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WITH
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ALSO
THE LIFE OF BURNS, BY J. G. LOCKHART;
AND ESSAYS ON THE GENIUS, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS OF BURNS,
BY THOMAS CARLYLE AND PROFESSOR WILSON.

EDITED BY
CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D.,
EDITOR OF THE "IMPERIAL DICTIONARY," ETC.

VOL. III.

TORONTO:
J. E. BRYANT & CO.
LONDON, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN:
BLACKIE & SON.
1889.
POEMS

Ayr and the Ayrshire
Nithsdale,
Sanquhar and
The Auld Ha’
Elizabeth II
Scene on the
Glen Afton
Kemnure Castle
Mill Mountain
Lincluden
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### Who will buy my trunche, fine election ware? Page 234
### When chapman billies leave the street? Page 7
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### Ye lanks, and aens, and streams around, Page 135
### Ye lanks and brances o' bonnie Doon, Page 51
### Ye flowerly lanks o' bonnie Doon, Page 33
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### Ye man of wit and wealth, why all this sneering, Page 13
### Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Page 44
### Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear, Page 13
### Ye men o' wit and wealth, why all this sneering, Page 13
### Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Page 44
### Your News and Review, Sir, I've read, Page 31

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This song was written for Mrs. Cargill, which he speaks so expressive? True it is the turf on which he paints is more of the genuine Scots than of the

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1 This song is well known, and it is probable that Burns was not in the position of the original poet. It is not improbable that the song is the work of Johnson, and that the lines were his. It is the song of the two men who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and who were the authors of the two songs. The song is not known to have been written by Burns, although it was attributed to him by Johnstone, and it is not known to have been written by Johnson, although it was attributed to him by Mrs. Cargill.
THE
WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

POEMS AND SONGS.

1788 TO 1796

SONG—AUDL LANG SYNE.¹

This song was transcribed by Burns into a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th December, 1788, in which he speaks of it thus:—"Apropos is not the Scotch phrase, 'Audl lang synne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul... Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than in half-a-dozen modern English Bacchanalians!"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang synne?
For auld lang synne, my dear,
For auld lang synne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang synne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
An pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang synne.

For auld, &c.

¹ This song is usually regarded simply as the composition of Burns, all but a line or two and the title; yet how much of it is his, or whether any is so, seems fairly open to question, in the face of his own statements. It was sent to Johnson's Museum, and in the notes to this work we are told that Burns acknowledged to Johnson that the second and third stanzas were his. In September, 1783, he sent the song to Thomson with the remarks (agreeing with what he had said to Mrs. Dunlop in 1788):—"One song more and I have done: 'Auld lang synne.' The air is but mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." Thus on two very different occasions Burns disclaims any share in the composition of the song; and though editors generally regard his statements as mere mystification, we are by no means sure that we ought not to accept them as true. Among the songs of Scotland are some of equal merit with this and which have no author's name attached to them. The air to which the words are set in the Museum is certainly mediocre enough and has very little resemblance to the broad powerful melody the song is wedded to in Thomson's collection, and which is that to which it is now sung. Our version is the same as Thomson's but for one or two slight changes in spelling. Johnson prints the fifth stanza as the second. Other variations of his are "audl lang" for "days o' lang" in stanza first, "my jo" for "my dear" in the chorus, "weary titt" for "weary foot" in stanza second, and "friet" for "here" in stanza fourth. See also the Thomson Correspondence.
POEMS AND SONGS.

We twa hae paid't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sae' an' lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gin's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And saely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

SONG—GO, FETCH TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

TUNE—"Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine."

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th December, 1788, Burns gives a copy of this song, with the remark: "Now I am on my hobby-horse, I cannot help inserting two other stanzas which please me mightily." (The letter also contained a copy of "Auld Lang Syne.") He afterwards, however, acknowledged that only the first four lines were old, the rest his own.

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.¹
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
"Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick Law;²
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;

¹ These lines occur in a song preserved (§) by Peter Buchan, who states that it was composed in 1636 by Alexander Leslie of Edlin on Doveran (or Deveron) side, grandfather to the celebrated Archbishop Sharp. We quote the stanza, but would remind the reader that at times, when Buchan failed to find what he wanted, he straightway invented it:

Yell bring me here a pint o' wine,
A server and a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I gang
A health to my ain bonnie lassie.

² North Berwick Law, in East Lothian. The ship would thus be about 20 miles from Leith: a promiscuous reader might reasonably ask why she was not lying nearer and more accessible by boat.

Burns, it is further said, composed this song after seeing a young officer take leave of his sweetheart at the pier of Leith, and embark at foreign service. The tune to which the words are set in Johnson's Minstrel was recovered and communicated by the poet. A new melody more pleasing to modern ears has been constructed from it.

1788. [Age 29]
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

VERSES WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NITHSIDE.¹

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;²
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower.

As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,³
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure, with her siren air,
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

¹This poem in its original form was written about June, 1785, in a hermitage belonging to Captain Riddell of Glenriddell and Friars' Carse, situated at a short distance from Ellistoun. Captain Riddell had given Burns a key admitting him to the grounds, and of this privilege the poet largely availed himself in the pleasant summer weather, often musing in the beautiful hermitage. So highly did the poet think of this production that he scattered MS. copies on all hands. Some of these afford interesting variations: one of them, indeed, which appears to have been the original draught, differs almost wholly from the others, except the first six lines and the concluding couplet. The lines that differ from those above are given in following notes. The version that we have adopted in our text dates from the end of 1788. Some half dozen of the lines at the beginning were engraved with a diamond on a pane of the window of the hermitage. The piece (like one or two others of about the same period) seems to be an effort to comply with the advice of Dr. Moore, given the poet more than a twelvemonth before, to write less in his provincial dialect, as he thereby limited the number of his admirers to those who understood the Scottish language. On May 26th, 1757, Dr. Moore wrote as follows: "It is evident that you already possess a great variety of expression and command of the English language; you ought therefore to deal more sparingly, for the future, in the provincial dialect—why should you, by using that, limit the number of your admirers to those who understand the scottish, when you could extend it to all persons of taste who understand the English language? In my opinion you should plan some larger work than any you have yet attempted. I mean, reflect upon some proper subject, and arrange the plan in your mind, without beginning to execute any part of it till you have studied most of the English poets, and read a little more of history."

²In one MS. two lines are inserted after these:
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night.

³The poet sent an early copy of the piece to his friend Mrs. Dunlop. In a letter from Manchline, dated August 24th, 1788, he says: "I shall transcribe you a few lines I wrote in a hermitage, belonging to a gentleman in my Nithsdale neighbourhood. They are almost the only verses the muses have conferred on me in that country." Then come the first eight lines as above, followed by those we are about to give, the whole ending with the final couplet of our text.

Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam;
Fame, a restless idle dream;
Peace, the tender flow'r of spring;
Pleasures, insects on the wing.
Those that slyly steal away—
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the blooms devour—
Crush the beetles, save the flower.
For the future be prepared,
Guard wherever thou canst guard;
As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming high,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait;
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While cheerful Peace, with lustrous song,
Chants the lowly dells among.
As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate, with sober thought,
On all thou'rt seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal Nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,
The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is given.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies:
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base
Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep;
Sleep, whence thou shalt never awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.
Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nithside.
POEMS AND SONGS.

TO A KISS. 1

Humid seal of soft affections,
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss.

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infants' play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
Ling'ring lips,—no more to join!
What words can ever speak affection
Thrilling and sincere as thine!

THE POET'S PROGRESS. 2

A POEM IN EMBRYO.

Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The peopled fold thy kindly care have found,
The horned bull, tremendous, spurns the ground;

1 These lines do not resemble the usual coinage of the Burns mint, though Robert Chambers thought their Burns authorship could not be well doubted. They appeared, fully half a century ago, in a Liverpool periodical, The Kaleidoscope, as a production of Burns.

2 The first reference to this poem we meet with is in the poet's letter to Mr. Dunlop of 1st January, 1789, in which he says, 'I am a very sincere believer in the Bible; but I am drawn by the conviction of a man, not by the halter of an ass.—Apropos to an ass, how do you like the following apostrophe to Dunlop, which I intend to interweave in the 'Poet's Progress'?' He then transcribes the concluding twenty lines of the poem. On the 21st of the same month he sent the MS. of the poem to Professor Dunlop Stewart, along with a letter containing the following remarks:—

'This poem' (he is here alluding to the first 'Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry,' manifestly written in the style of Pope's epistles) 'is a species of composition new to me; but I do not intend it shall be the last essay of the kind, as you will see by the 'Poet's Progress.' These fragments, if my design succeed, are but a small part of the intended whole. I propose it shall be the work of my utmost exertions ripened by years; of course I do not wish it to be much known. The fragment beginning 'A little, upright, pert, tart,' &c., I have not shown to man living till I now send it to you. It forms the postulate, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait sketching; but lest idle conjecture should point out the original, please to let it be for your single, sole inspection.' "Idle conjecture" has "pointed out the original" as Creech (the publisher of the Edinburgh edition of the poet's works), and has not gone very wide of the mark. In a letter to Dr. Moore written about the same time, Burns says, 'I cannot boast of Mr. Creech's ingenuous, fair dealing to me. He kept me hanging about Edinburgh from the 7th of August, 1787, until the 13th April, 1788, before he would condescend to give me a statement of affairs; nor had I got it even then but for an angry letter I wrote him which irritated his pride. 'I could'—not 'a tale' but a detail 'unfold;' but what am I that I should speak against the Lord's anointed Baillie of Edinburgh?"

The section commencing abruptly "Crochallan came" forms a sketch of William Snellie, Edinburgh. See the epigram "Shrewd Willie Snellie," &c., where different readings occur. The greater part of the above poem was afterwards incorporated into another "Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fintry," beginning,

Late cripplet of an arm and now a leg,
given in a subsequent part of this work. The piece was first printed as here given in Paterson's Edinburgh edition (1877-79) from a MS. in possession of the publisher.
The lordly lion has enough and more,
The forest trembles at his very roar;
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
The puny wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour;
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power:
Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cat and polecat stink, and are secure:
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug:
E'en silly women have defensive arts,
Their eyes, their tongues—and nameless other parts.

But O thou cruel stepmother and hard,
To thy poor fenceless, naked child, the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still:
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun:
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, true to Mammon's foot,
Or grunting, grub sagacious, evil's root:
The silly sheep that wanders wild astray,
Is not more friendless, is not more a prey;
Vampyre-booksellers drain him to the heart,
And viper-critics cureless venom dart.

Critics! appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame,
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes,¹
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose:
By blockhead's daring into madness stung,
His heart by wanton, causeless malice wrung,
His well-won bays—than life itself more dear—
By miscreants torn who ne'er one sprig must wear;
Foil'd, bleeding, tortured in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life,
Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page,
He heeds no more the ruthless critics' rage.

So by some hedge the generous steed decens'd,
For half-starv'd, snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

¹ Alluding to Dr. Alexander Monro, an anatomist of Edinburgh University both before and after the time of European fame, and one of the professors in of the poet.
POEMS AND SONGS.

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight;
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets,
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets;
Much specious lore, but little understood,
(Veneering oft outshines the solid wood)
His solid sense, by inches you must tell,
But note his cunning by the Scottish ell!
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,
Learn'd "vive la bagatelle et vive l'amour;"
So travell'd monkeys their grimace improve,
Polish their grin—may, sigh for ladies' love!
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
Still making work his selfish craft must rend.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the brown surtout—the same;
His grisly beard just bristling in its right—
'Twas four long nights and days from shaving night!
His uncom'bd, heavy locks, wild-staring, thatch'd
A head, for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd;
Yet, tho' his caustic wit was biting rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent and good.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

O Dulness, portion of the truly blest!
Calm, shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams;
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up;
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve!
The grave, sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the thread of Hope,
When, thro' disconsolate night, they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care;"
So heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not so the workings of their moon-struck brain.
In eunomity they never dwell,
By turns in scaring heaven, or vaulted hell!
THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his deare friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse bitch.

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.²

A SKETCH.

For lords or kings I dinna mourn,
E'en let them die—for that they're bor
But oh! prodigious to reflect!
A Tornmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
What dire events have taken place!
Of what enjoyments thou hast refit us!
In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 'a tint a head,³
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead;
The tuzie 's tough 'tween Pitt and Fox,
And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee cocks;
The tane is game, a bluidie devil,
But to the hen-birds unco civil;
The tither's something don' o' treadlin',
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—
Ye ministers, come mount the pulpit,
An' cry till ye be hearse an' roupet,
For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel,
An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal;
E'en mony a plack, and mony a peck,
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck—

Ye bonnie lasses, dight your cen,
For some o' you hae tint a frien';

¹These lines were probably intended to form a part of the "Poet's Progress" given above.
²This piece found its way into the newspapers, and thence into chap-books. Thomas Stewart published it among other posthumous poems of Burns, as did also Cromack in 1808, his version differing slightly from that which had been given by Stewart.
³Charles III., King of Spain, died 13th December, 1788.
⁴A favourite dog is so called familiarly in Scotland.
In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en
What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

Observe the very nowt an' sheep,
How dowf and dowie now they creep;
Nay, even the yirth itself does cry,
For Ernbigh wells are gratten dry:1

O Eighty-nine, thou' but a laurn,
An' no o'er auld, I hope, to learn!
Thou beardedly boy, I pray tak care,
Thou now has got thy daddie's chair,
Nae hand-cuff'd, mizziz'd, hap-shackled regent;2
But, like hissell', a full free agent.
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae warn than he did, honest man!
As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

ODE.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. OSWALD OF AUCHINCRUIVE.3

"The inclosed ode is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs. Oswald of Auchincrive. You, probably, know her personally, an honour of which I cannot boast; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which raised my pestile wrath, she was much less blamable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Ballie Whigham's in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day; and just as my friend the Ballie and I were bidding defiance to the storm, over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late great Mrs. Oswald and poor I am forced to brave all the horrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse, my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus, twelve miles farther on, through the wildest moors and hills of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poesy and prose sink under me, when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the inclosed ode."—Letter to Dr. Moore, 23rd March, 1789.

Dweller in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,

1 Referring to the hard frost of the closing month of the year, which, according to the newspapers of the day, had frozen up the wells.
2 Symptoms of insanity having shown themselves in the king in November, the public were discussing proposals for the choice of a regent. Hap-shackled seems to mean fettered so that he can only "hap" or hop (or it may be an error for hip-shackled).
3 This ode, unfortunately, shows a bad taste and sauciness of invective unworthy of the poet. We can hardly think that Burns was absolutely compelled to quit the inn in consequence of the arrival of the "funeral pageantry." Surely his friend and host Ballie Whigham could have accommodated him somehow, or, at least, got accommodation for him in the village. The body is said not to have had the character Burns ascribes to her. Her grand-nephew, Richard Alexander Oswald, married Miss Lucy Johnston of Hilton, the subject of the poet's fine song "Wat ye wha's in yon town."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHIE.
View the wither'd Beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet, melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch't to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mamm'mon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest;
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHIE.
Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,) Seest thou whose step unwilling hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.
And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year
In other worlds can Mamm'mon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the pompous bier,
While down the wretched vital part is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

SONG—SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.²
TUNE—"She's fair and false.

She's fair and false that causes my smart,
I lo'd her meekle and lang;

¹The lands of Auchincruive were purchased, about 1700, by Richard Oswald, husband of the lady held up to execution by Burns. He was a merchant in London and was appointed a plenipotentiary to sign the Articles of Peace with the United States in 1782."—W. SCOTT DOUGLAS. We do not know why he should be here stigmatized as "plunderer of armies;" probably he may have been an army contractor. He died November 6, 1784. The Scots Magazine, noticing his death, adds, "lately employed at Paris as a commissioner for negotiating a peace with the United States of America."

²The above cynical fling at womankind (how unlike the bard!) was added to the fourth volume of Johnson's Dictionary, with its time, a rather sprightly and pleasing melody. It is supposed that the song refers to the case of the poet's friend Alexander Cunningham which gave rise to the songs "Had I a Cave," and "Now Spring has clad." See note to the latter song.
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang,
A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I ha' tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be ne'er blind,
Nae fere 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel form's 'fa' thine share,
'Twad been ower meikle to gie thee mair—
I mean an angel mind.

FRAGMENT—BY ALL I LOV'D.1

In a letter to Alexander Cunningham of date 24th January, 1789, Burns writes: "I shall ask your opinion of some verses I have lately began on a theme of which you are the best judge I ever saw. It is Love, too, though not just warranted by the law of nations. A married lady of my acquaintance, whose erin, com arnour with a certain captain has made some noise in the world is supposed to write to him, now in the West Indies, as follows:—

By all I lov'd, neglected and forgot," &c.

In a letter to Gavin Hamilton (6th March, 1783) there is further allusion to this case. "Poor Captain Montgomery is cast. Yesterday it was tried [in the Court of Session] whether the husband could proceed against the unfortunate lover without first divorcing his wife, and their Gravities on the Bench were unanimously of opinion that Maxwell may prosecute for damages directly, and need not divorce his wife at all if he pleases."

By all I lov'd, neglected and forgot,
No friendly face e'er lights my squallid cot;
Shun'n, hated, wrong'd, up'une... unredrest,
The mock'd quotation of the scorrer's jest!

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer,
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear;
Above the world, on wings of Love, I rise—
I know its worst, and can that worst despise:

1 The fragment was first printed connectedly in Paterson's edition of Burns (1877). The first four lines were quoted in the author's letter to Alexander Cunningham. The third section first appeared in Dr. Hately Waddell's edition of Burns (1867); and the last was first printed in the Aldine edition (1839) as having been addressed to Clarinda in 1785, but the verses form no part of the authorized edition of the Clarinda Correspondence of 1848. These last eighteen lines are found in the British Museum collection of Burns MSS., written in his own hand, without heading or other explanation as to their connection.

"It appears," says Robert Chambers, "that the lady was heiress of S—, that she had had two children to her husband, and that she left his house in June, 1784, in company with Captain Montgomery (of the 33rd Foot), to whom she bore a child in the November of the subsequent year. From Burns's expressions we are led to understand that there were extenuating circumstances in the conduct of the lady, and that the policy of the husband in abstaining from a process of divorce, which would separate him from a goodly estate, was not popular."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
M—y, rich reward, o'erpaies them all!

Mild zephyrs waft thee to Life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distresses more,—
Falsehood accurs! No! still I beg a place,
Still near thy heart some little, little trace;
For that dear trace the world I would resign,
O let me live and die, and think it mine!

"I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the crackling flames are borne;"¹
Now raving-wild, I curse that fatal night,
Then bless the hour that charmed my guilty sight:
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose,
Chain'd at Love's feet, they groan, his vanquish'd foes:
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye,
I dare not combat, but I turn and fly:
Conscience in vain upbraids th' unhallow'd fire,
Love grasps her scorpions—stilled they expire!
Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone;
Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields.
By all on high adoring mortals know!
By all the conscious villain fears below!
By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear,
Not life, nor soul, were ever half so dear!

BALLAD—CALEDONIA.²

TUNE—"Caledonian Hunt's delight." [Gow's version.]

There was once a day, but old Time then was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
From some of your northern deities sprung,
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.

¹Quoted from Pope's "Sappho to Phoebus."
²The poet here presents us with a curious epitome of early national history. The first two stanzas are occupied in describing Caledonia at that period.
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
The third stanza alludes to the Romans; the fourth to the contentions with the Picts ("the Cameleons' savage") and with England; the fifth to the incursions of the Norwegian sea-kings and the Danes. In Currie's version of this piece the fourth and fifth stanzas were transposed. In true historical succession the Picts should be mentioned before the Scandinavians, but the poet's etymology and history are both a little confused.—The ballad was sent to the Musical Museum, but was not inserted.

¹The battle of Inverlochy fought on the 24th August 1544 by the English invaders under King Edward V., in a decisive victory.
²Luncartie or Luincartie of Perth where a battle was fought between the Norsemen and the Picts.
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
Her grand sire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
"Who'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
But chiefly the woods were her favorite resort,
Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reigned; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:
Their ponnies were murder, and terror their cry,
They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,—
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
He learned to fear in his own native wood.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourg'd of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
The wild Scandinavonian bear issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore:
O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
As Largs¹ well can witness, and Loncartie² tell.

Thus bold, independent, unconquered, and free,
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:³
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
Then, ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.

¹ The battle of Largs (on the Firth of Clyde) was fought on the 24 October, 1263, between the Norse invaders under King Haakon, and the Scotch, resulting in a decisive victory for the latter.
² Loncartie or Loncart is a place a few miles north of Perth where a battle is said to have taken place between the Norsemen and the Scots during the reign of Kenneth III. (970-991), victory remaining on the side of the latter. John Hill Burton, however, sets down the story of such a battle as a comparatively recent invention.
³ We are afraid that Euclid would demur a little at finding his authority invoked in such a manner as this.
POEMS AND SONGS.

TO JOHN M'URDO, ESQ.¹

WITH A POEM.

O, could I give thee India's wealth
As I this trifle send!
Because thy joy in both would be
To share them with a friend.

But golden sands did never grace
The Heliconian stream;
Then take what gold could never buy—
An honest Bard's esteem.

TO CAPTAIN RIDDLELL, GLENRIDDLELL.²

(EXTEMPORE LINES ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.)

ELLISLAND, Monday Evening.

Your News and Review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,
With little admiring or blaming;
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the naming.

Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir;
But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete,
I'll boldly pronounce they are none, Sir.

My goose-quill too rude is, to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet;
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun,
And then all the world, Sir, should know it!

TO CAPTAIN RIDDLED.³

DEAR SIR, at any time or tide
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,
The 'twere wi' royal Geordie;
And, troth, your kindness soon and late
Aft gars me to mysel' look blate—
The Lord in Heaven reward ye!

¹ This gentleman was chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, and resided with his family in Drumlanrig Castle a few miles from Ellisland. In a letter to him dated January 9th, 1783, Burns says: "The enclosed is nearly my newest song, and one that has cost me some pains, though that is but an equivocal mark of its excellence." What the song was is not known.

² The review mentioned in these lines, it is said, contained some sharp strictures on Burns's poetry. It seems to have given him but little concern. His character as a poet was already fixed by the testimony of the first critics of the age; and this, he felt, was not likely to be affected by the carping of a "hackney scribbler."

³ The above lines form a reply to a rhymed note of his friend and helper which runs as follows:

Dear Burns
For it will
We'll twa
And will
And spair.

It is evident from the arrangement between this and the above, that Burns, for his best those three leaves" to indicate that Burns's poetry and familiar interest; poet and Captain, their acquaintance.

¹ Ann Masterton, teacher of writing at Edinburgh, was to Masterton afterwards
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.¹

TUNE—"Ye Gallants Bright."

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann;
Her comedy face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimpily lae'ed her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonnie Ann.
The captive hands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',
Beware o' bonnie Ann.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLEN CONNER.²

Auld comrade dear and brither sinner,
How's a' the folk about Glen Conner?
How do you this bide eastlin' win'
That's like to blow a body blin'

his friend and neighbour, the Laird of Frurs' Cause, which runs as follows:

Dear Sir,
To ride this day is rain,
For it will be a clearin' rain,
No-con and sit with me;
We'll twa or three leaves fill up with scraps,
And whisps fill up the time with cracks,
And spend the day with glee.

It is evident from the above that there had been an arrangement between Riddell and Burns to have a ride out, but that the weather had proved unfavourable. The above lines are of more personal than literary interest; they speak of the kindly feeling and familiar intercourse that existed between the poet and Captain Riddell even in the first year of their acquaintance. The allusion to the "two or three leaves" to be filled up with scraps, seems to indicate that Burns had already begun to transcribe for his host those poems which form one volume of the Glen Riddell Miss. now in the Athenæum Library, Liverpool.

¹ Ann Masterton, daughter of Mr. Allan Masterton, teacher of writing and music in the High School, Edinburgh, was the inspirer of these verses. Miss Masterton afterwards became Mrs. Derbishire, her husband being a medical man, practising at Bath, and subsequently in London. The song was written during the poet's visit to Edinburgh in February, 1759, and published in Johnson's third volume, united to an air composed by Allan Masterton himself.

² James Tennant of Glen Conner, in the parish of Ochiltree, Ayshire, was the son of the "gud and genl" of this rhyming epistle, the sagacious farmer who had accompanied the poet to Nithsdale at the end of February, 1758, to inspect Mr. Miller's farms, and on whose advice he fixed on Ellisland. The poet was acquainted with the family in his early years, when John Tennant, the father ("auld genl"), was tenant on a farm near the Bridge of Doon. "Preacher Willie," the half-brother of James, was the Rev. William Tennant, L.L.D., author of Indian Recreations, 1814, and Thoughts on the Effect of the British Government on the State of India, 1818, who was chaplain to the troops in Bengal, and died at Glencooner in 1818. "Walter Charlie," brother of "Preacher Willie," became the founder of the famous chemical works of St. Rollox, Glasgow. "The manly tar, my mason-bille," according to Mr. Scott Douglas, was David Tennant, another brother, who latterly lived at Swansea. "Auchenbey" and "Singing
POEMS AND SONGS.

For me, my faculties are frozen,
My dearest member nearly done'd.
I've sent you here by Johnie Simson,
Twa sage philosophers to glimpse on.
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
And Reid, to common sense appealing.
Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
Till wi' their logic-jargon tir'd,
And in the depth of Science mir'd,
To common sense they now appeal,
What wives and wabsters see and feel.
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
Peruse them, and return them quickly,
For now I'm grown sae cursed douce,
I pray and ponder but the house.
My shins, my lane, I there sit roostin',
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
Till by and by, if I haud on,
I'll grant a real Gospel-grain:
Already I begin to try it,
To cast my een up like a pyet,
When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
Flutt'ring and gasping in her gore:
Sae shortly you shall see me bright,
A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,
The ace and wade of honest men:
When bending down wi' auld grey hairs,
Beneath the load of years and cares,
May He who made him still support him,
And views beyond the grave comfort him.
His worthy famf'ly far and near,
God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!¹

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
The manly tar, my mason-billie,
And Auchenbay, I wish him joy!
If he's a parent, lass or boy,
May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Just five-and-forty years thegither!

Sannock" (that is Alexander) were also brothers.
The former is so called here from his place of residence
in Ochiltree parish. A letter to him from Burns will
be found in vol. iv. (p. 118). Sir Charles Tennant,
Bart., of the Glen, Peebleshire, is the grandson of
"Wabster Charlie."
Burns wrote to Robert Ainslie on 30 March, 1788,
of John Tennant—"he is, without exception, the
most intelligent farmer in the country."

¹This poem is one of those every-day business-like
effusions which Burns occasionally penned. Though
not equal to some of his earlier epistles, yet it is well
worth preserving as a proof of the ease with which he
could wind verse round any topic, and conduct the
duties and courtseis of life in song. His account of
having 'rozen sae cursed douce,' and scorching him-
self at the fire—
Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston,
is archly introduced."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
POEMS AND SONGS.

And not forgetting weaver Charlie,
I'm tauld he offers very fairly.

And, Lord, remember singing Sannock,
Wi' hale breeks, sixpence, and a bannock. whole breeches oat-cake

And next, my anid acquaintance, Nancy,
Since she is fitted to her fancy;

And her kind stars hae aird till her
da good chiel wi' a pickle siller.

My kindest, best respects I seu' it,
To cousin Kate and sister Janet;

Tell them f rae me, wi' chiel's be cautious,

For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashiuos:
To grant a heart is fairly civil,

But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.—

And lastly, Jamie, for yersel,

May guardian angels tak a spell,

And steer you seven miles south o' hell:

But first, before you see heav'n's glory,

May ye get mony a merry story,

Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,

And aye enough o' needfu' clink.

Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you,
For my sake this I beg it o' you,

Assist poor Simson a' ye can,

Ye'll fin' him just an honest man;

Sae I conclude and quit my chanter.

Yours, saint or sinner,

Rob the Rantier.

ODE TO THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL.1

Daughter of Chaos' doting years,
Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,
Whether thy airy unsubstantial shade
(The rites of sepulture now duly paid),

1This was written in the spring of 1780, the occasion being as follows.—After attending a levee on the 24th October, 1779, George III. was seized with a violent fever, and in a few days became decidedly insane. The privy-council, on examining the king's physicians, agreed that he could not attend to public affairs. In discussing before parliament the introduction of a Regency Bill, C. J. Fox (the "Charles" of the ode) declared on the 10th December that the Prince of Wales had as clear and express a right to assume the reins of government, and exercise the powers of sovereignty during the incapacity of his majesty, as in the case of his majesty's natural demise. Pitt, then the premier, held, on the other hand, that to assert a right in the Prince of Wales to assume the regency, independent of the decision of both Houses of Parliament, was treason to the constitution. After a protracted and severe struggle, and much popular commotion, the Regency Bill passed the Commons on the 12th February, 1780, but it soon became evident that a great improvement had taken place in the king's condition. On the 10th March it was publicly announced that his majesty had recovered from his indisposition and was enabled to attend to state affairs, and the bill was consequently dropped. The present piece was first printed in 1774 in Bright's Selections from the Glenriddell MSS. in the Athenaeum Library, Liverpool.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Spread abroad its hideous form
On the roaring civil storm,
Deafening din and warring rage;
Factions will with factions wage;
Or underground, deep-sunk, profound,
Among the demons of the earth
With groans that make the mountain shake,
Thou mourn thy ill-star'd blighted birth;
Or in the uncreated void,
Where seeds of future being fight
With lessen'd step thou wander wide,
To greet thy Mother—Ancient Night,
And as each jarring, monster-mass is past,
Fond recollect what once thou wast:
In manner due, beneath this sacred oak,
Hear, Spirit, hear! thy presence I invoke!

By a Monarch's heaven-struck fate,
By a disunited State,
By a generous Prince's wrongs,
By a Senate's strife of tongues,
By a Premier's sullen pride,
Louring on the changing tide;
By dread Thurlow's powers to awe—
Rhetoric, blasphemy and law;
By the turbulent ocean—
A Nation's commotion,
By the harlot-caresses
Of borough addresses
By days few and evil,
(Thy portion poor devil!)

By Power, Wealth, and Show,
(The gods by men adored,)
By nameless Poverty,
(The hell abhorred,)
By all they hope and all they fear,
Hear! and Appear!

Stare not on me, thou ghastly Power!
Nor, grim with chain'd defiance, lour:
No Babel-structure would I build
Where, order exil'd from his native sway,
Confusion may the Regent-sceptre wield,
While all would rule and none obey:
Go, to the world of Man relate
The story of thy sad, eventful fate;
And call presumptuous Hope to hear,
And bid him check his wild career;
And tell the sore-precint sons of Care
Never, never to despair!
POEMS AND SONGS.

Paint Charles's speed on wings of fire,
The object of his fond desire,
Beyond his boldest hopes, at hand:
Paint all the triumph of the Portland band;
Mark how they lift the joy-exulting voice,
And how their numerous creditors rejoice;
But just as hopes to warm enjoyment rise,
Cry Convalescence! and the vision flies.

Then next portray a dark'ning twilight gloom,
Eclipsing sad a gay, rejoicing morn,
While proud Ambition to th' untimely tomb
By gnashing, grim, despairing fiends is borne:
Paint ruin, in the shape of high D[undas]—
Gaping with giddy terror o'er the brow;
In vain he struggles, the Fates behind him press,
And clam'rous hell yawns for her prey below:
How fallen That, whose pride late scaled the skies,
And This, like Lucifer, no more to rise!
Again pronounce the powerful word;
See Day, triumphant from the night, restored.

Then know this truth, ye Sons of Men!
(Thus ends my moral tale,)
Your darkest terrors may be vain,
Your brightest hopes may fail.

A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK,
ON THE THANKSGIVING DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop (4th May, 1780) the poet says:—"As I am not devoutly attached to a
certain monarch, I cannot say my heart ran any risk of bursting, on Thursday was solemnly. . . . I
must say that I look on the whole business as a solemn farce of pageant mummery. The follow-
ing are a few stanzas of new psalmody for that 'joyful solemnity,' which I sent to a London news-
paper, with the date and preface following:—"Kilmarnock, 25th April. Mr. Printer, In a certain
chapel not fifty leagues from the market cross of this good town, the following stanzas of psalmody,
it is said, were composed for, and devoutly sung on, the late joyful solemnity of the 23d." The
occasion of the public thanksgiving was the king's temporary recovery from mental alienation.
See note to preceding piece.

O sing a new song to the Lord,
Make all and every one,
A joyful noise, even for the king
His restoration.

The sons of Belial in the land
Did set their heads together;
Come, let us sweep them off, said they,
Like an overflowing river.
POEMS AND SONGS.

They set their heads together, I say,
They set their heads together,
On right, on left, and every hand,
We saw none to deliver.

Thou madest strong two chosen ones,
To quell the Wicked's pride;
That Young Man great in Issachar;
The burden-bearing tribe.

And him, among the Princes chief
In our Jerusalem,
The Judge that's mighty in Thy law,
The man that fears thy name.

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Beg to faint and fail;
Even as two howling, ravening wolves
To dogs do turn their tail.

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,
For so thou hadst appointed;
That Thou might'st greater glory give
Unto Thine own anointed.

And now Thou hast restored our State,
Pity our Kirk also;
For she by tribulations
Is now brought very low.

Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off Thy holy hill;
And in Thy fury burn the book
Even of that man McGill.

Now hear our pray'r, accept our song,
And fight Thy chosen's battle:
We seek but little, Lord, from Thee,
Thou kens we get as little.

1 William Pitt.
2 Probably a reference to Lord Chancellor Thurlow's notorious habit of profane swearing; or, it may be "Old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible." See the "Reproof," p. 218, vol. ii.
3 Dr. McGill of Ayr, whose Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ was condemned by the Evangelical party as having a Socinian tendency. See the "Kirk's Alarm."
4 This clever caricature of the Scottish metrical version of the Psalms was inclosed in the letter to Mrs. Dunlop containing the "Fragment" which next follows. Currie, from motives of prudence, gave only a portion of the letter, and endorsed the document thus—"Psalm on the King's Restoration not to be printed." The entire letter, with the inclosed psalm, was first printed in Dr. P. Hately Waddell's edition of Burns, 1870, from the original MS. in the possession of George Manners, Esq., F.S.A., Croydon, London. By a clerical error Burns dates the letter 4th April, 1789, instead of 4th May.—The London newspaper to which Burns says he sent this piece was no doubt the Star, the editor of which was Mr. Peter Stuart. With Mr. Stuart Burns had been for some time acquainted: he corresponded with him as early as February, 1777, and sent him several of his productions. See the letter in its proper place; also note to "Dellia," p. 33.
FRAGMENT,

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. C. J. FOX.

From Edinb., on May 4th, 1780, Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop:—"I have a poetie whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox; but how long that fancy may hold I cannot say." See last note.

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite;
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white;
How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
I sing: If these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle.

But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go wrong;
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go right;
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses,
For using thy name offers fifty excuses.

Good Lord, what is Man! for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks;
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil.

On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours:
Mankind are his show-box—a friend, would you know him?
Pull the string, Ruling passion the picture will show him.
What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him;
For, spite of his fine theoretic positions,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to his tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe;
Have you found this, or t'other? there's more in the wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse,
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse;
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-mounding laurels?
My much honour'd patron, believe your poor Poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it;
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and by G— he would steal 'em.
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him.

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,
WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

To Alexander Cunningham Burns writes, 4th May, 1780:—"I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which, I think, will be something to your taste:—the morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields, sowing some grass-seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came whirling by me. You will know my inclination at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed, there is something in this business of destroying, for our sport, individuals in the animal creation that do not injure us materially, which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue. . . Let me know how you like my poem. I am doubtful whether it would not be an improvement to keep out the last stanza but one altogether."

Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blast thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest—
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.¹

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe,
The playfoul pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurplings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow.

¹ The third verse originally stood as follows:—

Seek, mangled innocent, some wonted form,
That wonted form alas! thy dying bed,
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy blood-stained bosom warm.

In the closing verse for "ruffian's aim" the original reading was "ruthless wretch."

Burns submitted the "Wounded Hare" to Dr. Gregory for his criticism. The doctor "spared no arrows."

As a curiosity we give his remarks:—"The 'Wounded Hare' is a pretty good or stanza you have one; it does not shock the fourth line is almost first, and the two lines were you, I would put Stanza 1. The execratory too strong or coarse; aiming' is a bad corruption, intelligible. 'Bloods' the very same fault.
You have epithets, and have it, they appear to other poetic fancy and tend to have written, 'Why this how would you have poetic, nor a dignity is a mere specimen of serious poetry. 'Innocent,' in this sense may pass. Stanza 4. Life a mother only by It is not grammatical, 'providing for bestowed and used.'
"It must be ad

A note of Moth
POEMS AND SONGS.

Oft as by wailing Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

DELIA.¹

AN ODE.

Fair the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of op'ning rose;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty glows.

Hand to a

I was out

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burning

5 does my

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ideas in

be an

Here is a pretty good subject; but the measure
or stanza you have chosen for it is not a good
one; it does not flow well; and the rhyme of the
fourth line is almost lost by its distance from the
first, and the two interposed, close rhymes. If I
were you, I would put it into a different stanza yet.
Stanza 1. The excursions in the first two lines are
too strong or coarse; but they may pass. 'Murder-
aining' is a bad compound epithet, and not very
intelligible. 'Blood-stained,' stanza ill. line 1, has
the very same fault; bleeding bosom is infinitely
terrier. You have accustomed yourself to such
epithets, and have no notion how stiff and quaint
they appear to others, and how incongruous with
poetic fancy and tender sentiments. Suppose Pope
had written, 'Why that blood-stained bosom gored,'
how would you have liked it? Form is neither a
poetic, nor a dignified, nor a plain common word; it
is a mere sportsman's word; unsuitable to pathetic
or serious poetry. 'Murdering,' is a coarse word,
'Innocent,' in this sense, is a nursery word, but both
may pass. Stanza 4. 'Who will now provide that
life a mother only can bestow?' will not do at all;
it is not grammar—it is not intelligible. Do
mean, 'provide for that life which the mother had
bestowed, and used to provide for?''

