding pony, pad and a',
On Fashion's tap we'll drive awa',
Whip, spur, and a' the lave o't.

O Poortith is a wintry day,
Chearless, blirtie, cauld, and blae,
But basking under Fortune's ray,
There's joy whate'er ye'd have o't.
Then gie's your hand ye'll be my wife,
I'll make you happy a' your life,
We'll row in love and siller rife,
Till death wind up the lave o't.

ANACREONTIC.

FILL, fill the merry bowl,
  Drown corrosive care and sorrow,
Why, why clog the soul,
  By caring for to-morrow.
Fill your glasses, toast your lasses,
  Blythe Anacreon bids you live,
Love, with friendship, far surpasses
  All the pleasures life can give.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring th' enlivening bell,
  The merry dirge of care and sorrow,
Why leave them life to tell
  Their heavy tales to-morrow.

Come, join the social glee,
  Give the reins to festive Pleasure,
While Fancy, light and free,
  Dances to the measure.

Love and wit, with all the graces,
  Revel round in fairy ring,
Smiling joy adorns our faces,
  While with jocund hearts we sing.

CHORUS.

Now, since our cares are drown'd,
  Spite of what the Sages tell us,
Hoary Time, in all his round,
  Ne'er saw such happy fellows.

SONG.

Our bonny Scots lads, in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue-belted bonnets, and feathers sae braw,
Rank'd up on the green were fair to be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest of a'.
His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western cloud looking down on the snaw,
His lang yellow hair o'er his braid shoulders fell,
And the een o' the lasses were fix'd on him a'.

My heart sunk wi' wae on the wearifu' day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa',
He bade me farewell, he cried "O be leel,"
And his red cheeks were wet wi' the tears that did fa'.
Ah! Harry, my love, tho' thou ne'er shou'dst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
And memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
Ere my heart spare ae thought on anither but thee.

JOHNNIE LAD.

Och hey! Johnnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd ha'e been,
Och hey! Johnnie lad,
  Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
I waited lang beside the wood,
  Sae wae and weary a' my lane,
Och hey! Johnnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd ha'e been.

I looked by the whinny knowe,
  I looked by the firs sae green,
I looked owre the spunkie howe,
  And aye I thought ye would ha'e been.
The ne'er a supper cross'd my craig,
  The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een,
Och hey! Johnnie lad,
  Ye're no sae kind's ye shou'd ha'e been.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
  Then I was waiting by the thorn,
I thought it was the place we set,
  And waited maist till dawning morn.
Sae be na vex'd, my bonny lassie,
  Let my waiting stand for thine,
We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
  And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

COMPANION OF MY YOUTHFUL SPORTS.

Air—Gilderoy.

COMPANION of my youthful sports,
From love and friendship torn,
A victim to the pride of courts,
Thy early death I mourn.
Unshrouded on a foreign shore,
Thou'rt mould'ring in the clay,
While here thy weeping friends deplore
Corunna's fatal day.

How glows the youthful warrior's mind
With thoughts of laurels won,
But ruthless Ruin lurks behind,
"And marks him for her own."
How soon the meteor ray is shed,
"That lures him to his doom,"
And dark Oblivion veils his head
In everlasting gloom.

FLY WE TO SOME DESERT ISLE.

FLY we to some desert isle,
  There we'll pass our days together,
Shun the world's derisive smile,
  Wand'ring tenants of the heather;
Shelter'd in some lonely glen,
Far remov'd from mortal ken,
Forget the selfish ways o' men,
  Nor feel a wish beyond each other.

Tho' my friends deride me still,
  Jamie, I'll disown thee never,
Let them scorn me as they will,
  I'll be thine—and thine for ever.
What are a' my kin to me,
A' their pride of pedigree?
What were life, if wanting thee,
  And what were death, if we maun sever!

O SAIR I RUE THE WITLESS WISH.

O SAIR I rue the witless wish,
  That gar'd me gang wi' you at e'en,
And sair I rue the birken bush,
  That screen'd us with its leaves sae green.
And tho' ye vow'd ye wad be mine,
  The tear o' grief aye dims my e'e,
For, O! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
  The love that ye ha'e promis'd me!

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,
  I wander, dowie, a' my lane,
For when I join their glad resorts,
  Their daffing gi'es me meikle pain.
Alas! it was na' sae shortsyne,
  When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
But, O! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
  The love that ye ha'e promis'd me.

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
  For I ha'e wair'd my winter's fee,
I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
  To be a bridal gift for thee.
And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
  And mountain high shall stand the sea,
Ere I'd accept a gowden crown,
  To change that love I bear for thee.

KITTY TYRELL.

The breeze of the night fans the dark mountain's breast,
And the light bounding deer have all sunk to their rest;
The big sullen waves lash the loch's rocky shore,
And the lone drowsy fisherman nods o'er his oar.
Tho' pathless the moor, and tho' starless the skies,
The star of my heart is my Kitty's bright eyes,
And joyful I hie over glen, brake, and fell,
In secret to meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

Ah! long we have lov'd in her father's despite,
And oft we have met at the dead hour of night,
When hard-hearted Vigilance, sunk in repose,
Gave Love one sweet hour its fond tale to disclose;
These moments of transport, to me, oh! how dear!
And the fate that would part us, alas, how severe!
Altho' the rude storm rise with merciless swell,
This night I shall meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

Ah! turn, hapless youth! see the dark cloud of death
Comes rolling in gloom o'er the wild haunted heath;
Deep groans the scath'd oak on the glen's cliffy brow,
And the sound of the torrent seems heavy with woe."
-way, foolish seer, with thy fancies so wild,
o tell thy weak dreams to some credulous child,
-ove guides my light steps thro' the lone dreary dell,
nd I fly to the arms of sweet Kitty Tyrell.

ELLEN MORE.

The sun had kiss'd green Erin's waves,
  The dark blue mountains tower'd between,
Mild Evening's dews refresh'd the leaves,
  The Moon unclouded rose serene,
When Ellen wander'd forth, unseen,
  All lone her sorrows to deplore,
False was her lover, false her friend,
  And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,
  Young Emma to her heart was dear,
No weal nor woe did Ellen prove,
  But Emma ever seem'd to share;
Yet, envious, still she spread the wile,
  That sullied Ellen's virtues o'er,
Her faithless Henry spurn'd the while
  His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wander'd down Loch-Mary side,
  Where oft at ev'ning hour she stole,
To meet her love with secret pride,
  Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.
O'ercome with grief she sought the strop
  Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar,
O Pity, veil thy eyes and weep,
  A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow braes,
  And woo the mountain flow'rs to bloom,
But never can his golden rays
  Awake the flow'r in yonder tomb.
There oft young Henry strays forlorn,
  When moonlight gilds the abbey tow'r,
There oft from eve 'till breezy morn,
  He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

DIRGE.

Written on reading an Account of Robert Burns' Funeral.

Let grief for ever cloud the day,
That saw our Bard borne to the clay;
Let joy be banish'd every eye,
And Nature, weeping, seem to cry—
" He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
" The ae best fellow e'er was born."

Let shepherds, from the mountain's steep,
Look down on widow'd Nith, and weep,
Let rustic swains their labours leave,
And sighing, murmur o'er his grave—
" He's gone, he's gone! &c.

Let bonny Doon, and winding Ayr,
Their bushy banks in anguish tear,
While many a tributary stream,
Pours down its griefs to swell the theme—
" He's gone, he's gone! &c.

All dismal let the night descend,
Let whirling storms the forests rend,
Let furious tempests sweep the sky,
And dreary howling caverns cry—
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born!"

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

Dorothy sits i' the cauld ingle neuk,
Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,
Wi' girning, her mou's like the gab o' the fleuk,
Wi' smoking, her teeth's like the jet o' the slae.
And aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me,
Ne'er shall we part till the day that I die.

Dorothy ance was a weel tocher'd lass,
Had charms like her nei'bours, and lovers anew,
But she spited them sae, wi' her pride and her sauce,
They left her for thirty lang summers to rue.
Then aye she sang waes me, aye she sang waes me,
O I'll turn crazy, O I'll turn crazy,
Naething in a' the wide world can ease me,
De'il take the wooers—O what shall I do.

Dorothy, dozen'd wi' living her lane,
  Pu'd at her rock, wi' the tear in her e'e,
She thought on the braw merry days that were gane,
  And caft a wee coggie for company.
Now aye she sings weels me, aye she sings weels me,
Coggie, thou heals me, coggie, thou heals me,
Aye my best friend, when there's ony thing ails me,
Ne'er shall we part, 'till the day that I die.

GREEN INISMORE.

Air—The Leitrim County.

How light is my heart as I journey along,
  Now my perilous service is o'er;
I think on sweet home, and I carol a song,
  In remembrance of her I adore:
How sad was the hour when I bade her adieu!
Her tears spoke her grief, tho' her words were but few,
She hung on my bosom, and sigh'd, O be true,
  When you're far from the green Inismore!

Ah! Eveleen, my love! hadst thou seen this fond breast,
  How, at parting, it bled to its core,
Thou hadst there seen thine image so deeply imprest,
  That thou ne'er couldst have doubted me more.
For my king and my country undaunted I fought,
And brav'd all the hardships of war as I ought,
But the day never rose saw thee strange to my thought,
  Since I left thee in green Inismore.

e dear native mountains that tow'r on my view,
What joys to my mind ye restore !
he past happy scenes of my life ye renew,
And ye ne'er seem'd so charming before.
n the rapture of fancy already I spy
Ly kindred and friends crouding round me with joy,
ut my Eveleen, sweet girl, there's a far dearer tie,
Binds this heart to the green Inismore.

THE WORN SOLDIER.

The Queensferry boatie rows light,
And light is the heart that it bears,
For it brings the poor soldier safe back to his home,
From many long toilsome years.

How sweet are his green native hills,
As they smile to the beams of the west,
But sweeter by far is the sunshine of hope,
That gladdens the soldier's breast.

I can well mark the tears of his joy,
As the wave-beaten pier he ascends,
For already, in fancy, he enters his home,
'Midst the greetings of tender friends.

But fled are his visions of bliss,
All his transports but rose to deceive,
He found the dear cottage a tenantless waste,
And his kindred all sunk in the grave.

end a sigh to the soldier's grief,
For now he is helpless and poor,
And, forc'd to solicit a slender relief,
He wanders from door to door.

To him let your answers be mild,
And, O! to the suff'rer be kind!
For the look of indiff'rence, the frown of disdain,
Bear hard on a generous mind.

FROM THE RUDE BUSTLING CAMP.

Air—My Laddie is gane.

From the rude bustling camp, to the calm rural plain,
I'm come, my dear Jeanie, to bless thee again;
Still burning for honour our warriors may roam,
But the laurel I wish'd for I've won it at home:
All the glories of conquest no joy could impart,
When far from the kind little girl of my heart,
Now, safely return'd, I will leave thee no more,
But love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

The sweets of retirement how pleasing to me!
Possessing all worth, my dear Jeanie, in thee!
Our flocks early bleating will wake us to joy,
And our raptures exceed the warm tints in the sky;
In sweet rural pastimes our days still will glide,
Till Time, looking back, will admire at his speed,
Still blooming in virtue, tho' youth then be o'er,
I'll love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

The cold wind blows
O'er the drifted snows,
Loud howls the rain-lash'd naked wood,
Weary I stray,
On my lonesome way,
And my heart is faint with want of food.
Pity a wretch left all forlorn,
On life's wide wintry waste to mourn;
The gloom of night fast veils the sky,
And pleads for your humanity.

On valour's bed
My Henry died,
In the cheerless desert is his tomb:
Now lost to joy
With my little boy,
In woe and want I wander home.

O never, never will you miss
The boon bestow'd on deep distress,
For dear to Heav'n is the glist'ning eye,
That beams benign humanity.

THE WANDERING BARD.

CHILL the wintry winds were blowing,
Foul the murky night was snowing,
Through the storm the Minstrel, bowing,
  Sought the Inn on yonder moor.
All within was warm and cheary,
All without was cold and dreary,
There the wand'rer, old and weary,
  Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,
Suiting to his tale of pity;
But the master, scoffing witty,
  Check'd his strain with scornful jeer.
" Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,
" Canst thou guide thy gains of summer?—
" No, thou old intruding thrummer,
  " Thou canst have no lodging here."

Slow the Bard departed, sighing;
Wounded Worth forbade replying;
One last feeble effort trying,
  Faint he sunk no more to rise.
Thro' his harp, the breeze sharp ringing,
Wild his dying dirge was singing,
While his soul, from insult springing,
  Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, tho' wintry winds be blowing,
Night be foul, with raining, snowing,
Still the trav'ller, that way going,
  Shuns the Inn upon the moor.
Tho' within 'tis warm and cheary,
Tho' without 'tis cold and dreary,
Still he minds the Minstrel weary,
  Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

THE DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O.

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi' my Father, O,
Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! waes me! wi' their sodgering sae gaudy, O
The Laird's wys'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae cloudy, O,
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear Highland laddie, O.

The blae-berry banks now are lonesome and dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland laddie, O.

Farweeel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and scroggie, O,
Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie, O,
I will lea' you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

POOR TOM, FARE THEE WELL.

'MONGST life's many cares, there is none so provoking,
As when a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold;
Poor Tom, once so high on the list of deserving,
By captain and crew, none so dearly were priz'd,
At home now laid up, worn with many years serving,
Poor Tom takes his sup, and poor Tom is despis'd.

Yet, Care thrown a-lee, see old Tom in his glory,
Plac'd snug with a shipmate, whose life once he sav'd,
Recounting the feats of some bold naval story,
The battles they fought, and the storms they had brav'd.
In his country's defence he has dar'd ev'ry danger,
His valorous deeds he might boast undisguis'd,
Yet home-hearted landsmen hold Tom as a stranger,
Poor Tom loves his sup, and poor Tom is despis'd.

Myself too am old, rather rusted for duty,
  Yet still I'll prefer the wide ocean to roam,
I'd join some bold corsair, and live upon booty,
  Before I'd be gib'd by these sucklings at home.
Poor Tom, fare thee well! for, by heav'n, 'tis provoking,
  When thus a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
  Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold.

DESPAIRING MARY.

MARY, why thus waste thy youth-time in sorrow?
See a' around you the flow'rs sweetly blaw;
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Jura,
Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw.
"How can this heart ever mair think of pleasure,
Summer may smile, but delight I ha'e nane;
Cauld in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
Nature seems dead since my Jamie is gane.

"This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear to me was the gift for his sake!
I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,
Hope died with Jamie, and left it to break.
Sighing for him, I lie down in the e'ening,
Sighing for him, I awake in the morn;
Spent are my days a' in secret repining,
Peace to this bosom can never return.

" Oft have we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
Telling our loves 'neath the moon's silent beam,
Sweet were our meetings of tender endearment,
But fled are these joys like a fleet-passing dream.
Cruel Remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me,
Brooding o'er joys that for ever are flown!
Cruel Remembrance, in pity forsake me,
Flee to some bosom where grief is unknown!"

FRAGMENT

OF A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Air—Fingal's Lamentation.

"WILD drives the bitter northern blast,
Fierce whirling wide the crispy snaw,
Young lassie, turn your wand'ring steps,
For e'ening's gloom begins to fa':
I'll take you to my father's ha',
And shield you from the wintry air,
For, wand'ring thro' the drifting snaw,
I fear ye'll sink to rise nae mair."

"Ah! gentle lady, airt my way
Across this langsome, lonely moor,
For he wha's dearest to my heart,
Now waits me on the western shore.
With morn he spreads his outward sail,
This night I vow'd to meet him there,
To take ae secret fond fareweel,
We maybe part to meet nae mair."

"Dear lassie, turn—'twill be your dead!
The dreary waste lies far and wide;
Abide till morn, and then ye'll ha'e
My father's herd-boy for your guide."
"No, Lady,—no! I maun na' turn,
Impatient Love now chides my stay,
Yon rising moon, with kindly beam,
Will light me on my weary way."

* * * * * * * *

Ah! Donald, wherefore bounds thy heart!
Why beams with joy thy wishful e'e?
Yon's but thy true love's fleeting form,
Thy true love mair thou'lt never see.
Deep in the hollow glen she lies,
Amang the snaw, beneath the tree,
She soundly sleeps in death's cauld arms,
Victim to her love for thee.

WINTER, WI' HIS CLOUDY BROW.

Air—Forneth House.

Now Winter, wi' his cloudy brow,
  Is far ayont yon mountains,
And Spring beholds her azure sky
  Reflected in the fountains.
Now, on the budding slaethorn bank,
  She spreads her early blossom,
And wooes the mirly-breasted birds
  To nestle in her bosom.
But lately a' was clad wi' snaw,
  Sae darksome, dull, and dreary,
Now lavrock's sing, to hail the Spring,
  And Nature all is cheary.

Then let us leave the town, my love,
  And seek our country dwelling,
Where waving woods, and spreading flow'rs,
  On ev'ry side are smiling.