'It must be admitted' says Currie, 'that this
criticism is not more distinguished by its good sense
than by its freedom from ceremony. It is impossible
to write at the manner in which the poet may
be supposed to have received it. In fact, it appears,
as the sailors say, to have thrown him quite aback.
In a letter which he wrote soon after, he says, 'If
Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me.'—And
again, 'I believe in theIron Justice of Dr. Gregory
but, like the devils, I believe and tremble.' However,
he profited by these criticisms, as the reader
will find by comparing the first edition of this piece
with that subsequently published.'—Most readers
will probably be a little doubtful as to the extent by
which Burns 'profited,' when they learn that the
criticism made thus him to omit the fourth verse
given above.

A note of Motherwell's in Allan Cunningham's
edition runs thus:—'This poem, like most of the
productions of Burns, is founded on fact. James
Thomson, whose father occupied a farm adjoining
to that of Ellisland, has stated that once in the gloaming
he shot at, and hurt a hare, which, like that of Gray,
had come forth

To taste the dew-bespinkled lawn.

Burns was walking on Nithside, the hare ran bleeding
by him; 'upon which,' said Thomson, 'he cursed
me, and said he would not mind throwing me into the
water; and I'll warrant he could have done,
though I was both young and strong.'—Apart from
the fact, known especially from the 'Bride of Ayr,'
that the poet regarded the sportsman's craft with
abhorrence, notwithstanding his fond allusions to

it in 'Tam O'shanter's Elegy,' and never himself
engaged in it, the reminiscence of James Thomson
is of little illustrative value as regards the present
poem. Burns saw this wounded hare early in the
morning, while Thomson's adventure (if it took place
at all) took place in the gloaming.

¹ This is an imitation of the Delta Crucian style of
poetry which came into vogue towards the close of
the last century, and which suffered so instrumental
in demolishing. Burns is said to have sent the piece
to the London Star newspaper (see note p. 30), and
he afterwards received that paper gratuitously from
the publisher. The letter to the editor in which this ode
is said to have been inclosed is as follows:—'To
the editor of the Star—Mr. Printer—if the productions
of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same
paper with Sylvester Oway, and the other favourites
of the Muse who illuminate the Star with the lustre
of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be
succeeded by future communications from—Yours,
dee., R. Burns. Ellisland, near Dumfries, 15th May,
1785.' This looks circumstantial enough, but the
"ode" is a most un-Burns-like production. There is
a story to the effect that the verses were produced
almost improptu by Burns at Brownhill Inn, in
Nithsdale (a hostelry at which he often called),
to prove that he could compose lines as effeminate as
any "person of quality."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
But, Delia, more delightful still,
Steal thine accents on mine ear.
The flower-enamour'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss,
For Oh! my soul is parch'd with love!

——

SONG—BLOOMING NELLY.¹

TUNE—"On a Bank of Flowers."

On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly dress'd,
The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppress'd;
When Willy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued,
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.
Her clos'd eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose,
Her lips still as they fragrant breath'd,
It richer dyed the rose,
The springing lilies sweetly press'd,
Wild-wanton kiss'd her rival breast;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.
Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace,
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace.
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering ardent kiss he stole;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.
As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspir'd wings;

¹ The incident and some of the expressions of this song have been borrowed from a rather voluptuous ditty by Mr. Theobald in the first volume of Allen's Rassony's Tea-table Miscellany.
POEMS AND SONGS.

So Nelly startling, half awake,
Away affrighted springs.
But Willy follow'd as he should,
He overtook her in the wood;
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

SONG—THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

TUNE—"The Gardener's March."

"The title of the song only is old," says Burns in his notes to the Museum, "the rest is mine." 1

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

The crystal waters gently fa';
The merri' birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the bare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he mien repair—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
He flies to her arms his lo' es best—
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

SONG—YOUNG JOCKEY. 2

TUNE—"Young Jockey."

Young Jockey was the blythest lad
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'!
He roos'd my een sae bonnie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma';

1 He afterwards recast the song for Thomson's collection, among other changes being the cutting away the awkward and prosaic refrain which gives the title to the song, and furnishing it with a chorus which associates it with the old air "Dainty Davie." See the later version at p. 159.

2 This song, written for the Museum to an air in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion, was marked by Johnson with the letter Z, to denote that it was an old one with additions. But according to Stenhouse the whole of it, except three or four lines, is the production of Burns.
POEMS AND SONGS.

An' aye my heart cam to my mon',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Tho' wind an' weet, tho' frost and snaw;
And o'er the len I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's ownen hameward ca'.

An' aye the night comes roun' again,
When in his arms he takes me a':
An' aye he vows he'll be my ain,
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

---

SONG—JAMIE, COME TRY ME.1

TUNE—"Jamie, come try me."

Jamie, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
Could I deny thee? /n
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come try me, &c.

If thou should kiss me, love,
Wha could espy thee?
If thou wad be my love,
Jamie, come try me.

Jamie, come try me, &c.

---

SONG—THE BANKS OF NITH.2

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
Where royal cities stately stand;

Little to the west of Dumfries, on the north side
Of the river. The mansion of Friars' Carse—the resi-
dence of Burns's friend Mr. Riddell of Glenriddell, and
the scene of the contest for the celebrated "whistle"
is immediately below on the right. Beyond it is the
fine piece of alluvial or carse land from which the
house takes its name, skirted by a wood, near the
extremity of which, and not far from the river, stood
Friars' Carse Hermilton, in which Burns wrote some
well-known verses. A little further down the river,
on the same side, some rising smoke indicates Ed's
land, the poet's farm. Dumfries is faintly seen in the
distance on the left, and Criffel closes, with its vast
bulk, the extremity of the picture on the right.

---

1 The words were written by Burns for the third
volume of Johnson's Museum, and to an a' said to be
composed by Oswald, and published in his Caledonian
Pocket Companion prior to 1742. This melody, how-
ever, appears to be but an artificially embellished
version of an old Scottish air, "I'll never leave thee."

2 This song, contributed to the Museum, we are in-
formed by Stenhouse, "was intended to depict the
feelings of an inhabitant of Nithsdale, then residing
in London, reflecting upon the innocent scenes of his
youthful days on the banks of the river Nith."

The tune was composed by Riddell of Glenriddell.

---The scene depicted in our plate is in the lower
city of the Nith, taken from a point a
the north side of the house—the rest
of which is more distant, and
behind it is the vast light.

In the vast light, a hill stands
near the river, and on the hill
are seen in the same view of
the river, indicates Eut's
right.
The family, formed by Robert, is not seen by his parents in Scotland. This family, formed of the family, is not seen by his parents in Scotland.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
Where Cummins' ance had high command: once
When shall I see that honour'd land,
That winding stream I love so dear!
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
Where lambkins wanton thro' the broom!
Thou wandering, now, must be my doom,
Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes,
May there my latest hours consume,
Amang the friends of early days!

THE SELKIRK GRACE.
spoken at the table of the earl of selkirk

Some hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And see the Lord be thankit.  

SONG—TIBBIE DUNBAR.  
TUNE—"Johnny McGill."

O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
O, wilt thou go wi' me,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Wilt thou ride on a horse,
Or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side,
O sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

I care na thy daddie
His lands and his money,

1 More correctly Comyns, the name being from the French family name De Comines. The Red Comyn stabbed by Robert Bruce at Dumfries was one of this family, formerly among the most powerful in Scotland.
2 Burns says, as is said, have repeated this at Lord Selkirk's table. But the probability is that it was current at the time among the peasantry. Its authorship is scarcely worth disputing about; indeed such scraps of rhyme might very well be omitted from editions of Burns's works.
3 This song seems to have been produced by Burns and sent to Johnson's Museum for the purpose of preserving the rather sprightly, yet vigorous air, commonly credited to John M'Gill, a musician of Girvan, Ayrshire; it is however claimed by the Irish. Hector M'Neill's song "Come under my plaidie" is set to the same air."
POEMS AND SONGS

I care na thy kin,
Sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me
For better for waur—
And come in thy comitie,
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar!


SONG—THE CAPTAIN’S LADY.¹
TUNE—“O Mount and go.”

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
O mount and go,
And be the captain’s lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.
O mount and go, &c.

When the vanquish’d foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we’ll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O mount and go, &c.


SONG—JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.²
TUNE—“John Anderson, my jo.”

John Anderson, my jo, John, dear
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent; smooth

¹ Stenhouse has the following note:—“The verses in the Museum beginning ‘O mount and go,’ were communicated by Burns; and although he does not acknowledge them I have good reason to believe they were his own.” Mr. Scott Douglas says: “We can well believe it (that is, that the words are Burns’s), for they evince his usual force.” To us the song seems so trivial that it does not much matter to whom it may be ascribed. An old ditty called by the same title as Burns’s song is quoted in the Museum. It begins:

I will away, and I will not tarry,
I will away, and be a captain’s lady.
The quaint old air is found in Oswald’s Caledonian Pocket Companion under the title of “Mount your Baggage.”

² “John Anderson, my Jo” is founded on an old song, set to an air which is said to have been a piece of sacred music previous to the Reformation. In Johnson’s Museum the hero of the song is, from tradition, said to have been the town-piper of Kebus. In the Scots Magazine for 1797, and again in an old collection of poetry published by Black and Reid of Glasgow, is given what is called an improved version of this song, said to be from the pen of Burns. It consists of eight stanzas, of which the two given in our text form the sixth and eighth respectively. Currie pronounced the additional stanzas spurious. Allan Cunningham, on the other hand, thought he discovered traces of Burns’s pen in the second stanza. The additions, it appears, were made by William Reid, who also attempted to enlange the song entitled, “O
POEMS AND SONGS.

But now your brow is held, John,  
Your locks are like the snow;  
But blessings on your frosty brow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither;  
And mony a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither:  
Now we naun totter down, John,  
And hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

SONG—MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET!

TUNE—"Lady Badineath's Reel."

My love she’s but a lassie yet,  
My love she’s but a lassie yet;  
We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
She'll no be half so saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her; O,  
I rue the day I sought her, O;  
Wha gets her needs na say she's wroth,  
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a dram o' the best o't yet,  
Come, draw a dram o' the best o't yet;  
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,  
But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,  
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;  
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,  
And couldn'a preach for thinkin' o't.

a' the airts the wind can blow  
As some of the stanzas of this version of "John Anderson, my jo," are occasionally mingled up, in singing, with the unacted production of Burns, we give the first and second of them here.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
I wonder what you mean,  
To rise so soon in the morning,  
And sit up so late at even;  
Ye'll hear oot a your een, John,  
And why should you do so?  
Gang sooner to your bed at even,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John.  
When Nature first began  
To try her cannie hand, John,  
Her master-work was man;  
And you among them a, John,  
Sae trub free tup to toe,  
She prou'd to be man Journey-work,  
John Anderson, my jo.

The latter of the above seems to be inspired by recollections of one of the stanzas of "Green grow the rashes." Some of Mr. Reid's imitations or additions of other songs were published, it is said, with Burns's consent or knowledge. We think this extremely doubtful.

1Stenhouse says the title and last four lines of this song are old, the latter forming a part of an old version of "Green grow the rashes," quoted by Herd.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—TAM GLEN.

TEXT—"Tam Glen."

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittle!
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak' a len';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mame marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the lord o' Drumneller,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
But if it's aroin' I mame take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was wankin' watchin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken; drenched shift-sleeve knee
His likeness cam un the house stalkin',
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittle! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black len,

1This, which is called by Lockhart with justice one of the best of Burns's humorous songs, was sent by the poet to the Museum along with a very ancient air of the same name. The tune is now usually sung to, however, as known as the 'Muckin' o' Gowrie's Lyre;' it suits very happily the rhythm and sentiment of the song.

2 We give this intonation as printed in Johnson's Museum. We are by no means sure, however, that the quotation marks are correctly placed. Perhaps it would be better to put it thus: "Guid day to you, brute!" making the lady apply the unflattering epithet to her importunate and unwelcome suitor; for we can hardly think the laird would have been so rude as to apply it to her.

3 This is an allusion to the old custom of a number of young lads and lasses meeting together on St. Valentine's Eve, and writing upon little billets the names of an equal number of the young men and women of their acquaintance, throwing the whole into a receptacle of some sort, and then drawing them lottery-wise, arrangements having been made that each drew one of the opposite sex. The person thus drawn became one's valentine.

4 See note to "Halloween," vol. ii. p. 60, in explanation of this.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I love dearly, Tam Glen.

SONG—WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T!

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

First when Maggy was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't. —
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child; 1
—Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

SONG—THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

To a Gaelic Air.

"This air," says Burns, in his notes on Johnson's Museum, "is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half stanza of the song is old. The rest is mine."

There's a youth in this city, 1
It were a great pity,
That he from our lasses should wander awa';
For he's bonnie and braw,
Weel-favour'd wi' a;
And his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.
His coat is the hue
Of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket 2 is white as the new driven snow;
His hose they are blue,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siler buckles they dazzle us a'.

1 This humorous song was written in 1780 for Johnson's Museum (vol. iii.) as a substitute for some witty but indecent verses, to a popular air, "Whistle o'er the lave o't," said to have been composed about 1729 by John Bruce, a Dumfries musician.
2 Another reading of this line is:—
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child.
3 Fecket, probably a waistcoat.
For beauty and fortune,  
The laddie's been courtin';  
Well-featured, well-toocher'd, well-mounted, and braw:  
But chiefly the siller,—  
That gars him gang till her,  
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.  
There's Meg wi' the malden,  
That fain wad a ha'en him,  
And Susy, whose daddy was laird o' the ha';  
There's lang-toocher'd Nancy,  
Maist fetters his fancy,  
—But the laddie's dear sel' he lo'es dearest of a'.

---

SONG—EPPIE ADAIR.¹
TUNE—"My Eppie."

And O! my Eppie,  
My jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair?  
By love, and by beauty,  
By law, and by duty,  
I swear to be true to  
My Eppie Adair!

And O! my Eppie,  
My jewel, my Eppie!  
Wha wadna be happy  
Wi' Eppie Adair?  
A' pleasure exile me,  
Dishonour defile me,  
If e'er I beguile thee,  
My Eppie Adair!

---

ON CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND,
COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.²

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,  
Free Maiden Kirk to Johnnie Groats³;  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede you tent:

¹ Burns composed these verses for the Museum to suit what Steenhouse calls a pretty air which appeared in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion under the title of "My Eppie."
² Kirkmaiden, in Wigtownshire, the most southerly parish in Scotland.
³ Of John o' Groats, near the north-eastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland.
⁴ Francis Grose was the son of a Swiss jeweller settled in England, and appears to have been born about the year 1736, in the county of Middlesex. A good education, respectable talents, and an indepen-
POEMS AND SONGS.

A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fudgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark well—
And vow! he has an unce slighth
O' eark and keel.¹

By some auld, bonet-haunted biggin,²
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to one ye'll find him sung in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleguin'
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld' or channer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b--es.

It's taudl he was a sodger bred,
And ane was rather fa' than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade³
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the--Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

(From "The Antiquary," by Sir Walter Scott.)

¹ A child's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

² If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fudgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark well—
And vow! he has an unce slighth
O' eark and keel.

³ By some auld, bonet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
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And ane was rather fa' than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the--Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

(From "The Antiquary," by Sir Walter Scott.)
He has a fourth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airm caps and jinglin' jackets,¹
Wad hand the Lothians three in tacketks,
A townmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder:
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shoei and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Rakam's ass;
The broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff, fu' gleg,
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocetleg;²
Or lang-kail gullie.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Guid fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Wha'eer o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, "Shame fa' thee."

—

ON CAPTAIN GROSE.³

The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
But when he approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burden a-groaning,
Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, "By G—,
I'll want 'im, ere take such a damnable load."

¹ Vide his Treatise on Ancient Arms and Weapons.
² A large pocket-knife, named from a famous cutler,
Jacques de Liège, or James of Liège.
³ The nature of the intimacy between Burns and Grose has been already narrated. In a moment of festivity Grose is said to have asked Burns to produce an epigram or epistle on him. Burns eyed the antiquarian for a moment, and then hurled the above at him amid roars of laughter.
POEMS AND SONGS.

THE KIRK'S ALARM.¹

A BALLAD.

TUNE—"Push about the brick bust."

The period at which this piece was produced is known from a letter to Mr. Logan, the "Aften's Laid" of the postscript, dated 7th August, 1789, enclosing the poem, in which Burns says, "I have, as you will shortly see, finished 'The Kirk's Alarm': but now that it is done, and that I have languished once or twice at the conceits in some of the stanzas, I am determined not to let it get into the public; so I send you this copy, the first I have sent to Ayrshire (except some few of the stanzas which I wrote off in embryo for Gavin Hamilton), under the express provision and request, that you will only read it to a few of us, and do not on any account give, or permit to be taken, any copy of the ballad."

Orthodox, orthodox,² who believe in John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience,
There's a heretic blast has been blown in the west,
That what is no sense must be nonsense,
Orthodox! That what is no sense must be nonsense.

Doctor Mac,³ Doctor Mac, ye should stretch on a rack,
To strike evil doers wi' terror;
To join faith and sense upon any pretence,
Was heretic, damnable error,
Dr. Mac! 'Twas heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr,⁴ town of Ayr, it was rash, I declare,
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;

¹ The title of this piece as given in the two holograph copies in the British Museum is "The Kirk of Scotland's Alarm; A Ballad." The name of the tune as given by the MS. in the Edinburgh manuscript is "Come rose, Brother Sportsmen." Many holograph MSS. exist showing different arrangements in the stanzas and a great number of different readings, the most important of which are here given. The poem was written with reference to a case then pending in the church courts of Burns's native district. Dr. William McGill, one of the two ministers employed in the parochial charge of Ayr, had published in 1786 A Practical Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ, which was supposed to inculcate principles of both Arminian and Socinian character, and provoked many severe censures. McGill remained silent under the attacks of his opponents, till Dr. William Peebles of Newton-upon-Ayr, a neighbour, in preaching a sermon in November, 1788, denounced the essay as heretical, and the author as one who "with one hand received the privileges of the church, while, with the other he was endeavoring to plunge the keenest poltroon into her heart." McGill published a defence, which led, in April, 1789, to the introduction of the case into the presbytery court of Ayr, and subsequently into that of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr. Meanwhile, the public out of doors were agitating the question with the keenest interest, and Burns took up his pen in behalf of McGill, of whom he expresses a high opinion, in a letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, written in December, 1788. "I think you must have heard of Dr. McGill, one of the clergy of Ayr, and his heretical book. God help him, poor man! Though he is one of the worthiest, as well as one of the ablest, of the whole priesthood of the Kirk of Scotland, in every sense of that ambiguous term, yet the poor Doctor and his numerous friends are in imminent danger of being thrown out to the mercy of the winter winds." He is also praised in the poet's "Twa Herds." The war raged, till, in April, 1790, the case came on for trial before the synod, when McGill stopped further procedure by giving in a document expressive of his deep regret for the disquiet he had occasioned, explaining the challenged passages of his book, and declaring his adherence to the standards of the church on the points of doctrine in question. Dr. McGill died March 30, 1807, at the age of seventy-six, and in the forty-sixth year of his ministry.

² In some MSS. "Brother Scots, brother Scots."

³ Dr. McGill.

⁴ In some MSS. "Wicked writers."

⁵ When Dr. McGill's case came before the synod, the magistrates of Ayr published an advertisement in the newspapers, occasioning a warm testimony in favour of the doctor's character, and their appreciation of his services as a pastor.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Provost John1 is still deaf to the church's relief,
And Orator Bob2 is its ruin,
Town of Ayr! Yes, Orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple in,3 D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven swan,
Yet that winna save ye, and Satan must have ye,
For preaching that three's an' twa,
D'rymple mild! For preaching that three's an' twa.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff will be powder enough,
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead,
Calvin's sons! Your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Rumble John,4 Rumble John, mount the steps wi a groan,
Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd:
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like ailede,
And roar ev'ry note of the damn'd,
Rumble John! And roar ev'ry note o' the damn'd.

Simper James,5 Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
There's a holier chase in your view;
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
For puppies like you there's but few,
Simper James! For puppies like you there's but few.

Singet Sawney,6 Singet Sawney, are ye hairlin' the penny,
Unconscious what danger awaits?
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm ev'ry soul,
For Hannibal's just at your gates,
Singet Sawney! For Hannibal's just at your gates.7

Daddy Auld,8 Daddy Auld, there's a toil in the fankil,
A toil meikle warner than the clerk;9
    much worse

---

1 John Ballantine, Esq., provost of Ayr, the same gentleman to whom the "Two Bros' is dedicated.
2 Mr. Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr, to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed. He exerted his powerful oratorical talents as agent for Dr. McGill in the presbytery and synod.
3 The Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple, senior minister of the Collegiate church of Ayr (colleague of Dr. McGill)—a man of extraordinary meekness and worth. It is related of him, that one day meeting an almost naked beggar in the country, he took off his coat and waistcoat—gave the latter to the poor man, then put on his coat, buttoned it up, and walked home. He died in 1814, after having fulfilled his pastoral duties for sixty-eight years. One of his favourite tenets was the divinity of the Trinity.
4 The Rev. John Russell, Kilmarnock, celebrated in the "Ooly Fair."
5 The Rev. James M'Kinlay, Kilmarnock, the hero of the "Preliminary.
6 The Rev. Alexander Moodie of Blecarron, near Kilmarnock, one of the heroes of the "Two Herds."
7 Simper "implies here punny, or dried-up-like.
8 In some MSS. "the foul thief" takes the place of "Hannibal."
9 The Rev. William Auld of Manchline, who figures in the "Two Herds" and elsewhere.
10 The "clerk" was Mr. Gavin Hamilton, whose defence against the vexatious charges of Sabbath-breaking and other misdeeds, preferred by Mr. Auld, had occasioned much trouble to this clergyman. Of this controversy some account will be found in vol. ii. p. 143. In the Kilmarnock edition (1856), edited by William Scott Douglas, there is a note here which calls for some notice:—"The allusion to the toil in this verse has hitherto been unnoticed by commen-
POEMS AND SONGS.

Though ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,¹
And gie ye canna bite, ye may bark,
Daddy Auird! Gie ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,² Davie Bluster, for a saunt if ye muster,
The corps is no nice of recruits; Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the Ass were the king o' the brutes,
Davie Bluster! If the Ass were the king o' the brutes.

Jamie Goose,³ Jamie Goose, ye lae made but toom roose,
In hunting the wicked lieutenant; But the doctor's your mark, for the L—d's holy ark,
He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin b'lt,
Jamie Goose! He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin b'lt.

Poet Willie,⁴ Poet Willie, gie the Doctor a volley,
Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your wit; O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——,
Poet Willie! Ye but smelt, man, the place where he ——.

Andro Gonk,⁵ Andro Gonk, ye may slander the book,
And the book none the waur, let me tell ye; Tho' ye're rich, and look big, yet lay by hat and wig,
And y'll ha'e a calf's head o' sum' value,
Andro Gonk! Ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sum' value.

Barr Steenie,⁶ Barr Steenie, what mean ye, what mean ye? If y'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, good manners,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better,
Barr Steenie! Wi' people that ken ye nae better.

¹ This line one MS. has

"Douglas, Heron, & Co. has e'en laed you fa' low.
Alluding to the disastrous failure of Douglas, Heron, & Co.'s bank, which brought ruin or severe loss on many Argyllshire families.

² The Rev. David Grant, Of Ardtfirtree.

³ The Rev. James Young of New Cumnock. The "wicked lieutenant" was a Captain Hugh Mitchell, whose child Mr. Young refused to baptize, which caused one or two influential families to leave the church.

⁴ The Rev. Dr. Peebles of Newton upon Ayr. He had excited some ridicule by a line in a poem on the centenary of the Revolution of 1788—

And bound in Liberty's enduring chain."

The poetry of this gentleman is said to have been indifferent. It comprised *The Crisis; or the Progress of Revolutionary Principles: odes and elegies, hymns, & c.* He is also mentioned in the "Holy Fair" and the "Twa Herds." He is also said to have set up for a wit.

⁵ Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton. He was so rich as to be able to keep his carriage, and was very fond of money. He is called "goun" by a play on words, this being both a Scottish surname and also the Scottish for cuckoo and for dotl or fool. Notwithstanding the antipathy he could scarcely help feeling towards Burns, it is said that some of the poet's comic verses would make him laugh heartily, and confess that, "after all, he was a droll fellow."

⁶ Rev. Stephen Young, Barr.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Irvine-side, Irvine-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
O' manhood but an' is your share,
Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faces will allow,
And your friends daurna say you hae mair.
Irvine-side! Your friends daurna say you hae mair.

Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock
To crush Common Sense for her sins,
If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit
To confound the poor Doctor at once.
Muirland Jock! To confound the poor Doctor at once.

Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
When ye piffer'd the auld o' the poor;
The timber is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.
Holy Will! Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
Why desert ye your auld native shire?
Your muse is a gypsy, yet were she e'en tipsy,
She could ca'n us nae waur than we are,
Poet Burns! She could ca'n us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, when your pen can be spar'd
A copy o' this I bequeath,
On the same sicker score I mention'd before,
To that trusty and worthy Clackleith,
Afton's Laird! To that trusty and worthy Clackleith.

1 Rev. George Smith, Galston. This gentleman is praised in the "Holy Fair" for teaching the importance of morality in practice, and for his "English style and gesture." Mr. Smith seems to have taken offence at that praise, and this probably set the poet against him. In another version he is styled "Cowsmock-side."

2 Rev. John Shepher, Muirkirk. He had a habit of saying rude things, which he mistook for wit, and thus laid himself open to the satire of the poet. In another version this verse commences thus:

Muirland George, Muirland George,
Whom the L—d made a scoundrel,
To chaw Common Sense for her sins.

In the old Statistical Account of Scotland, edited by Sir John Sinclair, most of the ministers are mentioned as authors of the articles on their respective parishes.

3 The Manxman, William Fisher, the hero of "Holy Willie's Prayer."

4 John Logan of Knockshinnoch, Glen Afton, Ayrshire. He is the John Logan, Esq. of Lallyg, to whom the poet's letter of date 19th August, 1786, is addressed.

5 Mr. Johnston of Clackleith, a neighbour laird of Knockshinnoch's, evidently one of the "few of us" to whom this poem might be read. In a recently discovered memorandum to Provost Wilson of Sanquhar, Burns speaks of this "hearty veteran of original wit, and social iniquity," Clackleith.

6 In a copy preserved in the poet's monument at Edinburgh there is another Postscript:

Factor John, Factor John, whom the Lord made absent,
And we're made neither, thy pes.
The poor servant, the bard, in regard, respect.
He presents thee this token sincere.

There is some doubt as to "Factor John's" identity. Some think John Kennedy is meant, factor to the last Earl of Dumfries, to whom Burns enclosed a copy of the "Mountain Daisy," 20th April, 1786. Others have suggested that John Macmurdo, chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry, at Dumfries, may be "Factor John." Burns being at this time an intimate terms with this gentleman's family.

1 These lines were sung after a prayer for the exciseman in his name. They were omitted by Burns when the manuscript was printed in connection with the Kilmarnock edition. We have here sung after a prayer giving some excuse . . . Whose words that he is a water.
TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.
ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR, 10TH AUGUST, 1789.

I call no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled muse may suit a bard that feigns;
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day! thou other paler light!
And all the other sparkling stars of night;
If anight that giver from my mind elude;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years!
I lay my hand upon my swelling breast,
And grateful would, but cannot speak the rest.

---

SONG—WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUNT.

TUNE—'W Willie brew'd a peck o' maunt.'

"The air is Masterton's," says Burns in his notes to the Glenriddell copy of the 
Museum, "the song mine. The occasion of it was this. Mr. William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, during
the autumn vacation being at Moffat, honest Allan (who was at that time on a visit to Dalwinton),
and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Mr. Masterton and I agreed,
each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business."

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maunt,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that Lee-lang night,
Ye wadna found in Christendom.
We are na fon, we're na that fon,
But just a drappie in our ce;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

<These lines were written on receiving the favour
prayed for in the epistle of September, 1788, namely,
that he might be appointed to the active duties of an
excellency in his own district. The last two lines
were omitted by Currie, and were for the first time
printed in connection with the poem in the Kilmar-
2"We have heard 'O Willie brew'd a peck o' maunt,'
sung after a presbytery dinner; the bass of the mode-
rator giving something of a solemn character to the
chorus . . . Wordsworth, who has told the world
that he is a water drinker . . . regards this song with
the complacency of a philosopher, knowing well that
it is all a pleasant exaggeration; and that had the
moon not lost patience and gone to bed, she would
have seen 'Rob and Allan' on their way back to Ellis-
land, along the bold banks of the Nith [3], as steady
as a brace of bishops."—PROFESSOR WILSON,—Lock-
hart has pronounced this "the best of all Burns'
baschanalian pieces." William Nicol, of the High
School, Edinburgh, and Allan Masterton, another
Edinburgh schoolmaster and a musical amateur, were
both intimate friends of the poet, and the former in
particular was often his companion. Masterton's>
POEMS AND SONGS.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fon, &c.

It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fon, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall sit,
He is the king among us three!
We are na fon, &c.

SONG—I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN. 2

TUNE—"The blue eyed bass,"

I gaed a waeful gate yestreen, 3
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death free awa' sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

daughter is celebrated in the song already given,
"Beware o' bonnie Ann." Writing just ten years
after this Currie remarks: "These three honest fel-
lovers—all men of uncommon talents—are now all under
the turf." Currie states that the meeting was held at
Laugan, a farm purchased by Nicol in Nithsdale, on
the recommendation of Burns. This purchase was
not, however, effected till the following year. "We
are," says Robert Chambers, "furnished with a note
of a 'disposition by William Riddell of Comminston,
Writer to the Signet, to William Nicol, of the lands of
Meikle and Little Laggan, lying in the barony of Snaid,
priest of Glencairn, and shire of Dumfries, dated 25th
March, 1790, and registered in the books of council
and session 20 April, 1790... I have been informed
that Nicol paid about £1500 for the Laggans." They
consisted of about 281 acres, whereof 69 were arable,
and 9 meadow ground; the remainder being good
pasture-land with some wood. Of the exact place of
meeting we know nothing further than what Burns
tells us, namely, that it was at Moffat. Tradition
asserts that day dawned long ere the guests arose
to depart.—The song was published in the third
volume of Johnson's Museum, in 1790.

This is the reading of the line in the Museum.

Many editors have altered "first" to "last," thinking
that the former was merely a slip, and that as the
"three" were met to have a long night of it, there
would have been little sociability in trying who shall
get "son" first. But the poet himself, writing to
his friend Alexander Cunningham on March 22, 1786,
quotation the verse as here given. He also quotes it
in writing to Captain Riddell (October 16th, 1786),
and though he there gives "first," he writes the word
in italics to point it out as not the original reading.

The date of this line song may be stated to be
December, 1789. The charming subject of it was the
dughter of the Rev. Mr. Jaffray of Lochmaiden. The
poet had been invited to spend an evening at the
manse, and was much pleased with the winning
manners and laughing blue eyes of the young lady,
then only fifteen. Next day he presented her with
the song. Miss Jaffray became Mrs. Rennick, and
went to New York, where she occupied a very re-
spectable position, and was Washington Irving being
proud of her acquaintance and delighted in her
society. She died in 1850, and several years after a
collection of her letters was published accompanied
by a memoir.—The air to which the song was set
in the Museum is the composition of Mr. Riddell of
Glenriddell. It is so much beyond the compass of
ordinary voices that it is surprising any one having
even a slight knowledge of music did not see its in-
appropriateness. George Thomson set the song to
the tune "The Braithrie o't;" in other collections it
is rendered to the air of "My only Jo and dearie o'.
POEMS AND SONGS.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet with dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

Searching auld wives' barrels,
Och—hon! the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels:
But—what'll ye say?

These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes!

SONG—MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.¹

TUNE—"Highlander's Lament."

"The oldest title I ever heard of this air," says Burns, "was 'The Highland Watch's Farewell to Ireland.' The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dumblane. The rest of the song is mine."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fin' stately strode he on the plain:
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.

O for him back again!
O for him back again!
I wad gie a' Knockhaaspie's land,
Would give
For Highland Harry back again.

¹ Peter Buchan (who, as we have remarked on a preceding page, is, however, but a doubtful authority) says that the hero of the original song was a Harry Lambshe, the second son of a Highland gentleman, who made love to Miss Janet Gordon, daughter to the laird of Knockespock. He went abroad, and the lady was married to her cousin, a son of the laird of Rhynie. Tradition says, that some time after, her former lover accidentally met her, and while in the act of shaking her hand, her husband assailed him, and with his sword lopped off several of Highland Harry's fingers. Burns, who could hardly, we should think, have known anything of this story, evidently intended the song to be taken in a Jacobitish sense. Knockespock, we may add, is an estate in western Aberdeenshire.
POEMS AND SONGS.

When 'a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander downie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And aye I wish him back again.
O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hungit high,
And ifka body had their ain!
Then I might see the joyful sight,
My Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again, &c.

_____________________

SONG—WHARE HAE YE BEEN.¹

TEXT—"Killiecrankie."

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?
O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?
An ye had been whare I hae been,
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
An ye had seen what I hae seen,
P't he braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
At hame I fought my auntie, O;
But I met the devi and Dundee,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

The laudl Pitier fell in a fury,
An' Clivers got a clunkie, O;
Or I had fed an Athole gled,
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
An ye had been, &c.

_____________________

SONG—MY HEARTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.²

TEXT—"Faulie na Mirey" (The Musket Salute).

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

¹ The chorus of this song is old, the rest is by Burns. Killiecrankie is a pass in the Highlands of Perthshire, where was fought the battle of 27th July, 1690, between the forces of King William III. under General Mackay, and the Highland clans under Viscount Dundee (Graham of Claverhouse), on the part of King James II. The Highlanders routed their opponents, but Dundee fell, and their victory was useless.

² The first half stanza of this song, says Burns, "is old, the rest is mine." In an additional note to
POEMS AND SONGS.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below:
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE WHISTLE.

A BALLAD.

As the authentic prose history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came also over a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bucephalus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bucephalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrowes on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddell of Glenriddell, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 10th of October, 1789, at Friar's Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, direct descendant and representative of Walter Riddell, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq., of Craishardoch, likewise descendant of the great Sir Robert; who last gentleman carried off the hard won honours of the field.—H. B. 3

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Chorus.—
Let us drink and go home, let us drink and go home,
If we stay any longer, we'll get a bad name,
We'll get a bad name, and we'll fill ourselves fast,
And the strong walls of Derry it's ill to get through.

A great deal of ink has been expended in connection with the "real presence" of graphics at this contest. From the evidence of the ballad itself it would seem as if the poet had been present as witness, judge, and chronicler. "He was not at the Carse," says Professor Wilson. "He was present," says Robert Chambers; and this had been asserted
POEMS AND SONGS.

Old Loda! still rousing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions venture'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the sea,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic o'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddell, so skill'd in coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddell to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in clarion, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddell replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,
And bumber his horn with him twenty times o'er!"

Previously by Allan Cunningham, who added the extravagant statement that "Burns drank bottle after bottle with the competitors, and seemed disposed to take up the conqueror." Dr. Hately Waddell is convinced of his presence, Mr. Scott Douglas takes the opposite view, and with him we are inclined to side. The strongest evidence in favour of Burns having witnessed the contest, apart from the poem itself, is a formal written statement signed by a William Hunter of Cockrum, in the parish of Closeburn, in 1841, affirming that in 1789 he was a servant in Frain's Case, and that he had a perfect recollection of the whole affair. Burns was present in the dining-room, he said, and he (Hunter) supplied him with liquor. Yet we cannot help looking with great suspicion upon Hunter's story, told fifty years after the event. Hunter may have been a servant at the Case when the contest occurred; and the celebrity of the poet, and the interest attached to every transaction with which he was in any way connected, especially as the competitors in this bacchanalian fray were so much local importance, might very easily tempt a weak and garrulous old man to affirm something that never had occurred, if notice were thereby to be drawn to himself. Documents recovered by Cramock in 1861 establish that Mr. McMurdo of Drumlanrig had agreed to writing, on October 10th, six days before the contest, to be judge, and George Johnston, and Patrick Miller, younger of Dalswinton, to be witnesses. Now once more of these would surely be present, and it is highly suspicious that Hunter ignores this and mentions Burns only. That Burns did not expect to be there is conclusively proved by a letter from him to Mr. Riddell written on the day of the contest. Therefore the picture suggested by the ballad—

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink—
we believe to be merely a matter of dramatic propriety and poetic license.

1 See Osian's Carriedhara.—R. B.
2 See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.—R. B.
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, "Toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,"
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddell our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet, lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And ev'ry new cork was a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
Bright Phoebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
And vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddell, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage,
A high ruling elder¹ to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend?
Though Fate said a hero should perish in light;
So up rose bright Phoebus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
"Craigdarroch, thou'll soar when creation shall sink!
But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime!

"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!"
TO DR. BLACKLOCK. 1

ELLISLAND, 21st Oct. 1780.