We'll tread again the daisied green,
  Where first your beauty mov'd me;
We'll trace again the woodland scene,
  Where first ye own'd ye lov'd me.
We soon will view the roses blaw
  In a' the charms of fancy,
For doubly dear these pleasures a',
  When shar'd with thee, my Nancy.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

GLOOMY winter's now awa',
Saft the westling breezes blaw,
'Mang the birks of Stanley shaw
  The mavis sings fu' cheary O;
Sweet the crawflow'r's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
  My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blythely spend the gowden day,
  'Midst joys that never weary O.

Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snawwhite clouds,
Siller saughs, with downy buds,
  Adorn the banks sae briery O;

Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathr'y breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
  And ilka thing is cheary O;
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna' bring,
  Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

WHILE THE GRAY-PINION'D LARK.

WHILE the gray-pinion'd lark early mounts to the skies,
And chearily hails the sweet dawn,
And the sun, newly ris'n, sheds the mist from his eyes,
And smiles over mountain and lawn,
Delighted I stray by the fairy-wood side,
Where the dew-drops the crowflow'rs adorn,
And Nature, array'd in her midsummer's pride,
Sweetly smiles to the smile of the morn.

Ye dark waving plantings, ye green shady bow'rs,
Your charms ever varying I view,
My soul's dearest transports, my happiest hours,
Have ow'd half their pleasures to you.
Sweet Ferguslie, hail! thou'rt the dear sacred grove,
Where first my young Muse spread her wing,
Here Nature first wak'd me to rapture and love,
And taught me her beauties to sing.

MINE AIN DEAR SOMEBODY.

Air—Were I obliged to beg.

When Gloaming treads the heels of Day,
And birds sit couring on the spray,
Alang the flow'ry hedge I stray
To meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
The clover bloom, the dewy green,
A' charm me, as I rove at e'en,
To meet mine ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
Let mad Ambition tow'r for fame,
I'm happier in my lowly hame,
Obscurely blest with somebody.

THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn,
  The dews begin to fa',
The partricks down the rushy holm,
  Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
  Rings thro' the briery shaw,
While flitting, gay, the swallows play
  Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky,
  The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
  To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
  Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
  Gaes jinking thro' the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
  The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle, and the birk,
  Spread fragrance thro' the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
  Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
  Are dearer far to me.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE.

Air—Let us taste the sparkling wine.

WHY unite to banish care?
Let him come our joys to share;
Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
When it soothes a brother's woe,
'Twas for this the Pow'rs divine
Crown'd our board with generous wine.

Far be hence the sordid elf
Who'd claim enjoyment for himself;
Come, the hardy seaman, lame,
The gallant soldier, robb'd of fame,
Welcome all who bear the woes
Of various kind that Merit knows.

WHEN JOHN AND ME WERE MARRIED.

Air—Clean Pease-strae.

When John and me were married,
Our hading was but sma',
For my minnie, canker't carling,
Wou'd gi'e us nocht ava';
I wair't my fee wi' canny care,
As far as it wou'd gae,
But weel I wat our bridal bed
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' working late and early,
We're come to what you see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eydent aye were we.
The lowe of love made labour light,
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
When kind ye cuddle down, at e'en,
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
  As weel's in birken shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
  As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,
  Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed
  Of clean pease-strae.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET.

Air—The auld wife o' the glen.

Ye'll a' ha'e heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
Ye'll a' hae heard tell o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas no for itsel', 'twas the head that was in it,
Gar'd a' bodies talk o' Rab Roryson's bonnet.

This bonnet, that theekit his wonderfu' head,
Was his shelter in winter, in summer his shade,
And, at kirk or at market, or bridals, I ween,
A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi' a round rosy tap, like a meikle blackboyd,
It was slouch'd just a kening on either hand side,
Some maintain'd it was black, some maintain'd it was blue.
It had something o' baith as a body may trew.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ought that I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava,
Tho' the haill parish talk'd o' Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas a' for the marvellous head that was in it.

That head—let it rest—it is now in the mools,
Tho' in life a' the warld beside it were fools,
Yet o' what kind o' wisdom his head was possest,
Nane e'er kent but himsel', sae there's nane that will miss't.

BARROCHAN JEAN.

Air—Johnnie M'Gill.

'Tis hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean?
And hinna ye heard, man, o' Barrochan Jean!
How death and starvation came o'er the haill nation,
She wrought sic mischief wi' her twa pawky een;
The lads and the lasses were dying in dizzens,
The taen kill'd wi' love, and the tither wi' spleen,
The ploughing, the sawing, the shearing, the mawing,
A' wark was forgotten for Barrochan Jean!

Frae the south and the north, o'er the Tweed and the Forth,
Sic coming and ganging there never was seen,
The comers were cheery, the gangers were blearie,
Despairing, or hoping for Barrochan Jean.
The carlins at hame were a' girning and graning,
The bairns were a' greeting frae morning till e'en,
They gat naething for crowdy, but runts boil'd to sowdie,
For naething gat growing for Barrochan Jean.

The doctors declar'd it was past their descriving,
  The ministers said 'twas a judgement for sin,
But they looket sae blae, and their hearts were sae wae,
  I was sure they were dying for Barrochan Jean.
The burns on road-sides were a' dry wi' their drinking,
  Yet a' wadna sloken the drouth i' their skin;
A' around the peat-stacks, and alangst the dyke backs,
  E'en the winds were a' sighing, sweet Barrochan Jean.

The timmer ran done wi' the making o' coffins,
  Kirkyards o' their sward were a' howkit fu' clean,
Dead lovers were packit like herring in barrels,
  Sic thousands were dying for Barrochan Jean.
But mony braw thanks to the Laird o' Glen-Brodie,
  The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie and green,
He sta' the proud heart of our wanton young lady,
  And spoil'd a' the charms o' her twa pawky een.

AH! SHEELAH, THOU'RT MY DARLING.

Air—Nancy Verny.

Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
The golden image of my heart,
How cheerless seems this morning,
It brings the hour when we must part;
Tho' doom'd to cross the ocean,
And face the proud insulting foe,
Thou hast my soul's devotion,
My heart is thine where'er I go;
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go.

When toss'd upon the billow,
And angry tempests round me blow,
Let not the gloomy willow
O'ershade thy lovely lily brow:

But mind the seaman's story,
  Sweet William and his charming Sue,
I'll soon return with glory,
  And like sweet William wed thee too;
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
  My heart is thine where'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure,
  While wand'ring by the Shannon side,
When summer days gave leisure
  To stray amidst their flow'ry pride;
And while thy faithful lover
  Is far upon the stormy main,
Think, when the wars are over,
  These golden days shall come again;
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
  These golden days shall come again.

Farewel, ye lofty mountains,
  Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove;
Ye woody glens and fountains,
  The dear retreats of mutual love.

Alas! we now must sever—
  O! Sheelah, to thy vows be true!
My heart is thine for ever—
  One fond embrace, and then adieu;
Ah! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
  One fond embrace, and then adieu.

ONE NIGHT IN MY YOUTH.

Air—The lass that wears green.

ONE night in my youth as I rov'd with my merry pipe,
List'ning the echoes that rang to the tune,
I met with Kitty More, with her two lips so cherry-ripe,
Phelim, says she, give us Elleen Aroon.
Dear Kitty, says I, thou'rt so charmingly free!
Now, if thou wilt deign thy sweet voice to the measure,
'Twill make all the echoes run giddy with pleasure,
For none in fair Erin can sing it like thee.

My chanter I plied, with my heart beating gaily,
I pip'd up the strain, while so sweetly she sung,
The soft melting melody fill'd all the valley,
The green woods around us in harmony rung.
Methought that she verily charm'd up the moon!
Now, still as I wander in village or city,
When good people call for some favourite ditty,
I give them sweet Kitty, and Elleen Aroon.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

The harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
Their hearts lin'd with love, and their pockets with money,
From morning to night 'tis, "My Jewel, my honey,"
"Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear!"

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet botheration,
And swears there is only one flow'r in the nation,
"Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation,
"Och, go to the North with me, Molly, my dear!

"The Sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the ocean,
"the Moon to thy charms veils her face in devotion,
"And I, my poor self, och! so rich is my notion,
"Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my dear."

Tho' Thady can match all the lads with his blarney,
And sings me love songs of the Lakes of Killarney,
In worth from my Dermot he's twenty miles journey,
My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear.

YE FRIENDLY STARS THAT RULE THE NIGHT.

Air—Gamby Ora.

Ye friendly stars that rule the night,
And hail my glad returning,
Ye never shone so sweetly bright,
Since gay St. Patrick's morning.
My life hung heavy on my mind
Despair sat brooding o'er me;
Now all my cares are full behind,
And joy is full before me.

CHORUS.

Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
How my heart approves me!
Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
Cathlien owns she loves me!

Were all the flow'ry pastures mine,
That deck fair Limerick County,
That wealth, dear Cathlien, should be thine,
And all should share our bounty.

But Fortune's gifts I value not,
  Nor Grandeur's highest station,
I would not change my happy lot
  For all the Irish nation.

CHORUS.

Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
  How my heart approves me,
Gamby Ora, Gamby Ora,
  Cathlien owns she loves me!

PEGGY O'RAFFERTY.

Air—Paddy O'Rafferty.

O COULD I fly like the green-coated fairy,
I'd skip o'er the ocean to dear Tipperary,
Where all the young fellows are blythsome and merry,
While here I lament my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty;
How could I bear in my bosom to leave her
In absence I think her more lovely than ever,
With thoughts of her beauty I'm all in a fever,
Since others may woo my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Scotland, thy lasses are modest and bonny,
But here ev'ry Jenny has got her own Johnny,
And tho' I might call them my jewel and honey,
My heart is at home with sweet Peggy O'Rafferty;
Wistful I think on my dear native mountains,
Their green shady glens, and their crystalline fountains,
And ceaseless I heave the deep sigh of repentance,
That ever I left my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Fortune, 'twas thine all the light foolish notion,
That led me to rove o'er the wide-rolling ocean,
But what now to me all thy hopes of promotion,
Since I am so far from sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
Grant me as many thirteens as will carry me
Down thro' the country, and over the ferry,
I'll hie me straight home into dear Tipperary,
And never more leave my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

THE IRISH FARMER.

Air—Sir John Scott's favourite.

DEAR Judy, when first we got married,
Our fortune indeed was but small,
For save the light hearts that we carried,
Our riches were nothing at all.
I sung while I rear'd up the Cabin,
Ye pow'rs, give me vigour and health!
And a truce to all sighing and sobbing,
For love is Pat Mulligan's wealth.

Thro' summer and winter so dreary,
I cheerily toil'd on the farm,
Nor ever once dream'd growing weary,
For love gave my labour its charm.
And now, tho' 'tis weak to be vaunty,
Yet here let us gratefully own,
We live amidst pleasure and plenty,
As happy's the King on the throne.

We've Murdoch, and Patrick, and Conner,
As fine little lads as you'll see,
And Kitty, sweet girl, 'pon my honour,
She's just the dear picture of thee.
Tho' some folks may still under-rate us,
Ah! why should we mind them a fig,
We've a large swinging field of potatoes,
A good Driminduath * and a Pig

* Driminduath is a general name in Ireland for the Cow.

DEAR JUDY.

DEAR Judy, I've taken a thinking,
The children their letters must learn,
And we'll send for old father O'Jenking
To teach them three months in the barn.
For learning's the way to promotion,
'Tis culture brings fruit from the sod,
And books give a fellow a notion
How matters are doing abroad

Tho' father neglected my reading,
Kind soul! sure his spirit's in rest,
For the very first part of his breeding,
Was still to relieve the distrest;
And late, when the trav'ller benighted,
Besought Hospitality's claim,
We lodg'd him 'till morning delighted,
Because 'twas a lesson to them.

The man that wont feel for another,
Is just like a colt on the moor,
He lives without knowing a brother
To frighten bad luck from his door.
But he that's kind-hearted and steady,
Tho' wintry misfortune should come,
He'll still find some friend who is ready,
To scare the old witch from his home.

Success to old Ireland for ever!
'Tis just the dear land to my mind,
Her lads are warm-hearted and clever,
Her girls are all handsome and kind;
And he that her name would bespatter,
By wishing the French safely o'er,
May the de'il blow him over the water,
And make him cod[illegible]gs for the core.

ADIEU, YE CHEARFUL NATIVE PLAINS.

Air—The green woods of Treugh.

ADIEU! ye chearful native plains,
Dungeon glooms receive me,
Nought, alas! for me remains,
Of all the joys ye gave me,
All are flown!
Banish'd from thy shores, sweet Erin,
I, thro' life, must toil, despairing,
Lost, and unknown.

Howl, ye winds, around my cell,
Nothing now can wound me,
Mingling with your dreary swell,
Prison groans surround me.
Bodings wild—
Treachery, thy ruthles doing,
Long I'll mourn in hopeless ruin,
Lost and exil'd.

THE HIGHLANDER'S INVITATION.

Air—Will you come to the bow'r.

WILL you come to the board I've prepared for you?
Your drink shall be good, of the true Highland blue,
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come to the board?
There each shall be great as her own native lord.

There'll be plenty of pipes and a glorious supply
Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut-an-dry,
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, come then at e'en?
There be some for the stranger, but more for the frien'.

There we'll drink foggy Care to his gloomy abodes,
And we'll smoke till we sit in the clouds like the gods;
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, wont you do so?
'Tis the way that our forefathers did long ago.

And we'll drink to the Cameron, we'll drink to Lochiel,
And, for Charley, we'll drink all the French to the de'il.
Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, drink there until
There be heads lie like peats if hersel' had her will!

There be groats on the land, there be fish in the sea,
And there's fouth in the coggie for Friendship and me,
Come then, Donald, come then, Callum, come then to-night,
Sure the Highlander be first in the fuddle and the fight.

THE DIRGE OF CAROLAN.

Air—Ballimony.

Ye maids of green Erin, why sigh ye so sad?
The summer is smiling, "all nature is glad."
"The summer may smile, and the shamrock may bloom,
But the pride of green Erin lies cold in the tomb,
And his merits demand all the tears that we shed,
Though they ne'er can awaken the slumbering dead,
Yet still they shall flow—for dear Carolan we mourn,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.

Ye Bards of our isle, join our grief with your songs,
For the deepest regret to his mem'ry belongs;
In our cabins and fields, on our mountains and plains,
How oft have we sung to his sweet melting strains!
Ah! these strains shall survive, long as time they shall last,
Yet they now but remind us of joys that are past,
And our days, crown'd with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.

"Yes, thou pride of green Erin, thy honours thou'lt have,
Seven days, seven nights, we shall weep round thy grave!
And thy Harp, that so oft to our ditties has rung,
To the lorn-sighing breeze o'er thy grave shall be hung!
And the song shall ascend, thy bright worth to proclaim,
That thy shade may rejoice in the voice of thy fame.
But our days, crown'd with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in thine urn."

Note, from "the wild Irish Girl," by Miss Owenson.

Carolan is the most celebrated of all the modern Irish Bards, he was born in the village of Nobber, county of Westmeath, 1670, and died in 1739. He never regretted the loss of his sight, but used gaily to say, "My eyes are only transported into my ears." It has been said of his music, by O'Conner, the celebrated Historian, who knew him intimately, that so happy, so elevated was he in some of his compositions, he attained the approbation of that great Master, Geminiani, who never saw him. His execution too, on the harp, was rapid and impressive, far beyond that of all the professional competitors of the age in which he lived. The charms of women, the pleasures of conviviality, and the power of poetry and music, were at once his theme and inspiration; and his life was an illustration of his theory; for, until his last ardour was chilled by death, he loved, drank, and sung. While in the fervour of composition, he was constantly heard to pass sentence on his own effusions, as they arose on his harp, or breathed from his lips: blaming and praising, with equal vehemence, the unsuccessful effort and felicitous attempt. He was the welcome guest of every house, from the peasant to the prince, but, in the true wandering spirit of his profession, he never stayed to exhaust that welcome. He lived and died poor.

O ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE.

Air—Sleepy Maggie.

CHORUS.

O ARE ye sleeping, Maggie,
O are ye sleeping, Maggie,
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie.

Mirk and rainy is the night,
No a starn in a' the carry,
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,
And winds drive wi' winter's fury.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,
Loud the iron yate does clank,
And cry of howlets makes me eerie.
O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

Aboon my breath I darna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise, my bonny lady!
O are ye sleeping, Maggie, &c.

She opt the door, she let him in,
He cuist aside his dreeping plaidie;
"Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
"Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

CHORUS.

Now since ye're waking, Maggie,
Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie!

O ROW THEE IN MY HIGHLAND PLAID.