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! I vow elated
And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? cheerful
I kenn'd it still your wee bit jauntie
Wad bring ye to:

Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,
And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron2 south!
devil
And never drink he near his drowned!
told
He taund mysel' by word o' mouth,
told
He'd take my letter;

I lippin'd to the chiel in trouth,
trusted fellow too
And hae me better.

1 Dr. Thomas Blacklock, to whom this epistle is addressed, was an able blind poet, upon whom even the Urea Major of literature, Dr. Johnson, looked with reverence, and whose memory will be ever dear to the admirers of Burns, for having been the immediate cause of his abandoning his intention of going to the West Indies. He was born at Ammon, November 13, 1721, of poor parents who came from the north of England. He lost his sight through small-pox when six months old. Having been enabled, through the kindness of Dr. Stevenson of Edinburgh, to enter himself a student in the university, he was licensed as a preacher in 1759, and afterwards, through the influence of the Earl of Schalkirk, presented to the parish of Kirkemuir, but the people having refused to receive him he retired, after two years' contention, upon a moderate annuity. The remainder of his life was spent in literary pursuits, and in habits of intimacy with literary men. Dr. Blacklock died in Edinburgh, July 7, 1791. Burns has sketched his character with great feeling:—"There was never perhaps one among all mankind whom you might more truly have called an angel upon earth than Dr. Blacklock. He was guileless and innocent as a child, yet endowed with manly sagacity and penetration. His heart was a perpetual spring of benevolence. . . . Poetry was to him the dear solace of perpetual blindness." The origin of Burns's connection with Dr. Blacklock is stated in Lockhart's Life (chapter iv.), in vol. i. of this work, to which the reader may refer. A portrait of Dr. Blacklock will be found in vol. iv. The poetical letter to which the above was an answer, ran as follows:

EINBURGH, 5th August, 1789.

Dear Burns, then brother of my heart,
Both for thy virtues and thy art;
If art it may be called in thee,
Which nature's bounty, large and free
With pleasure in thy breast diffuses,
And warms thy soul with all the Muses.
Whether to laugh with easy grace,
 Thy numbers move the sage's face,

2 Robert Heron, the messenger above alluded to, was born at New Galloway, November 6, 1754. He was the son of a poor weaver, who, from the remarkable love of learning and assiduity in pursuit of knowledge displayed by his son, designed him for the church. He early devoted himself to literary pursuits, and wrote on all subjects—history, biography, science, criticism—with great talent and power. He was unfortunately distinguished by habits of extravagance, and was frequently at the mercy of his creditors. He went to London in 1789, and for some time derived a good income from his pen, but his evil habits brought him; he was thrown into Newgate, where he remained many months in the greatest distress. Being seized with a lingering illness, he was removed to an hospital, where he died, April 13, 1807. Heron was the author of A Life of Burns, containing a very honourable estimate of his genius; but in it perhaps the darker shades of the poet's character are made too prominent.
But ailing honest Master Heron
Had at the time some dainty fair one,
To ware his theologic care on,
And holy study;
And tir'd o' sauls to waste his hear on,
E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,
I'm turn'd a ganger—Peace be here!
Parmanian queans, I fear, I fear
Ye'll now disdain me,
And then my fifty pounds a year
Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit, glesome, dainty damies,
Wha by Castalia's winplin' streamies,
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
Ye ken, ye ken,
That strang necessity supreme is
'Mang sons o' men.

I lave a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursel's my heart right proud is,
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thow saugh wooldies, cut twist willow ropes
Before they want.

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o' late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than many ither;
But why should an man better fare,
And an' men brither?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou mak'st o' earl-hemp in man!
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair;
Wha does the utmost that he can,
Will whyles do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life!

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,

perhaps
expend
learning
friend
giddily-pated dames
hap
must rags of clothing
early
many others
one
male-hemp
remember won
sometimes

My compliments to sister Beckie;
And eke the same to honest Lucky,
POEMS AND SONGS.

I watt she is a d'ainy chuckie,
As e'er tread clay!
And gratefully, my guid an' cookie,
I'm yours for aye.

ROBERT BURNS.

_________

SONG—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—"Death of Captain Cook."

Burns sent this song to his friend Mr. Graham of Fintry, in a letter dated 9th December, 1780. He says: "The song beginning 'Thou lingering star,' &c., is the last, and in my own opinion, by much the best of the enclosed compositions ['Grose's Persications,' 'Kirk's Alarm,' 'Fife Carol,' and this.] I beg leave to present it with my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Graham."

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov' st to greet the early morn,
Again thou ush' r'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Sees' thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

1 "At Ellisde," says Professor Wilson, "Burns wrote many of his finest strains—and above all, that immortal burst of passion, 'To Mary in Heaven.' The incidents connected with the composition of this beautiful poem are narrated by Mrs. Burns are given in Lockhart's "Life." The date there given is September, 1780, but Robert Chambers, after an exhaustive investigation of all the circumstances, scarcely doubts but that the composition of 'To Mary in Heaven' took place on Tuesday the 20th October (between five and six o'clock of the evening), and that this was consequently the date of the death of the heroine. The poet, it will be noticed, represents himself in the opening lines as addressing the morning-star. Mrs. Burns, in her account of the origin of the poem stated that the poet, while in the throes of composition, had his eyes fixed on a star of evening, a planet that "shone like another moon." See vol. i., p. 88. This poem has received very high praise from almost every one. "Cuthbert Bede" (Rev. Ed. Bradley), however, thinks it inferior in purity of sentiment to "Highland Mary," and that it displays far too much of "sensuous warmth." We admit he has some grounds for this opinion; and in particular "The flowers spring wanton to be prest," is to us a very distasteful line. We cannot help wondering what extent Burns's real feelings are here depicted. If he was still so filled with love and regret for Mary, what room was there in his bosom for his own Jean? We have elsewhere shown that he seemed very quickly to forget Mary after their parting. We must remember that we have here to do with Burns the literary artist as well as Burns the man. He himself, in the letter quoted above, has no hesitation in judging critically of the poetical merits of this piece as against those of the other pieces sent along with it to Mr. Graham.—The air to which the song is set in the "Museum's" is quite a trivial production. Though several musicians of some talent have attempted to "set" the words, no melody worthy of the verses has as yet been produced.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

Tune—"Chevy Chase."

There was five Carlins in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to London town
To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aid his gowd and honour saith
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride enough;

1 The contest celebrated in this ballad was one between Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, and Captain Patrick Miller, younger of Dalwinton, the canvass for which began towards the end of 1780, for the united burghs of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Annan, Lochmaben, and Sanquhar. Burns sent the ballad to his friend, Mr. Graham of Fintry in a letter dated 5th December, 1780, in which some account of the state of election matters is given (see the letter). Captain Miller, son of the poet's landlord, united the interest of the Duke of Queensberry and the Whigs; and Sir James that of the court and the Tories. Burns affects neutrality in this ballad, though his sympathies are evidently with Sir James Johnston and the Tories. But his detestation of the Duke of Queensberry modified very greatly his sentiments towards his Whig landlord, and his other friends of that party. The personifications of the burghs have been spoken of in terms of high praise by those acquainted with the localities. There are several different versions of the ballad; but the variations are unimportant. "Whisky Jean that took her gift," is in one version, for instance, dignified by the title of "Brandy Jean." It may be added that Captain Miller carried the election, but after a severe contest, and at a very heavy expense. It was not decided till July, 1780.

2 This is Burns's word, and according to Scott's usage not ungrammatical, but of the best ballad use, and employed by him deliberately as being so.

3 This refers to Dumfries, the most important town in this part of Scotland. Views of Dumfries will be found in vols. i. and v.
And Marjorie o' the monie Lochs,
A Carlin an' an' teugh.

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,
That dwells near Solway side,
And whisky Jean that took her gill,
In Galloway so wide.

And black Joan frae Crichton peel,
O' gipsy kith an' kin,
Five wighter Carlins were na found
The south countrie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
This errand fain would gae.

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird,
This errand fain would gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred o' a border band,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands wee,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilda ane at Lon'on court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on tow,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gifts,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

1 Lochmaben, an ancient burgh of Dumfriesshire, formerly the residence of King Robert the Bruce, from whom it received many privileges. It is surrounded by nine small lochs.

2 Annan, a thriving town of Dumfriesshire, the chief seat of the Bruce family after their accession to the throne.

3 Kirkcudbright, the chief town of the stewartry (or county) of the same name, beautifully situated near where the Dee enters the Solway.

4 Sanquhar, a small burgh in the upper part of Nithsdale, on the road from Ayr to Dumfries. It was frequently visited by the poet. One of his visits gave occasion to the "Ode" to the memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchinravie. Near it stands the ruined castle or peel of Sanquhar, the massive building shown in the foreground of the accompanying plate, at one time the shiel of the family of Crichton. The Admiraible Crichton sprung from a branch of this family, and was born in the adjacent castle of Ellblock.
Now whom to choose and whom refuse,
At strife th' Carlins fell;
For some had gentle folks to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak up wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'lon court
She did not care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale:
And a deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the border Knight,
The' she wad vote her lune.

"For far-ffowls hae feathers fair,
An fools' change are fain:
But I hae tried the border Knight,
I'll try him yet again."

Says black John frae Crichton peel,
A C'arlin stoor and grim,
"The auld guidman or the young guidman
For me may sink or swim.

"For fools will prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn;
But the Sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
Sae he shall bear the horn."

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,
"Ye weel ken kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'lon court,
His back's been at the wa'.

"And monie a friend that kiss'd his camp
Is now a frenit wight;
But it's ne'er be sae wi' whisky Jean,—
We'll send the border Knight."

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
And wrinkled was her brow:
Her ancient weed was russet gray,
Her auld Scots bluid was true.

1 George III.  
2 The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.
"There's some great folks see light by me,
I set as lightly there;
But I will send to London town,
Wham I like best at Lander."

See how this weighty plea will end,
Nae mortal wight can tell:
God grant the King and ilka man
May look weel to himself.

ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'!

The Laddies by the banks o' Nith
Wad trust his Grace, wi' a', Jamie;
But he'll sair them as he sair'd the king,
Turn tail and rin awa', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
Up and waur them a';
The Johnstones lave the guidin' o't,
Up and waur them a'.

The day he stood his country's friend
Or gied her face a claw, Jamie,
Or frac pair man a blessin' wan,
That day his Grace ne'er saw, Jamie.

Up and waur them a', &c.

But who is he, his country's boast?
Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
There's no a callant tents the kye,
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', &c.

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,
Lang may his whistle blow, Jamie;
And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstone's a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', &c.

1 See note to preceding piece. In this ballad Burns throws aside his neutrality, casting in his lot fairly with the Tory candidate Sir James Johnstone, whose character is favourably contrasted with that of his Grace of Queensberry. In the first verse the poet alludes to the duke's conduct in regard to the late Regency Bill (see note to "Ode to the Departed Regency Bill"), when he took the side of Fox in favor of the surrender of the power of the crown into the hands of the Prince of Wales, as constitutionally entitled to be made regent.

2 A Mr. Birtwhistle, merchant in and provost of Kirkcudbright.

3 Provost Maxwell of Lochmaben, a letter to whom, written about this time, will be found in the poet's Correspondence.
POEMS AND SONGS.

PROLOGUE,

SPoken AT THE THEATRE, Dumfries, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY EVENING. [1790.]

In a letter to his brother Gilbert, 13th January, 1790, Burns says: "We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell, in Ayr, wrote to me by the manager of the company, a Mr. Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New-Year's Day evening I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause." [See also letter to Sutherland in General Correspondence.]

No song nor dance I bring from you great city
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
Tho', by-the-by, abroad why will ye roam?
Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
But not for panegyric I appear,
I come to wish you all a good New Year!
Old Father Time departs me here before ye,
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
The sage, grave Ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
"You're one year older this important day,"
If wise too—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-rugnish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
To you the dotard has a deal to say;
In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!
He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,
That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him;
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!
To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
And offers, bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours,
With grateful pride we own your many favours;
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it,
Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

1 MS. variation: Said—Submit it; in one word, bid them—Think.
SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY. [1790.]

TO MRS. DUNLOP

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again,
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor heir,
In vain assail him with their prayer;
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's ¹ with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Colin's fair Rachel's ² care to-day,
And blooming Keith's ³ engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
—That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me a-moralizing!
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust,
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its line from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as Misery's woful night.

¹ Fifth son of Mrs. Dunlop. He was distinguished as a military officer, and served as major-general in the Peninsular war. He died in 1832.
² Rachel, daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, after her marriage to Robert Glasgow, Esq. She had considerable skill in drawing, and was employing her pencil at the time in making a sketch of Colin in the "Vision."
³ Keith, Mrs. Dunlop's youngest daughter, similarly occupied with a subject from Gray's "Elegy."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Since then, my honour'd, first of friends,
On this poor being all depends;
Let us th' important now employ,
And live as those that never die.
The' you, with days and honours crown'd,
Witness that filial circle round,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,
A sight pale envy to convulse),
Others now claim your chief regard;
Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

SCOTS PROLOGUE,¹

FOR MR. SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES.

The following letter was sent to Mr. Sutherland along with this prologue:—"I was much disappointed, my dear Sir, in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday; and whatever aerial being has the guidance of the elements may take any other half dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with

Vapours, and clouds, and storms,
Until he terrify himself,
At combustion of his own raising.

I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon.—R. B., Monday Morning (1st Feb. 1790)."

What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play an' that new sang is comin'?
Why is outlandish stuff sue meikle courted?
Does nonsense need like brandy, when imported?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sungs and plays at hame?
For comedy abroad he need na toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece;
There's themes enough in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her glory.

Is there no daring bard will rise, and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how, hapless, fell?
Where are the muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce;

¹ Some of the expressions in this "Prologue" suggest that Burns at this time cherished the idea of setting about the dramatizing of some subject connected with Scottish life or history. In a letter written from Ellishand in the preceding December to the Countess of Glencairn this passage occurs:—"I have turned my thoughts on the drama, I do not mean the stately buskin of the Tragic Muse. Does not your ladyship think that an Edinburgh theatre would be more amused with affection, folly, and whim of true Scottish growth, than manners, which by far the greatest part of the audience can only know at second-hand?" And a little after this time [21st March, 1790] he wrote to Mr. Peter Hill, Bookseller, asking him to pick up for him "second-handed or cheap copies of Otway's dramatic works, Ben Jonson's, Dryden's, Congreve's, Wycherley's, Vanbrugh's, Clibber's, or any dramatic works of the more modern MacKlin, Garrick, Foote, Colman, or Sheridan. A good copy, too, of Molière in French I much want."
POEMS AND SONGS.

How here, even here, he first unheathed the sword
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord;
And after many a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin?
O for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene,
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish Queen!
Vain all th' omnipotence of female charms
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad rebellion's arms.
She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
To glut the vengeance of a rival woman:
A woman, tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
As able and as cruel as the devil!
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
But Douglases were heroes every age:
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life,
A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
Perhaps, if bowls row right, and Right succeeds,
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
Would take the Muses' servants by the band;
Not only hear, but patronise, befriend them,
And where ye justly can commend, commend them;
And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
Wink hard and say, "the folk hae done their best."
Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
Ye'll soon hae poets o' the Scottish nation,
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack,
And warsle Time an' hly him on his back!

For us and for our stage should any spier,
"Whose aught this chieft makes a' this bustle here?"
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow,
We have the honour to belong to you!
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,
But like good mithers, shore before you strike,—
And grateful still I hope ye'll ever find us,
For a' the patronage and mekile kindness
We've got fine a' professions, sets, and ranks:
God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

With Pegasus upon a day,
Apollo weary flying,
Through frosty hills the journey lay,
On foot the way was plying.


1 In the above testimonial, Mr. Taylor, the blacksmith of Walla, to Cunningham, Mr. a blacksmith of Walla, "frosted", when, on the journey, probably was too busy with the poet's inquirers, to Taylor, because he enquired the smith at once, proceeded years afterwards, had never been weel; a poet, who paid Taylor and paid him in verse.

2 The gentleman to whom this poem is addressed, Peter Stuart of the
POEMS AND SONGS.

Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
Was but a sorry walker;
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
To get a frosty caulkey.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
Threw by his coat and bonnet,
And did Sol's business in a crack;
Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Pity my sad disaster;
My Pegasus is poorly shod—
I'll pay you like my master.1

RAMAGE'S 3 o'clock (no date).

LINES

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.2

Kind Sir, I've read your paper through,
And faith, to me, 'twas really new!
How guessed ye, Sir, what mail I wanted?
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To ken what French mischief was brewin';
Or what the drummy Dutch were done;
That vile dop-skipper, Emperor Joseph,
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collies-hangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Sweede, before he halt,
Would play another Charles the Twalt;
If Denmark, any body spak o'?
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o'?

Robert Burns.

1 In the above terms did Burns request, according to Cunningham, Mr. Taylor's intercession with the blacksmith of Wanlockhead, to have his horse's shoes fixed, when, on one occasion, being on an excise journey, probably in the winter of 1788-89, Vulcan was too busy with other matters to attend immediately to the poet's wants. The verses were addressed to Taylor, because he was said to have complete influence over the smith, and the result was that the smith at once proceeded to work. It is said that for thirty years afterwards Burns used to boast that "he had never been see paid but once, and that was by a poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse."

2 The gentleman here addressed was probably Mr. Peter Stuart of the Star newspaper, London. To this paper Burns had sent various contributions in prose and verse. In July, 1818, Mr. Daniel Stuart wrote to the Gentleman's Magazine that his brother had, at the date of these "Lines," offered Burns a yearly salary, quite as large as his excise endowments, for occasional contributions; but the poet apparently did not see his way to accept this offer. The story is problematical. The newspaper not coming regularly the subjoined note of remonstrance was sent to headquarters:—

Dear Peter, dear Peter,
We poor sons of toil
Are often neglected, ye ken;
For instance, your sheet, man,
(Tho' glad I'm to see't, man),
I get it no o day in ten.—R. B.
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hing' 
How idiol Italy was singin';
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss;
Or how our merry lads at home,
In Britains court kept up the game:
How royal George, the Lord lenk der him!
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',
Or gleaikit Charlie got his niece in;
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';
How cusses, stents, and fees were rax'd,
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,
Pimps, sharpeners, bawds, and opera-girls;
If that daft luckie, Geordie Wales,¹
Was throwin' still at hizzies' tails,
Or if he was grown oughthins donser,
And no a perfect kintra cooser;
A' this and mair I never heard of,
And but for you I might despaired of.
So granefu', back your news I send you,
And pray a' guid things may attend you.

ELLISSLAND, Monday Morning, 1790

SONG—YESTREEN I HAD A PINT O' WINE.²

TUNE—"Banks of Bann."  
Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine,
The golden locks of Anna,

¹ George IV., then Prince of Wales.
² The "Anna" here celebrated was Anne Park, servant in the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, and niece (or sister) of its landlord, Mrs. Byshop. This Helen, according to Cunningham, "was accounted beautiful by the customers at the inn when wine made them tolerant in matters of taste." Dr. H. Waddell remarks of her: "Said to have been a person of very ordinary attractions, with coarse red hair." Much of Burns's time was spent in this tavern, one evil result of which was that Anne Park gave birth on the 31st March, 1791, to a child of whom the poet was the father, and who was named Elizabeth Burns. This child was for a short time taken care of by the bard's mother and sisters at Mosgiel; but the poet's wife herself sent for it and became its tender nurse and guardian, though encumbered by an infant (William Nicol Burns) ten days younger than the other. The girl was brought up with unvarying kindness, and never left Mrs. Burns's roof till she arrived to John Thomson, a soldier, and afterwards a weaver in Pollokshaws, near Glasgow, by whom she had a numerous family. She died at Crossmyloch, near Glasgow, in June, 1758, aged eighty-two years.

Burns sent the above song to Thomson in 1783 for publication, with the remark that he thought it "one of the best love songs I ever composed in my life." Thomson, however, did not approve of the song even after some of its warm touches had been toned down. Burns copied it into the Greenbried Collection, and also sent a copy of it to his contrivial friends of the Cesshallan Fencibles in Edinburgh, with the Poet's script appended. The writing of such a voluptuous lyric connected with such a scandalous episode in his career shows the poet's character in its darkest light.
POEMS AND SONGS.

The hungry Jew in wilderness
Rejoicing over his manna,
Was nailing to my honey bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the east and west,
Fro Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna!

There I'll despise imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana,
While dying raptures, in her arms,
I give and take with Anna!

Awa, thou flaming god o' day!
Awa, thou pale Diana!

Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna!

Come, in thy raven plumage, night!
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a;

And bring an angel pen to write
My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join and tell
To do such things I wanna;
The kirk and state may gae to ——
And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my ee,
To live but her I canna;

Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

ELEGY ON PEG NICHOLSON.

Peg Nicholson derived her name from the insane Virgin who attempted to assassinate George III., August 2, 1786. She belonged to his friend Nicol, and the circumstances attending her death are set forth in a letter to him, dated 9th February, 1786, and inclosing the "Elegy." He says: "I would freely have given her price to have saved her; she has vexed me beyond description. Indebted as I was to your goodness beyond what I can ever repay, I eagerly grasped at your offer to have the mare with me. That I might at least show my readiness in wishing to be grateful, I took every care of her in my power. . . . While she was with me, she was under my own eye, and I assure you, my much valued friend, everything was done for her that could be done; and the accident has vexed me to the heart. In fact I could not pluck up spirit to write to you on account of this unfortunate business." See letter in the General Correspondence.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
As ever trod on air;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And past the mouth o' Cairn.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And rode through thick and thin;
But now she's floating down the Nith,
And wanting even the skin.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And once she bore a priest;1
But now she's floating down the Nith,
For Solway fish a feast.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
And the priest he rode her sair;
And much oppress'd and bruised she was,
As priest-rid cattle are, &c. &c.

SONG—GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.2

TUNE—"Guidwife, count the Lawin."

Gane is the day, and morn's the night,
Next we'll ne'er stray for faint o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coaggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecth and fen';
But here we're a' in ne accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then, guidwife, &c.

My coaggie is a holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trait,
An' ye drink it a' y'll find him out;3

Then, guidwife, &c.

1 A reference to Nicol himself, who, though educated with a view to the ministry, and licensed to preach, had no love for the sacred calling, and turned aside, like so many of his countrymen similarly qualified, to 'the young bairn how to shoot.'—Stenhouse, "History of Dumfries," PP. 393 & 394.

2 This stanza is only found in the "five carlin's" song: "On the Green Lawn of Tushet." For the fourth line of this stanza, see page 41, note 2.

3 This stanza is only found in the "five carlin's" song: "On the Green Lawn of Tushet." For the fourth line of this stanza, see page 41, note 2.
BALLAD,
ON THE CLOSE OF THE ELECTION CONTEST FOR THE DUMFRIES BURGESS, JULY, 1790.
ADDRESSED TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF FINTRY.

Fintry, my stay in worldly strife,
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
Are ye as idle I am?

Come then, wi' uncoath, kintyre flag,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,
Wha left the all-important cares
Of princes and their darlin';
And, bent on winning burgh toms,
Cam shaking hands wi' webster loons,
And kissing barefoot carlins.

Combustion thro' our boroughs rove,
Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
Of mad unmanz'd lions;
As Queensberry "buff and blue" unfurld,
And Westerha' and Hopetoun hurld
To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Th' unmanz'd dust might soil his star;
Besides he hated bleeding;
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cesarean fight,
Or Ciceroonian pleading.

O! for a thread like huge Mons-meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

1 This is the third ballad which Burns wrote in connection with this election, the other two being the "Five Carlins" and the "Election Ballad for Westcrha'." For further particulars in regard to the parties concerned in the contest see note p. 29.

2 The fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory, well known as "Old Q." The party zeal which made him to secure the election of a candidate of his own colours, shake hands with "webster loons," and kiss "barefoot carlins," is thus referred to with good-humoured raillery in a letter dated 20th December, 1790, from Burns to Provost Maxwell of Lochabber: "If at any time you expect a field-day in your town—a day when dekies, earls, and knights, pay their court to weavers, tailors, and cobblers—I should like to know of it two or three days beforehand. It is not that I care three shillings of a crown for the politics, but I should like to see such an exhibition of human nature." 3 Of idlles, wh-ras, and hunters.—Afton MS.

4 Buying.—MS.

5 Banters (that is, worthless women).—Ibid.

6 The Fox or Whig livery.

7 Sir James Johnstone, the candidate.

8 The Earl of Lopetan.

9 The famous monster an Inchbub Castle, said to be among the oldest in 1 p. 2 of a show-piece. Its throat has a diameter of 20 inches.
POEMS AND SONGS.

M’Murdock and his lovely spouse,
(Th’ enamour’d laurels kiss her brows!) Led on the Loves and Graces:
She won each gaping burges’s heart,
While he, all-conquering, play’d his part. Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch led a light-arm’d corps: Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: Glenriddell, skill’d in rusty coins, Blew up each Tory’s dark designs, And bar’d the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought, Redoubled Staig, who set at nought The wildest savage Tory: And Welsh, who ne’er yet flinched his ground, High-way’d his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up th’ artillery ranks, The many-pounders of the Banks, Resistless desolation! While Maxwell, that baron bold, ’Mid Lawson’s port entrench’d his hold, And threaten’d worse damnation.

To these, what Tory hosts oppose’d; With these, what Tory warriors clos’d, Surpasses my describing: describing Squadrons extended long and large, With furious speed rush’d to the charge, Like raging devils driving. 

Who, verse can sing, what prose narrate, The butcher deeds of bloody fate Amid this mighty tussle! Grim Horror grinned—the pale Terror roared As Muskrath at his thrapple shord, And Hell mix’d in the tussle! threatend his windpipe embroilment

1 The chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig, and a friend of the poet. See a previous note.
2 Sub rota. — MS.
3 Ferguson of Craigdarroch, champion of “The Whistle.”
4 Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, another friend of the poet. He was something of a nonconformist, as is also hinted in “The Whistle.”
5 Provest Staig of Dumfries. A song and an epigram on this gentleman’s daughter Jessie will be found further on.
6 Sheriff Welsh of Dumfriesshire.
7 Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, father of the Whig candidate, and the poet’s own landlord, who had been a banker.
8 Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, M.P.
9 Lawson, a wine merchant in Dumfries.
POEMS AND SONGS.

As Highland creags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle:
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods;
Such is the rage of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching fellers:
The Whigs came on like Ocean's rear,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers!¹

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring:
The muffled murderer² of Charles
The Magna Charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gales its bearing

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
Bold Scrimgeour³ follows gallant Graham,⁴
And Covenanters shiver:
(Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose!)
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou livest on high for ever!)

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns;
But Fate the word has spoken;
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can—
The Tory ranks are broken!

O that my eye were flowing brooks!
My voice a lioness that mourns
Her darling cubs' undoing!
That I might greet, that I might cry,
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
And furious Whigs pursuing!

What Whig but wails the good Sir James;
Dear to his country by the names
Friend, patron, benefactor!

¹ The "Bullers of Buchan" is an appellation given to some remarkable rock scenery on the Aberdeenshire coast, near Peterhead—especially to a rocky cauldron having an opening below to the sea, which, when raging in H, gives it the appearance of a huge boiling pot, and hence the name. The poet visited the Bullers when on his Highland tour and coming south, See vol. i. p. 182
² The executioner of Charles I. was named.
³ John Scrimgeour, Earl of Dundee, who fought for Charles II. at Worcester and in Scotland.
⁴ The great Marquis of Montrose.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hope ton falls, the generous brave!
And Stewart, hold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow;
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe:
And Melville melt in wailing!
Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice!
And Burke shall sing, "O Prince, arise!
Thy power is all-prevailing."

For your poor friend, the Bawd, afar
He only hears and sees the war,
A cool spectator purely;
So, when the storm the forests rends,
The robin in the hedge descends,
And sober chirps securely.

Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes,
I pray with holy fire:
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell,
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
To grind them in the mire! all (who) would

---

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,3
A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

"You knew Matthew Henderson. At the time of his death I composed an elegiac stanza or two, as he was a man I much regarded; but something came in my way, so that the design of an elegy to his memory I gave up. Meeting with the fragment the other day among some old waste papers, I tried to finish the piece, and have this moment put the last hand to it."—BURNS TO R. CLEGHORN, 23d July, 1790.

Should the poor be flattered?—SHAKESPEARE.
But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright,
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meekle devil wi' a woodie
e'er hurcheon hides,
gallows-ropes
drag snathly
hodgelag

1Stewart of Hilketh.—R. B.
2There are several manuscripts of this piece preserved, and editions differ as to the fulness with which they are reproduced. Between stanzas one and three of our text some editors insert four, and others six additional stanzas. The last two of these six are given in this edition separately—"Stanzas on the Duke of Queensberry."—"How shall I sing Drum-

Law's Grace," &c. The verses suppressed by the poet when he retouched the epistle as a finished production should scarcely be reproduced by editors, even as curiosities. His own deliberate judgment should be held sacred. Here, as in the "Vision," the insertion of the verses rejected by the writer adds neither strength nor completeness.

3The lineage of Captain Henderson, who forms the subject of this eulogy, was a branch of the family of highly acquire-
ded persons, who resided on the estate of their ancestors, held regular property in the soil, and who were all (who) would
POEMS AND SONGS.

And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thyauld sides!

He's gone, he's gone! he's rare us torn,
The ne best fellow o'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's self shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haly, Pity strays forborn,
Frac man exit'd.

Ye hills, near neibours o' the stars,
That proudly rock your cresting caulns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing caulns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushions sees!
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimblin' down your glens,
Wi' todlillin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens
Frac lim to lim.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bounidie
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beams their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye mankins, whiddin' thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Stithy
from
one
stars
angles
every
woods
streamlets
strong
leaps
from
precipice

subject of this exquisite elegy, has been inquired after in vain. He is said to have been a gentleman of highly agreeable manners and correct principles, who resided in Edinburgh while Burns was there, dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern, and was a member of the Capitale Club, much frequented by the gay and witty. "With his family," said Sir Thomas Wallace, who was inquired of regarding him, "I was not acquainted; but he was a gentleman of true principles and probity, and for abilities, goodness of heart, gentleness of nature, sprightliness, and sparkling humour, would have been an honour to any family in the land." A notice of Matthew Henderson's death will be found in the Scots Magazine for November, 1788, in the brief form: "21, at Edinburgh, Matthew Henderson, Esq." He was buried in Greyfriars Churchyard, and in the Parish Register he is described as Captain Matthew Henderson of Tannochside or Tanochside (?). There is a small estate called Tannochside near Bellshill, Lanarkshire. The elegy and its subject are mentioned by Burns in letters to Mr. M'Murdo, 20 Aug. 1790, Mr. Graham, 4th Sept. 1790, and Dr. Moore, 25th Feb. 1791. A good deal of the imagery of the piece seems to be suggested by the season at which the poet finished it rather than by that of the season when Matthew Henderson died.—Professor Wilson says of this poem, that it "is a wonderfully fine flight of imagination, but it wants, we think, the deep feeling of the 'Lament' (for Osmairn), . . . . We know not where to look, in the whole range of poetry, for an Invocation to the great and fair objects of the external world, so rich and various in imagery, and throughout so sustained."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather-bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring pa'trick brood;
He's gone for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' a'ny wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reeds,
Hair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frac o'er cauld shore,
Tell hae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Whan we deplore.

Ye houlets, face your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glow'r,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the drey'ny midnight hour
Till waukriie morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And face my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, summer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sawley mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, Empress of the silent night!
POEMS AND SONGS.

And you, ye twinkling starnies, bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For thro' your orbs he's taken his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world round!

Go to thy sculptor'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH!  

Stop, passenger! my story's brief;
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell thee common tale of grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble savage art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There mourners here a gallant heart;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca' 
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man!

\footnote{This epitaph is very inferior to the foregoing strain (almost burlesque) that is quite incongruous with it.}
If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er guid wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If any whiggish whining' sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

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LINES

WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER, EXCLUSIVELY A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE.

TUNE—"Sir John Malcolm."

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?
Igo, and ago,
If he's among his friends or foes
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North?
Igo, and ago,
Or drown'd in the river Forth?
Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies?
Igo, and ago,
And eaten like a wether-haggis?
Iram, coram, dago.

(A stanza is here omitted.)

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!
Igo, and ago,
As for the deed, he daur na steer him!
Iram, coram, dago.

This was written in the autumn of 1790. Burns, not knowing Grose's address at the time, inclosed a letter to him under cover to Mr. Cardoachel, a well-known antiquary, in order that he might forward it to his "fat friend." What was written in the wrapper was done extemporaneously. Mr. Cardoachel published a quarto volume on ancient Scottish coins, which accounts for the allusion in the last verse. Burns's lines are a parody of an old humorous ditty beginning:—

Ken ye ought o' Sir John Malcolm?
Igo, and ago,
If he's a wise man, I mistake him!
Iram, coram, dago.

The letter so inclosed was one informing Grose that Professor Inglis Stewart wished to be introduced to him, and letting him know that Catrine, the professor's summer residence, was within a mile of Sorn Castle, which was included in Captain Grose's scheme of visiting.
This poem dates from the time when the poet's mother was still alive, and in the after-life of her, as she was in her childhood, and as she was in her little ones. The poet himself, who was one of the great MacDiarmid poets, came into the possession of the book of the poet, but Mrs. Dunlop, of my 'Tor' and 'Cunningham Fighter', and 'O' Shanter', is still living, showing that the book is extant.

To the poet's memory, notice of whom was not, it is to be hoped, admissible to the notice of the world, Kirk was a man of many parts, and an engraving of his portrait, which the antiquary of antiquities of Scottish antiquities, the poet who provided the poet with the story, to be printed with the present poem, entitled 'Antiquities of Scotland', with a plate of Kirk's portrait, to the poem, is to be hoped, if the engraving has been seriously of the paper.

The pains of making a cottage in Ayrshire, the cottage, the poet also wrote express...
POEMS AND SONGS.

But please transmit th' envelőd letter,
I'go, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Ir'm, corum, dago.

[A stanza is here omitted.]

So may ye get in glad possession,
I'go, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Ir'm, corum, dago.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie's and of Bogills fall is this tale.—GOSW DOUGLAS.

This poem dates from the autumn of 1798. Regarding the composition of it the following particulars were communicated by Mrs. Burns to Crounce. Burns had spent the most of the day out of doors, and in the afternoon she joined him with her children. He was now busily engaged crooning to himself, and Mrs. Burns perceiving that her presence was an interruption, loitered behind him with her little ones. Her attention was presently attracted by the strange and wild gesticulations of the bard, who was reciting loudly, and with the tears rolling down his cheeks, those animated lines which he had just conceived—"Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queens," &c. According to McDiarmid the verses were committed to writing on the top of a sod-dyke; when finished, Burns came into the house, and read them in high triumph. It could have only been the rough draft of the poem, however, that was thus thrown off at a heat. Burns refers to it first in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated November, 1799, in which he says: "I am much flattered by your approbation of my 'Tam o' Shanter,' which you express in your former letter." To his friend Alexander Cunningham he wrote on the 3rd of January following: "I have just finished a poem—'Tam o' Shanter'—which you will receive inclosed. It is my first essay in the way of tales;" thus showing that the tale had in the interim been at work.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;

To the poet's intercourse with Captain Grose (a notice of whom will be found at p. 42) we owe this admirable tale. Burns was desirous that Alloway Kirk should be made honourable mention of, and that an engraving of it should be given in the work which the antiquary was then preparing, Illustrative of Scottish antiquities. To this Grose agreed, provided the poet would undertake to supply a witch-story, to be printed along with the engraving. Hence the present poem, which was first published in Grose's Antiquities of Scotland (April, 1799), in connection with a plate of Kirk-Alloway. Grose's note, appended to the poem, is highly amusing at this time of day:—"To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obliged; for he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the county honoured by his birth, but he also wrote expressly for this work the pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church." Burns also supplied Grose with three witch-stories (one of them the basis of "Tam o' Shanter") in a letter written in 1799, which will be found in the General Correspondence.

The worthy who figured as the prototype of Tam has been ably sketched by Robert Chambers:—"The original of Tam o' Shanter was an individual named Douglas Graham, a Carrick farmer. Shanter is a farm on the Carrick shore, near Kirkoswald, which Graham long possessed. The man was in sober, or rather drunken truth, the 'betherin'; 'bchasthin;' 'blythm,' that the poet has described; and his wife was as veritably a lady who most anxiously discouraged drinking in her husband. Burns, when a boy, spent some time at Kirkoswald, in the house of a maternal uncle, who at once practised the craft of a miller, and sold home-brewed ale. To this house, Graham and his brother-in-law, the farmer of Duquhat (which
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fon and unco happy,
We think na on the lung Scots miles,
The moses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth found honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ne'er did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was sae sober,
That ilk a melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fon on;
That at the L—'s house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton2 Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
Tly Alloway's ambl haunted kirk.3

lies between Kirkoswald (Kirk-town), used to resort: and finding in Burns some qualities, which, boy as he was, recommended him to their attention, they made him everything but their drinking companion.

After perhaps spending half a night at Duquhat, the farmer of that place, with Burns, would accompany Graham to Shanter; but as the idea of the 'sulky sullen dame' rose in their minds, a debate would arise as to the propriety of venturing, even in full strength, into the house, and Graham, perhaps, would, after all, return to Duquhat, and continue the debanch till next day, content to put off the present evil, even at the hazard of encountering it in an accumulated form afterwards. Such were the opportunities afforded to the poet of observing the life of the Carrick farmers of those days. Of course it will be understood that the legend, in its essential features, existed long before the days of the two worthies above described.