LOWLAND lassie, wilt thou go
Where the hills are clad with snow,
Where, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill nor wae shall thee betide,
When row'd within my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheary Spring
Will gar a' our plantings ring;
Soon our bonny heather braes
Will put on their summer claes;
On the mountain's sunny side,
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the summer spreads the flow'rs,
Busks the glens in leafy bow'rs,
Then we'll seek the calor shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,
I will launch the bonny boat,
Skim the loch in canty glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine;
Lowland lads hae mair of art,
A' my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride,
O row thee in my Highland plaid!

"Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,
"My heart would break at our fareweel,
"Lang your love has made me fain,
"Take me—take me for your ain!"
Cross the Firth, away they glide,
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

MY MARY.

Air—Invercauld's Reel.

My Mary is a bonny lassie,
Sweet as dewy morn,
When Fancy tunes her rural reed,
Beside the upland thorn.
She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Where flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
Where spreading birks and hazels throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

'Tis no the streamlet skirted wood,
Wi' a' its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wait in solitude
Among the wild sprung flow'rs;
But aft I cast a langing e'e,
Down frae the bank out-owre the lea,
There haply I my lass may see,
As through the broom she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonny lassie
  Coming frae the town,
We raptur'd sunk in ither's arms
  And prest the breckans down;
The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
The rye-craik rispt his clam'rous throat,
While there the heav'nly vow I got,
  That erl'd her my own.

RESPONSIVE, YE WOODS.

Air—My time, O ye Muses.

RESPONSIVE, ye woods, wing your echoes along,
Till Nature, all sad, weeping, listen my song,
Till flocks cease their bleating, and herds cease to low,
And the clear winding rivulet scarce seems to flow.
For fair was the flower that once gladden'd our plains,
Sweet rose-bud of virtue, ador'd by our swains;
But Fate, like a blast from the chill wintry wave,
Has laid my sweet flower in yon cold silent grave.

Her warm feeling breast did with sympathy glow,
In innocence pure as the new mountain snow;
Her face was more fair than the mild apple bloom;
Her voice sweet as Hope whisp'ring pleasures to come.
O Mary, my love! wilt thou never return!
'Tis thy William who calls—burst the bands of thy urn!
Together we'll wander—poor wretch, how I rave!
My Mary lies low in the lone silent grave.

n tall leafy planes throw a deep solemn shade
er the dear holy spot where my Mary is laid,
st the light wanton sunbeams obtrude on the gloom
at lorn-love and friendship have wove round her tomb.
ll there let the mild tears of nature remain,
l calm dewy Ev'ning weep o'er her again;
ere oft I will wander—no boon now I crave,
t to weep life away o'er her dark silent grave.

THE DEFEAT.

From hill to hill the bugles sound
  The soul-arousing strain,
The war-bred coursers paw the ground,
  And, foaming, champ the rein.
Their steel-clad riders bound on high,
  A bold defensive host,
With valour fir'd, away they fly,
  Like light'ning, to the coast.

And now they view the wide-spread lines
  Of the invading foe,
Now skill with British brav'ry joins,
  To strike one final blow.
Now on they rush with giant stroke—
  Ten thousand victims bleed—
They trample on the iron yoke
  Which France for us decreed.

Now view the trembling vanquish'd crew
  Kneel o'er their prostrate arms,
Implore respite of vengeance due
  For all these dire alarms.
Now, while Humanity's warm glow,
  Half weeps the guilty slain,
Let Conquest gladden ev'ry brow,
  And god-like Mercy reign.

Thus Fancy paints that awful day—
  Yes, dreadful, should it come!
But Britain's sons, in stern array,
  Shall brave its darkest gloom.
Who fights, his native rights to save,
  His worth shall have its claim,
The Bard will consecrate his grave,
  And give his name to fame.

THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Air—Maids of Arrochar.

THOU dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou can'st never give pleasure again,
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,
And thy streams are deep-ting'd with the blood of the slain.
Ah! base-hearted Treach'ry has doom'd our undoing,
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Ev'n Valour looks pale o'er the red field of Ruin,
And Freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder—
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

MY HEART IS SAIR WI' HEAVY CARE.

Air—The rosy briar.

My heart is sair with heavy care,
To think on Friendship's fickle smile,
It blinks a wee, with kindly e'e,
When world's thrift runs weel the while.
But, let Misfortune's tempests low'r,
It soon turns cold, it soon turns sour,
It looks sae high and scornfully,
It winna ken a poor man's door.

I ance had siller in my purse,
I dealt it out right frank and free,
And hop'd, should Fortune change her course,
That they would do the same for me.
But, weak in wit, I little thought
That Friendship's smiles were sold and bought,
'Till since I saw, like April snaw,
They wan'd awa' when I had nonght.

It's no to see my thread-bare coat,
  It's no to see my coggie toom,
It's no to wair my hindmost groat,
  That gars me fret, and gars me gloom.
But 'tis to see the scornful pride
That honest Poortith aft maun bide
  Frae selfish slaves, and sordid knaves,
Wha strut with Fortune on their side.

But let it gang, what de'il care I!
  With eident thrift I'll toil for mair,
I'll half my mite with Misery,
  But fient a ane of them shall share.
With soul unbent, I'll stand the stour,
And while they're flutt'ring past my door,
  I'll sing with glee, and let them see
An honest heart can ne'er be poor.

THOUGH HUMBLE MY LOT.

Air—Her sheep had in clusters.

WHERE primroses spring on the green tufted brae,
And the riv'let runs murm'ring below,
O! Fortune, at morning, or noon, let me stray,
And thy wealth on thy vot'ries bestow!
For, O! how enraptur'd my bosom does glow!
As calmly I wander alone,
Where wild woods, and bushes, and primroses grow,
And a streamlet enlivens the scene.

Tho' humble my lot, not ignoble's my state,
Let me still be contented, tho' poor;
What Destiny brings, be resigned to my fate,
Tho' Misfortune should knock at my door.
I care not for honour, preferment, nor wealth,
Nor the titles that Affluence yields,
While blythely I roam, in the hey-day of health,
'Midst the charms of my dear native fields.

YE DEAR ROMANTIC SHADES.

Air—Mrs. Hamilton of Wishaw's Strathspey.

FAR from the giddy court of Mirth,
Where sick'ning follies reign,
By Levern banks I wander forth
To hail each sylvan scene.
All hail, ye dear romantic shades!
Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades!
Here oft the musing poet treads
In Nature's riches great,
Contrasts the country with the town,
Makes nature's beauties all his own,
And, borne on Fancy's wings, looks down
On empty Pride and State.

By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
Or sober Evening gray,
I'll often quit the dinsome town,
By Levern banks to stray;

Or from the upland's mossy brow,
Enjoy the fancy-pleasing view
Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
  A sweetly varied scene!
Give riches to the miser's care,
Let Folly shine in Fashion's glare,
Give me the wealth of Peace and Health,
  With all their happy train.

BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

CHORUS.

THOU bonny wood of Craigie lea,
Thou bonny wood of Craigie lea,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
Bloom bonny o'er thy flow'ry lea,
And a' the sweets that ane can wish
Frae nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantings shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously,
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa', ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
Then, O in pity let them be!
Thou bonny wood, &c.

When Winter blaws in sleety show'rs,
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Tho' fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind,
That I in youth hae spent in thee.
Thou bonny wood, &c.

BONNY WINSOME MARY.

Written to a Gaelic air.

Fortune, frowning most severe,
Forc'd me from my native dwelling,
Parting with my friends so dear,
Cost me many a bitter tear:
But, like the clouds of early day,
Soon my sorrows fled away,
When blooming sweet, and smiling gay,
I met my winsome Mary.

Wha can sit with gloomy brow,
Blest with sic a charming lassie?
Native scenes, I think on you,
Yet the change I canna' rue;
Wand'ring many a weary mile,
Fortune seem'd to low'r the while,
But now she's gi'en me, for the toil,
My bonny winsome Mary..

Tho' our riches are but few,
Faithful love is aye a treasure—
Ever cheery, kind and true,
Nane but her I e'er can loe;
Hear me, a' ye Pow'rs above!
Pow'rs of sacred truth and love!
While I live I'll constant prove
To my dear winsome Mary.

THE FAREWELL.

Air—Lord Gregory.

Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee,
For I was true, would still been so,
Had'st thou been true to me.
But when I knew thy plighted lips
Once to a rival's prest,
Love-smother'd independence rose,
And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flow'r in Nature's field
Conceals the rankling thorn;
So thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair,
This once kind heart hath torn.
'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs
That slighted love can feel;
'Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
Which bids this long farewell.

WI' WAEFU' HEART.

Air—Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.

WITH waefu' heart, and sorrowing e'e,
I saw my Jamie sail awa',
O 'twas a fatal day to me,
That day he pass'd the Berwick Law.
How joyless now seem'd all behind!
I ling'ring stray'd along the shore;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind
That I might never see him more.

The night came on with heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild, the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main—
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drowning cries,
The wreck was seen with dawning day;
My love was found, and now he lies
Low in the isle of gloomy May.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
'Twill ease my burthen'd heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb;
With sweetest flow'rs I'll deck his grave,
And tend them thro' the langsome year;
I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,
With deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

HARK! 'tis the poor maniac's song;
She sits on yon wild craggy steep,
And while the winds mournfully whistle along,
She wistfully looks o'er the deep,
And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
To hush the rude billows asleep.

She looks to yon rock far at sea,
And thinks it her lover's white sail,
The warm tear of joy glads her wild glist'ning eye,
As she beckons his vessel to hail,
And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
And frets at the boisterous gale.

Poor Susan was gentle and fair,
Till the seas robb'd her heart of its joy,
Then her reason was lost in the gloom of despair,
And her charms then did wither and die;
And now her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
Oft wakes the lone passenger's sigh.

YE ECHOES THAT RING.

Ye echoes that ring round the woods of Bowgreen,
Say, did ye e'er listen sae melting a strain,
When lovely young Jessie gaed wand'ring unseen,
And sung of her laddie, the pride of the plain.
Aye she sung Willie, my bonny young Willie!
There's no a sweet flow'r on the mountain or valley,
Mild blue spritl'd crowflow'r, nor wild woodland lily,
But tynes a' its sweets in my bonny young swain.
Thou goddess of love, keep him constant to me,
Else, with'ring in sorrow, poor Jessie shall die!

Her laddie had stray'd thro' the dark leafy wood,
His thoughts were a' fix'd on his dear lassie's charms,
He heard her sweet voice, all transported he stood,
'Twas the soul of his wishes—he flew to her arms.
"No, my dear Jessie! my lovely young Jessie!
Thro' summer, thro' winter I'll daut and caress thee,
Thou'rt dearer than life! thou'rt my ae only lassie!
Then, banish thy bosom these needless alarms.
Yon red setting sun sooner changeful shall be,
Ere wav'ring in falsehood I wander frae thee."

WHEN ROSIE WAS FAITHFUL.

Written on reading "The Harper of Mull," a Highland story.

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I,
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by,
I play'd my harp cheary, while fondly I sang
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang.
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come summer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,
For the dark gloom of falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That chearless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane,
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.
Tho' Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
And the thought of her beauty but feeds my despair;
With painful remembrance my bosom is full,
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast.
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
Thou wak'd'st me to tortures unequall'd before;
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall lull,
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

THE NEGRO GIRL.

Yon poor Negro girl, an exotic plant,
Was torn from her dear native soil,
Reluctantly borne o'er the raging Atlant,
Then brought to Britannia's isle.
Tho' Fatima's mistress be loving and kind,
Poor Fatima still must deplore;
She thinks on her parents, left weeping behind,
And sighs for her dear native shore.

She thinks on her Zadi, the youth of her heart,
Who from childhood was loving and true,
How he cried on the beach, when the ship did depart!
'Twas a sad everlasting adieu.
The shell-woven gift which he bound round her arm,
The rude seaman unfeelingly tore,
Nor left one sad relic her sorrows to charm,
When far from her dear native shore.

And now, all dejected, she wanders apart,
  No friend, save retirement, she seeks,
The sigh of despondency bursts from her heart,
  And tears dew her thin sable cheeks.
Poor hard-fated girl, long, long she may mourn!
  Life's pleasures to her are all o'er,
Far fled ev'ry hope that she e'er shall return
  To revisit her dear native shore.

THE BACCHANALIANS.

Encircl'd in a cloud of smoke,
  Sat the convivial core;
Like light'ning flash'd the merry joke,
  The thund'ring laugh did roar.
Blythe Bacchus pierc'd his fav'rite hoard,
  The sparkling glasses shine:
"'Tis this," they cry, "come, sweep the board,
  Which makes us all divine."

Apollo tun'd the vocal shell,
  With song, with catch, and glee,
The sonorous hall the notes did swell,
  And echoed merrily.
Each sordid, selfish, little thought,
  For shame itself did drown,
And Social Love, with every draught,
  Approv'd them for her own.

" Come, fill another bumper up,
  " And drink in Bacchus' praise,
" Who sent the kind congenial cup,
  " Such heavenly joys to raise."
Great Jove, quite mad to see such fun,
  At Bacchus 'gan to curse,
And to remind they were but men,
  Sent down the fiend Remorse.

THE KEBBUCKSTON WEDDING.

Written to an ancient Highland air.

AULD Watty of Kebbuckston brae,
With lear and reading of books auld-farren,
What think ye! the body came owre the day,
And tauld us he's gaun to be married to Mirren.
We a' got a bidding,
To gang to the wedding,
Baith Johnnie and Sandy, and Nelly and Nanny;
And Tam of the Knowes,
He swears and he vows,
At the dancing he'll face to the bride with his graunie.

A' the lads hae trystet their joes,
Slee Willy came up and ca'd on Nelly:
Altho' she was hecht to Geordie Bowse,
She's gi'en him the gunk and she's gaun wi' Willy.
Wee collier Johnny
Has yocket his pony,
And's aff to the town for a lading of nappy,
Wi' fouth of good meat
To serve us to eat.
Sae with fuddling and feasting we'll a' be fu' happy.

Wee Patie Brydie's to say the grace,
The body's aye ready at dredgies and weddings,
And flunkey M'Fee, of the Skiverton place,
Is chosen to scuttle the pies and the puddings,
For there'll be plenty
Of ilka thing dainty,
Baith lang kail and haggis, and ev'ry thing fitting,
With luggies of beer,
Our wizzens to clear,
Sae the de'il fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the meeting.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun,
That his auld gutcher bore when he follow'd Prince Charley,
The barrel was rustet as black as the grun,
But he's ta'en't to the smiddy and's fettl'd it rarely.
With wallets of pouther,
His musket he'll shouther,
And ride at our head, to the bride's a' parading,
At ilka farm town
He'll fire them three roun',
Till the hale kintra ring with the Kebbuckston Wedding.

Jamie and Johnnie maun ride the brouse,
For few like them can sit in the saddle;
And Willy Cobreath, the best of bows,
Is trysted to jig in the barn with his fiddle.
With whisking and flisking,
And reeling and wheeling,
The young anes a' like to loup out of the body,
And Neilie M'Nairn,
Tho' sair forfairn,
He vows that he'll wallop twa sets with the howdie.

Sauney M'Nab, with his tartan trews,
Has hecht to come down in the midst of the caper,
And gi'e us three wallops of merry shantrews,
With the true Highland fling of Macrimmon the piper.
Sic hipping and skipping,
And springing and flinging,
I'se wad that there's nane in the Lallands can waff it!
Faith! Willie maun fiddle,
And jirgum and diddle,
And screed till the sweat fa' in beads frae his haffet.

Then gi'e me your hand, my trusty good frien',
And gi'e me your word, my worthy auld kimmer,
Ye'll baith come owre on Friday bedeen,
And join us in ranting and tooming the timmer.
With fouth of good liquor,
We'll haud at the bicker,
And lang may the mailing of Kebbuckston flourish,
For Watty's sae free,
Between you and me,
I'se warrant he's bidden the half of the parish.

I MARK'D A GEM OF PEARLY DEW.

I MARK'D a gem of pearly dew,
  While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender flow'r so low,
  It drop'd it off into the fountain.
So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
  Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till drooping sick beneath thy art,
  It sighing found it could not bear thee.

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
  Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
  That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
  Tho' in its core 'twas proud to wear thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art,
  No, cruel fair, it cannot bear thee.

THE BARD OF GLEN-ULLIN.

THO' my eyes are grown dim, and my locks are turn'd grey,
I feel not the storm of life's bleak wintry day,
For my cot is well thateh'd, and my barns are full stor'd,
And chearful Content still presides at my board.
Warm-hearted Benevolence stands at my door,
Dispensing her gifts to the wandering poor,
The glow of the heart does my bounty repay,
And lightens the cares of life's bleak wintry day.

From the summit of years I look down on the vale,
Where Age pines in sorrow, neglected and pale,
There the sunshine of Fortune scarce deign'd to bestow
One heart-chearing smile to the wand'rers below.
From the sad dreary prospect, this lesson I drew,
That those who are helpless, are friended by few,
So with vig'rous industry I smooth'd the rough way,
That leads thro' the vale of life's bleak wintry day.