The quantity of meal ground or of grain sent to the mill at one time is called a melder.

A Scottish village, or a detached portion of a Scottish village, in which a parish church is situated, is often called "the Kirktoun" (Kirk-town). "Kirkton Jean" is said to have been a certain Jean Kennedy, the landlady of a public-house in the village of Kirkoswald.

Alloway Kirk has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved. It is but a small building, and indeed the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The "winnow-bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion. Around the building are other openings built up, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hissful scene. Every scrap of wood about the building has long disappeared. The small burying-ground is crowded with memorial stones, but the only one of any interest is that which marks the grave of the poet's father. A view of the old kirk will be found in volume iv., in connection with the letter to Grose giving a prose version of the legend. At a very short distance off is the monument to Burns, containing various relics of the poet, and in particular the Bible which he presented to Highland Mary at their famous parting. The "ambl brig" of Doon, on which poor

Maggie had her thron stands a narrow wa
A handsone new about a hundred Ayr, by which Brouched Alloway, of the present one.

While he
A little beyond the
Ah, gentle damos! it gare me grec!
To think how many counsels sweet,
How many lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband free the wife despises!

But to our tale:—At market night,
Tam had got planted, mea right,
Fast by an ingle, blazing finelly,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronzie;
"I'm like him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks together.
The night deare on wi' sangs an' chatter;
And aye the ale was growing better:
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorns;
The storm without might rain and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man see happy,
E'en drown'd himself among the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' ladles o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorios.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls¹ in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit o'er you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;

Maggio had her tail reduced to scarce a stump, still
stands a narrow inconvenient structure of one arch.
A handsome new bridge, however, spans the river
about a hundred yards below. The old road from
Ayr, by which Burns supposed his hero to have ap-
proached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west
of the present one. About a quarter of a mile to the
north-west of the kirk is the site of

— the ferr,
Where hunters find the murderer's haunt;
A little beyond that was

Maggio in the snow the Chapman snow; ¹

1 This is the reading of Burns's own text and MSS.,
"snow falls" being instead of "snow that (or which)
falls," by a not uncommon ellipsis. Common read-
ings are "snow-fallo" or "snow-fall."
And sic a night he tak the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedi' gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night, a child might understand,
The De'il had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray meare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despisin' wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet:
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles grow'n round wi' prudent cares,
Lost bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawin' nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-lane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the greening trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
Tho' ilk a bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he can't na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brest new frae France,
POEMS AND SONGS.

But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnow-bunker in the east,
There sat old Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gee them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did din.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantalip slight,
Each in its cowl hand held a light,—
By which hero Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd lairns;
A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
Wi' his last gaas his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangel'd;
A knife, a father's throat had mangle,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the left;¹
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawful.'

As Tamnie glow'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The Piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,²
Till ilka carlin swat and reckit,
And cast her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

¹ In the original draught of the poem the following
four lines were here written:

   Three lawyers' tommeus turn'd inside out,
   Wi' lies snee'ded like a beggar's cloud,
   And priests' hearts rotten, black as aub,
   Lay stinking vise, in every nook.

"These lines," says Currie, "independent of other
objections, interrupt and destroy the emotions of
terror which the preceding description had excited. They
were very properly left out of the printed col-
lection by the advice of Mr. Fraser Tytler, Lord
Woodhouseleze, to which Burns seems to have paid
much deference."

² These are technical terms that require some ex-
planation. The following may perhaps suffice, though
a little too restricted in some respects. "The four-
reel, to which above all the terms apply, was
danced by two couples, one at each end of the
apartment. When they reel, they 'moved to the music
of the Doric reel' from end to end of the apartment,
and the gentlemen exchanged places and partners
[that is, they danced in 'a figure of eight' across the
floor, in quick time]. They set, means that the partners
danced in front of each other. When they cleek', the
partners bent their right and left arms alternately,
and linking, hooking, or cleek'ing each other, danced
in a circle moving on their own centres. . . . Cre-
king, which required two sets of dancers, that is, two
couples at each end, was done by the dancers at
the same end stretching over, taking the hand of the
other's partner, and dancing as in cleek'."—Ctith-
bertson's Glossary to the Poetry and Prose of Robert
Burns (1880).
POEMS AND SONGS.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creoside flannek,
Been shaw-white seventeen-hunder linen.
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, 0' guid blue hair;
I wad fain (as weary) them aff my hurdies,
For no blink o' the bonnie hurdies.

But wither'd beldams, anid and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fui' brawlie:
There wad na winsome wench an' waulie,
That night enlisted in the corps,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shire!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie heat,
And shone raith meikle corn and here,
And kept the country-side in fear!)

Her cuttie sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lossie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverence grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pound Scots (twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grace'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun com;
Sie flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flung,
(A sound jade she was and straig.)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very cen enrich'd;
Even Satan gloar'd, and fildg'd fn' fain,
And hoot'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first an' cor, syne another,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

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1. Very fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.
2. A rigwoodie is the buck-chain of a cart, or what goes over the horse's back to support the shafts. Here it seems to imply leaness or gauntness, or that they were dry and withered.
3. Animals (as cattle) that die suddenly are often said to be shot to dead or elfshot, their death being attributed to magic or other supernatural influence. This is what is here alluded to.
4. Harn, that is harde, coarse linen; the cloth being made of harda, or refuse of flax.
5. That is, 40d, sterling.
POEMS AND SONGS.

As bees buzz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their fyke;
As open pus's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thiefl" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an elkritch skriech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'1l get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vein thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woeful woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane! of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious cettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin怅ght her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, when this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.1

1 It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention, to the delighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogies, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—R. B.

2 The strength and vivacity of Burns's poetic faculties may be estimated by the distinctness with which he places himself and his readers in fictitious situations. He appears, by a kind of shrewdness, to disengage us from the power of the senses, and to transport us to imaginary scenes, where the vision, for the time, has all the power of actual existence. . . . We find ourselves seated with Tam o' Shanter at the blazing fire of the ale-house, and grow familiarly acquainted with the jovial group, we enter into all the warmth of the fraternal friendship between Tam and the Soanter, who 'had been for weeks together,' and we perceive our spirits rise as the bowl goes round: we accompany the hero through the tempest; we gaze with him at the window of the illuminated inn, and shudder at the strange mixture of unearthly horror and heaven-defying merciful. Now we are at once the hero himself and his readers, and withdraw from the contemplation of objects which, by superior vivacity, compensate for their want of reality.—PROFESSOR WALKER.

"In the immortal tale of 'Tam o' Shanter,' he has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful, and even horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions. His humorous description of Death (in the poem of Dr. Hornbook) borders on the terrible, and the witches' dance in the Kirk of Alloway is at once ludicrous and horrible."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"To the last Burns was of opinion that 'Tam o' Shanter' was the best of all his productions; and al-
ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

Burns replied to a letter of Mrs. Dunlop announcing the birth of her grandchild—"I literally jumped for joy. I seized my gifted pen to pen my thoughts, and no instrument in my possession was more adequate to the task at hand. I sketched the moment of inspiration and rapture, and the words came quickly, out of the momentary laps of time to muse over my joy by retail. To keep within the bounds of prose was impossible. Mrs. Little's is a more elegant, but not a more sincere compliment to the sweet little fellow, than I, extempore almost, poured out to him in the following verses."

Nov. 1790.

Sweet Floweret, pledge o' meakle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stan wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November lirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alax! the sheltering tree,
Should shield thee from the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee from the driving shower,
The bitter frost and snow!

May He, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stolls,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds!

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feeble bends she in the blast,
Unsheltered and forlorn.

though it does not always happen that poet and public come to the same conclusion on such points, I believe the decision in question has been all but unanimously approved of."—J. G. LOCKHART.—"I look on 'Tam o' Shanter' to be my standard performance in the poetical line." Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, 11th April, 1791. Carlyle's opinion of the poem is less high; he ranks it below the "Jolly Beggars." See his essay.

"Who but some impenetrable dunce, or narrow-minded Puritan in works of art, ever read without delight the picture which he has drawn of the convivial exultation of the rustic adventurer, Tam o' Shanter? The poet fears not to tell the reader in the outset, that his hero was a desperate and soothed drunkard, whose excesses were frequent as his opportunities. This reprobate sits down to his cups, while the storm is roaring, and heaven and earth are in confusion—the night is driven on by song and tumultuous noise—laughter and jest thicken as the beverage improves upon the palate—conjugal fidelity archly bends to the service of general benevolence—selfishness is not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within.—I pity him who cannot perceive that in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect."—Wordsworth.

1 This was the grandchild of Mrs. Dunlop. Miss Susan Dunlop, daughter of the poet's friend, married M. Henri, a French gentleman of birth and fortune, who died suddenly, in 1790, at Loudoun Castle, in Ayrshire, which he had rented. Mrs. Henri subsequently went to France to visit her deceased husband's relations, accompanied by her infant son, and in one of Burns's letters to Mrs. Dunlop we find him condoling with that lady on the death of a daughter in a foreign land. The subject of Burns's verses ultimately became proprietor of the family estates. As to Mrs. Little mentioned above, see note to letter of 6th Sept. 1789, in the General Correspondence.
I'll try.

Miss Scattergood married the attorney,

in Ayr,

and is now the relation of one of the Ayrshire lawyers.

She kindly befriends Mrs.

of 6th
Elizabeth Burns in the portrait by Burns in the Gallery at Stirling, as follows:—

"From the portrait of this young lady;

In a letter to A... months, been 1... and can get, without which was already, this lady he says, so much at the works of God's works..."

\[1\]

Monboddo is a name of a prominent Scottish judge, which—being his... and Progress of... Ancient Metaphysics, philosophy, six volumes he..."
ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MISS BURNET,
OF MONBODDO. 1

Elizabeth Burnet, the daughter of the learned and eccentric Lord Monboddo, is first alluded to by Burns in the "Address to Edinburgh." Shortly after his introduction he gave his opinion of her as follows:—"There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness, the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." From her portrait we have no difficulty in comprehending the enthusiasm with which Burns speaks of this young lady. She died of consumption on the 17th June, 1790, at the early age of twenty-five. In a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 23d January, 1791, Burns says:—"I have, these several months, been hammering at an elegy on the amiable and accomplished Miss Burnet. I have got, and can get, no farther than the following fragment." The copy sent wanted the closing stanza, which was already added in another copy sent to Mrs. Dunlop on 7th Feb. 1791. In his letter to this lady he says: "I had the honour of being pretty well acquainted with her, and have seldom felt so much at the loss of an acquaintance, as when I heard that so amiable and accomplished a piece of God's works was no more."

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set!
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choirs that chant your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm—Eliza is no more!

Ye heathy wastes, immix'd with reedy fens;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd;
Ye rugged cliffs, overhanging dreary gles,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

1 Monboddo is an estate in Kincardineshire, from which—being his property—James Burnet, the eminent Scottish judge and somewhat eccentric scholar, took his title on being made a lord of session. He was born in 1714 and died at Edinburgh in 1790. He was the author of two elaborate works: Of the Origin and Progress of Language, six vols. 1773-1792; and Ancient Metaphysics, written in defence of Greek philosophy, six vols. 1779-1790. In the former work he maintained, among other things, his belief in a tailed race of men, that the orang-outang belonged to the human species, and that its want of speech was accidental. Dr. Johnson visited Lord Monboddo at his family seat, as narrated in Boswell's Life. Lord Monboddo had an excessive respect and admiration for the ancients, and as wheeled carriages were not in common use among them he would never willingly enter one, always making his journeys on horseback. He was unfortunate in his family relations, having lost his wife at the birth of an only son who died while a youth, and having latterly lost his second daughter Elizabeth.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Princes, whose envious pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays their pompous exit hail?
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care;
So deck'd the woodbine sweet yon aged tree;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,
ON THE approaches Of SPRING.

"Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet," says the poet, in a letter to Mrs. Graham of Fintry, dated February, 1791, "or whether I have in the enclosed ballad succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past; on that account I enclose it particularly to you." In a letter to Dr. Moore, dated 27th February, 1791, he had written:—"The ballad on Queen Mary was begun while I was busy with Percy's Reliques of English Poetry." 1

Now nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phæbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest;
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

1 On April 25th, 1791, the poet addressed a letter to Lady W. M. Constable, from whom he had received a present of a valuable snuff-box, on the lid of which was painted a fine portrait of the unfortunate queen.
   "In the moment of composition," says he, "the box shall be my inspiring genius. When I would breathe the comprehensive wish of benevolence for the happiness of others, I shall recollect your ladyship; when I would interest my fancy in the distresses incident to humanity, I shall remember the unfortunate Mary." In this letter was inclosed a copy of the above "Lament."
Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the sloe:
The meagrest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Mann lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Fae woman's pitying ee.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine;
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's foes,
Or turn their hearts to thee;
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rase;
And the next flower that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!
SONG—THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

TUNE—"There are few guid fellows when Jamie's awa'."

This Jacobite lyric was written for, and appeared in the fourth volume of the Museum. On the 11th March, 1791, Burns sent a copy of it in a letter to Alexander Cunningham with the remarks:—
"You must know a beautiful Jacobite air, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,' . . . If you like the air and if the stanzas hit your fancy, you cannot imagine, my dear friend, how much you would oblige me, if, by the charms of your delightful voice, you would give my honest effusion to the 'memory of joys that are past,' to the few friends whom you indulge in that pleasure."

By you castle was, at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing, tho' his head it was grey:
And as he was singing, the tears down came,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars;
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken what's to blame,— dare not well know
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd: weep
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' andl dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my haunds and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

SONG—OUT OVER THE FORTH.

TUNE—"Charlie Gordon's welcome hame."

The second stanza of this fragment is copied into a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 11th March, 1791:—"Apropos, how do you like this thought in a ballad I have just now on the tapis?"

I look to the west when I go to rest, &c.

The little song as it stands appeared in the fifth volume of the Museum.

Out over the Firth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the cast gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I go to rest,
That happy my dreams and my shumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I love best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.1

[First Version.]

Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon,
The spreading flowers are fair,
And every thing is bright and glad,
But I am false o' care.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my false love was true;
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft ba' I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine t'wine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Upon its thorny tree;
But my false lover staw my rose
And left the thorn wi' me:
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourished on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or noon!

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.2

[Second Version.]

Tune—"Catharine Ojic."

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!

1The above version of one of the most popular of our poet's songs was sent in a letter to Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, on the 11th March, 1791. This letter was put into Dr. Currie's hands for publication, but he, probably not wishing to offend the Bumdus family (see the letter), printed only that portion of it beginning with the words: "If the foregoing piece be worth your strictures," &c., the piece alluded to being the one given above. Burns further remarks on the song: "I have this evening sketched out a song which I had a great mind to send you. . . . My song is intended to sing to a strathspey or reel, of which I am very fond, called in Cunningham's Collection of Strathspeys 'Balkendalboch's Reel,' and in other collections that I have met with 'Cambelmore.' It takes three stanzas of four lines each to go through the whole tune." There is a greater directness and simplicity about this and the very similar version following than about the one better known.

Allan Cunningham in his edition of Burns remarks: "An Ayrshire legend says the heroine of this affecting song was Miss Peggy Kennedy of Dalmarock, a young creature, beautiful and accomplished, who fell a victim to her love for M'Dowall of Logan." Tradition is, however, not always to be trusted. Robert Chambers, however, perhaps simply following Cunningham, takes the same view.

2The above version of this most popular lyric was
POEMS AND SONGS.

How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sea I sat, and sea I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And like bird sang o' its luve,
And sea did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I put'd a rose,
Fine aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

____________________________________

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.

[THTRD VERSION.]

TUNE—“Caledonian Hunt's Delight.”

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I see weary, fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantsons thro' the flowering thorn:

found by Cromeek among Burns's papers, and was published by him in his Reliques. It differs comparatively little from the first version, except in the first four lines, and in being also shorter by four lines.

Burns again recast the lyric, to suit an air composed by a Mr. Miller, a writer in Edinburgh. (For the history of the air as given by Burns, see a letter to Thomson, Nov. 1794.) The third version has entirely supplanted its predecessors, and in Scotland is almost sure to be heard, sung in clunes, at every party where singing is going. The character of the air seems to suit all sorts of voices, and thousands who would blush, not without reason, to hear themselves join in any other song, think they can at least take a second in 'The Banks o' Doon.' The consequence is, that this sweet song is often desecrated by people taking a part in it, who have no more ear for music than a hog, and whose voice resembles the creaking of a timber-yard on a windy day.—The Doon, which, in his poetical epistle to William Simson, the poet says "nobody sings," any more than the Irvine, Logan, and Ayr, has been sung by himself in other pieces besides this, as in "Halloween" and the "Vision;" and in the scenery of "Tam o'Shanter," for instance, it notably figures. The river flows from Loch Doon, on the borders of Ayrshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and separates the Ayrshire districts of Carrick and Kyle. Burns himself was born almost on its banks "upon the Carrick border," as he himself says, not far from where it enters the sea. There is much fine scenery on its banks. In the upper part of its course, soon after leaving Loch Doon, it flows through a deep, narrow, rocky gorge. It falls into the Firth of Clyde, about 2 miles south of Ayr, after a course of some 27 miles.
Shortly after, the earl's sister arrived, but the earl's sister was utterly unworthy your presence. I have been called to pay my obligations to you, and I shall ever gloriously bear them. I shall not say, 'Nor shall my hand labour' but I shall hand I owe to the noble earl.

James Glencairn

1 This nobleman was born in 1720, in the forty-first year of her age. James Cunningham, his father, was born in 1749, after his father's death in 1741, and was one of the noted members of the Faculty who composed the Senate of the University of Glasgow. It is said that Robert Alkay was a frequent visitor at the Saturday Night of Mr. Dalrymple's house, to which Burns was often invited. Again he became a member of the Faculty. Glencairn.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Aft ha' I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilk'a bird sang o' its hue,
And fondly she did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my false lover staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

Shortly after his lordship's death we find Burns thus expressing himself to Lady E. Cunningham, the earl's sister, in a letter written in March, 1791, and inclosing a copy of the "Lament:"—"Had the wing of my fancy been equal to the ardour of my heart, the inclosed had been much more worthy your perusal; as it is I beg to lay it at your ladyship's feet. As all the world knows my obligations to the late Earl of Glencairn, I would wish to show as openly that my heart gows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his Lordship's goodness. The tables I did myself the honour to wear to his Lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of wo.' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me! If among my children I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family memory and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn!" The poet's fourth son, born August 12th, 1794, was named James Glencairn Burns.

The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:

Beneath a craggy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meekle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom Death had all untimely ta'en.

He left him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years;
His locks were bleach'd white wi' time,
His hairy cheek was wet wi' tears!

1 This nobleman died at Falmouth, on 27th January, 1791, in the forty-second year of his age, after returning from a futile voyage to Lisbon in search of health. James Cunningham, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn, was born in 1749, and succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1775. He was the first of the coterie of nobles who extended to the poet the right hand of fellowship when he went to Edinburgh. It appears that Robert Allen of Ayr (to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" had been dedicated) was a relative of Mr. Dalrymple of Ormiston, who introduced Burns to his cousin Lord Glencairn, through whom again he became acquainted with the Earl of Buchan, and his brother Henry Erskine, the witty Dean of Faculty. Glencairn also induced Creech to become the publisher of the poet's works, that learned Dr. Dods having formerly been travelling tutor to the young nobleman. Furthermore, it was through the earl's influence that the members of the Caledonian Hunt agreed to subscribe for 100 copies of the Edinburgh edition of the poems. For all these kindnesses Burns felt deep gratitude, to which he gives frequent and unstinted expression in prose and verse. See the letters to this nobleman, and to his mother and sister.

A portrait of Glencairn is given in vol. iv.

2 In the first volume of this work a plate is given in which is presented a view of the scenery at one point of the Lugar's course, and the artist has there introduced a figure intended to correspond with the aged bard who utters the present lament.
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful song,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, 
To Echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
The relics of the vernal quire!
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
The honours of the aged year!
A few short months, and glad and gay,
Again ye'll charm the ear and eye;
But midst in all revolving time
Can gladness bring again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
That long has stood the wind and rain;
But now has come a cruel blast,
And my last hold of earth is gone:
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
Nae summer sun exalt my bloom;
But I maun lie before the storm,
And others plant them in my room.

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

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs!)
My noble master lies in clay;
The flow'r amang our barons bold,
His country's pride, his country's stay:
In weary being now I pine,
For a' the life of life is dead,
And hope has left my aged ken,
On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
The voice of woe and wild despair;
Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Then sleep in silence evermore!
And thou, my last, best, only friend,
That fillest an untimely tomb,
Accept this tribute from the Bard
Thou brought from fortune's darkest gloom.

1 A line of the 15th Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.
"In Poverty's low, barren vale,
   Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
   Nae ray of fame was to be found:
Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
   That melts the fogs in limpid air,
The friendless bard and rustic song,
   Became alike thy fostering care.

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

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
   Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
The monarch may forget the crown
   That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child
   That smiles so sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
   And all that thou hast done for me!"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, OF WHITEFOORD, BAR., WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever's',
   Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
To thee this votive offering I impart;
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The Friend thou valued'st, I the Patron lov'd;
   His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
   And tread the shadowy path to that dark world unknown.

1 Can the fond mother e'er forget
   The infant whom she bore . . .
She may forget, nature may fail, &c.
2th Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.
3The last stanza of this "Lament," it may interest
   the lovers of literature to know, was a great favourite
   with Hazlitt, and often repeated by him.
4These lines seem to have been written in October,
   1791, for Sir John acknowledged receipt of them in
   a letter dated "Near Maybole, October 16th, 1791," in which occurs this passage—"The lines addressed
to myself are very flattering." He adds that both the
poet and himself should moderate their grief for the
loss they had sustained with the reflection, that
though he could not come to them they might go to
him. We have departed from the strictly chrono-
logical sequence here in deference to the arrangement
of the poet, who had the two poems printed in close
connection.
SONG—CRAIGIEBURN.\(^1\)

TUNE—"Craigieburn-wood."

Sweet closes the evening on Craigieburn-wood,
And blythely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigieburn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O, to be lying beyond thee;
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they have none for me,
While care my heart is wringing.

Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I mamma tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it longer.

Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefle, straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!

Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in another's arms,
In love to lie and languish,
'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.

Beyond thee, &c.

But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es mine before me;
And n' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee.

Beyond thee, &c.

---

1 Craigieburn is situated near Moffat, in Dumfries-shire, in a beautiful sylvan region near the bottom of the vale of Moffat. The name is derived from a streamlet which joins the Moffat.

The song, as given above, was published in Johnson’s *Musical Museum.* Burns afterwards greatly abridged and altered it for Thomson’s collection.

The simple gracefully flowing melody to which it is set in the *Musaeum Burns* had taken down (probably by his friend Masterton) from the singing of a resident in the district. It will be noted that the rhythm of the first verse differs unfortunately from that of all the others, and it is to the rhythm of the first verse that the music is best adapted. The chorus in both words and music is entirely out of keeping. Burns himself informs us that he wrote this song with reference to a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of his, had for Jean Lorimer (the "Chloris" of several fine lyrics by Burns), who had been born at Craigieburn-wood. For a short sketch of her career see note to the poem "Sae flaxen were her ringlets."
SONG—LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—"Miss Muir."

In the letter addressed to Miss Davies accompanying these verses the poet thus apologizes for the liberty he takes in making her the subject of such a piece: "I have heard or read somewhere of a gentleman who had some genius, much eccentricity, and very considerable dexterity with his pencil. In the accidental group of life into which one is thrown, wherever this gentleman met with a character in a more than ordinary degree congenial to his heart, he used to steal a sketch of the face; merely, he said, as a nota bene, to point out the agreeable recollection to his memory. What this gentleman's pencil was to him, my Muse is to me; and the verses I do myself the honour to send you are a memento exactly of the same kind that he indulged in."

O how shall I, unskilful, try
The poet's occupation!
The tuneful powers, in happy hours,
That whisper inspiration—
Even they must make an effort mair
Than aught they ever gave us,
Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
The charms of lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
Like Phoebus in the morning,
When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
The garden is adorning.
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore;
When winter-bound the wave is;
Sae droops our heart when we maun part
Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae boons the lift,
That makes us mair than princes;
A sceptre'd hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances:
The man in arms 'gainst female charms,
Even he her willing slave is;
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My muse—to dream of such a theme
Her feeble pow'r's surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
The charms of lovely Davies.

---

Miss Deborah Davies, the subject of this and the following song and epigram, was a beautiful young lady connected with the Ellisland family, through whom, no doubt, Burns got acquainted with her when residing at Ellisland. Her father was a doctor at Tenby in South Wales, and she appears to have been but a temporary resident in Nithsdale. In the poet's General Correspondence there are two letters to her written in rather a high-flown strain of compliment. See note in connection with these letters.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—BONNIE WEE THING.¹
TUNE—"Bonnie Wee Thing."

"Composed on my little idol—the charming lovely Davies."—R. B.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,

Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,

Lest my jewel I should lose.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,

Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Bonnie wee thing, &c.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,

In ane constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,

Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonnie wee thing, &c.

---

EPIGRAM—WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS
IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.²

Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite!
Because God meant mankind should set
The higher value on it.

---

SONG—WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.³
TUNE—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man."

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

¹ The "charming lovely Davies," as Burns tells us himself, was the subject of these verses as of the song preceding. Burns included them, probably, in the second of the two letters to Miss Davies, that will be found among his General Correspondence. It is necessary here to state that Miss Davies, while very beautiful, was extremely small in size. The simple and charming melody (itself, in fact, a "bonnie wee thing") is in Oswald's Companion.

² See note to song "Bonnie Wee Thing." It is said that Burns and a friend were sitting at the window of the inn at Moffat one day when this petite but charming young lady rode past, accompanied by a lady of masculine proportions. "Why has God made the one lady so small and the other so large?" asked his friend. Burns replied in the words of the epigram.

³ "This humorous song," says Stonhouse, "was written in 1789 expressly for the Museum. Dr. Blacklock had likewise written a long ballad to the same tune. At the foot of Burns's MS. is the following note: 'Set the tune to these words.... You may put Dr. B.'s song after these verses, or you may leave it out, as you please. It has some merit, but it is miserably long.' Johnson thought the doctor's song too tellous for insertion, and therefore left it out." The closing line is taken from an old ditty "Auld Rob Morris."

Burns, writing to his friend, Professor Wilson, on the question of the Edinburgh Address, expressed the desire that all the flowers should be found blooming on the common, that all the flowers that were written in Burns's immortal songs should be found blooming on the common. The beautiful lyric, presented on the following page, is a typical one of Burns's, and each verse concludes with a song. It is from 'The Poet's Companion,' by Dr. B.'s permission, and may possibly republish elsewhere. The lines are from Burns's Correspondence.
POEMS AND SONGS.

He's always compleatin' frae mornin' till c'enin',
He hosts and he birbles the weary day lang;
He's doylt and he's dozin', his blaid it is frozen,
O, dreamy's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He husks and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld amity Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

__________

SONG—THE POSIE.¹

TUNE—"The Posie."

Burns, writing to Thomson, under date 19th October, 1794, says,—"The 'Posie' in the Museum is my composition; the air was taken down from Mrs. Burns's voice. It is well known in the west country, but the old words are trash." The air, although in the minor mode, has a certain charming gaiety about it, that should render it and the song more popular than they seem to be.

O love will venture in where it daurna weel be seen,
O love will venture in where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down ye river rove, among the woods see green,—
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
For she is the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phoebus peeps in view,
For it's like a bunny kiss o' her sweet bonnie mon';
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

¹The "Posie" has received the commendation of Professor Wilson. He has compared it with a production of the Grecian muse, and gives the preference to the bard of Cullar for poetry as well as passion. In Burns the tenderness is more beautiful—the expression more exquisite; and the critic pooh-poohs the objection that might be brought forward, namely, that all the flowers Burns speaks of could not be found blossoming at one time. A version of this beautiful lyric, presenting some very interesting variations, each verse concluding, "And a' to be a posie to my ain dear Jean," was printed in The Harp of Caledonia (Glasgow, 1818-19). This, which has only six stanzas, may possibly represent the original draught of the song. From what source it was obtained we are ignorant. In the second stanza the third line stands—

I'll join the scented birk to the breathing elginthine.  
In the third stanza, the second line reads—

The morning's fragrance breathing like her sweet bonnie mon'.  
In the fourth the poet says—

I'll pu' the lily pure that adorns the dewy vale, 
The richly blooming hawthorn that sends the vernal gale; 
The daisy all simplicity, of unaffected mien. 
In the sixth—

The violet for modestly, the odour-breathing bean. 
The fifth stanza is not represented at all.
POEMS AND SONGS.

The lily it is pure and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man it stands at break o' day.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near;
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een soo clear:
The violet's for modesty which wee she fa's to wear,—
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' abuve,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,—
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

ON GLENRIDDELL'S FOX BREAKING HIS CHAIN.

A FRAGMENT.

The following fragment was copied by the poet into the Glenriddell collection of poems, now in the Athenaeum Library, Liverpool.

Thou, Liberty, thou art my theme;
Not such as idle poets dream,
Who trick thee up a heathen goddess
That a fantastic cap and rod has;
Such stale conceits are poor and silly;
I paint thee out, a Highland filly,
A sturdy stubborn, handsome dapple,
As sleek's a mouse, as round's an apple,
That when thou pleasest can do wonders;
But when thy luckless rider blunders,
Or if thy fancy should demur there,
Wilt break thy neck ere thou go further.

These things premised, I sing—a Fox
Was caught among his native rocks,
And to a dirty kennel chained,
How he his liberty regained.

Glenriddell! a Whig without a stain,
A Whig in principle and grain,
Couldst thou enslave a free-born creature,
A native denizen of Nature?
How couldst thou, with a heart so good,
(A better ne'er was slued with blood)
Nail a poor devil to a tree,
That ne'er did harm to thine or thee?
The staunchest Whig Glenriddell was,
Quite frantic in his country's cause;
And oft was Reynard's prison passing,
And with his brother-Whigs canvassing
The Rights of Men, the Powers of Women,
With all the dignity of Freemen.

Sir Reynard daily heard debates
Of Princes', Kings', and Nations' fates,
With many rueful bloody stories
Of Tyrants, Jacobites and Tories:
From liberty how angels fell,
That now are galley slaves in hell;
How Ninrod first the trade began
Of binding slavery's chains on Man;
How fell Semiramis—G-d d-mn her!
Did first with sacrilegious hammer,
(All ills till then were trivial matters)
For Man dethron'd forge hen-peck fetters;
How Xerxes, that abandoned Tory,
Thought cutting threats was reaping glory;
Until the stubborn Whigs of Sparta
Taught him great Nature's Magna Charta:
How mighty Rome her fiat hurl'd
Resistless o'er a bowing world,
And, kinder than they did desire,
Polished mankind with sword and fire;
With much, too tedious to relate,
Of ancient and of modern date;
But ending still, how Billy Pitt
(Unlucky boy!) with wicked wit,
Has gag'd old Britain, drain'd her coffer,
As butchers bind and bleed a heifer.

Thus wily Reynard, by degrees,
In kennel listening at his ease,
Sneak'd in a mighty stock of knowledge,
As much as some folks at a college;
Knew Britain's rights and constitution,
Her aggrandisement, diminution,
How Fortune wrought us good from evil;
Let no man, then, despise the Devil,
As who should say, "I ne'er can need him,"
Since we to scoundrels owe our freedom.

* * * * * * *
POEMS AND SONGS.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY. 1

Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd
In chase of thee, what crowds hae swerv'd
Frac common sense, or sunk envir'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers;
And ooh! owre aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favourites!

Say, Lassie, why thy train amang,
While loud the trump's heroic clang,
And seek or buskin skelp along
To death or marriage;
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage?

In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives
Horatian fame;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches?
They're no here'll's ballats, Maro's catches;
Squire Pope but basks his skinlin' patches
O' heathen tatters:
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
That ape their betters.

In this braw age o' wit an' fear,
Will name the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly, in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
A rival place?

Yes! there is ane—a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come fortir, honest Allan!
Theu needna jok behind the ballan,
A chiel sae clever;

1. Gilbert Burns, in his edition of his brother's works, first suggested that this poem was not the poet's composition, though how he was led to entertain such an idea we do not know. Allan Cunningham had no doubt of its being Burns's; and Alexander Smith says:—"Few readers, we fancy, can have any doubt on the matter. Burns is unquestionably the author. The whole poem is full of lines which are 'like autographs,' and the four closing stanzas are in the poet's best manner." One editor conjectures that William Hamilton of Tilbertfield may have been the author, questioning the Burns authorship, principally on the omission of Ferguson's name from the list of pastoral poets, while that of Allan Ramsay is introduced; Burns having been in the habit of naming the two poets together, and expressing a preference for Ferguson. Against this theory, however, there are the stubborn facts that Hamilton died in 1751, and Mrs. Barbauld, whose name is introduced into the poem, published her first work in 1772. And whatever Burns thought of Ferguson he could hardly put him on a level with Ramsay as a writer of pastoral poetry. We believe the poem to be Burns's undeniably.

[End of POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.]

[The rest of the page continues with additional poems and songs, including "Lull." (Bairds frae the north") and "Mair a' thy favours.

[Note: The text is a poetic collection that includes various works, including pastoral poetry and songs, with specific references and notes on the authorship and historical context of certain pieces. The page number is 102, indicating it is part of a larger work or collection.]
POEMS AND SONGS.

The teeth o' Time may gnaw Tantallan,1
But thou's for ever.

Thon paints anld nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden streams thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,

While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!

In gowany glens thy burnie strays,
Where bonnie fasses bleach their chae;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and bracs,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's self;
Nae bombast quites o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,

That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.2

VERSIF

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DUNLANRIG.3

As on the banks o' wandering Nith,
Ae smiling summer-morn I stray'd,
And traced its bonnie holms and haughis,
Where linties sang and lambkins play'd,

1 The ruins of a strong fortress on a high rock on the coast of Haddingtonshire.
2 Dunlanrig Castle, an important residence of the Buccleuch family, is situated on the right bank of the Nith, near the town of Thornhill, seventeen miles from Dumfries, it was built between 1673 and 1883 and is in the form of a quadrangle, having square towers at the corners, and an interior court, accessible through an arched portal. Its site on a Terhess overlooking the Nith, surrounded by fine woods, and backed by a range of lofty hills, is very imposing.
3 These verses first collected in Hogg and Motherwell's edition (1825), appeared originally in the Scots Magazine for 1803, with this note prefixed:— "Verses written on a window shutter of a small country inn, in Dumfriesshire, supposed to be by R. Burns." The second of the verses in the present edition first appeared in the Scots Magazine, 1803.
I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
When, from the eddying deep below,
Uprose the genius of the stream.

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
And troubled like his wintry wave,
And deep, as sighs the boding wind
Among his caves, the sigh he gave—
"And come ye here, my son," he cried,
"To wander in my birken shade!
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?"

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my bar'ssae bravely saw
Their woody pictures in my tide;
When hanging beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Throw bread and dark across the pool;

"When, glinting through the trees, appear'd
You wee white cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' rose its ingle reek,
That slowly curling clamb the hill.
But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy bield for ever gane,
And scarce a stinted birk is left
To shiver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
Has strip'd the cleeding aff your braes?
Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was't the wil' fire scorch'd their boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin' blast," the sprite replied;
"It blaws na here sae fierce and fell,
And on my dry and halsome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd—
As through the cliffs he sank him down—
"The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees,
That reptile—wears a ducal crown!"
STANZAS

ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Disdained remnant of a race
Once great in martial story?
His forbear's virtues all contrasted—
The very name of Douglas blasted—
His that inverted glory:
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
But he has superadded more,
And sunk them in contempt;
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name:
But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
From aught that's good exempt.

SONG—THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—"The Weaver's March."

Where Cart rins rovin' to the sea,
By mony a low'ry, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.
O I had wooers sought or nine,
They gie'd me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was feared my heart would tine,
And I gied it to the weaver.
My daddie sign'd my teacher's bond,
To gie the lad that has the land;
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gie it to the weaver.

1 "On being rallied for frequently satirizing persons unworthy of his notice, and the Duke of Queensberry being instanced as an example of a higher kind of game, Burns instantly drew out his pencil and handed to his friend the above bitter stanzas."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—These two stanzas are sometimes given as part of the "Ballad on the close of the Election Contest," &c., addressed to Graham of Fintry (p. 71), being introduced along with the verses in which Queensberry is satirized.

2 The following circumstances have been suggested as explanatory of the origin of this song. Jean Armour, when the result of her intimacy with Burns became too evident, to avoid the immediate pressure of her father's displeasure, went about the month of May (1780) to Paisley (on the banks of the Cart), to stay with a relation of her mother. There was then at Paisley a certain Robert Wilson, a good-looking young weaver, a native of Mauchline. Jean Armour had danced with this "gallant weaver" at the Mauchline dancing-school balls, and, besides her relative, she knew no other person in Paisley. The young fellow was very kind to her, and, although he had a suspicion of the reason of her visit to Paisley, would have been glad to marry her. Burns is said to have heard of this and to have been tortured with the pangs of jealousy. It is supposed to be not improbable that he learned in time to make this episode the subject of sport, and wrote the song, "Where Cart rins rovin' to the sea," in jocular allusion to it. But the supposition seems very doubtful, and the words of the song give no countenance to it. The song appears in the fourth volume of Johnson's Museum.
POEMS AND SONGS.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
While bees rejoice in opening flowers,
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I'll love my gallant weaver.

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SONG—WILLIE STEWART.

TEXT—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

You're welcome, Willie Stewart,
You're welcome, Willie Stewart;
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
That's half so sweet welcome's thou art.

Come bumpers high, express your joy,
The bowl we cannot renew it;
The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

May foes be strong and friends be slack;
If action may be rue it,
May woman on him turn her back,
That wrongs thee, Willie Stewart!

---

SONG—LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

TEXT—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart."

O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
That's half so fair as thou art.

The flower that blows, it fades, it fis,
And art can never renew it;

---

1 Lockhart says that the above verses were written on a tumbler on the arrival of William Stewart, a friend of the poet's, at an inn where Burns had been "taking his ease." The landlady being very writh at what she considered the disfigurement of her glass, a gentleman present gave her a shilling and carried off the relic. It came into the possession of Sir Walter Scott, and is still preserved at Abbotsford.

—William Stewart was resident factor of the estate of Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, belonging to the Rev. James Stuart Menteith, rector of Barrowly, Lanarkshire. His daughter Mary is the heroine of the song "Lovely Polly Stewart," which next follows.

2 The heroine of this song was Mary, daughter of William Stewart, factor of Closeburn estate, a friend of the poet's (see note to the preceding poem "You're welcome, Willie Stewart"). When this ditty was penned in her honour she was about sixteen years of age. Her subsequent career was a sad one. She became the wife of one of her cousins and bore him three children. Owing to some misdeed he had to quit the country, and Polly went to live with a man named Welsh, but they both soon repented of associating on this rather questionable footing and separated. Polly returned to her father's in 1800, but subsequently becoming acquainted with a Swiss soldier went abroad with him. She is said to have died, after many roving adventures, at Florence about 1847. The lively air to which the song is set in the Muscian (sic) is also known as "Miss Stewart's Reel."
POEMS AND SONGS.

But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.
O lovely Polly Stewart! &c.

May he, whose arms shall Fauld thy charms,
Possess a head and true heart;
To him be given to ken the heaven,
He grasps in Polly Stewart!
O lovely Polly Stewart! &c.

SONG—O SAW YE MY DEARIE, MY EPPIE MCNAB?¹

TUNE—"Eppie McNab."

"The old song with this title," says Burns, "has more wit than decency."

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie McNab!
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie McNab!
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the lard,
She will not own her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie McNab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie McNab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thon's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie McNab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie McNab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I never seen thee, my Eppie McNab!
O had I never seen thee, my Eppie McNab!
As light as the air, and rare as thon's fair,
Thon's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

SONG—MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.²

TUNE—"My tocher's the jewel."

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

¹This appeared in Johnson's Museum (vol. iv). Burns wrote another, but scarcely improved version for Thomson's Collection. The air, which was taken from Lightbody's Companion seems to be far too elaborate for the character of the words.

²The fifth, sixth, and four closing lines of this song are said to be old. The air to which it is set in the Museum by Burns own instruction appeared in Gow's Second Collection, under the title of "Lord Elcho's Favourite;" but the poet directs Johnson not to put the name of "Lord Elcho's Favourite" above it; "let it just pass for the tune of the song, and a beautiful tune it
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee;  
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,  
He cannaae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an aird-penny,  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
But an ye be crafty, I am cumin',  
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the tinner o' you rotten wood,  
Ye're like to the bark o' you rotten tree,  
Ye'll slip from me like a bonless thread,  
And ye'll crack your credit wi' nae nor me.

---

SONG—O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE—"The Monielwort."

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
An' hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!  
I'll learn my kint a rattlin' sang,  
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair, and baud me down,  
And gar me look like blantie, Tam!  
But three short years will soon wheel round,  
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

A gleib o' han', a chaut o' gear,  
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;  
At kith or kin I needna spier,  
An' I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
The' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;  
But hie'st thou, laddie—there's my hand—  
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!

An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.

---

is. — "This tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow. It is
notoriously taken from 'The Muckle o' Gourdie's Lyre.'
It is also to be found long prior to Nathaniel Gourdie's
era, in Aird's Selection of Airs, and Marches, the first
edition, under the name of the 'Highway to Edin-
burgh.'"—R. B.—"This statement is incorrect. On
referring to Nell Gow and Son's second book, p. 18,
It 'will be seen that it is unclaimed by Nathaniel Gow
or one of his family. Mr. Gow found the tune in
25, as a quick jig: it struck him that it would be pretty
if slow; and being without a name, he called it 'Lord
Elder's Favourite.'" Aird's book was published long
prior to Aird's era, as Aird's was to that of Gow."

CHALLENGER.

This song was composed expressly for Johnson's
"Memoirs," where it is set to a "rattlin'" tune in jig-
tune ("The Monielwort" means "the muse"). Sten-
house says "the subject of the song had a real origin,
and without giving names he states the particulars.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—FAIR ELIZA.¹

A Gaelic Air.

Burns in a note to Johnson, on a MS. of this song says: "How do you like the verses? I assure you I have asked my muse to the top of her performing."

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ac kind blink before we part,
Rue on thy despairing lover!
Can't thou break his faithfull' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
If to love thy heart denies,
For pity hide the cruel sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, have I offended?
The offence is loving thee:
Can't thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladdly die?
While he life beats in my bosom,
Thon shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ac sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny moon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the summer moon;
Not the poet in the moment
Fancy lightens in his ee,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.

SONG—FLOW GLENTLY, SWEET AFTON.²

Text—"Afton Water."

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

¹This song is set to two Gaelic airs (neither of them very taking) in the Museum. Its original title was "Fair Rabina," but that scarcely euphonious name was wisely altered. According to Stenhouse, "Rabina was a young lady to whom Mr. Hunter, a friend of Burns, was much attached. This gentleman went to Jamaica, and died shortly after his arrival."

²This exquisite melody, along with eleven other poems, written between 1788 and 1791, was presented by the poet in MS. form to Mrs. Stewart of Afton and Stair, one of the first persons of rank with whom he became acquainted. It is said that seeing some letters and poems of Burns, and being struck by their superior style, Mrs. Stewart expressed a desire to see the poet, and he consequently waited upon her. Of the treatment he experienced on this
POEMS AND SONGS.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds tiro' the glen;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.  

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet have,
As gathering sweet flowerets she steams thy clear wave.

occasion from Mrs. Stewart he thus speaks in a letter addressed to her about the time he intended to go abroad:—"One feature of your character," he says, "I shall ever with grateful pleasure remember—the reception I got when I had the honour of waiting on you at Stair. I am little acquainted with polite-ness, but I know you good deal of benevolence of temper and goodness of heart. Surely did those in exalted stations know how happy they could make some choice of their inferiors by condescension and affability, they would never stand so high, measuring out with every look the height of their elevation, but condescend as sweetly as did Mrs. Stewart of Stair.

It was in the old castle of Stair that this interview took place. Mrs. Stewart, who was connected with that ancient mansion by her marriage, was, by descent, proprietor of another estate, situated in Glen Afton, in the parish of New Cumnock. With this vale Burns probably became acquainted in the course of his rides between Ayrshire and Nithsdale, before and after sett-ling at Ellisland. It is a remarkably fine specimen of the pastoral vale of southern Scotland. The Afton rises in the high grounds where the counties of Ayr, Dum frets, and Kirkcudbright meet; and after a course of ten miles, in a northerly direction, it joins the Nith at New Cumnock. In the lower part of the vale, near New Cumnock, there are a few houses, but the general character of the vale is almost primitive solitude. On entering it from the south the eye is delighted with the fine mixture of wood and glade which lies along the slopes, like the light and shade of an April day. At no remote period the whole vale was probably overspread with wood, as Yarrow, and other vales now pastoral, are known to have been. The vale now seems half-way between the one condition and the other. Birches in great num-bers—the ash—the mountain ash—the pine—together with numerous hawthorns, of great age and consider-able size—constitute the materials of the woods of Glen Afton. Here and there a hawthorn may be

seen standing by itself on a green slope, the sole survivor of a goodly community of trees, all of which have long since perished. The whole scene is most characteristically Scottish, and in spring, when the hawthorns are in bloom, it is extremely beautiful. As we advance along the vale the woods lessen, and finally cease, and we then see only long reaching green uplands, swelling afar into the lofty bounding hills which separate three counties.

There has been much fruitless discussion as to who is the heroine of this song. Dr. Currie says:—"The song was presented to her [Mrs. Stewart] in return for her notice, the first he ever received from any person in her rank of life." This by no means implies, however, that Currie thought her the subject of the song, although the statement apparently led Lockhart to think so, quite erroneously. For this lady's name was Katherine [née Gordon], while that of the heroine is Mary. Gilbert Burns, in furnishing George Thomson with notes on some of his brother's songs, says the inspirer of "Thy crystal stream, Afton," was "the poet's Highland Mary. But Dr. Currie gives a different account of it . . . he must not be contradicted." Against Gilbert's theory it may be stated that Glen Afton is a considerable distance south of Muckline, the locality where the poet had his rapturous meetings with Mary Campbell; and that he does not seem to have had anything to connect him with Glen Afton till later. The only conclusion we can arrive at is, that the heroine is unknown, and was, probably, imaginary.

The song is not now sung to the tune it was set to, in accordance with Burns's instructions, in Johnson's "Museum, but to a gracefully flowing melody, composed by Alexander Hume of Edinburgh.

1The stock-dove is not found in Scotland. Burns no doubt means the ring-dove or cussat, which utters a pleasant musical coo, while the other is said to have a disagreeable grunting note.

2Mrs. variation "plever."
...trees, all of which in spring, when the woods lessen, and the lofty bounding...tress, which utters...
I'll see you in a little while.

Will I?
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays:
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,
ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

The Earl of Buchan had written to the poet about the end of August, 1791, informing him that on the approaching anniversary of Thomson's birthday (September 11th) a temple to his memory would be inaugurated at Ednam, near Kelso, and hoping that he (Burns) would be present at the ceremony, and bring with him an ode suitable for the occasion. To this request the Earl received the following courteous and sensible reply:—"A week or two's absence in the very middle of my harvest is what I much doubt I dare not venture on. Your lordship hints at an ode for the occasion; but who would write after Collins? I read over his verses to the memory of Thomson, and despaired. I got indeed to the length of three or four stanzas, in the way of address to the shade of the bard, on crowning his bust. I shall trouble your lordship with the subjoined copy of them, which, I am afraid, will be but too convincing a proof how unequal I am to the task." The original version thus sent was as follows:—

While o'd by Spring, a virgin eeg,
Unfolds her virgint mantle sweet,
Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,
A carpet for her youthful feet:
While Summer, with a matron grace,
Walks stately in the cooling shade,
And oft, delighted, stops to trace,
The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
With age's hoary honours clad,
Surveys with self-approving mind
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:
While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:
While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:
While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:
So long, sweet Poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
SONG—BONNIE BELL.

TUNE—"Bonnie Bell."

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And slyrly winter grizzly flies:
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The e'ning gilds the ocean's swell;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell.
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

SONG—NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.

The noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the border,
And they'll gae big Terregles' towers
And set them a' in order.
And they declare, Terregles fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather;

1 "This song," says Stenhouse, "is another production of Burns, who also communicated the air to which the words are united in the Museum." The heroine—if she ever had any real existence—is unknown.

2 Written when Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, the granddaughter and only representative of the forfeited Earl of Nithsdale, returned to Scotland, and rebuilt Terregles House, about three miles from Dumfries, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Lady Winifred was married to a William Haggerston Constable, Esq. of Everingham, in Yorkshire. According to Mrs. Burns her ladyship paid a visit to the poet when he was residing in Dumfries, and it appears that he dined on more than one occasion at Terregles House, which is still the abode of the "Maxwells and their powers." Two letters of the poet to Lady Winifred will be found in the General Correspondence, one of which has already been referred to in connection with the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots." The other was spoken of by Sir Walter Scott as being addressed to "that singular old curmudgeon, Lady Winifred Constable." The air to which the song is set in the fourth volume of the Museum is by the poet's friend Captain Reid of Friars' Carse; it is neither very original nor very pleasing.
The weary night o' care and grief
May have a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

SONG—FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

TUNE—"Caroon Side."

"I added the four last lines," says Burns, "by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is."—"The whole song, however, is in his own handwriting, and I have reason to believe it is all his own."—Stenhouse.

Fae the friends and land I love
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,
Fae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight.
Never mair mahn hope to find
Ease fae toil, relief fae care;
When remembrance wrecks the mind
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desert ilka blooming shore,
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace restore;
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
Bring our banish'd home again;
And ilk loyal bonnie lad
Cross the seas and win his ain.

SONG—YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE—"Ye Jacobites by name."

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;
Ye Jacobites by name,
Your fantes I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I mahn blame—
You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right and what is wrang?
A short sword and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

1 This is said, but on what authority we know not, to be founded on an old Jacobite song. It is not assigned to Burns in the Museum, where it is set to the tune otherwise known as "My Love's in Germanie." Stenhouse describes it as "an unclaimed production of Burns."
POEMS AND SONGS.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar?
What makes heroic strife!
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parent's life
Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in the state;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state:
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate.

SONG—SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION!

TUNE—"Such a parcel of Rogues in a Nation."

Fareweel to a' our Scottish name,
Fareweel our ancient glory;
Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
Sae fam'd in martial story!
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed rins to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stands:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitors' wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O woe'd, or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,

\[\text{1This was written in reference to the union of Scotland with England in 1707, and in the character of one of those Scotsmen who were bitterly hostile to the measure. The terms of the treaty of union were obnoxious to a great many of the Scotch, and the notoriously corrupt manner in which the treaty was carried through their intense indignation. For many years afterwards the people could not see the advantages of a union which deprived Scotland of all the visible symbols of power and independence. They only saw the mansions of their nobles deserted for residences in the English metropolis, and felt that the little wealth which belonged to the land was flowing south. An influx of English revenue officers overspread the country, till then but imperfectly acquainted with the rigorous laws of revenue. "Alas!" exclaims Burns in one of his letters to Mrs. Dunlop, "have I often said to myself, what are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can counterbalance the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms 'English Ambassador, English Court, &c.' But the advantages that Scotland has reaped from the union are great and manifold, and Scottish r- dentity still flourishes vigorously.—The air to which the words are set in the Museum appears both in McGibbons and Oswald's collections.}\]
still then but impor-
taneous laws of revenue.
so of his letters to Mrs.
myself, what are all
reaps from the
the annihilation of
very name? Nothing
English Ambassador,
advantages that Scot-
are great and mani-
still flourishes vigor-
words are set in the
Stockton's and Oswald's
POEMS AND SONGS.

My auld grey head had lain in clay,
Wi’ Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour
I’ll mak this declaration,
We’re bought and sold for English gold:
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

---

SONG—O KENMURE’S ON AND AWA.¹

TUNE—“O Kenmure’s on and away, Willie.”

O Kenmure’s on and away, Willie!
O Kenmure’s on and away!
An’ Kenmure’s lord’s the bravest lord
That ever Galloway saw.
Success to Kenmure’s band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure’s band;
There’s no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure’s band.
Here Kenmure’s health in wine, Willie!
Here Kenmure’s health in wine;
There ne’er was a coward o’ Kenmure’s blood,
Nor yet o’ Gordon’s line.
O Kenmure’s lads are men, Willie!
O Kenmure’s lads are men;
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their foes shall ken.
They’ll live or die wi’ fame, Willie!
They’ll live or die wi’ fame;
But soon wi’ sounding victorie,
May Kenmure’s lord come hame!
Here’s him that’s far awa, Willie!
Here’s him that’s far awa!
And here’s the flower that I lo’e best—
The rose that’s like the snow!

¹ William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure, had the chief command of the insurgent forces in the south of Scotland in 1715. He was taken at Preston, and beheaded on the 20th Feb. 1716. In the end of July, 1730, the poet, accompanied by Sir Robert Burns, visited Kenmure Castle, near New Galloway, where he was hospitably entertained for three days by the grandson of the unfortunate nobleman. (See vol. i. p. 184, where Sir Robert Burns’s account of this tour will be found.) The Gordon Gazetteer of Scotland (1880) gives the following particulars regarding Kenmure Castle: “It stands on a high, round, isolated mound, . . . and it seems of old to have been surrounded by a fosse, supplied with water from the river Ken. Approached by a noble lime-tree avenue, and enwirt by well-wooded policies and gardens, with stately beech hedges, it forms a conspicuous feature in one of the finest landscapes in the south of Scotland. The oldest portion, roofless and clad with ivy, exhibits the architecture of the thirteenth or fourteenth, but the main building appears to belong to the seventeenth century.” The Gordons of Kenmure are of the same stock as the more famous Gordons of Aboyne, the family having belonged originally to the south of Scotland. —— The above song was manufactured from an old ditty. The tune is only a slightly varied form of that now commonly known as the “Campbells are Coming.” The song appears in vol. iv. of the Museum,
SECOND EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 7th February, 1791, Burns writes:—"By a fall not from my horse, but with my horse, I have been a cripple some time." This misfortune did not confine him long; but a similar accident befell him about the close of the following September, to which he refers in the letter in which this epistle was inclosed:—"Along with two other pieces, I enclose you a sheetful of groans, wrung from me in my elbow-chair, with one unlucky leg on a stool before me." This letter was despatched to Mr. Graham on 6th October, 1791. In a former part of this volume the bulk of this epistle (with certain variations) appears under the heading of "The Poet's Progress."

Late cripp'ld of an arm, and now a leg,
Abont to beg a pass for leave to beg:
Dull, listless, tens'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
(If soothes poor Misery, heark'n'ng to her tale.)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell;
Thy minions kings defend, control, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power;
Foxy statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
The cit and polcat stink, and are secere;
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug.
The priest and hedgehog in their robes are sung;
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But, oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn;
No nerves offact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur;—
In naked feelings, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side;
Vampyre book-sellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics careless venom dart.

Critics!—appall'd I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Mooses!
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.
His heart by causeless, wanton malice wrung,
By blockheads' daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Soil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal strife,
The hapless Poet flounders on through life;
'Till, fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead even resentment for his injur'd page.
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,
By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tug'ing bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of Hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are Fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one stronghold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as roon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears;)
Oh! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!—
Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown,
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May bliss domestic smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG OF DEATH.

TUNE—"Oran an Aoig."

SCENE—A field of battle; time of the day—evening; the wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song.

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth and ye skies,
Now gay with the bright setting sun!
Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe!
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors haste thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands—
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O! who would not rest with the brave?

---

EPISTLE TO MR. MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY.

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Health, aye unsour'd by care or grief:
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyll leaf,
This natal morn,
I see thy life is stuff o' grief,

Scarce quite half worn.—

1 "I have," says Burns in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated 17th Dec. 1791, "just finished the following song, which, to a lady, the descendant of Wallace, and many heroes of his truly illustrious line—and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology. . . . The circumstance that gave rise to the foregoing verses was—looking over, with a musical friend, Mr. Donald's Collection of Highlands airs, I was struck with one, an air of Skye tune, entitled 'Oran an Aoig,' or the Song of Death, to the measure of which I have adapted my stanzas."—To this air the words are united in Johnson's Museum, but we think the melody has nothing to recommend it except its heroically sounding life. Thomson set the words to a fine air (said to be Irish), "My Lodging is on the cold ground," and to this they are now usually sung. Thomas Campbell, no mean authority on war songs, considered this lyric as one of the most brilliant effusions of the poet. Dr. Currie calls it a "hymn worthy of the Grecian muse, when Greece was most conspicuous for genius and valor;" and says it seems to him "more calculated to invigorate the spirit of defence, in a season of real and pressing danger, than any production of modern times." It was probably Burns's first poem written after removing to Dumfries, or may have been the last he wrote at Ellsland.

2 Variation:—"broad."

3 Variation:—"die."

4 John Maxwell, Esq. of Terraughty and Munches, near Dumfries, was, as we gather from this address, then seventy-one years old, and though he did not get "a tack o' seven times seven" additional, he reached the great man's birthday; he was in his son to the
POEMS AND SONGS.

This day thou metest threescore eleven,
And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
(The second sight, ye ken, is given
To ilk a Poet)
On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Will yet bestow it.
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow,
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure—

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
In social glees,
Wi' mornings blythe, and evenings funny,
Bless them and thee!
Fareweel, and birkie! Lord be near ye,
And then the veil he daur na steer ye:
Your friends aye love, your faces aye fear ye;
For me, shame fa' me,
If neist my heart I diuin wear ye,
While Burns they ca' me.

ON SENSIBILITY.

Burns sent these verses first to Clarinda, who had furnished him with a copy of a poem of her own, which Burns describes as "most beautiful, but most pathetic." On the 15th December, 1791, he again wrote to her from Dumfries—"I have sent in the verses 'On Sensibility,' altered to

Sensibility how charming,
Darest, Nancy, thou canst not tell, &c.,

to the editor of the Scots Songs, of which you have three volumes, to set to a most beautiful air—out of compliment to the first of women, my ever-beloved, my ever-sacred Clarinda." He also sent a copy of them to Mrs. Dunlop, with the dedication, "To my dear and much honoured friend Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop." Another copy of the same verses he sent to Mrs. Stewart of Aiton.

Sensibility how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well.
Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

the great age of ninety-four, surviving to January, 1814. He was, says Robert Chambers, "grandson's grandson to the gallant and faithful Lord Herries, who on bended knees entreated Queen Mary to prosecute Bothwell as the murderer of her husband, and who subsequently fought for her at Langside."
Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

EPIGRAM—THE KIRK OF LAMINGTON.1

As cauld a wind as ever blew,
As cauld a priest as ever spak,
A cauldker kirk, an' in't but few—
The deil tak me an I gae back!

EPIGRAM—THE TOAD-EATER.2

What ot earls with whom you have supp'd,
And ot dukes that you dined with yestreen?
A louse, sir, is still but a louse,
Tho' it crawl on the curls of a queen.

SONG—O MAY, THY MORN.3

O May, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,
As the mirk night o' December;
For sparkling was the rosy wine,
And private was the chamber;
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember:
And dear was she I darena name,
But I will aye remember.

1 Burns in one of his peregrinations found his way into Lamington Church, Clydesdale; the day was cold and wet, and the attendance scanty; as the congregation dismissed he whispered these lines to his companion. There are several versions of this epigram: the above seems the most characteristic, and was taken down from the lips of Burns's friend Robert Ainslie.

2 A gentleman dining one day in company with Burns spoke of nothing but of the dukes and lords with whom he was intimate. Burns scrawled the above on a scrap of paper and handed it round the table, to the no small amusement of the company. The incident is said to have occurred at the table of Mr. Maxwell of Terroughty, to whom a poetical epistle will be found a page or two back. There are several versions of the epigram, but its merit is not so exacting as to call for their production.

3 It is not improbable that in this song the poet commemorates his parting with Clarinda, which took place on the 6th December, 1791, the lady being soon after to proceed to Jamalan. (See notes to the next two songs.) The tune to which it is adapted in the Museun is, with slight alteration, what is better known as "The wee, wee German Ladrile."
POEMS AND SONGS.

And here's to them, that, like oursel',
Can push about the jorum;
And here's to them that wish us weel,
May a' that's guin: watch o'er them!
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum:
And here's to them, we darena tell,
The dearest o' the quorum.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!
Amen!

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

O Thou in whom we live and move,
Who mad'st the sea and shore;
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.
And if it please Thee, Pow'r above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.
Amen.

SONG—AE FOND KISS.

TUNE—"Rory Dall's Fort."

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrang tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

1 Sir Walter Scott has said, in reference to the fourth stanza of this song, "this exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales." Byron adopted those lines as a motto to his "Bride of Abydos." Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lelodee), there can be little doubt, was the inspirer of the song. It was sent to her, along with two other pieces, in a letter dated Dumfries, 27th December, 1791 (see succeeding
P0EMS AND SONGS.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him!  
Me, nay cheerfu' twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Nothing could resist my Nancy;  
But to see her, was to love her:  
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd so kindly,  
Had we never lov'd so blindly,  
Never met—nor never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thee be ilk joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,  
Warning sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

---

SONG—GLOOMY DECEMBER.

TUNE—"Wandering Willie."

Aneai mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!  
Aneai mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;  
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,  
Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,  
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;  
Pleas'd I could sing of love, and write its praise.  
Sorrow and gloom on me, in my days doth seal.

The melancholy, dear perchance, is just,  
To know the woes that come and go, and past.  
My parting heart. was then aye then,  
And though I hate her. after my own heart is given.

For thou art friend, and friend to many a one,  
And to thy parting doth all the world do thee great;  
But when in pain I parte. I do not part,  
At least the parting doth my soul not show me.

My parting heart. was then aye then,  
And her parting heart. was then aye then,  
The parting heart. was then aye then,  
And thou art friend, and friend to many a one.

My parting heart. was then aye then,  
And her parting heart. was then aye then,  
The parting heart. was then aye then,  
And thou art friend, and friend to many a one.

My parting heart. was then aye then,  
And her parting heart. was then aye then,  
The parting heart. was then aye then,  
And thou art friend, and friend to many a one.

My parting heart. was then aye then,  
And her parting heart. was then aye then,  
The parting heart. was then aye then,  
And thou art friend, and friend to many a one.

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Note). Its farewell character will be understood when it is remembered that the lady was on the eve of her departure for the West Indies to join her unworthy husband. That she or the bard (now a hundred of several years' standing) was in any way "broken-hearted" over this or a former separation is not for a moment to be supposed. To be sure it was a great blow to her when their "high fantastical" love making in the winter of 1787-8 came to an end, and Burns married Jean instead of waiting till Clarinda's husband should kindly leave her a widow; but her sorrow was tempered by indignation, and no doubt it was some relief to her feelings to write him, among other severe things, that he was a "villain" and guilty of "perfidious treachery." By the time this poem was written, the poet had again met her in Edinburgh and a complete reconciliation had taken place. Poor lady! fate was rather hard to her, it must be confessed. Poems of which she is the subject will be found at pp. 230 and 245, vol. ii., as well as here. See the Clarinda Correspondence in vol. iv.—The twelfth tune to which the song is set in the Museun is singularly inappropriate. It still wants a fit composer. "Poet, we may remark, is a term given to certain old, wild, and characteristic Highland airs, said to have been originally composed to suit the harp.

1 Written on parting with Clarinda (Mrs. M'Lochay) on the 6th December, 1790 (see preceding note). The first stanza was copied into a letter (dated 27th December, 1791) to that lady, with the remark: "The rest of this song is on the wheel." The song was completed and sent to the Museum, it being the poet's wish that it should be set to the air "Wandering Willie;" but as that tune had appeared in a previous volume, another melody, neither pleasing nor suitable, was selected.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
Is anguish unmingle and agony pure!

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone!

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee w' sorrow and care;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting w' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

SONG—SAE FAR AWA.1

TEXT—“Balkeith Maiden Bridge.”

O, sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far away;
Unknown what my way may thwart,
My native land sae far away.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this Fair sae far away,
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far away.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far away;
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh, she is sae far away.

Naught other love, naught other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far away;
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the Fair sae far away.

LINES ON FERGUSSON THE POET.2

I'll fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson,
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
To think Life's sun did set ere well begun
To shed its influence on thy bright career.

O why should trustest Worth and Genius pine
Beneath the iron grasp of Woe and Woe,
While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
In all the splendour Fortune can bestow.

This song was written for the Museum, and appears in the fifth volume of that collection, united to what Stonehouse calls "a Scots measure or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection." The song is rather laid and stiff.

1 These lines, says Robert Chambers, "were inscribed on a blank leaf of a publication called The World, which we find the poet had ordered from Peter Hill on the 2d February, 1790." They were probably written early in 1792.

2 This song was written for the Museum, and appears in the fifth volume of that collection, united to what Stonehouse calls "a Scots measure or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection." The song is rather laid and stiff.
SONG—I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

TUNE—"I do confess thou art sae fair."

"This song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne (consort of James VI.) queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, the earliest collection printed in Scotland. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."—R. B.

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy:
How come it times its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere long, shall thee betide,
Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
Yet soon thou 'sht be thrown aside,
Like any common weed and vile.

SONG—THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.²

TUNE—"The weary pund o' Tow."

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;

But plucked and strained through elder hands,
Her scent no longer with her dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.
Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast hundred been awhile.
Like sunflowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh when some will smile:
So see thy love for more than one
Has brought thee to be loved by none.

¹ Burns has failed to convey an adequate idea of the song he has altered, and this is perhaps the only instance in which a song could be said to have derived no benefit, but rather harm from his touch. Ayton's verses, entitled "Song to a Forsaken Mistress," appeared in Playford's Select Ayres, 1690. We subjoin a copy of them:

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee.
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be loved by none.
I do confess thou'rt sweet; yet fine,
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be known by none.
The morning rose that unattain'd stands
Armst with her briers, how sweetly smells!

² The chorus of this song is old, the rest is by Burns. We add the first stanza of the old ditty:

I bought my maiden and my wife
A half a pund o' tow,
And it will serve them at their life,
Let them spin as they daw.
I thought my low was erit-
It waxed weel begun.
I think my wife will end her life
Afore the tow be spun.
The air, which, by the way, is of a fine manly vigorous stamp, appeared in Oswald's Companion.
POEMS AND SONGS.

I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gule as c'et did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pond o' tow.

The weary pond, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To druck the stowrie tow.

The weary pond, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brak it o'er my pow.

The weary pond, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gael foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pond, &c.

SONG—SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.¹

TUNE—"The Eight Men of Moizdar."

Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'ed it Linkumdodgie,
Willie was a webster guid,
Coul'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, tinkler Maidgig was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an ee,—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;

¹Cunningham says that the subject of this song was a farmer's wife who lived near Ellisland. The first verse, however, does not bear this out; and we rather think, that no single individual sat for the portrait, which seems to be merely a grotesque exaggeration of the poet's fancy. It would be sad to think that he who lamented over Poor Maillie, a wounded hare, and a mouse, should have thus exposed some unfortunate deformed human creature to vulgar ridicule. Linkumdodgie is no doubt an imaginary locality; there is a Logan Water in Lanarkshire.
POEMS AND SONGS.

A whiskin' heard about her mon,'  
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;—  
She a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-lough'd, she's hem-shim'd,  
As linnin' leg a hand-breed shorter;  
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,  
To balance fair in ilka quarter:

She has a hump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shanther;  
She a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld landlords by the ingle sits,  
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';  
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,  
She sight's her grunzie wi' a hushion;

Her wad nieves like midden-creeks,  
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water;  
She a wife as Willie had,  
I wad na gie a button for her.

SONG—THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.  

TUNE—"The Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town."  
The Deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,  
And danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
And ilka wife cries, Auld Mahon,  
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',  
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman;  
He's danc'd awa', he's danc'd awa',  
He's danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman!

1 "A hem-shim'd person is one whose ankles meet as hemos do at the lower part."—CUTHBERTSON, *Rhu- 
mor to Bursa*. *Hemos, homae, or hizims, It must be understood, are the bent pieces of metal or wood in the 
harness of a draught-horse, to which the traces are fastened and which fit on to the collar. *Hem-
shim'd* is given here in some editions, a word which apparently has no real existence, having arisen from a 
misreading of Burns's text. *Johnson's Museum,* in which the piece first appeared, reads "hem shined."

2 A stocking without a foot or without a sole, worn in lieu of a complete stocking. We believe such are 
not quite out of use yet, being worn among labouring people.

3 Lockhart's narrative of the origin of this spirited 
song will be found in chapter iii. of the *Life* of Crounek, 
his account, however, states that at a meeting of his fellow excisemen in Dunfermline, the bard, on being called upon for

a song, bailed these verses extempore to the chairman, written on the back of a letter. The following 
passage in a recently discovered letter of Burns's to J. Leven, Esq., General Supervisor of Excise, Edin-
burgh, confirms Crounek's statement so far, though the 
two accounts are not necessarily inconsistent, if we 
suppose that the verses were only thought to be 
extempore.—"Mr. Mitchell mentioned to you a bal-
let, which I composed, and sung at one of his excise 
court dinners; here it is—"The Deil's awa' wi' the 
Exciseman." "The original," says *Stenhouse*, "is 
written upon a slip of excise paper, ruled on the back 
with red lines." The ditty has a melancholy interest 
as being the last which Burns lived to see published 
in the *Museum*. The air to which the words are set 
in the *Museum* is to be found under the title of "The 
Hemp Dresser" in Playford's *Dancing Master* (1667).
POEMS AND SONGS.

We'll make our mant, we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa', &c.

There's three'some reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our land,
Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
The deil's awa', &c.

SONG—THE COUNTRY LASSIE.¹

TUNE—"The Country Lassie."

In summer, when the hay was mown,
And corn was green in ilk field,
While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blow in ilk field;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shed,
Says,—"I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eil,——
"O guid advisement comes me ill.

"It's ye hae woosers mony aye,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A rauthie but, a rauthie ben:
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty beets the lover's fire."

"For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
I'll take care a single fly;
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love a clamor for me;
But blyth's the blink o' Robie's ce,
And weel I wad he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a' his gear."

"O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair;
But aye fu' lair't is fech'tin' best,
A hungry care's an unco care:

¹This song, we are told by Stenhouse, was written for Johnson's Museum. The air to which it is adapted in that work is taken from Thomson's Orpheus Caledonius (1725). Henry Carey in composing the melody to "Sally in our Alley" has evidently borrowed from this tune.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But some will spend, and some will spare,
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome love,
The gowd an' siller canna buy:
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden love lays on;
Content and love bring peace and joy,—
What mair hae queens upon a throne?"

SONG—O SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY.1

TUNE—"The Collier's bonnie Dochter."

On the occasion and heroine of this song Burns thus wrote to Mrs. Dunlop on the 23rd August, 1792:—"The heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unsullied purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted far inferior sons of men, to deliver to them tidings that make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport—such, so delightful, and so pure, were the emotions of my son on meeting the other day with Miss Lesley Baillie, your neighbour at Mayfield. . . . Twas about nine, I think, that I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad."

O saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the border? went
She's gone, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;2
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Then art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na seith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I cauna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shal brae steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sue lovely,
That ill the'ill never let near thee.

1 This song was forwarded to Thomson in a letter dated November 8, 1792. See p. 178. 2 This couplet is substantially the same as one in "Ae Fond Kiss."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we line a lass
There's none again sae bonnie.

SONG—BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.

TUNE—"The sweet lass that loves me."

O leze me on my spinnin'-wheel,
And leze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to toe that deeds me bien,
And laps me flit and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leze me on my spinnin'-wheel.

On ilka hat, the burnies trot,
And meet below my heichit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
And little fishes' caller rest:
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blythe I turn my spinnin'-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo eens the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik amang the claver hay,
The pairtrick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin'-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinoose joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin'-wheel?

This song was composed on purpose for the air composed by Oswald, and published in Muse um, and appears in the fourth volume, where it is the fifth book of his Companion.
SONG—MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

TUNE—"The Lea-Rig."

This was the first song sent by Burns to George Thomson for his collection of songs and music. It was forwarded in a letter dated 28th October, 1792; but this original version was superseded by the longer and somewhat amended one here given, sent about a month later.

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo,
And owen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be corie, O,
If through that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O!
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour of gloaming grey,
It makes my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

SONG—MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

TUNE—"My Wife's a wanton wee Thing."

"In the air, 'My Wife's a wanton wee Thing,' if a few lines smooth and pretty, can be adapted to it, it is all that you can expect. 'The following I made extempor to it.'—BURNS to Thomson, November 8, 1792.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This dear wee wife o' mine.

1 There are several MS. versions of the song, in which the following variations are given: In line 1, stanza 1, for "eastern star," "e'ening star," and "parting sun;" in line 1, stanza 2, "At midnight hour in mirkest glen;" in line 5, stanza 2, "wet" for "wild;" in line 3, stanza 3, "takes" for "seeks;" in line 4, "adown" for "along." This song was suggested by an old rustic song with a similar refrain.
POEMS AND SONGS.

I never saw a fairer,                      nearest
I never lo'd a dearer,                      gets lost
And nist my heart I'll wear her,           world's trouble
    For fear my jewel shine.             struggle
    She is a winsome we thing, &c.

The world's wrack we share o't,            world's trouble
The warste and the care o't;               struggle
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,              struggle
And think my lot divine.                  struggle
    She is a winsome we thing, &c.


SONG—HIGHLAND MARY.

TEXT—"Katharine Ogilvye."

This well-known pathetic dirge heads an early letter of the Thomson Correspondence, in which the
poet says: "The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner; you will see at
first glance that it suits the air. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of
my youthful days; and I own that I would be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which
would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws
a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around    slopes
    The castle o' Montgomery,1
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,    turberd
    Your waters never drunlie!          turberd
There summer first unfand her robes,        turberd
    And there the languest tarry!  turberd
For there I took the last farewell         turberd
    O' my sweet Highland Mary.  turberd
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,    birch
    How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade,     birch
    I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,     birch
    Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life,      birch
    Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,       full
    Our parting was fin' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,        oft
    We tore oursels asunder;

1 Castle of Montgomery is a poetical periphrasis for
Colstfield House, then the residence of Colonel Hugh
Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Eglinton. The man-
sion is about 6 miles from Ay in the road to March-
line, and about 1] from Tarbolton village. It is a
handsome and well-situated mansion on the right
bank of the Fallo, a tributary of the Ay. Probably
the immortal and final parting between Burns and
Highland Mary took place on the banks of the Fallo
in this neighborhood. Colstfield owes its name to
the traditional King Coll, whence also, according to
the common belief, came Cogilton and Kyle.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and can't's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!
O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha' kiss'd so fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me so kindly!
And moulder now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary.1

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.2

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT (NOVEMBER 26, 1792).