Then, my son, let the Bard of Glen-Ullin advise,
For years can give counsel, experience makes wise,
'Midst thy wand'rings, let honour for aye be thy guide,
O'er thy actions let honesty ever preside.
Then, tho' hardships assail thee, in virtue thou'lt smile,
For light is the heart that's untainted with guile;
But, if Fortune attend thee, my counsels obey,
Prepare for the storms of life's bleak wintry day.

THE COGGIE.

Air—Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

When Poortith cauld, and sour Disdain,
Hang owre life's vale sae foggie,
The sun that brightens up the scene,
Is Friendship's kindly coggie.
Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
The friendly, social coggie!
It gars the wheels of life run light,
Tho' e'er sae doilt and cloggie.

Let Pride in Fortune's chariots fly,
Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
The source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social coggie.
Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
The independent coggie!
And never snool beneath the frown
Of ony selfish roguie.

Poor modest Worth, with chearless e'e,
  Sits hurkling in the boggie,
Till she asserts her dignity,
  By virtue of the coggie.
    Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
    The poor man's patron coggie!
    It warsels care, it fights life's faughts,
    And lifts him frae the boggie.

Gi'e feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
  Gi'e France her weel spic'd froggie,
Gi'e brother John his luncheon too,
  But gi'e to us our coggie.
    Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
    Our soul-warm kindred coggie!
    Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
    When just a wee thought groggie.

In days of yore our sturdy sires
  Upon their hills sae scroggie,
Glow'd with true Freedom's warmest fires,
  And fought to save their coggie.

Then, O revere the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers coggie!
It rous'd them up to doughty deeds,
O'er which we'll lang be vogie.

Then, here's may Scotland ne'er fa' down,
A cringing coward doggie,
But bauldly stand and bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her of her coggie.
Then, O protect the coggie, sirs!
Our good auld mother's coggie!
Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
By ony foreign roguie.

THE END.

J. NEILSON, PRINTER.

APPENDIX.

EPISTLE

TO J. B*RR,

Wherever he may be found. March 1804.

GUDE Pibrocharian, jorum-jirger,
Say, hae ye turn'd an Antib——r?
Or lang-fac'd Presbyt—n El—r,
Deep read in wiles o' gath'ring siller?
Or cauld splenetic solitair,
Resolv'd to herd wi' man nae mair?

As to the second, I've nae fear for't;
For siller, faith! ye ne'er did care for't,
Unless to help a needfu' body,
And get an antrin glass o' Toddy.
But what the black mischief's come owr you;
These three months I've been speiring for you,

Till e'en the muse, wi' downright grieving,
Has worn her chafts as thin's a shaving.
Say, hae ye ta'en a tramp to Lon'on,
In Co. wi' worthy auld B*ch*n*n *,
Wha mony a mile wad streek his shanks,
To hae a crack wi' Josie Banks,
Concerning "Shells, and birds, and metals,
Moths, spiders, butterflies, and beetles."
For you, I think ye'll cut a figure,
Wi' king o' Pipers, Malc. M'Gregor,
And wi' your clarion, flute, and fiddle,
Will gar their southron heart-strings diddle.

Or are ye through the kintra whisking,
Accoutr't wi' the sock and buskin,
Thinking to climb to wealth and fame,
By adding Roscius to your name?
Frae thoughts o' that, pray keep abeigh!
Ye're far owr auld, and far owr heigh;
Since in thir novel-hunting days,
There's nane but bairns can act our plays.

* A much respected Naturalist in the west country.

At twal-year auld, if ye had try'd it,
I doubtna' but ye might succeedet;
But full-grown boordly chields like you,
Quite monst'rous, man, 'twill never do!

Or are ye gane, as there are few sic,
For teaching o' a band o' music?
O, hear auld Scotland's fervent pray'rs!
And teach her genuine native airs;
Whilk simply play'd devoid o' art,
Thrill through the senses to the heart.

Play, when ye'd rouse the Patriot's saul,
True Valour's tune, "The garb of Gaul;"
And, when laid low in glory's bed,
Let, "Roslin castle," soothe his shade.

"The bonny bush aboon tranquair,"
Its every accent breathes despair;
And, "Ettrick Banks," celestial strain!
Mak's summer's gloaming mair serene

And, O how sweet the plaintive muse,
Amang "the broom o' Cowdenknowes!"

To hear the love-lorn swain complain,
Lone, on "The braes o' Balandine;"
It e'en might melt the dortiest she,
That ever sklinted scornfu' e'e.

When Beauty tries her vocal pow'rs
Amang the green wood's echoing bow'rs,
"The bonny birks of Invermay,"
Might mend a seraph's sweetest lay.

Then, should grim Care invest your castle,
Just knock him down wi' "Willie Wastle,"
And rant blythe "Lumps o' pudding owr him,"
And, for his dirge, sing "Tullochgorum."

When Orpheus charm'd his wife frae h-ll,
'Twas nae Scotch tune he play'd sae well;
Else had the worthy auld wire-scraper
Been keepet for his D-lship's piper.

Or if ye're turn'd a feather'd fop,
Light dancing upon fashion's top,
Wi' lofty brow and selfish e'e,
Despising low-clad dogs like me;
Uncaring your contempt or favour,
Sweet butterfly, adieu for ever!
But, hold—I'm wrong to doubt your sense;
For pride proceeds from ignorance.

If peace of mind lay in fine clothes,
I'd be the first of fluttering Beaux,
And strut as proud as ony peacock
That ever craw'd on tap o' hay-cock;
And ere I'd know one vexing thought,
Get dollar-buttons on my coat,
Wi' a' the lave o' fulsome trash on,
That constitutes a man o' fashion.
O' grant me this, kind Providence,
A moderate decent, competence;
Thou'lt see me smile in independence,
Above weak-saul'd, pride-born ascendence.

But whether ye're gane to teach the Whistle,
'Midst noise and rough reg'mental bustle;
Or gane to strut upon the stage,
Smit wi' the Mania o' the age;
Or Scotchman-like, hae tramp't abreed,
To yon big town far south the Tweed;
Or douring in the hermit's cell,
Unblessing and unblest yoursel'—
In gude's name write!—tak up your pen,
A' how ye're doing let me ken.
Sae, hoping quickly your epistle,
Adieu! thou genuine son of song and whistle.

POSTSCRIPT.

We had a concert here short syne,
L—d man! the Music was divine,
Baith plaintive sang, and merry glee,
In a' the soul of Harmony.
When Sm**h and St****t leave this earth,
The gods, in token o' their worth,

Will welcome them at heaven's portals,
The brightest, truest, best o' mortals;
Apollo proud, as weel he may,
Will walk on tip-toe a' that day:
While a' the Muses kindred claim,
Rememb'ring what they've done for them.

SECOND EPISTLE

To J. SC*DL**K, then at Perth. June 1804.

LET those who never felt its flame,
Say friendship is an empty name;
Such selfish, cauld Philosophy,
For ever I disclaim:

It soothes the soul with grief opprest,
Half-cures the care-distemper'd breast,
And in the jocund happy hour,
Gives joy a higher zest.

All nature sadden'd at our parting hour,
Winds plaintive howl'd, clouds, weeping, drop't a show'r;
Our fields look'd dead—as if they'd said,
"We ne'er shall see him more."

Tho' fate and fortune threw their darts,
Envying us your high deserts,
They well might tear you from our arms,
But never from our hearts.

When spring buds forth in vernal show'rs,
When summer comes array'd in flow'rs,
Or autumn kind, from Ceres' horn,
Her grateful bounty pours.

Or bearded winter curls his brow—
I'll often fondly think on you,
And on our happy days and nights,
With pleasing back-cast view.

If e'er in musing mood ye stray,
Alang the banks of classic Tay,
Think on our walks by Stanley Tow'r,
And Sage Gleniffer brae.

Think on our langsyne happy hours,
Spent where the burn wild-rapid pours,
And o'er the horrid dizzy steep,
Dashes her mountain-stores.

Think on our walks by sweet Greenlaw,
By woody hill, and birken shaw,
Where nature strews her choicest sweets,
To mak' the landscape braw.

And think on rural Fergushie,
Its plantings green, and flow'ry lee;
Such fairy scenes, tho' distant far,
May please the mental e'e.