"Your charms as a woman," says Burns to Miss Fontenelle in the letter inclosing the address, "would insure applause to the most indifferent actress, and your theatrical talents would inspire admiration to the plainest figure. This, madam, is not the meaningless or insidious compliment of the frivolous or interested; I pay it from the same honest impulse that the sublime of Nature excites my admiration, or her beauties give me delight. Will the foregoing lines be of any service to you in your approaching benefit night? ... They are nearly extempore: I know they have no great merit."

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of State must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermixed connection,
One sacred Right of Woman is—protection.
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.—
There was, indeed, in far less polished days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;

1 "There are few of his songs more beautiful, and none more impassioned."—Prof. Wilson.
2 "The bill of the night," says Robert Chambers, "announces the 'Country Girl' as the play, and that, thereafter, 'Miss Fontenelle will deliver a new Occasional Address, written by Mr. Robert Burns, called 'The Rights of Woman.'"—Dumfries Times Newspaper."—The Dumfries Theatre was at this time under the management of Mr. Suthard, already mentioned in this work, and was usually open each winter. Burns thought so highly of this production that he sent a copy of it to Mrs. Dunlop.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot; 
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet!—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; 
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct's neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
That right to flattering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the rights of kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration!
In that best sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! qui ira! the Majesty of Woman.

EXTEMPORALINES

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.3

The following stanzas were first published in the Edinburgh Gazette, in December, 1792, and on the 5th of the following January Burns sent a copy of them, and of the preceding poem, "The Rights of Woman," to Graham of Fintry. They were first included in a collected edition of the poet's works by Chambers in 1858, where the editor remarks, "There can be no doubt that Burns here had in view the same affair which he had treated in so composing a style in September of the preceding year (1791)." See p. 111.

Dost thou not rise indignant shade,
And smile wi' spurned scorn,
When they who wad hae starved thy life,
Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alone, than clumb the brae
Wi' mickle, mickle toil,
And caught th' unfading gariand there—
Thy sair-won rightful spoil.

1 Burns, we might venture to remark, was surely under some misconception as to Thomson's career, the early part of which was, certainly, somewhat uphill work; but the poet of the "Seasons" was a little extravagant and luxurious in his tastes. When about thirty years of age, Lord Chancellor Talbot appointed him secretary of his briefs, almost a sinecure; at a subsequent period Frederick, Prince of Wales, restored on him a pension of £100; and in 1745 his friend Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton procured for him the situation of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands (with a salary of £300), the duties of which were performed by deputy. The last years of Thomson's life were, in fact, spent in comparative affluence, social enjoyment, and lettered ease. Thus Burns's lines are rather beside the mark. 41
And wear it there! and call aloud
This axiom undoubted—
Would thou has Nobles' patronage,
First learn to live without it.

To whom has much, more shall be given,
Is every great man's faith;
But he, the helpless, needful wretch,
Shall lose the mite he hath.

---

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE

1 IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.

Sweet naïveté of feature,
Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff, affected,
Spurning nature, torturing art;
Loves and graces all rejected,
Then indeed thou'd'st act a part.

---

SONG—AUMLD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wins in you glen,  
He's the king o' guid fellows and wade of auld men;  
He has gowd in his coffer, he has owsen and kine,  
And ae bonnie lassie, his daintie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;  
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the len,  
And dear to my heart as the light to my eye.

But Oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yaird,  
A wooer like me mamma hope to come speed,  
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my death.

1 According to Robert Chambers Miss Fontenelle was "a smart and pretty little creature, who played Little Pickle in the Spoilt Child, and other such characters." This will explain the terms in which Burns addresses the lady in these verses.

2 The two opening lines of the above are part of the old ballad, No. 192, in Johnson's Museum; the rest of the song is entirely by Burns. It and the following song, "Duncan Gray," were sent to Thomson, on the 4th December, 1792. In Thomson's collection the third line reads:

He has gowd in his coffer, he has sheep, he has kyne.

In the second edition of that publication the tune is arranged as a duet by Haydn.
POEMS AND SONGS.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gone;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it was burst in my breast.
O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she'd hae smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

SONG—DUNCAN GRAY.

This and the preceding song were sent by Burns to Thomson on Dec. 4th, 1792. Of the air to this song he remarks: "Duncan Gray is that kind of light-horse gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature."

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe the Yule-night when we were fou,
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
    cast high
Look'd asklenst and unco skeigh,
    sideways very disdainfully
Gart poor Duncan stand aheigh;
    made aloof
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
    supplicated
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
    both
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
    wept eyes
Grat his een baith bleart and blin',
    keep ing waterfall
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a limn;
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
    sore
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
    hussy
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
For a haughty bizzie die!
She may gae to France for me!
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
    well
    Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

1 "This has nothing in common with the old licen-
tious ballad of 'Duncan Grey' but the first line and
part of the third. The rest is wholly original."—
Currie.
2 A well-known lofty rocky islet in the Firth of
Clyde.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings:
And O, her een, they speak a thing-

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldn't be her death,
Swelling pity smoo'ed his wrath;
Now they're crouse and emty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

A TIPPLING BALLAD,
ON THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S BREAKING UP HIS CAMP, AND THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS
BY DUMOUCIER, NOVEMBER, 1792.

These three verses are the most quotable of the eight which form what Burns in a letter to Graham of Fintry called, 'a tippling ballad which I made on the Prince of Brunswick's breaking up of his camp, and sung one convivial evening; I send it you sealed up as it is not for everybody's reading.' In that important letter, dated 5th January, 1793, the poet clears himself from the charges of recklessly expressing revolutionary ideas, and of publicly showing his aversion to the British government. The second st'anza is the only one of the ballad published by editors of Burns previous to 1877, when the other two saw the light in Paterson's edition, edited by W. Scott Douglas.

When Princes and Prelates,
And hot-headed zealots,
A' Europe had set in a lowe, a lowe,

The poor man lies down
Nor envies a crown,
And comforts himself as he dow,
And comforts himself as he dow.

The black-headed eagle,
As keen as a beagle,
He hunted o'er height and o'er howe, o'er howe,

In the braes o' Gemappe
He fell in a trap,
E'en let him come out as he dow, dow, dow,
E'en let him come out as he dow.

* * * * * *

But truce with commotions,
And new-fangled notions,
A bumper I trust you'll allow;
Here's George our good King,
And Charlotte his queen,
And lang may they ring as they dow, dow, dow,
And lang may they ring as they dow.

1 The
Scott
is
to
man
Blistab
had
sent
second
we
give
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—HERE'S A HEALTH.¹

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa."

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa!' will not
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.²

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Charlie,³ the chief o' the clan
Although that his band be but sma'.
May Liberty meet wi' success!
May Prudence protect her true evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander the road to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie,⁴ the Norlan laddie,
That lives at the tug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that would read,
Here's freedom to him that would write!
There's nae ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa;
Here's Maitland and Wycombe,⁵ and wha does na like 'em,
Be built in a hole o' the wa'!
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that is sound at the core;
May he that would turn the Buff and Blue coat
Be turned to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
An' here's to them that's awa;

¹This first appeared in its complete form in the Scots Magazine for January, 1818, being communicated to that periodical "from a highly respectable quarter," namely—Captain William Johnstone, editor of the Edinburgh Gazetteer, to which Radical paper Burns had sent the piece for publication in 1792. A song with a somewhat similar burden he had previously sent to Johnson's Museum. As usually printed the second line of each stanza is the same as the first; we give the reading of the Scots Magazine.

²The colours of the Whigs. The striped waistcoat, which figures so prominently in the portraits of Burns, was buff and blue.

³The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

⁴Lord Thomas Erskine, the celebrated Whig advocate, afterwards lord high chancellor. He was brother to the equally celebrated Scottish barrister, Henry Erskine, and both were younger sons of the Earl of Buchan.

⁵Two prominent Whig politicians of the period.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Here's chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd, gold
Tho' bred among mountains o' sunaw!

Here's friends on bairn sides o' the Forth, both
And friends on bairn sides o' the Tweed,
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

THE CREED OF POVERTY.2

Towards the end of 1792 Burns had been accused to his superiors in the excise of being disaffected to government, a charge which he himself says "unlucky and misrepresentation have brought against me." In a letter to Mr. Erskine of Mar, dated 13th April, 1793, he says, "I am, as one of our superiors-general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to enquire on the spot, into my conduct, and to document me, and my business was to act, not to think; and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be silent and obedient."2

In politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind,—be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.

SONG—O POORTY CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.3

TUNE—"I had a home."

O poorty cauld and restless love, poverty
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poorty a' I could forgive,
All were na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
such
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sic sweet a flower as love,
So Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o'—
rest

1 Macleod of Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, chief of the clan, and member of parliament for Inverness-shire, a thorough-going Whig.

2 According to Burns's friend Allan he these lines were originally written on the envelope of the excise reprimand mentioned in the head-note. This may be so; they were also written with the poet's diamond on one of the window-panes of the Globe Inn, Dumfries.

3 Jean Lorimer, the poet's celebrated "Chloris," of whom we elsewhere give an account, was the inspirer of these verses. "I have been informed," says Chambers, "that Burns wrote this song in consequence of hearing a gentleman (now a respectable citizen of Edinburgh) sing the old homely dirge, which gives name to the tune, with an effect, which made him regret that such pathetic music should be united to such unsentimental poetry. The meeting, I have been further informed, where this circumstance took place, was held in the poet's favourite tavern, Johnnie Dowie's, in the Lawmarket, Edinburgh; and there, at a subsequent meeting, the new song was also sung for the first time, by the same individual."—The tune is twice printed in Thomson's collection, the first arrangement being by Kozovch; the second with symphonies and accompaniments for piano, flute, violin, and violoncello, by Weber. Different versions of the song have the following readings: stanza 2, line 3, "Fic, fic," for "O fic!" stanza 5, line 1, "brave" for "simple," line 2, "simple" for "artless," line 4, "Did" for "Can."
There are two main melodies of great beauty in the song, the first of which is said to have been composed by Job Wright, and the second of which is said to have been composed by John Galbraith. The first of these melodies is known as "The Water," and the second as "Wander along the Highland Waters." The latter is the more celebrated of the two, and is said to have been sung by the bard, John Macpherson, on the banks of the Tweed.

The song is as follows:

"Wander along the Highland Waters,"

And the lassie stands by, and speaks to John Galbraith,

"Are you, my dear?"

"Yes, my love,"

"And what do you say to me?"

"I have a heart, and a heart of gold,"

And she Rings of many auld lang syne,

"And I have a heart of gold, and a heart of gold,"

And she Rings of many auld lang syne,

"And I have a heart of gold, and a heart of gold,"

And she Rings of many auld lang syne,

"And I have a heart of gold, and a heart of gold,"

And she Rings of many auld lang syne,

"And I have a heart of gold, and a heart of gold,"

And she Rings of many auld lang syne.

The song is sung to the air of "The Water," and is accompanied by a kind of bagpipe. It is said to have been sung at the time of the Jacobite rising, and is still sung on the banks of the Tweed on the fourth of July, the anniversary of the Jacobite rising.
POEMS AND SONGS.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That soft contentment, peace, or pleasure:
   The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

SONNET,
WRITTEN ON 25TH OF JANUARY, 1703, THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR,
ON HEARING A THRUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK.

"I made the following Sonnet the other day, which has been so lucky as to obtain the approbation of no ordinary judge—our friend Syme."—BURNS TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, 20th Feb. 1793.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
   Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his sunry reign,
   At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.
So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
   Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart;
Welcome the rapid moments, bids them part,
   Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.
I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
   Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,—
   What wealth could never give nor take away!
Yet come, thou child of poverty and care;
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share.

BALLAD—LORD GREGORY,†

"The very name of Peter Pindar is an acquisition to your work. His 'Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a set of stanzas in Scots on the same subject, which are not at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with Peter—that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity in it."—BURNS TO THOMSON, January 20th, 1703.

O mirth, mirth is the midnight hour,
   dark

And loud the tempest's roar;
A woeful wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
   woeful

Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

---

† Thomson had employed Dr. Wolfe ("Peter Pindar") to write English verses to the old air "Lord Gregory," and sent a copy of them to Burns, who thereupon wrote the above as a Scottish version. That the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the "Lord Gregory" of Burns with that of Peter Pindar, we subjoin Dr. Wolfe's stanza—

Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!
A midnight wanderer seeks;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Thomson's verse</th>
<th>Burns' verse</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Who comes with woe at this drear night—</td>
<td>A pilgrim of the gloom?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If she whose love did once delight,</td>
<td>If the one she loved once delight,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My colt shall yield her room.</td>
<td>My soul shall yield her room.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alas! then heard'st in pilgrim mourn,</td>
<td>That one was priz'd by thee;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That once was priz'd by thee!</td>
<td>Think of the ring by yonder burn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Then gain'st to love and me.</td>
<td>Then gain'st to love and me.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But shouldest thou not poor Marian know,</td>
<td>But shouldst thou not poor Marian know,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll turn my feet and part;</td>
<td>I'll turn my feet and part;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And think the storms that round me blow</td>
<td>And think the storms that round me blow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Far kinder than thy heart.</td>
<td>Far kinder than thy heart.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
POEMS AND SONGS.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may not be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irvine-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied!
How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine;
And my fond heart, its' sue true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heav'n that flashes by,
O wilt thou give me rest?
Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my false love,
His wrangos to heaven and me!


SONG—WANDERING WILLIE.2

[FIRST VERSION.]

This song, along with the next, was sent to George Thomson in March, 1703. Of the three versions here given the last is the one that appeared in that gentleman's collection.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Now tired with wandering, haud awa' hame!
Come to my bosom, my ne only dearie,
And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Lord blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
It was na the blast brought the tear in my ee:
Now welcome the simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Ye hurricanes, rest in the vale o' your slumbers!
O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
Awaken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
O still flow between us, thon wide roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

1The following various readings occur: stanza 1, line 6, "sake o' thee" for "loving thee;" stanza 3, line 3, "bolt" for "dart;" line 4, "bring" for "give."

2 A song, preserved by Herd, seems to have been present to the mind of Burns when he wrote these verses. He has, however, thrown around it a
POEMS AND SONGS.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[SECOND VERSION.]

AS ALTERED BY MR. ERSKINE AND MR. THOMSON.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', hand awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter-winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee,
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
As simmer to nature, so Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave o' your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Blow soft, ye breezes! roll gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ane mair to my arms.
But oh, if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dark-heaving main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
While dying I think that my Willie's my ain.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[THIRD VERSION.]

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', hand awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
Winter-winds blow loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

pathos which will be sought for in vain in the old

In reply to the poet's letter containing the first

Here awa', there awa', hand awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', hand awa' hame;
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I sought thee,
Now I have gotten my Willie mine.

Thuir the lang mair I have followed my Willie,
Thuir the lang mair I have followed him hame
Whatever beside us, naught shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', hand awa', Willie,
Here awa', there awa', hand awa' hame;
Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,
Hka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Son; -

As to Mr. Eskine, see the Thomson Correspondence,
POEMS AND SONGS.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear haddie ane nair to my arms.
But oh, if he’s faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-rearing main!
May I never see it, may I never traw it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie’s my ain.

---

SONG—OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

This song was sent by Burns—along with “Wandering Willie”—to George Thomson in March, 1785. It was an older song altered, and the poet himself remarks “I do not know whether this song be really mended.”

Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!!
Tho’ thou hast been false, I’ll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But cauldler thy love for me, Oh!
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to my pains frane thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, Oh!
False friends, false love, farewell! for nae
I’ll ne’er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open’d the door, she has open’d it wide;
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
My true love! she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh! 2

1 In the original version sent to Thomson in March, 1755, the second line reads:
If love it may not be, Oh.

2 How much of this song may be Burns’s we have now no means of determining. With reference to its sentiment Carlyle says: “It is needless to multiply examples of his graphic power and clearness of sight; one trait of the finest sort we select from multitudes of such among his songs. It gives in a single line to the saddest feeling, the saddest environment and local habitation.

Thomson gives the song entirely an English dress; “cold” for “cauld,” “more” for “nae,” &c. We follow Currie’s version.

3 Containing the first line: “Here awa Willie to suit the air. Mr. Thomson altered it, seeing how of the second version, as may be seen from the parts set to in Thomson’s four sections, each repeated. As to it was deemed advisable to make the alteration, the poet had already given form to this sentiment in “Mary Morison”:

If love for love then wilt entie,
At least be pity to me shown.

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And Time is setting with me, Oh! 2
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—YOUNG JESSIE.\(^1\)

*TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."\(^2\)

"I send you a song on a celebrated fashionable toast in this country, to suit "Bonnie Dundee."—
BURNS TO THOMSON, April, 1793.

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maids as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance, let her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheed the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensuring,
Enthron'd in her een he delivers his law:
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!—
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

SONG—MEG O' THE MILL.\(^3\)

*TUNE—"O bonnie lass, will you lie in a barrack."

This song was sent to Thomson in April, 1793. That gentleman did not approve of it, and wanted something else. Burns, however, wrote him: "My song, 'Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,' pleases myself so much, that I cannot try my hand at another song to the air."

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She has gotten a coof wi' a clant o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin', the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord and a hue like a lady;
The hird was a widdief, blearit knurl;
She's left the guid-fellow and ta'en the churl.\(^4\)

---

\(^1\) The heroine of this song was Jessie or Janet Craig, second daughter of the provost of Dumfries. She afterwards married Major William Miller, a son of Patrick Miller of Dalness, the landlord of Burns while at Ellishand. She died in 1801 at the untimely age of twenty-six.

\(^2\) The tune "Bonnie Dundee" here indicated is that to which the song "Mac. Castlerey" is now usually sung, not the dashing melody set to Sir Walter Scott's song "The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

\(^3\) Burns had already supplied a version of this song for Johnson's *Miscellaneous*. In the sixth volume of which it appeared with the note, "Written for this work by Robert Burns." In Steevens's notes to that collection, however, it is spoken of as a "funereal old song retouched by Burns." As the humour is rather coarse, and the signs of the poet's masterhand are scarcely perceptible, we do not print it. Even the above much toned-down version was not admitted into Thomson's collection.
POEMS AND SONGS.

The Miller he hecht her a heart neat and loving;
     offered    true
The laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
    was money
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
    farm
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.
    dowry
O war on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
    world
And war on the love that is fixed on a maiken
    a world
A tocher's nee word in a true lover's parle,
    to the world
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'.

BALLAD—THE SOLDIER’S RETURN.

TUNE—"The Mill, Mill, O."

"Burns, I have been informed," wrote a clergyman of Dumfrieshire in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, "was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill [in Dumfrieshire], with a couple of friends, when a poor way-worn soldier passed the window: of a sudden it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures; after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region, where he had his 'garland and singing-robots about him,' and the result was the admirable song which we sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O.'"

When wild war's deadly blast was blown,
     faithful
    and gentle peace returning,
    wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
    And mony a widow mourning; 1
    And mony a widow mourning; 1
    I left the lines and tented field,
    Where lang I'd been a lodger,
    My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
    A poor and honest sodger.

A leaf, light heart was in my breast,
    My hand sustain'd wi' plunder;
    And for fair Scotia, hame again,
    I cheery on did wander.
    I thought upon 2 the banks o' Coil,
    I thought upon my Nancy,
    I thought upon the witching smile
    That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
    Where early life I sported;
    I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn, 3
    Where Nancy aft I courted; 4

1 As originally printed in Thomson's work these two lines stood
   And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
   That had been blorr'd with mourning.

The alteration was the work of Mr. Thomson himself; it cannot be commended, nor would Burns consent to it. "I cannot," he says, "alter the disputed lines in 'The Mill, Mill, O.' what you think a defect, I esteam a positive beauty."

2 Variation: "And say I mind it."

3 "The scene depicted in the song was in all respects real, though the incidents associated with it by the poet were imaginary. At a point on the road from Ayr to Ochilhrees, four or five miles from the former place, the traveller has only to turn off about a mile along a parish road to the right, in order to itself at the spot where the soldier is described sitting his still faithful mistress. Cotton and Kirkton are first passed, and then, about a mile..."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wit alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as your hawthorn's blossom,
O happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain would be thy lodger;
I've serv'd my king and country lang,—
Take pity on a sodger."

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, "A sodger ance I loved,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and humbly fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge—the dear cockade
Ye're welcome for the sake o'it."

She gaz'd—she redder'd like a rose—
Syne pale like any lily;
She sank within my arns, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him that made you sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded!

"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted;
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And nae woe, we ne'er be parted."

"Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd,
A mitten, plenty'd fairly;
And come, my 'faithful' sodger lad,
Thron't welcome to it dearly!"

further up the little vale as we pass the craggy &c.
and mill—a scene simple and by towers, striking
and mild—aces to recall every
clements, yet pleasing,
other Scottish barnsides and mill sits in scenes;
as Wordsworth has it,
—for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in:
For manhood to enjoy his youth,
And age to wear away in.
A verdant, gowan-bespred bough, through which the
barn finds a crooked way—"twas verdant braes," as
Ramsay has it, forming the basin of the glen—the old
mill under the shoulder of one of these braes—a few
chus and bedsoles, a few scattered cota, and the
healthy mountain blues behind, from which the stream
descends—such are the component parts of this and
a thousand times such spots in Lowland Scotland—
how dearly we're valued in the remembrance of many
a manly heart all over the world! The mill, in the
present case, bears the title of Mtn Monich, or Mill
Mannoch—the Mtn's Mill—a circumstance which
shows not only its being of at least as old date as the
reformation, but that it has existed since the early
days when Gaelic was the language of the district.

Land of Bams.

1 Variations:—"Sync wallow't [paled] like a lily."
own

eyes

so

once

then

own

worship means

more, we shall
gold

farm stocked

shattered cots, and the
on which the stream
rent parts of this and
Lowland Scotland—
renunciation of many

Mill! The mill, in the
Mill Monach, or Mill
circumstance which
most as old date as the
listed since the early
stage of the district.
[paled] like a lily.
Aga Si

This is a test sentence.

Aga Si

This is another test sentence.
POEMS AND SONGS.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the muir;
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honour;
The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger.

LINES WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS

ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks!
To murder men, and give God thanks!
For shame! give o'er, proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murther!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[MISS KENNEIY, SISTER-IN-LAW OF GAVIN HAMILTON.]

Grant me, indulgent Heaven, that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till Slave and Despot be but things which were.

THE TRUE LOYAL Natives.

Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song,
In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;
From envy and hatred your corps is exempt;
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

"The ballad is a very beautiful one, and throughout how true to nature!"—Prof. Wilson.

"At this period of our poet's life, when political animosity was made the ground of private quarrel, some foolish verses were circulated containing an attack on Burns and his friends for their political opinions. They were written by some member of a club styling themselves the "Loyal Natives" of Dumfries, or rather by the united genius of that club, which was more distinguished for drunken loyalty, than either for respectability or poetical talent. The verses were handed over the table to Burns at a convivial meeting; he instantly indorsed the above reply."—Croker. — The verses are beneath contempt:

Ye sons of Scotland, give ear to my song,
Let Nyme, Burns, and Maxwell persevere thy song,
With Croker the attorney, and Mungo the quack,
Send Willie, the monger, to hell with a smack.

This "Loyal Native Club" was formed on 15th January, 1781, for the ambitiously expressed purpose of "supporting the Laws and Constitution of the country."
THE TOAST.

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
That we lost, did I say? nay, by heaven, that we found!
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
The next in succession, I'll give you the King,
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he swing;
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,
As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And longer with politics, not to be cram'd,
Be Anarchy curses'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW, AT THE KING'S ARMS TAVERN, DUMFRIES

Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor Excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlords' rent rolls? taxing ledgers:
What premiers? what even monarchs? mighty gangers,
Nay what are priests? those seeming godly wise-men;
What are they, pray, but spiritual Excisemen?

LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES

The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
Give me with gay folly to live;
I grant him his cold-blooded, time-settled pleasures,
But folly has raptures to give.

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

The King's most humble servant, I
Can scarcely spare a minute;
But I'll be wi' ye by and by;
Or else the Devil's be in it.

1 At a dinner given by the Dumfries volunteers, for the purpose of commemorating the anniversary of Rodney's victory of April 12, 1782, Burns was called on for a song. He replied by reciting the above lines. It is supposed with much probability that this particular anniversary was that of 1733.
2 Burns one day overheard a country gentleman talking slightingly of excisemen. His feelings sought vent in rhyme. He took out his diamond, and scrawled the above on the window.
3 The above "Answer to an Invitation," was written extempore on a leaf taken from Burns's excise-book.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR."

The last time I came o'er the moor,
And left Maria's dwelling,
What throes, what tortures passing o'er,
Were in my bosom swelling;
Condemned to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Yet dare not speak my anguish.

The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
I fain my crime would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unwracket groan,
Betray the guilty lover.
I know my doom must be despair,
Then wilt nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Maria, hear my prayer,
For Pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist while it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fear no more had sav'd me;
The unwary sailor thus, aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors yields at last
To overwhelming ruin.

SONG—BLYTHE HAE I BEEN.

TUNE—"Lairgrum Cosh."

"You know Fraser, the tambour-player in Edinburgh. . . . Among many of his airs that please me, there is one well known as a reel by the name of the 'Quaker's Wife,' and which I remember a grand- aunt of mine used to sing by the name of 'Lairgrum Cosh my bennie wee lass.' Mr. Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I got such an enthusiasm in it, that I made a song for it, which I here subjoin, and inclose Fraser's set of the tune. . . . I think the song is not in my worst manner."—BURNS TO THOMSON, June, 1792.—The heroine is of course Miss Lesley Balliol. See note to "I saw ye Bonnie Lesley."

Blythe hae I been on you hill,
As the lambs before me;

1 It is to be hoped that the poet in the above overstrained and artificial stanzas sought to express an equally overstrained and artificial passion; for the "Maria" is the wife of his frequently bosom friend and neighbour, Walter Riddell. Thomson never to have alluded to this song, and Burns on two occasions, in July and November, 1794, sent him a second version of it, beginning "Farewell, thou stream that winding flows." "Maria" was changed to "Sita," Mrs. Riddell and the poet being now estranged.

In the first version the following variations occur:—
Stanza first, lines 5 and 6:

But the first, "to see my rival's reign,
While I in secret languish.

Stanza second, lines 1, 2, and 3:

"Love's wretched wretch, despairing, I
Pain, pain my crime would cover;
The unwracket groan, the bursting sigh.

Line 7, "one" for "my;" stanza 3, line 8, "In" for "to."
IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)
POEMS AND SONGS.

Careless ilka thought and free,
As the breeze flew o'er me:
Now me langer sport and play,
Mirth or song can please me;
Lesley is sae fair and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy, is the task,
Hopeless love declaring;
Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r,
Sighing, dumb, despairing!
If she winna cease the throws
In my bosom swelling;
Underneath the grass-green sod,
Soon maun be my dwelling.

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SONG—LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—"Logan Water."

Burns, writing to Thomson on 23rd June, 1793, says:—"Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some Public Destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress—the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done any thing at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of an hour's incantations in my elbow-chair ought to have some merit."

"O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride!
And years since as we two came,
Like Logan to the summer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlin winter, dark and drear,
While my dear had nae face his faces,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

1 These two lines are taken from a beautiful song by John Mayne, author of the "Silver Gun." Mayne's song, which is popular all over Scotland, and seems to have suggested Burns's verses, first appeared in the Star (London) newspaper of May 23, 1786, and, we believe, consisted of the two stanzas given below. Four additional stanzas were added to it in the Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs (Glasgow, 1810), but they are probably by a different author.

By Logan streams that rin so deep,
As the broad-smiling meet wi' me—
If aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
Meet wi' me, or, when it's nigh,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes,
Convey me home frae Logan kirk.
When I led sheep, those days are gone,
While my dear had nae face his faces,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will be
And so the poaching meet wi' me—
And so the poaching meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or, when it's nigh,
And so the poaching meet wi' me—
Convey me home frae Logan kirk,
While my dear had nae face his faces,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

John Mayne was a native of Dumfries, but spent his early life in Glasgow, where he learned the trade of printer under the celebrated Faulis. He afterwards removed to London, and became printer and part proprietor of the Star daily newspaper. He died at an advanced age, in March, 1826. The Logan of the song is probably the stream of that name in Lanarkshire, the waters of which are carried to the Clyde by means of the Nethan.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
By the morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightful, at surveys,
While Willie’s far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Among her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithful mate will share her toil,
Or wi’ his song her cares beguile:
But I, wi’ my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow’d nights, and joyless days,
While Willie’s far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o’ state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow’s tears, the orphan’s cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

BALLAD—BONNIE JEAN.²

"I have just finished the following ballad, and as I do think it in my best style I send it to you. You had the tune, with a verse or two of the song from me a while ago. Mr. Clarke, who wrote down the air from Mrs. Burns's 'mood-mate wild,' is very fond of it, and has given it a celebrity by teaching it to some young ladies of fashion here. If you do not like the air enough to give it a place in your collection, please return me the music."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 24 July, 1793.—Thomson, it seems, did not like the air enough, and it was over twenty years after the poet's death before he included the ballad in his collection, where it is set to the inappropriate tune of "Willie was a Wanton Wg.," the melody communicated by Burns being thus lost.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' our fairest maidens were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mannies wark,³
And aye she sung sae merrily:
The blithelest bird upon the bush
Had ne’er a lighter heart than she.

¹ Original MS.
Ye mind me! aid your cruel joys.
The widow’s tears, the orphan’s cries.

² "Bonne Jean" was the eldest daughter of John Monro of Drumlanrig, chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. Burns sent the poem along with a complimentary letter to the young lady in July, 1793. See also the Thomson Correspondence.

³ Variation: "country work."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Bat hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naeies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He dance'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere wistless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy c'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mannie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Yet wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did r'a Jeanie's heart leap light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove:
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mannie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;"
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

1 Variation:—

Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
In barn or byre to trouble thee.
VERSES ON JOHN M’MURDO, ESQ.  
Blest be M’Murdoo to his latest day! 
No envious cloud o’ercast his evening ray; 
No wrinkle furrowed by the hand of care, 
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! 
O, may no son the father’s honour stain, 
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain!

GRACE AFTER DINNER.

Lord, we thank an’ thee adore, 
For temp’ral gifts we little merit; 
At present we will ask no more, 
Let William Hyslop give the spirit!

EPIGRAM ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SEAT OF LORD GALLOWAY.

When he composed this and the three following epigrams, in the summer of 1793, Burns was going to Saint Mary’s Isle, the seat of the Earl of Selkirk, in company with his friend Mr. Syme, who tells us that at the time he was sadly out of humour. “Nothing could restrain him in temper. I tried various experiments, and at last hit on one that succeeded. I showed him the house of Garlieston across the Bay of Wigton. Against the Earl of Galloway, with whom he was offended, he expectorated his spleen and regained a most agreeable temper.”

What dest thou in that mansion fair?—
Flit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
The Stewarts all were brave;
Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
Not one of them a knave.

ON THE SAME.

Bright ran thy line, O Galloway,
Through many a far-famed sire!
So ran the far-fam’d Roman way,
So ended in a mire.

1 We have elsewhere spoken of this gentleman, whose daughter was the subject of the preceding ballad.
2 William Hyslop was “mine host” of the Globe, Dumfries, a favourite house of call with Burns after he went to Nithsdale.
ON THE SAME.

ON THE AUTHOR BEING THREATENED WITH HIS RESENTMENT.

Spare me thy vengeance, Galloway,
In quiet let me live:
I ask no kindness at thy hand,
For thou hast none to give.1

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG, NAMED ECHO.

Composed in the summer of 1793 during a visit to Kenmare, in Galloway, the seat of the Gordons of Kenmare. Mr. Syme tells us: "Mrs. Gordon's lap-dog, Echo, was dead. She would have an epitaph for him. Several had been made. Burns was asked for one. This was setting Hercules to the distaff. He disliked the subject; but, to please the lady, he would try. Here is what he produced." See vol. i. p. 184.

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore,
Now half extinct your powers of song,
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys!
Now half your din of tuneless song
With Echo silent lies.

EPIGRAM ON THE LAIRD OF LAGGAN.2

Composed during the same journey as the preceding, Syme tells us: "He was in a most epigrammatic humour indeed... There is one Morine whom he does not love. He had a passing blow at him."

When Morine, deceased, to the devil went down,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown;
"Thy fool's head," quoah Satan, "that crown shall wear never;
I grant thou'rt as wicked but not quite so clever."

1 Referring to the above four verses, Chambers justly remarks: "These epigrams launched at this respectable nobleman have no other effect than to make moderate-minded men lament their author's own subordination of judgment to spleen." As to the "vengeance" in the last epigram, it simply originated from a suggestion of Syme that the Earl of Galloway might resent such pasquinades if made public.

2 The subject of this epigram seems to have been the gentleman who purchased Ellisland (which was separated by the Nith from the rest of the estate) from Mr. Miller when Burns left it. We know not why the poet should have attacked him.
SONG—PHILLIS THE FAIR.¹

**TUNE—“Robin Adair.”**

Burns in sending this to Thomson in August, 1786, wrote: "I likewise tried my hand on 'Robin Adair,' and you will probably think with little success; but it is such a — cramp out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it." The next song was another attempt to fit words to the same air.

While larks with little wing, saunter'd the pure air,  
Tasting the breathing spring, forth I did fare;  
Gay the sun's golden eye,  
Peep'd o'er the mountains high;  
Such thy morn! did I cry, Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song, glad did I share;  
While you wild flowers among, chance led me there:  
Sweet to the opening day,  
Rosellyn bent the dewy spray;  
Such thy bloom! did I say, Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk, doves cooing were:  
I marked the cruel hawk caught in a snare;  
So kind may fortune be,  
Such make his destiny!  
He who would injure thee, Phillis the fair.

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SONG—HAD I A CAVE.²

**TUNE—“Robin Adair.”**

Burns in sending this piece to Thomson wrote: "That crinkum-crankum tune 'Robin Adair' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt (see preceding song), that I have ventured, in this morning's walk, one essay more. You, my dear sir, will remember an unfortunate part of our worthy friend Cunningham's story, which happened about three years ago. That struck my fancy, and I endeavoured to do the idea justice, as follows:"

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,  
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:  
There would I weep my woes,  
There seek my last repose,  
Till grief my eyes should close, ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare,  
All thy fond-plighted vows—fleeting as air?  
To thy new lover lie,  
Laugh o'er thy perjury,  
Then in thy bosom try what peace is there!

¹ A tribute to Miss Phyllis or Philidelphia M'Murdo (sister of the "Bonnie Jean" of the last preceding ballad—see note), written at the request of Burns's friend Stephen Clarke, musician. She was one of his pupils, and he entertained a preceptor for her. She afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath, and died September 4th, 1825.

² The "falsest of womankind" in the second stanza was Anne Stewart, afterwards Mrs. Dewar, who filled the poet's friend Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, thus keenly wounding the latter's feelings. Special information regarding Cunningham's love-disappointment is given further on, in note to song beginning "Now spring has clad."
SONG—BY ALLAN STREAM.

TUNE—"Allan Water." 1

"I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the Museum in my hand, when turning up
'Allan Water,' . . . it appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, and recollecting that
it is on your list, I sat and raved under the shade of an old thorn, till I wrote one to suit the
measure. I may be wrong, but I think it is not in my worst style."—BURNS TO THOMSON, August,
1793.

By Allan stream I chanced to rove,
While Phoebus sank beyond Benlidi; 1
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listened to a lover's song,
And thought on youth'n'pleasures many;
And 'ye the wild-wood echoes rang—
"O dearly do I love thee, Annie!" 2

"O, may be the woodland bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
'She, sinking, said, 'I'm thine for ever!'
While mony a kiss the seal impress,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever." 3

The haunt o' spring's the primrose bace,
The simmer joy's the flocks to follow:
How cheery thro' her shortening day
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

SONG—O WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU. 4

TUNE—"O Whistle and I'll come to you."

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

1 The Allan is a winding stream of Perth and Stirlingshire, which enters the Forth near Bridge of Allan, after a course of 20 miles. Benlidi is a mountain of Perthshire nearly 2000 feet high.
2 Or, "O my love Annie's very bonnie."—R. B.
3 We are not quite sure where the quotation marks in this place should be placed.
4 This was sent to Thomson in August, 1793. It is highly probable that Jean Lorimer was the inspirer of this arch lyric, as we find the poet subsequently instructing Thomson to alter the last line of the chorus to: "Thy Jennie will venture wh're, my lad;" though he latterly cancelled this alteration, the reign of Chloris being over.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But warily tent, when you come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-pee;
Syne up the back-stile and let nobody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

At kirk, or at market, when'yer ye meet me,
Gang by me as though ye car'd na a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And schlee ye may lightly my beauty a-see;  
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
O whistle, and I'll come, &c.

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SONG—ADOWN WINDING NITH.¹

TUNE.—"The Muckin' o' Gordie's Byre."²

Burns writes to Thomson in August, 1793: — "Another favourite air of mine is 'The Muckin' o' Gordie's Byre.' When sung slow with expression, I have wished that it had better poetry: that I have endeavoured to supply as follows:"—

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties.
They never wi' her can compare,
Whatever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy ann'sd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thon emblem, said I, o' my Phillis!
For she is simplicity's child.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

The rose bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:

¹ Phillis is Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo: see note to "Phillis the Fair," p. 155. Some of the expressions and ideas in this song, as regards the various flowers associated with the fair one whose charms are celebrated, slightly resemble what may be found in the "Paisie."

² To this tune Burns wrote another, and more popular, ditty, "Tam Glen."
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.
wa wi' your belles, &c.

You knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They never wi' my Phillis can vie;
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes thro' the green-spread'ing grove,
When Phoebe peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.
Awa wi' your belles, &c.

SONG—COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

TUNE—"Cauld Rait."

"That tune, 'Cauld Rait,' is such a favourite of yours that I once more roved out yeaster evening for a glamin shot at the Muses; when the Muse that presides over the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspiring dearest nymph, Colina, whispered me the following... The last stanza of this song I send you, is the very words that Colina taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots Reel in Johnson's Museum."—Burns to Thomson, 28th August, 1783.

Come, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur:
And do I hear my Jeannie own,
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure;
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
Than sie a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

1 The song referred to is "Bonnie Peggy Alison," one of the poet's very earliest productions, which will be found in vol. i. p. 190. The "Jeannie" of the present song is, no doubt, Jean Lorimer, the inspirer of a number of the poet's effusions, but she is thus only entitled to half the honours of heroineship.
SONG—THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—"Fee hin, Father." 1

"I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which Patie Allan's neither deid—that was about the back 'o' midnight,' and by the lee-side of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company except the Hautbois [Fraser, the hautbois-player] and the Muse."—BURNS TO THOMSON.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou must love another jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary e'en I'll close—
Never ma'ir to waken, Jamie,
Ne'er ma'ir to waken.

SONG—DAINTY DAVIE. 2

TUNE—"Dainty Davie."

"I have been looking over another and a better song of mine in the Museum, which I have altered as follows, and which, I am persuaded, will please you. 'The words 'Dainty Davie' glide so sweetly in the air, that to a Scots ear, any song to it, without Davie being the hero, would have a lame effect.'—BURNS TO THOMSON, August, 1793.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bow'rs;
And now comes in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

1 "It is surprising," justly observes Chambers, "that Burns should have thought it necessary to substitute new verses for the old song to this air, which is one of the most exquisite effusions of genuine natural sentiment in the whole range of Scottish lyrical poetry. Its merit is now fully appreciated, while Burns's substitute song is scarcely ever sung." Still, as will be seen, the poet does not claim any merit for his verses.

2 The song of which this is an alteration, but which has no chorus, will be found at p. 35, beginning,

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers.

"Dainty Davie" is the name of a humorous old song, from which Burns has borrowed nothing save the title and the measure. It is said to relate the adventure of the Rev. David Williamson, a preacher of the days of the Covenant, who, being pursued by Dal-
POEMS AND SONGS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blow,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

Meet me on, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfæ' Davie.

Meet me on, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

Meet me on, &c.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.¹

TUNE—"Hey, tuttie tuttie."

"I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether 'Hey, tuttie tuttie' may rank among this number, but well I know that, with Fraser's hanty, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots tale, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

—Burns to Thomson, 1st September, 1785.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorious.

1 Burns sent this noble ode to George Thomson on the 1st September, 1785, with the above account of its origin. Thomson and several of his musical friends held the tune in slight esteem, and wished the song altered so as to sing to "Lewie Gordon," which they considered a more manly tune. Burns sacrificed his better judgment on this occasion, owing to Thomson's persistency, and placed out the last line of each stanza thus:

1. Or to glorious victory!
2. Edward! Chains and Slavery!
3. Traitor! Coward! Turn and flee!
4. Sodger! Hero! On wi' me! Inter, "Caledonian! on wi' me!" A variation in the shorter form of this line is "Let him on wi' me!"
5. But they shall be—shall be free!
6. Forward! Let us do or die.

As to the tunes—"Lewie Gordon" is a very tame production indeed, whereas "Hey, tuttie tuttie,"
POEMS AND SONGS.

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as he a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fall,
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow—
Let us do, or die!

---

LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT!

TUNE—"O let me in this ae night."

"O lassie art thou sleepin' yet,
Or art thou waken I wad wai?
For love has bound me hand and fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O let me in this ae night,
I'll no come back again, jo.

notwithstanding its simplicity, has a roll of dignity
and force about it which peculiarly suits it to the
words. Again the insertion of the expletives in the
last lines in each verse appears insufferable, and,
in one or two cases, ludicrous. In a few years after-
wards Thomson confessed that he had made a mis-
take, and in subsequent editions printed it as Burns
at first wished.

What appears to be the poet's first draft of the
ode, in the possession of Frederick Locker, Esq.,
author of London Lyrics, gives the following readings:
Stanza 2, lines 3 and 4:—

Sharply we hie the stoure— wot ond
Either they or we.

Stanza 5:—
Do you hear your children cry—
"Were we born in chains to lie?"
Not come Death or Liberty!
Yes, they shall be free!

For further details see the Thomson Correspondence
during September, 1703.

1 This is the title of an old song which Burns
altered and sent to Thomson in August, 1703. The
altered version was unsatisfactory, and has not been
considered worthy of publication. The above effort
also did not please its author, and he took up the
theme a third time, sending the result in a song (in-
cluding a lengthy answer by the "lassie") to Thom-
son in February, 1705.
"Tho' never durst my tongue reveal,
Lang, lang my heart to thee's been seal,
O lassie, dear, as last fareweel,
For pity's cause alone, jo.
O let me in, &c.

"O wyte na me until thou prove
The fatal force o' mighty love,
Then should on me thy fancy rove,
Count my care by thy ain, jo.
O let me in," &c.

O pity's aye to woman dear—
She heav'd a sigh, she drapt a tear:
"'Twas love for me that brought him here:
Sae how can I complain, jo?
Then come your ways this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
O come your ways this ae night,
But ye manna do 't again, jo."

---

SONG—FAIR JENNY.

TUNE—"Saw ye my Father."x

In a letter to Thomson Burns remarks: "'Saw ye my Father?' is one of my greatest favourites. The evening before last I wandered out, and began a tender song in what I think is its native
. . . . I have sprinkled it with the Scots dialect, but it may be easily turned into English." The letter contained the first four verses, substantially the same as here, except for the "sprinkling" of Scotch. In a later letter he sent the present version with the remark: "I have finished my song
. . . and in English, as you will see."

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That dance'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of you river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair:
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming around the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known,

1 Jean Lorimer.
2 The old song, which gives the name to this tune, has not been superseded by Burns's lyric, even although it does relate an adventure of nocturnal courtship. The sprinkling of Scotch words in the first version of this consisted of —"sang" for "song," "among" for "among," "nae mair" for "no more," and the like.
POEMS AND SONGS.

All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope can a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

---

SONG—LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE—"Quaker's Wife."

Thine am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
Every roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Tho' despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balm's treasure;
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

---

IMPROMPTU, ON MRS. RIDDELL'S BIRTHDAY.

NOVEMBER 4, 1793.

This graceful impromptu was among the last of the compliments that passed between the poet and the fascinating mistress of Woolley Park—Mrs. Maria Riddell. A quarrel arose between them at the following Christmas, and their intercourse thus broken was only resumed immediately before the poet's death. See note to "Monody on a Lady famed for her caprice."

Old Winter, with his frosty beard,
Thus once to Jove his prayer prefer'd:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrord car drags dreary slow;

1 It has been said, on no certain authority, however, that Clarinda was the subject of this song, which the poet sent to Thomson in October, 1783. He had previously sent him, written for the same air, the song "By the lake I been on yon hill," which will be found at p. 149.
My dismal months no joys are crowning,
But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
To counterbalance all this evil;
Give me, and I've no more to say,
Give me Maria's natal day!
That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me;"
"'Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

SONG—MY SPOUSE NANCY.

TUNE—"My Jo Janet."

"Husband, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Tho' I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir;"

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man, or woman, say,
My spouse Nancy?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so, good bye, allegiance!"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy,
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse Nancy."

"My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I am near it;
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think, how you will bear it;"

"I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you."

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse Nancy."
POEMS AND SONGS.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

A copy of this address was sent by Burns to his friend Mrs. Dunlop, in December, 1793. In his letter he says:— "We have had a brilliant theatre here this season; only, as all other business has, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemic complaint of the country—want of cash. I mention our theatre merely to lay in an occasional 'Address,' which I wrote for the benefit-night of one of the actresses, which is as follows:"

Still anxious to secure your partial favour,
And not less anxious, sure, this night, than ever,
A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies;
Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;
And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted.

"Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times:
Can you—but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
Dissolve in pause, and sentimental tears?
With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand,
Waving on high the desolating brand,
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more—askance the creature eyeing,
Dye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's pos—nay more, the world shall know it:
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fixed belief,
That Misery's another word for Grief:
I also think—so may I be a bride!
That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

1 The first address written for Miss Fontenelle was spoken by her on her benefit-night, November 26, 1792 (see p. 132). This second address, first published by Dr. Currie, from a copy communicated in a letter from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, was by him assigned to December, 1793. The date 1793, however, conflicts with known facts in the poet's life, and with legitimate inferences from the letter itself, as is clearly shown by Mr. William Scott Douglas. In the letter accompanying the address Burns had written:— "These four months, a sweet little girl, my youngest child, has been so ill, that every day, a week or less threatened to terminate her existence." Now at Christmas, 1792, his "youngest child" was James Glencairn Burns, for the little girl had by this time died, and hence in a letter of 31st January, 1796, Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop, "the autumn robbed me of my only daughter and darling child." So that, if Currie's dating of the letter containing the Fontenelle Address be admitted, Burns was at Christmas talking of the illness of a daughter who had died some time before. And further, in the same letter assigned by Currie to Christmas, 1795, he writes:— "I am writing them out (copies of his letters, &c.) in a bound MS. for my friend's library"—undoubtedly for Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, who died in April, 1794. The only date that will suit is certainly December, 1793.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Still under bleak Misfortune's blasting eye;
Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—
To make three guineas do the work of five:
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Say, you'll be merry, tho' you can't be rich.

Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck—
Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
Pearest to meditate the healing leap:
Wouldst thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf?
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific.

To sum up all, be merry, I advise:
And as we're merry, may we still be wise.

SONG—WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

TUNE—"The Sutor's Dochter."

Dr. Currie gives this song as if it had been transcribed for Thomson in December, 1793; but the first direct allusion we find to it is in a letter to Cunningham, of 3d March, 1794, in which the poet remarks:—"Do you know the much admired old Highland air called 'The Sutor's Dochter'? It is a first-rate favourite of mine, and I have written what I reckon one of my best songs to it. I will send it you, set as I think it should be, and as it was sung with great applause in many fashionable groups by Major Robertson of Loud, who was here with his corps."

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie,
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'ves me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,

1 The music to which the words are set is the first part of a strathphey, in Bremer's Collection of Reels (1764).—Allan Cunningham says:—"This song was said to have been composed in honour of the charms of Janet Miller of Dalswinton, . . . at that time one of the loveliest women in all the south of Scotland." A holograph copy, produced by Professor Traill on the occasion of the poet's centenary celebration, however, seems to suggest that Jean Lorimer was the heroine. The closing stanza runs:—

If it were, canna be
That thou for thine may change me,
Let me, Jeanie, quickly die
Still trusting that thou lo'ves me, &c.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Say na thou'll refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trust ing that thou lo' es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trust ing that thou lo' es me.¹

LINES, SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED.²

The friend, whom, wild from wisdom's way,
The flames of wine infuriate send
(Not moony madness more astray)—
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was th' insensate frenzied part,
Ah why should I such scenes outlive?
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

SONG—AMONG THE TREES.³

TUNE—"The king of France, he rode a race."

Among the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
She dir'd them all fu' clearly, O,
When there cum a yell o' foreign squeals,
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,
Till we were wae and weary, O;

¹ "Nothing can be more exquisitely tender—passionate from the excess of passion—pure from very despair—love yet hopes for love's confession, though it feels it can be but a word of pity to soften death."
—PROF. WILSON.

² There can be little doubt that the gentleman was Mr. Biddell of Woodley Park, in whose house, when excited with liquor, which he had imbibed to an extent more than was prudent, the poet had been guilty of some impropriety. The breach thus opened was never completely closed, and was the cause, as will presently appear, of the poet's writing some exceedingly severe things both on the gentleman and his charming and talented wife.

³ This was written in derision of Italian singers and musicians, who were supplanting the native melodies of the country. The allusion in the last verse is to Neil Gow, who is supposed to be inspired with the spirit of James I., the royal poet and musician, and for eighteen years prisoner of England. Burns was introduced to Neil Gow during his northern tour in 1787. The song first appeared in Cromek's Reliques.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But a royal ghost, wha ance was can'd
A prisoner aughteen year awa,
He fir'd a fiddler in the North
That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

A VISION.¹

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wall-flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazel path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athur't the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghost arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me:
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—"Libertie!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;

¹ The first version of this poem, written early in 1794, appeared in Johnson's Museum, 1796, set to a wretchedly monotonous tune called "Cannock Psalms," and with a chorus—

A lassie alane, was making her moan,
Lamenting our lords beyond the sea;
In the bloody wars they fa', an' our honour's gane and a;
An' broken-hearted we mae die.

The version given in the text is Currie's. In the first version the chief variations are "tod" for "fox" in stanza second; "wa," and "Whose roarings seem'd to rise and fa," in stanza third; "blue" for "blue" in stanza fourth; while stanza fifth runs:

Now, looking ever firth and fauld,
Her bonnet the pale face Cynthia reared,
When, lo, in form of minstrel seal'd,
A stern and stalwart ghost appear'd.

The sixth stanza of our text is not in the Museum at all. By "you roofless tower" are meant the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, situated in the angle between the junction of the Cladren and the Nith. This was a favourite haunt of the poet at this period of his life.
D'94.
glicst
eighteen

knocked
topsy-turvy

wall-flower

walls

falls

unearthly

athwart the sky

lost as won

ghost

stone

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third; "blue" for "blue"

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" are meant the ruins of

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Nith. This was a

out this period of his life.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But oh, it was a tale of woe,

As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,

He weeping wait'd his latter times;

But what he said it was me play,

I winna venture in my rhymes. 1

---

SONG—HERE IS THE GLEN.

TUNE—"Banks of Cree." 2

This song was forwarded to Thomson in June, 1794. Burns says: "I know you value a composition, because it is made by one of the great ones, as little as I do. However, I got an air, pretty enough, composed by Lady Elizabeth Heron, of Heron, which she calls the 'Banks of Cree.' Cree is a beautiful romantic stream, and as her ladyship is a particular friend of mine, I have written the following song to it."

Here is the glen, and here the bower,

All underneath the birchen shade;

The village bell has toll'd the hour;

O what can stay thy lovely maid?

'Tis not Marini's whispering call;

'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,

Mist with some warbler's dying fall,

The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Marini's voice I hear!

So calls the woodlark in the grove,

His little faithful mate to cheer,

At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come! and art thou true!

O welcome dear to love and me!

And let us all our vows renew,

Along the flowery banks of Cree.

1 The last verse of this beautiful poem may seem a most unfortunate one. Indeed, it might be difficult to point out a stronger instance of the bathos, or art of shocking, than in the two last lines of this otherwise admirable poem. Perhaps, however, as suggested by Robert Chambers, Burns was afraid to give more than a hint of "his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era." This was the time when we were at war with the French Republic, the fortunes of which the poet followed with sympathetic interest. Currie says: "Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of 'Libertic,' perhaps fortunately for his reputation. It may be questioned whether, even in the resources of his genius, a strain of poetry could have been found worthy of the grandeur and solemnity of this preparation."

2 Thomson did not set this song to the air the poet wished to have wedded to it. Instead he set it, with no great feeling of congruity, to the "Flowers of Edinburgh." "Maria" is, of course, Maria Riddell of Woodley Park.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—"The Cariin of the Glen."

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
And reign'd resistless god of love:
But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
He strays among the woods and briers;
Or in the glens and rocky caves
He sad complaining dowie raves:

"I wha sae late did range and rove,
And chang'd with every moon my love,
I little thought the time was near,
Repentance I should buy sae dear;
The slighted maids my torment see,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree;
While she, my cruel, scornfui fair,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair!"

MONODY ON A LADY FAMED FOR HER CAPRICE.

This monody, like several pieces next in order, was written some little time after the poet's quarrel with Mrs. Kiddell of Woodley Park, the wife of Walter Kiddell, brother of Robert Kiddell of Priars' Carse, the poet's Edinburgh friend and neighbour. The last letter from Burns to Clarinda which has been preserved, written about the end of June, 1791, contains the following passage:—"Tell me what you think of the following monody; the subject ... is a woman of fashion in this country, with whom at one period I was well acquainted. By some scandalous conduct to me, and two or three other gentlemen here as well as me, she steered so far to the north of my good opinion, that I have made her the theme of several ill-natured things."

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tir'd,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd!

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection remov'd;
How doubly severest, Maria, thy fate,
Thou diest unwep't as thou livest unlov'd.

Loves, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear:
But come, all ye off-spring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us call for Maria's cold bier.

1 This song was sent by Burns to the Museum, in the fifth volume of which it appears, but it is not there assigned to him. Stenhouse remarks: "This beautiful song is another unclaimed production of Burns." There is room for doubt as to whether it is wholly his.
POEMS AND SONGS.

We'll search thro' the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam thro' the forest for each idle weed;
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shower,
For none e'er approach'd her but ru'd the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
Here Vanity strums on her idiot lyre;¹
There keen Indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spurning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.²

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam:
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

This most unchivalrous production, which it is said Burns had the grace afterwards to regret, expresses the bitterness which he felt at the time towards the accomplished Maria Riddell, and which he doubtless believed to be justified. See preceding page with attached notes. — "Esopus," or Williamson, the head of a dramatic company which occasionally performed in the Dumfries theatre, had written to Mrs. Riddell, and even admitted to the hospitality of Woodley Park.

Before the date of this epistle Williamson and his company, while performing at Whitehaven, had been committed to prison as vagrants by the "bad Earl of Lonsdale." This appeared to Burns too good an opportunity to miss — of venting his spleen at once on the universally-detested Cumberland magnate, and on Maria Riddell, by having her addressed from a "frowzy cell," by the Theban on whom she had once suffered.

From these dear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;²
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;

¹ "N. B.—The lady affects to be a poetess." — R. B.
² The breach between the poet and the two families Riddell has been referred to on a previous page. What led to it was some violation of decorum committed by the poet towards Mrs. Walter Riddell of Woodley Park, being at the time (as appears from his own letters) one of a company in which the bottle had been circling too freely. "Our hard," says Robert Chambers (who comments severely on the poet for not only writing this piece but also sending it to Clarinda), "came into the drawing-room with the rest, and reason being off guard, he was guilty of an unheard-of act of rudeness towards the elegant hostess — a woman whom in his ordinary moments, he regarded as a divinity not to be too rashly approached."

Burns's contrition was deep — see his letter to Mrs. Riddell written immediately after (Jan. 1790) — but his offence was not readily condoned, and soon he began to think the he was treated more severely than he deserved and his pride took fire, the result being gall and bitterness in his heart. The lady here attacked so bitterly forgave the poet his unworthy lampoons, and behaved kindly to him when kindness was most required. Immediately after his death she wrote an affectionate account of his character, and also interested herself deeply in the fortunes of his family. Notwithstanding the worse than contemptuous manner in which Burns speaks of her poetry, Mrs. Riddell was a lady of taste, and considerable poetical talent.

³ The "epistle" is modelled after Pope's "Elisa to Abelas," which opens thus:

In these dear solitudes and awful cells,
Where i...ly-pensive contemplation dwells, &c.
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore, no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destin'd yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others, riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"1
'Tis real hangmen real scourges bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale;
Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar;
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
While suns culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye.
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press.
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war;
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,2
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty Colonel3 leaves the tartan'd lines
For other wars, where he a hero shines:
The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,4
Comes mid a string of coxcombs to display,
That reni, reni, reni, is his way;
The shrinking Bard astown an alley skulks,
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
Though there, his heresies in Church and State
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate;5
Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
And dares the public like a noontide sun.

What scandal call'd Maria's jaunty stagger,
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger!6

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1 This line is quoted from Lyttleton's prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.
2 A Captain Gillespie, who had been a visitor at Woodley Park.
3 Colonel McDowall of Logan, noted as the Lothario of his country during many years.
4 Mr. John Bushby of Tinwald Downs, a wealthy solicitor and banker, whose hospitality Burns had often enjoyed. "The hopeful youth, in Scottish mate bred," was a son of Mr. Bushby, who had not inherited the ability of his father.
5 Thomas Muir, Esq., advocate, and the Rev. T. Fisher Palmer, tried at Glasgow and found guilty of sedition (being really guilty only of advocating reform) in the end of 1785, and sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay.
Whose spleen, 'en worse than Burns's venom, when
He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line,—
Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine,
The idiot strum of Vanity bemused,
And even th' abuse of Poesy abused;
Who call'd her verse a Parish Workhouse, made,
For notley, foundling Fancies, stolen or stray'd?

A Workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
In durance vile here must I wake and weep,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep!
That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore
And vermin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour?
Must earth no rascal save thyself endure?
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
And make a vast monopoly of hell?
Thou know'st the Virtues cannot hate thee worse;
The Vices also, must they club their curse?
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares,
As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls.
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls?
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain, coquette,
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn,
And dare the war with all of woman born:
For who can write and speak as thou and I?
My periods that decyphering defy,
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

EPITAPH—ON WAT.¹

Sic a reptile was Wat, sic a miscreant slave,
That ev'n the worms damn'd him when laid in his grave.
"In his flesh there's a famine," a starv'd reptile cries;
"And his heart is rank poison," another replies.

¹This epitaph is of a piece with the poems preceding, "Wat" being Walter Riddell, husband of Mrs. Maria Riddell, who is so severely attacked in the foregoing "Epistle."
PINNED TO MRS. MARIA RIDDLE'S CARRIAGE.

If you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue,
Your speed will out-rival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten's her heart.

EPITAPH ON JOHN BUSHBY, WRITER, DUMFRIES.

Here lies John Bushby, honest man!
Cheat him, Devil, if ye can.

EPITAPH ON WM. GRAHAM, ESQ., OF MOSSKNOWE.

"Stop, thief!" dame Nature cried to Death,
As Willie drew his latest breath;
You have my choicest model ta'en,
How shall I make a fool again!

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RIDDLE, ESQ.

OF GLENRIDDLE, APRIL, 1791.

Mr. Riddell of Friars' Carse, one of the heroes of the "Whistle," formerly on terms of the warmest friendship with Burns, had naturally taken part with his friends at Woodley Park in their quarrel with the poet, and at his death was still unreconciled. Burns, remembering only former kindness, hastened to compose this elegiac sonnet, which appeared in the local paper under the announcement of the death.

No more, ye warblers of the wood,—no more!
Nor pour your descant grating on my soul;
Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole,—
More welcome were to me grim Winter's wildest roar.

How can ye charm, ye flow'rs, with all your dyes?
Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend,
How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
That strain flows round th' untimely tomb where Riddell lies.

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe,
And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier:
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer,
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joys shall others greet;
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.

1 John Bushby of Tinwald-Downs, solicitor and banker, to whom reference has already been made.
KNOWE.


LINES ON ROBERT RIDDELL, ESQ.

These lines were inscribed by Burns on the window of Friars' Carse Hermitage, shortly after the death of Captain Riddell, which was the occasion of the above sonnet.

To Riddell much lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

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SONG—THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

TUNE—"Lass of Inverness."

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For c'en and mourn she cries, "Alas!"
And awe the sunit tear blin's her ee:

"Drumossie moor,—Drumossie day,"
A waeful day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

"Their winding sheet the blin'dy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!"

Drumossie Moor is the name of the place where the battle of Culloden was fought. This celebrated field (which was visited by Burns in the course of his northern tour, accompanied by Nicol, in the autumn of 1787) is situated about five miles to the east of Inverness, near the shore of the Moray Firth. It is," says the Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland, "a broad, flat, sandstone ridge that from 500 feet above sea-level sinks gently to 300 feet along the left bank of the river Nairn. . . . Planting and culture have somewhat changed its aspect, so that now it is not an opening in a wood—an opening the size of a park of 6 or 8 acres—traversed by a carriage road from Inverness to Nairn, and studded with grassy mounds that mark the graves of the slain. In the summer of 1818 these graves were cared for by the present proprietor, one stone being inscribed with the names of the clans Mc'Gillivray, Mc'Lean and Mc'Lachlan, whilst there are separate stones for Clan Stewart of Appin, Clan Cameron, and Clan Mc'Intosh, and two graves are marked 'Clans mixed.' Then on a now 'Great Cairn,' 20 feet in height, a slab has been placed with this legend:—The Battle of Culloden was fought on this moor, 16th April, 1746. The graves of the gallant Highlanders who fought for Scotland and Prince Charlie are marked by the names of their clans.'" This battle, as is well known, took place between the royal troops, about eight thousand in number, under the Duke of Cumberland, and the Highland clans, amounting to five thousand, under Prince Charles Stuart. The latter were drawn up across the moor, facing the east, with the view of protecting Inverness from the royal troops, which advanced from Nairn. The battle began about two in the afternoon, and lasted forty minutes; when the clans fled or marched off the field, the Prince retiring across the Nairn to Stratherrick. The allusion in the last verse of the song is to the cruelties committed by the Duke of Cumberland on the poor Highlanders after their defeat. He allowed the wounded of the insurgent party to lie unrelieved on the field for three days, and then sent parties to put them out of pain. Some were placed in ranks, and shot by platoon. It is also an undoubted fact that a barn in which a considerable number had taken refuge was set fire to, and every person in it burned or otherwise despatched.
POEMS AND SONGS.

"Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou last made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee." 1

SONG—HEE BALOU.

TUNE—"The Highland Balou."

This is an English version by Burns of a Gaelic ditty, which a Highland lady sung and translated to him. It first appeared in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum* set to its characteristic air, communicated to the poet by the Gaelic songstress. It appears to date from the time when the cattle and goods of the Lowlanders were considered fair game by the Highlanders.

Hee balou! my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald;
Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
An thou live, thou'llt steal a nagie;
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the Lowlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my baby, may thou furder;
Herry the loons o' the laigh countrie
Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

This song, which appears in the fifth volume of the *Museum* is said to have been translated from the Gaelic, and set by Burns to an air furnished him by a lady in the north.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It was nae sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the countrie wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!

1 "The finest examples of simple and unpretending tenderness are to be found in those songs, which are likely to transmit the name of Burns to all future generations. He found this delightful trait in the old Scottish Ballads, which he took for his model, and upon which he has improved, with a felicity and delicacy of emulation altogether unrivalled in the history of literature. Sometimes, as in the case now before us, it is the brief and simple pathos of the genuine old ballad."—Francis Jeffrey.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Feeding on you hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on you bonnie knowes,
And casting woos to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clun
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waeful fate what need I tell,
Right to the wrang did yield;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Och-on! O Donald, oh!
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

SONG—IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.2

TUNE—"It was a' for our rightfu' king."

This beautiful Jacobite song first appeared in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Muses*, and Stonhouse there asserts that it is by Burns. It may be an improvement on, or suggested by, some old ballad.

It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We left fair Scotland's strand;
It was a' for our rightfu' king,
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

1 The lament of the widow (the representative of hundreds of her class) is too much justified by the facts of the case. After the defeat of the rebels at Culloden in April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland sent off detachments to ravage the whole country round; castles and mansions were pillaged and destroyed; numberless cottages were burned or levelled to the ground, and the families of the unfortunate Jacobites, who escaped fire and sword, were compelled to seek shelter and food wherever they could be found, or to perish on the desolate moors or hidden in caves.

2 Sir Walter Scott, for his song of "A weary lot is thine" (which occurs in the third canto of *Rokeby*), acknowledges his obligations to this production, but does not seem to know that Burns had a hand in it. The third stanza he borrows almost word for word:

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gav'd his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Aidin for evermore, my love!
And aiding for evermore!"

The great novelist, we are told, never tired of hearing the song sung by his daughter at the piano. The subject seems to be the parting with his wife or sweetheart of some adherent of James II., who had to go abroad after the failure of the King's cause in Ireland; the first two stanzas being the farewell words of the Jacobite soldier.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land, fareweel!
For I maun cross the main, my dear;
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right, and round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With Adieu for evermore, my dear;
With Adieu for evermore!

The soldier from the wars returns,
The sailor free the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

ODE FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop from Castle-Douglas, dated 25th June, 1791, Burns writes:—"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus:—

This, the closing section of the ode, was all of it that was known to exist, till the complete MS. turned up in London in 1872. The poem was printed as a whole in the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, published in 1876.

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake;
'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take!
See gathering thousands while I sing,
A broken chain exulting bring.

1 A letter addressed by Burns in November, 1791, to Patrick Miller, jun., of Dalswinton, M.P. for the Dumfries burghs, evidently refers to this somewhat turgid production. Mr. Miller had recommended Mr. Perry of the Morning Chronicle to engage the poet to contribute to that paper, but Burns, dreading his position in the excise might be endangered, declined the offer. He, however, wrote Mr. Miller thus:—"They are most welcome to my 'Ode;' only, let them insert it as a thing they have met with by accident, and unknown to me." The ode may have been in the hands of Mr. Perry's representatives till it was sold in London in the end of 1872. There were many enthusiastic admirers of Washington in Britain; the Earl of Buchan, for instance, who has already been mentioned as a correspondent of...
And dash it in a tyrant's face,—
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared—
No more the despot of Columbia's race!
A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
They shout—a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold—
That eye that can unmoved behold
The wildest rage, the lowest storm
That c'er created fury dared to raise?
Avault! thou servile, base,
That tremblest at a despot's nod,
Yet crouching under the iron rod,
Canst land the hand that struck th' insulting blow!
Art thou of man's Imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour, still flaming in the van
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man.

Alfred, on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre
And roused the freeborn Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own!
Dare injured nations form the great design,
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls, "The tyrant's cause is mine!"
That hour accrusted how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell, through all her confines, raise the exulting voice,
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Fam'd for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with sparkling eyes;
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty deed,
Beneath that hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!

of Burns. In the Scots Magazine for 1792 we read that a "magnificent and truly characteristic present" from this nobleman was conveyed to Washington, consisting in "a box elegantly mounted with silver and made of the oak tree that sheltered the Washington of Scotland, the brave and patriotic Sir William Wallace, after his defeat at the battle of Falkirk."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Hear it not, WALLACE! in thy bed of death.
Ye babbling winds! in silence sweep,
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath!
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as the rock, restless as the storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm, which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed Usurpation's boldest daring!—
Dark-quenched as yonder sinking star
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

This poem, from a MS. in the poet's handwriting, was first printed in Robert Chambers's People's Edition of the Poetical Works of Robert Burns, 1810. But though in Burns's handwriting, it may have been the work of some other writer; as poetical effusions, not the production of Burns, though in his handwriting, are known to exist. Some editors unhesitatingly reject it; we, on the other hand, believe it to be Burns's, though it certainly has very little merit.

Heard ye o' the tree o' France,
I wonder what's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where once the Bastille stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upto this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man ahoon the brute,
It makes him ken himself, man.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man,
An' wi' the beggar shares a mite
O' a' he can afford, man.

LIBERTY, A FRAGMENT.

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Thee, famed for martial deeds and sacred song,
To thee I turn with swelling eyes;
Where is that soul of freedom fled?
Inmangled with the mighty dead,
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!

Hear it not, WALLACE, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the power in Freedom's war
That wont to bid the battle rage?
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the despot's proudest bearing—
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed usurpation's boldest daring:
One quenched in darkness, like the sinking star.
And one—the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age.
POEMS AND SONGS.

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man;
To gie the sweetest bush o' health,
An' mak us a' content, man.
It clears the e'en, it cheers the heart,
Mak's high and low guid friends, man;
And he wha acts the traitor's part,
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel
Wha pitied Gallie's slaves, man,
And staw a branch, spite o' the de'il,
Frae yont the western waves, man.
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
And now she sees wi' pride, man,
How weel it buds and blossoms there,
Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious folks aye hate to see
The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
The courty vermin's bann'd the tree,
And grat to see it thrive, man;
King Loni' thought to cut it down,
When it was unco' sma', man;
For this the watchmen crack'd his crown,
Cut off his head and a', man.

A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime,
I wat they pledg'd their faith, man;
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade,
Like beagles hunting game, man,
But soon grew weary o' the trade,
And wish'd they'd been at hame, man.

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
Her sons did loudly ca', man;
She sang a sang o' liberty,
Which pleas'd them ane and a', man.
By her inspirit, the new-born race
Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
And bang'd the despot weel, man.

Let Britain boast her hardy oak,
Her poplar and her pine, man,
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
And o'er her neighbours shine, man.

1 The allusion here is undoubtedly to the Marquis de Lafayette, who, after rendering important services to the Americans in their struggle for independence, returned to France to assist the popular cause.
But seek the forest round and round,
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
That sic a tree cannot be found,
'Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, alake, this life
Is but a vale o' woe, man;
A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
Nae real joys we know, man.

We labour soon, we labour late,
To feed the titled knave, man;
And a' the comfort we're to get
Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
The world would live in peace, man;
The sword would help to mak a plough,
The din o' war would cease, man.

Like brethren in a common cause,
We'd on each other smile, man;
And equal rights and equal laws
Would gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Woe be to the rogue who would not
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
I'd gie my shoon free aff my feet,
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.

Syne let us pray, an' England may
Sure plant this far-fam'd tree, man;
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
That gave us liberty, man.

---

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TEXT—"The Killogic.

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.
Wha in a brulzie will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley.
Wha in his wae-days were loyal to Charlie?
Who but the lads wi' their bannocks o' barley?
Bannocks o' bear meal, &c.

1 Professor Wilson has no doubt as to the authorship of this piece. He writes: "H ands was said at one time to have been a Jacobin as well as a Jacobite; and it must have required even all his genius to effect such a junction. He certainly wrote some so-so verses to the Tree of Liberty, and like Cowper, Wordsworth, and other great and good men, rejoiced when down fell the Bastille."
POEMS AND SONGS.

INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTEE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.

Thou of an independent mind,
With soul resolv'd, with soul resign'd;
Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone dost fear;
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY.

The following lines were copied into a letter to Thomson, dated July, 1794, in which the poet makes the remark:—"I have presented a copy of your songs to the daughter of a much-valued and much-honoured friend of mine—Mr. Graham of Fintry. I wrote on the blank side of the title-page the following address to the young lady:"

Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift; thy humble he who gives,
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ronian feeling in thy breast,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
But Peace attain thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love ecstatic wake his seraph song.

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

SONG—CA' THE YOWES.

This is the title of a simple ditty which Burns had already altered and added two stanzas to for Johnson's Musæ: It is printed in this edition among the Songs Altered by Burns. The second version here given was sent to Thomson in Sept. 1794. Burns says:—"I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes,' as it was owing to me that ever it saw the light. . . . When I gave it to Johnson, I added some stanzas to the song, and mended others, but still it will not do for you. In a solitary stroll which I took to-day, I tried my hand on a few pastoral lines, following up the idea of the chorus."

Ca' the yowes to the knowes, drive the ewes knolls
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rowes—brooklet rolls
My bonnie dearie!

1 Dr. Carrie assigned these lines to the summer of 1795. More probably they belong to the year preceding. In the summer of which Burns visited Mr. Heron, in company with Mr. Syme, and David M'Callie of Ardvell, and we know of no future visit to Kerrough-


POEMS AND SONGS.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods among!
Then a-funkling let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon she clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance she cheery.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghast nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven she dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part—
My bonnie dearie!
Ca' the yowes, &c.

——

SONG—ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O'er the hills," &c.

Burns in sending this song to Thomson in the end of August, 1794, says: "The last evening, as I was strolling out and thinking of 'O'er the hills and far away,' I spun the following stanzas for it. . . . I was pleased with several lines in it at first, but I own that now it appears rather a slimy business." In a later letter he says: "I shall withdraw my 'On the seas and far away' altogether; it is unequal and unworthy of the work."

How can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad?
How can I the thought forego—
He's on the seas to meet the foe?
Let me wander, let me rove,
Still my heart is with my love;

1"A little river so called, near Dumfries."—R. B.
2"An old ruin in a sweet situation at the confluence of the Cluden and the Nith."—R. B.—The ruins of Linchalden are situated about a mile and a half north-west of Dumfries, and the building was originally a convent for Benedictine nuns, but was afterwards—towards the close of the fourteenth century—converted into a collegiate church, with a provost, canons, and chaplain. The church, which has never been an extensive or majestic building, is now much
POEMS AND SONGS.

Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
As weary flocks around me pant,
Haply in this scorching sun
My sailor's thundering at his gun;
Bullet, spare my only joy!
Bullet, spare my darling boy!
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
Fate, do with me what you may,
Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
When Winter rules with boundless power;
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore,
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
All I can—I weep and pray,
For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild War his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven, with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,

Dilapidated, though its general effect is good at a little distance, and it still presents interesting architectural details. The tracery of the windows must have been rich, beautiful, and varied. What makes the more conspicuous appearance in the accompanying view is the shattered remains of the proved's house, originally a lofty tower overhanging the Clach-an, closely adjacent to the church. These crumbling Gothic walls rising from a piece of slightly elevated ground beside the murmuring waters of the Clinden, in the midst of a country everywhere beautiful, and with the broad-bosomed Nith gleaming through the neighboring trees, constitute a scene eminently calculated to invite the steps of a poet. Accordingly, we learn that when a resident in Dumfries Burns would often stroll in the evening along the banks of the Nith, to lounge among the ruins of Lincluden, and linger there till the moon rose upon the scene. The poet is understood also to refer to Lincluden in the fragmentary piece beginning "As I stood by you rootless tower." See p. 188 of this volume.

1 In his collection Thomson omits this stanza, and gives the chorus throughout which follows stanza first.
POEMS AND SONGS.

To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away;
To my arms their charge convey
My dear lad that's far away.

SONG—SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF ALL.

TUNE—"Oughter's Waterfall."