Yon mentor, Georgie Zimmerman,
Agrees exactly with our plan,
That partial hours of Solitude
Exalt the soul of man.

lo, oft retir'd from strife and din,
et's shun the jarrying ways of men,
And seek serenity and peace
By stream and woody glen.

ut ere a few short summers gae,
our friend will mix his kindred clay,
For fell disease tugs at my breast,
To hurry me away.

et while life's bellows bears to blaw,
ill life's last lang-fetch'd breath I draw,
I'll often fondly think on you,
And mind your kindness a'.

low fare-ye-weel! Still may ye find
friend congenial to your mind,
To share your joys, and half your woes,
Warm, sympathizing, kind.

LINES,

Written on reading THOMAS CAMPBELL'S "Pleasures of Hope."

How seldom 'tis the Poet's happy lot,
T' inspire his readers with the fire he wrote:
To strike those chords that wake the latent thrill,
And wind the willing passions to his will:
Yes, Campbell, sure that happy lot is thine,
With fit expression, rich from Nature's mine,
Like old Timotheus, skilful plac'd on high,
To rouse revenge, or soothe to sympathy.
Blest Bard! who chose no paltry, local theme,
Kind Hope through wide creation is the same;
Yes, Afric's sons shall one day burst their chains,
Will read thy lines, and bless thee for thy pains;
Fame yet shall waft thy name to India's shore,
Where next to Brahma they thee will adore;
And Hist'ry's page, exulting in thy praise,
Will proudly hand thee down to future days—
Detraction foil'd, reluctant quits her grip,
And carping Envy silent bites her lip.

EPISTLE

TO W. TH*M**N. June 1805.

DEAR WILL, my much respected frien',
I send you this to let you ken,
That, tho' at distance fate hath set you,
Your friends in Paisley dont forget you;
But often think on you, far lone,
Amang the braes of Overton.

Our social club continues yet,
Perpetual source of mirth and wit;
Our rigid rules admit but few,
Yet still we'll keep a chair for you.

A country life I've oft envied,
Where love, and truth, and peace preside;
Without temptations to allure,
Your days glide on unstain'd and pure;

Nae midnight revels waste your health,
Nor greedy landlord drains your wealth,
Ye're never fash't wi' whisky fever,
Nor dizzy pow, nor dulness ever,
But breathe the halsome calor air,
Remote from aught that genders care.

I needna' tell how much I lang
To hear your rural Scottish sang;
To hear you sing your heath-clad braes,
Your jocund nights, and happy days;
And lilt wi' glee the blythsome morn,
When dew-draps pearl every thorn;
When larks pour forth the early sang,
And lintwhites chant the whins amang,
And pyots hap frae tree to tree,
Teaching their young anes how to flee,
While, frae the mavis to the wren,
A' warble sweet in bush or glen.

In town we scarce can find occasion,
To note the beauties o' creation,
But study mankind's diff'rent dealings,
Their virtues, vices, merits, failings.
Unpleasing task, compar'd wi' yours;
Ye range the hills 'mang mountain-flow'rs,
And view, afar, the smoky town,
More blest than all its riches were your own.

A lang epistle I might scribble,
But ablins ye will grudge the trouble
Of reading sic low hamert rhyme,
And sae it's best to quat in time,
Sae I, with soul sincere and fervent,
Am still your trustful friend and servant.

LINES,

Written with a Pencil in a Tap-Room.

THIS warl's a Tap-Room owre and owre,
  Whare ilk ane tak's his caper,
Some taste the sweet, some drink the sour,
  As Waiter Fate sees proper.
Let mankind live, ae social core,
  And drap a' selfish quar'lling,
And when the Landlord ca's his score,
  May ilk ane's clink be sterling.

A LESSON.

QUOTH gobbin Tom of Lancashire,
  To northern Jock, a lowland Drover,
" Those are foin kaise thai'rt driving there,
  " They've zure been fed on English clover."
" Foin kaise !" quoth Jock, " ye bleth'ring hash,
  " Deil draw your nose as lang's a sows !
" That tauk o' yours is queer-like trash,
  " Foin kaise ! poor gowk !–their names are KOOSE."
The very fault which I in others see,
Like kind, or worse, perhaps is seen in me.

WILL M'NEIL'S ELEGY.

" He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw."

KING JAMIE THE FIRST.

RESPONSIVE to the roaring floods,
Ye winds, howl plaintive through the woods,
Thou gloomy sky, pour down haill clouds,
His death to wail;
For bright as heaven's brightest studs,
Shin'd Will M'Neil.

He every selfish thought did scorn,
His warm heart in his looks did burn,
Ilk body own'd his kindly turn,
And gait sae leel;
A kinder saul was never born
Than Will M'Neil.

He ne'er kept up a hidlins plack
To spend ahint a comrade's back,
But on the table gar'd it whack,
Wi' free gude will.
Free as the wind on winter stack,
Was Will M'Neil.

He ne'er could bide a narrow saul,
To a' the social virtues caul';
He wish'd ilk sic a fiery scaul',
His shins to peel:
Nane sic durst herd in field or faul'
Wi' Will M'Neil.

He aye abhor'd the spaniel art;
Aye when he spak' 'twas frae the heart;
An honest, open, manly part,
He aye uphel';
"Guile soud be devel'd i' the dirt,"
Said Will M'Neil.

He ne'er had greed to gather gear,
Yet rigid kept his credit clear;
He ever was to Misery dear,
Her loss she'll feel:
She aye got saxpence, or a tear,
Frae Will M'Neil.

In Scotch antiquities he pridet;
Auld Hardyknute, he kend wha made it;
The Bagpipe too, he sometimes sey'd it,
Pibroch and Reel:
Our ain auld language few could read it,
Like Will M'Neil.

In wilyart glens he lik'd to stray,
By foggie rocks, or castle gray;
Yet ghaist-rid rustics ne'er did say,
"Uncanny chiel!"
They fill'd their horns wi' usquebae
To Will M'Neil.

He sail'd and trampet mony a mile,
To visit auld I-columb-kill;
He clamb the heights o' Jura's isle,
Wi' weary speel,
But siccan sights aye pay'd the toil
Wi' Will M'Neil.

He rang'd thro' Morven's hills and glens,
Saw some o' Ossian's moss-grown stanes,
Where rest his low-laid heroes' banes,
Deep in the hill;
He cruin'd a cronadch to their manes,
Kind Will M'Neil!

He was deep-read in nature's beuk,
Explor'd ilk dark mysterious creuk,
Kend a' her laws wi' antrin leuk,
And that right weel;
But (fate o' Genius) death soon teuk
Aff Will M'Neil.

O' ilka rock he kend the ore,
He kend the virtues o' ilk flow'r,
Ilk banefu' plant he kend its pow'r,
And warn'd frae ill;
A' nature's warks few could explore
Like Will M'Neil.

He kend a' creatures clute and tail,
Down frae the lion to the snail,
Up frae the menon to the whale,
And kraken eel;
Scarce ane could tell their gaits sae weel
As Will M'Neil.

Nor past he ocht thing slightly by,
But with keen scrutinizing eye,
He to its inmaist bore would pry,
Wi' wondrous skill;
And teaching ithers aye gae joy
To Will M'Neil.

He kend auld Archimedes' gait,
What way he burnt the Roman fleet,
" 'Twas by the rays' reflected heat,
" Frae speculum steel;
" For bare refraction ne'er could do't,"
Said Will M'Neil.

Yet fame his praise did never rair it,
For poortith's weeds obscur'd his merit,
Forby, he had a bashfu' spirit,
That sham'd to tell
His worth or wants, let Envy spare it,
To Will M'Neil.

O Barra*, thou wast sair to blame!
I here record it to thy shame,
Thou luit the brightest o' thy name,
Unheeded steal,
Thro' murky life to his lang hame,
Poor Will M'Neil.

* The Laird of Barra, Chief of the M'Neil Clan.

He ne'er did wrang to living creature,
For ill, WILL hadna't in his nature,
A warm kind heart his leading feature,
His main-spring wheel,
Ilk virtue grew to noble stature
In Will M'Neil.

There's no ae ane that ever kend him,
But wi' their tears will lang lament him,
He has na' left his match ahint him,
At hame or 'fiel',
His worth lang on our minds will print him,
Kind Will M'Neil.

But close, my sang, my hamart lays
Are far unfit to speak his praise;
Our happy nights, our happy days,
Fareweel, fareweel!
Now dowie mute—tears speak our waes
For Will M'Neil!

THE CONTRARY.

Get up, my muse, and sound thy chanter,
Nor langer wi' our feelings saunter,
Ilk true-blue Scot, get up and canter,
He's heal and weel!
And lang may Fate keep aff mischanter
Frae Will M'Neil.

FINIS.

J. Neilson, printer.