In sending this song to Thomson in September, 1784, Burns remarks in regard to it: "It is too much, at least for my humble rustic Muse, to expect that every effort of hers must have merit; still I think it is better to have mediocre verses to a favourite air, than none at all." It appeared first in the Museum.

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
   Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
   Two laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae willing,
   Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
   Unto these rosy lips to grow;
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
   When first her bonnie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
   She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
   Her pretty ankle is a spy,
Betraying fair proportion,
   Wad mak a saint forget the sky.

1 The inspirer of this song was Jean Lorimer, whom we have already had occasion to mention in connection with the songs "Craigieburn" and "Whistle and I'll come to you my lad." In sending the ditty to Thomson, Burns informs him that he intends it for Johnson's Museum, in which it duly appeared with the note, "Written for this work by Robert Burns."—This seems to be the first of Burns's lyrics in which Jean Lorimer is spoken of as "Chloris," a poetical appellation which is familiar from smoky line songs afterwards written by the poet. She was the eldest daughter of William Lorimer, farmer, Kennishall, near Dumfries, and at this time was about twenty years of age. Her father, with whom Burns got acquainted while at Ellisland, besides being a farmer, dealt in excisable liquors, and Burns was often at the house either on business or for society, being very intimate with the family, and, for a time at least, much taken with Lorimer's charming daughter. Lorimer was accused by Burns himself of being an illicit dealer in excisable commodities, and his wife was given to drink, so that Chloris's home circle could not have been over-refined. (See letter by Burns to Alex. Findlater, June, 1791.) While still under eighteen she had consented, but reluctantly, to elope with a spendthrift young farmer of reckless habits, named Whelpdale, whose follies soon involved him in such a mess of debt that in a few months he had to leave the district, and his wife never saw him again for three-and-twenty years. After being thus deserted she returned to her father's house. It was now that Burns, moved at once by her charms and her misfortunes, began to celebrate her in a series of songs, among the happiest he ever composed in this style. The subsequent life of Chloris was a very sad one. Her father falling into poverty, the daughter had to lead a life at first of dependence, and ultimately of penury. She died of a pulmonary affection at Edinburgh in September, 1831.
POEMS AND SONGS

Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and gracefull air;
Ilk feature—in all Nature
Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering Beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon;
Fair beam'ing, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs amang;
While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his song:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

—

EPIGRAM
ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

"How do you like the following epigram, which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a fever. Dr. Maxwell—the identical Maxwell whom Burke mentioned in the House of Commons—was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave."—BURNS TO THOMSON. September, 1794.

Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave!
An angel could not die.1

—

EPIGRAM ON MRS. KEMBLE,2
ON SEEING HER IN THE CHARACTER OF YARICO—DUMFRIES THEATRE, 1794.

Kemble, thou canst my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,
The rock with tears had flow'd.

1 As to the young lady whose recovery is here celebrated, see note, p. 144. Dr. Maxwell was the Dumfries doctor who attended the poet in his own last illness.

2 Mrs. Kemble, before marriage Miss Satchell, was, according to Blackwood, 1832, an "altogether incomparable Yarico." Her first appearance in Dumfries was in October 1794.
EPITAPH ON MR. BURTON.

Here cursing, swearing, Burton lies,  
A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes,  
Who, in his life, did little good,  
And whose last words were Dem my blood!

EPITAPHS ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,  

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,  
With grateful, lifted eyes,  
Who said that not the soul alone,  
But body too, must rise;  
For had he said, "the soul alone  
From death I will deliver;"  
Alas! alas! O Cardoness,  
Then thou hadst slept for ever.

EPGRAM ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. BABINGTON'S VERY LOOKS.

That there is falsehood in his looks  
I must and will deny:  
They say their master is a knave—  
And sure they do not lie.

ON ANDREW TURNER.

In se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine  
Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,  
And cast it in a corner;  
But wilily he changed his plan,  
And shap'd it something like a man,  
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

1 Burton was a dashing young Englishman, much addicted to swearing, who requested Burns to write him his epitaph. Burns did so, little to his satisfaction.

2 Sir David Maxwell of Cardoness. He and Burns took opposite sides in politics. Burns felt no animosity towards the worthy baronet.

3 It was long supposed that Dr. Blair of Edinburgh was pointed at in this epigram, but the Glenriddell MSS. gives the name of "the Rev. Dr. Babington," a person whose connection with Burns is entirely unknown.

4 Andrew Turner is said to have been an English commercial traveller, who wished to patronize the Scottish poet, and desiring a specimen of his powers was rewarded with the accompanying impromptu. It must be admitted that the wit of this and others of Burns's epigrammatic trifles is not very brilliant.
POEMS AND SONGS.

EPITAPH ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS,
WHO DESIRED BURNS TO WRITE HIS EPITAPL.

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd;
If ever he rise, it will be to be damn'd.

SONG—BONNIE PEG.¹

As I cam in by our gate-end,
As day was waxen weary,
O wha came tripping down the street,
But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet and shape complete,
Wi' nae proportion wanting,
The Queen o' Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands we took the sands,
Adown yon winding river;
And, oh! that hour, and broomy bow'r,
Can I forget it ever?

SONG—AII, CHLORIS.

TUNE—"Major Graham."

This song appeared for the first time in Pickering's Aldine edition of Burns, as printed from the original MS. in the poet's own handwriting. Chloris was Jean Lorimer, for an account of whom see note 1, page 186.

Ah, Chloris! since it may na be
That thou of love wilt hear;
If from the lover thou maun flee,
Yet let the friend be dear.

Altho' I love my Chloris mair
Than ever tongue could tell;
My passion I will ne'er declare,
I'll say, I wish thee well.

Tho' a' my daily care thou art,
And a' my nightly dream,
I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
And say it is esteem.

¹This song, with three additional and very inferior stanzas, first appeared in the Scots Magazine, January, 1808. Singularly enough, the above three stanzas (which themselves are of no great merit) were inserted in the same periodical exactly ten years later, as communicated by a correspondent.
SONG—SAW YE MY PHILLY.

TUNE—"When she came ben she bobbit."

The subjects of this song are Miss Philadelphia McMurdo and her devoted admirer Stephen Clarke, the musician. The ditty itself is but a slightly altered version of "Kippie McNab," which Burns had sent to Johnson. This was sent to Thomson with the remark: "If you like my idea of 'When she came ben she bobbit,' the following stanzas of mine altered a little from what they were formerly when set to another air, may perhaps do instead of worse stanzas."

O saw ye my dear, my Philly?
O saw ye my dear, my Philly?
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Philly?
What says she, my dearest, my Philly?
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Philly!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy.

SONG—LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—"Duncan Gray."

"These English songs gravel me to death. I have not the command of the language that I have of my own native tongue. In fact, I think my ideas are more barren in English than in Scottish. I have been at 'Duncan Gray' to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th Oct. 1784.

Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain,
Fickle man is apt to rove: 1
Look abroad through nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change;
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove!

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:

1 In the letter to Thomson in which this song was sent, Burns makes a remark regarding "a cinderant goddess of mine"—namely Clarinda—apropos of which, and of the subject of inconstancy and Burns's new flame Chloris, Chambers moralizes as follows:—"It was right even in these poetico-Plutonic affairs to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. Yet it was only four months before, only in June, that she was 'my ever dearest Clarinda.' And a letter of friendship was then too cold to be attempted. O womankind, think of that when you are addressed otherwise than in the language of sober common sense!" The reign of Chloris came to an end also in due course. See note to song on p. 133.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly man,
To oppose great nature’s plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

—

SONG—HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.1

TUNE—“Ca’dh Kail in Aberdeen.”

“How long and dreary is the night? I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere which I altered and enlarged; and to please you, and to suit your favourite air ‘Ca’dh Kail,’ I have taken a stride or two across my room, and have arranged it anew.”—BURNS TO THOMSON, 10th Oct. 1794.

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I restless lie frae e’en to morn,
Thro’ I were ne’er sae weary.
For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her widow’d heart is sair,
That’s absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi’ thee, my dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,—
How can I be but eerie?

For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary!
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi’ my dearie.

For oh, &c.

—

SONG—THE LOVER’S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.2

TUNE—“Dill tak the Wars.”

“I have been out in the country taking a dinner with a friend, where I met the lady [Jean Lorimer] whom I mentioned in the second page of this odd-and-ends of a letter. As usual I got into song, and returning home I composed the following.”—BURNS TO THOMSON, 10th Oct. 1794.

Sleep’st thou, or wak’st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud which nature every
Waters wi’ the tears o’ joy:

1 The earlier version of this song will be found at vol. ii. p. 245.
2 The bard-lover’s mistress at this period was Jean Lorimer (Chloris).
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly stray;
The linnet white in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sages o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.¹

Phoebus gilding the brow o' morning,
Banishes ilk darksome shade,
Nature gladdening and adorning;
Such to me my lovely maid.
When absent frae my fair,
The murky shades o' care
With starless gloom o'er-cast my sullen sky;
But when in beauty's light,
She meets my ravish'd sight,
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy.²

SONG—THE WINTER OF LIFE.³

TUNE—"Gil Morice."

But lately seen in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled,
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow—mack kindly thow head thaw
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of cild, but buss or beikd,
Sink in Time's wintry rage.

¹ In a later version of this piece the above lines read as follows:—
Now to the streaming fountain,
Or up the heavenly mountain,
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
In twining hard bowers
His lay the linnet pours;
The lav'rock to the sky
Ascends wi' sages o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

² MS. variation:—
When frae my Chloris parted,
Sad, cheerless, broken hearted,
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'er-cast my sky,
But when she charms my sight,
In pride of beauty's light;
When through my very heart
Her beaming glories dart;
'Tis then, 'tis then I wake to life and joy.

³ This plaintive song appears in the fifth volume of Johnson's *Museum.* The concluding four lines are strikingly simple and pathetic.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Oh, age has weary days,
And sickness o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
Why comes thou not again?

-------------

SONG—CHLORIS.

TUNE—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

"In my last I told you my objections to the song you had selected for 'My lodging is on the cold ground.' On my visit the other day to my fair Chloris (that is the poetical name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration), she suggested an idea, which I, on my return from the visit, wrought into the following song."—BURNS TO THOMSON, NOVEMBER, 1794.

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair.

The birch wood shuns the palace gay,
And o'er the cottage sings;
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
To shepherds as to kings.

Let mists veils sweep the skilfu' string
In lordly lighted he';
The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blythe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flow'ry glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,—
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers 've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine;
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

Chloris, as we have already had occasion to remark, was Jean Lorimer. See note to "She says she loves me best of all." Ardent as his raptures were for this blondo beauty, they had cooled down before February, 1796, when he writes to Thomson: "In my by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name Chloris. I meant it as the fictitious name of a certain lady; but on second thoughts, it is a high incongruity to have a Greek appellation to a Scottish pastoral ballad. . . . What you mention of flaxen locks is just; they cannot enter into an elegant description of beauty." The first stanza was then altered thus:

Behold, my love, how green the groves,
The primrose banks so fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flowing hair.
SONG—LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TEXT—"Rothemurchie's Rant."

In writing to Thomson in November, 1790, Burns remarks of this song:—"This piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral." See the Correspondence. The "lassie" here celebrated was Jean Lorimer ("Chloris").

Now Nature clothed the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tend the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

The primrose bank, the winpling burn,
The eekoo on the milk-white thorn,
The wanton lambs at early morn,
Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's homeward way,
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enchasp'd to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

SONG—FAREWELL, THOU STREAM. 3

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:

1 For some incomprehensible reason Thomson and Carrie omitted this second stanza.
2 MS. variation:—
And should the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,

1 I'll comfo' thee to my faithful breast,
And comfort thee, my dearie, O.

2 This is simply a slightly altered version of the song beginning, "The last time I came o'er the moor," referring to the two versions, Chambers
POEMS AND SONGS.

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unyielding groan,
Betray the hapless lover.

I know thou doest me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh! Eliza, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me;
Th' unwary sailor thus agast,
The wheeling torrent viewing;
Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

______________________________
SONG—O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

TUNE—"The Sow's Tail."

In a letter to Thomson, dated 10th November, 1794, Burns observes:—"I am much pleased with your idea of singing our songs in alternate stanzas, and regret that you did not hint it to me sooner. In those that remain I shall have it in my eye. I remember your objection to the name Philly, but it is the common abbreviation of Phillis."

HE.

O Philly, happy be that day
When roving through the gather'd hay,
My youthful heart was strown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, ay I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

In a note to this song Thomson says that Philly is Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo, and Willy an imaginary personage. It is more probable that the Willy was Stephen Clarke, the musician, who was smitten with the charms of his fair pupil, though he was not successful in his wooing.

remains, that "the change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The allusion of
Mrs. Ribboll, and the poet's resentment against her,
must have rendered the latter name no longer tolera-
able to him; one can only wonder that, with his new
and painful associations regarding that lady, he could
endure the song itself, or propose laying it before the
world."—Burns wanted the song set to the air,
"Nancy's to the Greenwood gane," but Thomson,
deciding this tune too lively, set it to one called
"The Silken Sash," which forms a more sympathetic
union with the words.

1 In a note to this song Thomson says that Philly is Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo, and Willy an imaginary
personage. It is more probable that the Willy was
Stephen Clarke, the musician, who was smitten with
the charms of his fair pupil, though he was not
successful in his wooing.
POEMS AND SONGS.

BOTH.

For a' the joys that gowd can gie,
I dinna care a single fill;
The { lad } I lo'e's the { lad } for me,
And that's my ain dear { Willy }.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is the sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
The wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

HE.

The bee that thro' the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weet,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet,
As is a kiss o' Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.
POEMS AND SONGS.

HIE.

Let fortune's wheel at random run,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in awe,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
I care na wealth a single flie;
The lad I love's the lad for me,
And that's my ain dear Willy.

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

SONG—CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.\(^1\)

TUNE—"Lumps o' pudding."

"Apropos to bacchanalian songs in Scottish, I composed one yesterday, for an air I liked much—"Lumps o' Pudding."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 12th November, 1794.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I togther wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship mae monarch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a';
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
Come case, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My worst word is—"Welcome, and welcome agin!"

\(^1\) With regard to this song, the following remarks of Burns in a letter to Thomson, in May, 1795, may be of interest:—"I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette taken from it (a successful miniature likeness of him taken by a travelling artist) to my song 'Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my face and the picture of my mind may go down the stream of time together." It may be admitted that this song gives the picture of his mind as shown to his boon companions of the Globe Tavern, but it differed considerably from that presented to Mrs. Dunlop, Graham of Fintry, and the graver circles of his friends and patrons.
SONG—CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATIE?

TUNE—"Roy's Wife."

"Since yesterday's penmanship I have framed a couple of English stanzas, by way of an English song to 'Roy's Wife.' You will allow me that, in this instance, my English corresponds in sentiment with the Scottish. . . . Well! I think this, to be done in two or three turns across my room, and with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard, is not so far amiss."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 10th November, 1794.

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katie?
Well thou know'st my aching heart—
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katie?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katie?

Canst thou leave, &c.

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear
That fickle heart of thine, my Katie!
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katie.

Canst thou leave, &c.

1 "To this address in the character of a forsaken lover, a reply was found on the part of the lady, among the MSS. of our bard, evidently in a female hand-writing. . . .

Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
Stay, my Willie—yet believe me,
For, ah! thou know'st an every peace
Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
And a' thy wrongs shall be forgiven,
And when this heart proves false to thee,
Thou sun shall cease its course in heaven.

Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betrayed,
That falsehood ever lores should sunder!
To take the flow'rst to my breast,
And find the guilt' serpent under.

Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
Celestial pleasures might I choose'nen,
I'd slight, nor seek in other spheres
That heaven I'd find within thy bosom.

Stay, my Willie, &c.

"It may amuse the reader to be told, that on this occasion the gentleman and the lady have exchanged the dialects of their respective countries. The Scotch bard makes his address in pure English; the reply on the part of the lady, in the Scottish dialect, is, if we mistake not, by a young and beautiful Englishwoman."—CURRIE.

The accomplished lady who wrote the reply was Mrs. Keddell of Woodley Park. Chambers conjectures that Burns sent the song in the text to Mrs. Keddell (between whom and the poet there had now been a serious breach of friendship of several months' standing) as a sort of olive-branch, and that she did not receive it in an unkindly spirit, though, probably, not forgetting that the bard had deeply wounded her delicacy. She answered the piece (in the verses quoted in Currie's note) in the same strain, and sent them to Burns. "Burns could not write verses on any woman without imagining her as a mistress, past, present, or potential. He, accordingly, treats the breach of friendship which had occurred between him and the fair hostess of Woodley Park as a falling away on her part from constancy in the tender passion."
KATIE?1

by way of an English correspondecy to the Scottish press, and is perhaps the only instance of such a correspondence in sentiment as these three turns across my page. 

—BURNS TO THOMSON.

POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—MY NANNIE'S AWA!

TUNE—"There'll never be peace," d.e.

BURNS on sending this song to Thomson, on the 9th December, 1794, remarks:—"As I agree with you that the Jacobite song in the Memoirs to 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes home,' would not so well comport with Peter Findlay's excellent love song to that air, I have just framed for you the following:"

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome2 in ilk green shaw;
But to me it's delightful—my Nannie's awa!
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa!
Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-in',
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa!
Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

SONG—WAE IS MY HEART.3

TUNE—"Wae is my heart."

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee;
Lang, lang, Joy's been a stranger to me;
Forsaken and friendless my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbblings will soon be at rest.

1 "Nannie" has been generally identified with "Clarinda" (Mrs. M'Lhoe), but this lady seems not to have been much in the poet's thoughts at the time when it was written. Burns's last known letter to her being sent nearly six months previously. It is just possible, however, that the poet had made a first draft of it about the time of the lady's departure for the West Indies (end of 1790), and that it lay beside him unpolished or uncompleted, until he saw an opportunity of sending it to Thomson. Thomson did not set the song to the tune Burns designed for it, but to a lachrymose Irish air called "Coolum." It is now, however, universally sung to a beautiful melody composed expressly for the words by an anonymous composer, about 1840.

2 In the original Ms. the word is in the plural; it is usually printed "welcome."

3 Written, it is said, at the request of Clarke, the musician, for Miss Philadelphia McMurdo of Drumlanrig, who afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Tarrawath. The song appears wedged to a plaintive tune in the fifth volume of the Memoirs.
POEMS AND SONGS.

O, if I were, where happy I hae been,
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle-green:
For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's ee.

SOMEBODY.

TUNE—"For the sake of somebody."

This exquisite little lyric appears in the fifth volume of the Museum. "The whole of it," says Stenhouse, "was written by Burns, except the third and fourth lines of stanza first, which are taken from Ramsay's song, under the same title and to the same old tune, which may also be seen in Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion." The beautiful and expressive air to which the words are now sung has but a slight resemblance to the tune in the Museum. The song is still a favourite with eminent female vocalists.

   My heart is sair—I dare na tell,—    now
   My heart is sair for somebody;
   I could wake a winter night       every
   For the sake o' somebody.
       Oh-hon! for somebody!
       Oh-hey! for somebody!
   I could range the world around,    would
   For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
   O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
   And send me safe my somebody.
   Oh-hon! for somebody!
   Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not!
   For the sake of somebody!

SONG—FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

TUNE—"For a' that, and a' that."

We learn from a letter to Thomson (15th January, 1736) that this song must have been written on or about the New Year's Day of 1735. "I do not," says the poet, "give you the foregoing song for your book, but merely by way of vice la bogetelle; for the piece is not really poetry." He also says, however, it "will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

   Is there for honest Poverty    hangs
     That hings his head, and a' that?
   The coward-slave, we pass him by,
   We dare be poor for a' that!
   For a' that, and a' that,
   Our toils obscure, and a' that,

1 This line occurs in a song of Crawfords—"My Dearie, if thou die," in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany.
POEMS AND SONGS.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

What tho' on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their finery show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er see poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see you birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that!

A king\(^1\) can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's a'boon his might,
Guid fath lie manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank\(^2\) than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o' er a' the earth,
May bear the grace, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That\(^3\) man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!\(^4\)

---

1. MS. var. "prince."
2. This expression means literally, must not have that for his lot or share; but here it rather means, must not have that in his power. *Fa'*(that is, *fall*) is frequently used in the sense of one's lot or fortune, what *befalls* one ("A towmoud o' trouble, should that be my fa'"), and this is the corresponding verb. Compare the following verse from the first of Burns' *Heron Ballads:*

Whom will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?

Similarly Ferguson in his *Braid Claith* says:

He that some ells o' this ma' fa'.

3. Var. "Ranks."
4. Var. "the;" "that" was an alteration made by Currie, and is an evident improvement.

If this piece be not exactly poetry, as Burns himself declares, its many, independent, and insipriing sentiments, and its terse and vigorous phraseology make it something quite as good. In it we have crystallized some of the thoughts that were strong in the breasts of the many about this time, and that owed much of their vitality and prevalence to the revolutions in America and in France.
SONG—CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

This is a second and more rhythmically correct version of the song printed on p. 96, vol. iii. It was forwarded to Thomson in January, 1735, in the same letter containing "For a' that, and a' that."

Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride o' spring's return
Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it longer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When ye green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

EPIGRAM—THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was theirs:
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer.

INSCRIPTION ON A GOBLET,
BELONGING TO MR. SYME.

There's death in the cup—sae beware!
Nay, more—there is danger in touching;
But who can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

1 In the 13th vol. of Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland is a notice, in the article on the parish of Balmaghie, regarding several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and some rude but expressive verses inscribed on one of their gravestones are quoted in full. The compiler of the article (the parish minister of Crookston), in alluding to the inscription remarks that the author "no doubt supposed himself to have been writing poetry." Conceiving the remark of the reverend writer to have been sarcastic, Burns, it is said, pencilled the above lines on the margin of the book, which belonged to the Dumfries Public Library. Allan Cunningham gives a slightly different version of Burns's lines:

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears,
But it sealed Freedom's sacred cause—
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneer,

and says they were an improvised rebuke to a gentleman who had been sneering at the Solemn League and Covenant as ridiculous and fanatical, while sitting opposite the poet at table.
POEMS AND SONGS.

TO MR. SYME, 1
WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORTER.

O had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of humankind,
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

JERUSALEM TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

EPITAPH ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON,2
BREWER, DUMFRIES.

Here Brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
And empty all his barrels;
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—
In upright honest morals.

EPIGRAM—MY BOTTLE.

This is a slightly varied form of stanza third of "Goldwife, count the Lawin," which sec. It was written on a window of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries.

My bottle is a holy pool,
That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

SONG—PEG-A-RAMSAY, 3

Cauld is the c'enuin' blast
O' Boreas o'er the pool,
And dawin' it is dreary
When birks are bare at Yule.

O cauld blow the c'enuin' blast
When bitter bites the frost,
And in the mirk and dreary drift,
The hills and glens are lost.

1 John Syme, Esq., of Ryedale, we may remind the reader, who had his office for the distribution of stamps in the same building in which Burns first resided in Dumfries, was one of his most tried and seculial friends.
2 Richardson was a man of considerable local importance, and was elected provost of the burgh in 1802. His son, John (born 1757, died 1820), was the famous traveller and naturalist, Sir John Richardson.
3 This and "There was a bonnie lass" (p. 295) were fragments by Burns, which Johnson inserted in the last volume of his Miscellany. They seem to have been written solely for the purpose of furnishing words to melodies which were at one time popular; the first a lively old tune, the title of which seems to be referred to by Shakespeare, Twelfth Night, act ii. sc. 3; the second was a favourite slow march.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Ne'er sae naurky blew the night,
That drifted o'er the hill,
But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
Gat grist to her mill.

---

SONG—O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.¹

TUNE—"My wife she dang me."

O aye my wife she dang me,
An' aft my wife did hang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Guid faith, she'Il soon o'ergang ye.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I married;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly miscarried.

O aye my wife, &c.

Some sa'r o' comfort still at last,
When a' thir days are done, man;
My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm save o' bliss aboon, man.

O aye my wife, &c.

---

SONG—O, STEER HER UP.

TUNE—"O, steer her up, and hand her gown."

O, steer her up, and hand her gown,—
Her mother's at the mill, jo;
And gin she winna tak a man,
E'en let her tak her will, jo;¹
First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
And ca' anither gill, jo,
And gin she tak the thing amiss,
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O, steer her up, and be na blate,
And gin she take it ill, jo,
Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
And time nae langer spill, jo:

¹The above song was suggested by some old verses, which Stenhouse says "are of such a nature as to render them quite unfit for insertion."

²The first four lines of this song belong to an old ditty more remarkable for its indecency than its humour. Ramsay had already borrowed them for the opening of a bacchanalian song (which otherwise has no connection with these lines) in his Tea-table Miscellany. The song as it stands appeared first in the sixth volume of Johnson's Museum.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Ne'er break your heart for a' rebel;
But think upon it still, jo;
Then gin the lassie winna do'it,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

SONG—THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.

There was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie, bonnie lass,
And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae her arms,
Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
He still was a stranger to fear;
And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,
But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

SONG—O, LASSIE, ARE YE SLEEPIN' YET?

TUNE—"Let me in this ae night."

This is our bard's third effort at recasting an old song which appeared in Herd's Collection.
The first version was sent to Thomson in August, 1793, but was suppressed; a second was subsequently sent and will be found at vol. iii. p. 161. The present version was sent in February, 1795, and is the form in which Thomson published the song.

O lassie, are ye sleepin' yet,
Or are ye wakin', I wad wit?
For love has bound me hand an' fit,
And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo!  

O hearest thou not the wind an' weet?
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The coldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

1 Variation:
   O let me in this ae night,
   I'll no come back again, jo!

2 Variation:
   Then hear'st the winter wind an' weet,
   Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet.
HER ANSWER.

O tell me o' wind an' rain,  
Upland me no wi' could disdain!  
Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
I winna let you in, jo.  
I tell you now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night,  
And ance for a' this ae night,  
I winna let you in, jo!

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed;  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, &c.

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
And by yon garden green again;  
I'll aye ca' in by yon town,  
And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nae sall ken, there's nae sall guess,  
What brings me back the gate again,  
But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,  
And stownlins we sall meet again.  
I'll aye ca' in, &c.

1 The bird that charm'd his summer day,  
And now the cruel fowler's prey;  
Let that to witless woman say  
"The grateful heart o' man, jo!"

2 The heroine of this lyric may be either the poet's wife, or (which is more likely) his divinity for the time being, Jean Lorimer. The tune belongs to a song of the olden day. It was a great favourite with George IV. In Scotland, we must remark, as well as in the north of England, the term town is frequently applied to a farm-house or mansion with its connected buildings, and this is probably the meaning here.
The house belongs to a couple, and it is reported that the remark, as well as the house, is frequently applied to the house in the manner of the house. Always will the house be a subject of remark.

The tune is a favourite with its own and is often applied in the house. The house is always connected with the house. The tune is a favourite with its own and is often applied in the house. The house is always connected with the house.

The house is a favourite with its own and is often applied in the house. The house is always connected with the house. The tune is a favourite with its own and is often applied in the house. The house is always connected with the house.
LUCY JOHNSTONE

[NOTE: TO BE EMBLEMED WITH]

FROM THE ORIGINAL AT AUCHENBRIVE HOUSE

Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow & Edinburgh
POEMS AND SONGS.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
When trystin'-time draws near again,
And when her lovely form I see,
O faith, she's doubly dear again!
I'll aye en' in, &c.

SONG—O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

"I enclose you a song," says Burns in a letter to Mr. Syme, "which I composed since I saw you, and I am going to give you the history of it. Do you know, that among much that I admire in the characters and manners of those great folks whom I have now the honour to call my acquaintances, the Oswald family, for instance, there is nothing charms me more than Mr. Oswald's unceasingly attachment to that incomparable woman? Did you ever, my dear Syme, meet with a man who owed more to the Divine Giver of all good things than Mr. O? A fine fortune, a pleasing exterior, self-evident amiable dispositions, and an ingenious upright mind; and that informed too, much beyond the usual ran of young fellows of his rank and fortune: and to all this, such a woman!—but of her I shall say nothing at all, in despair of saying anything adequate. In my song I have endeavoured to do justice to what would be his feelings, on seeing, in the scene I have drawn, the habitation of his Lucy. As I am a good deal pleased with my performance, I, in my first fervour, thought of sending it to Mrs. Oswald; but on second thoughts, perhaps what I offer as the honest expression of genuine respect might, from the well-known character of poverty and poetry, be construed into some modification or other of that servility which my soul abhors."^2

O wat ye wha's in yon town, wot
Ye see the c'enin sun upon!
The fairest dame's in yon town,
That evening sun is shining on.

Now haply down you gay green shaw, wood
She wanders by you spreading tree;
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

O wat ye wha's, &c.

How blest ye birds that round her sing,
And welcome in the blooming year!
And doubly welcome be the spring,
The season to my Lucy dear,
O wat ye wha's, &c.

1 Compare this song with the one immediately preceding, composed to the same air. As to the meaning which probably belongs here to form see note to preceding song.

2 Mrs. Oswald's maiden name was Lucy Johnston. She was daughter of Wynne Johnston, of Hilton, Esq., and was married April 23, 1793, to R. A. Oswald, Esq., of Auchincruive, in the county of Ayr. Also for beauty—fortune—affections—and hopes! This lovely and accomplished woman had not blessed Mr. Oswald above a year beyond this period, when she fell ill of pulmonary consumption. A removal to a warmer climate was tried, in the hope of restoring health; but she died at Lisbon, in January, 1798, at an age little exceeding thirty. She was ten years older than her husband.

In the version sent to the Museon the following variations occur:—(1) fairest maid's, (2) Jeanie, (3) Among the brouny braes she green, (4) And dearest pleasure is my Jean, (5) fair, (6) Jeanie, (7) Jeanie. We may fairly enough infer from the above alterations that Burns did not scruple to kill two birds with one stone, or, as Robert Chambers puts it, "It was no unusual thing with him to shift the devotion of verse from one person to another." "Jeanie" would no doubt be Jean Lorimer.
The sun blinks blythe on yon town,  
And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;  
But my delight in yon town,  
And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

O, wat ye wha's, &c.

Without my love, not a' the charms  
O' Paradise could yield me joy;  
But give me Lucy in my arms,  
And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!

O, wat ye wha's, &c.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,  
Tho' raging winter rent the air;  
And she a lovely little flower,  
That I wad tent and shelter there.

O, wat ye wha's, &c.

O, sweet is she in yon town,  
The sinkin' sun's gane down upon!  
A fairer than's in yon town,  
His setting beam near shone upon.

O, wat ye wha's, &c.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,  
And suffering I am doom'd to bear;  
I careless quit aught else below,  
But spare me—spare me Lucy dear!

O, wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,  
Ae thought f'ree her shall ne'er depart,  
And she, as fairest is her form,  
She has the truest, kindest heart.

O, wat ye wha's, &c.

---

SONG—THE CARLIN' O'T.

TUNE—"Salt-fish and Dumplings."

I coft a stane o' haslock woo',  
To mak a coat to Johnny o't;

For Johnny is my only jo,  
I'll hae him best o' any yet.

---

1 Steenhouse, writing with the poet's MS. before him, claims this song as one of Burns's. The chorus has a more ancient ring about it. — "The tenderness of Johnnie's wife," says Allan Cunningham, "can only be fully felt by those who know that haselock wool is the softest and finest of the fleeces, and is shorn from the throats of the sheep in the summer heat, to give them air and keep them cool."

2 This word is printed "wat" in the Museum, evidently from Burns's handwriting being misread, as a careless writer could easily assume the appearance of a tolerably good or. Some editors read "wah," which seems least likely to be correct. Cunningham (followed by Dr. Hutley Waddell) boldly explained "wat" as "a man's upper dress; a sort of mantle," though it is nearly certain no such word ever existed.
POEMS AND SONGS.

The cardin' o' t, the spinnin' o' t,
    The warpin' o' t, the winnin' o' t;
When ilk a' cost me a groat,
    The tailor staw the lyin' o' t.
For though his locks be lyart grey,
    And though his brow be beld aboon,
Yet I hae seen him on a day,
    The pride of a' the parishen.
The cardin' o' t, the spinnin' o' t, &c.

SONG—THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TEXT—"The lass that made the bed to me."

The first draught of this ballad sent by Burns to Johnson's Museum, and in it inserted, we consider, to say the least of it, indelicate. "Of this the bard seems to have been sensible," says Stenhouse, "and it is one of those pieces, which, in his letter to Johnson, he says might be amended in a subsequent edition. The following version of the ballad contains the last alterations and corrections of the bard." "The original ballad of the Bonnie Lass that made the bed to me," on which this song is founded, says Burns, "was composed on an evening of Charles II., when skulking in the north about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed une petite afferre with a daughter of the house of Portlethen, who was the lass that made the bed to him."

When winter's wind was blowing cauld,
    As to the north I bent my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
    I knew na where to lodge till day.
A charming girl I chanced to meet,
    Just in the middle o' my care,
And kindly she did me invite
    Her father's humble cot to share.
Her hair was like the gowd sae fine,
    Her teeth were like the ivorie,
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
    The lass that made the bed to me.
Her bosom was the drifted snow,
    Her limbs like marble fair to see;
A finer form man ever saw
    Than hers that made the bed to me.
She made the bed caith lang and braid,
    Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
She bade "good-night," and smiling said:
    "I hope ye'll sleep caith soft and sound."
Upon the morrow, when I raise,
    I thanked her for her courtesie;
A blush cam o'er the comely face
    Of her that made the bed to me.

Glances
    guards
    gone

Stone of wood from the throat
    dear
    stone

Wot "in the Museum, evidently being misread, as a sily assume the appearance waiders read "wah," which net. Cunningham followed idly explained "wot" as "a
do of mantle;" though it is not ever existed.
POEMS AND SONGS.

I clasped her waist, and kissed her synce,
  The tear stude twinkling in her eye;
"O dearest maid gin ye'll be mine,
  Ye aye sall mak the bed to me."

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD 1]

The present ballad was written in the spring of 1755. "This is the first of several ballads which Burns wrote to serve Patrick Heron of Kerroigntree, in two elections, in which he was opposed, first by Gordon of Balmaghie, and secondly by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. They are known to the peasantry by the name of the 'Heron Ballads.' The poet seems at first to have contemplated some such harmless and laughable effusions as those which he wrote on Miller's election. The first ballad is gentle and moderate; it is a song of elegy on Heron—not of reproof to his opponents. These ballads were printed at the time on one side of a sheet, and widely disseminated over the country; they were understood merely as election squibs, and none of the gentlemen imprisoned looked otherwise upon them than as productions of poetical art."—Allan Cunningham. This election for the stewardship of Kirkendbright was rendered necessary by the death, in January, 1755, of General Stewart, at that time member. The Tory candidate, Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, a young man of little personal influence, was backed up by his uncle, Mr. Murray of Broughton, one of the richest and most influential proprietors in Galloway, and he received besides the powerful support of the Earl of Galloway. The candidature of Mr. Heron of Kerroigntree, in the Whig interest, was warmly espoused by Burns, who had paid him a visit in June, 1754, and for whom he had penned the "Inscription for an Altar to Independence," erected in his grounds. Mr. Heron gained the seat, being returned in March.

Whom will you send to London town,
To Parliament and a' that?
Or wha in a' the country round
The best deserves to fa' that?
  For a' that, an' a' that,
  Thro' Galloway an' a' that;
  Where is the haid or belted knight
  That best deserves to fa' that?

Wha sees Kerroigntree's1 open yett,—
And wha is't never saw that?—
Wha ever wi' Kerroigntree met
And has a doubt of a' that?
  For a' that, an' a' that,
  Here's Heron yet for a' that!
  The independent patriot,
  The honest man, an' a' that.

Tho' wit and worth in either sex,
Saint Mary's Isle2 can shaw that;

1 Kerroigntree is a mansion in the west of Kirkcudbrightshire, parish of Minnecaff, about a mile from Newton-Stewart. The family name is now Heron-Maxwell.
2 The seat of the Earl of Selkirk, near Kirkcudbright.

The tirade against "nobles" in verse fourth is not aimed at Lord Selkirk and his family, with whom Burns was on friendly terms, as is seen from this verse, but at the Earl of Galloway, so prominent and influential a member of the Tory election league.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
The independent commoner
Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk?
And is 't against the law that?
For why, a lord may be a gounk
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A lord may be a lousy loun,
Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that.
But we'll ha'e ane frae mung ourselves,
A man we ken, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
For we're not to be bought an' sold
Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewarty,
Keranghtree's hirld, an' a' that,
Our representative to be,
For weel he's worthy a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Here's Heron yet for a' that!
A House of Commons such as he,
They would be blest that saw that.

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD II.]

THE ELECTION.

See note to Ballad I. in regard to the circumstances connected with the composition of this piece.

TEXT—“Fy, let us a' to the Bridal.”

Fy, let us a' to Kirkendbright,
For there will be bickerin' there;
For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
And O, how the heroes will swear!

Young Gordon of Balmaghie is said to come the central and more elevated part of the county as "o'er the hills" apparently because Balmaghie is in compared with Newton-Stewart, Kirkendbright, &c.
An' there will be Murray, commander,  
And Gordon the battle to win;  
Like brothers they stand by each other,  
Sae knit in alliance an' kin.

An' there will be black-neebbit Johnnie,  
The tongue o' the trump to them a';  
An' he get na hell for his haddin',  
The Devil gets nae justice ava'.

An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,  
A boy na saw black at the bane,  
Bat as for his fine nabob fortune,  
We'll e'en let the subjectalone.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,  
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped;  
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,  
But, Lord, what's become o' the head?

An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,  
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;  
A wight that will weather damnation —  
The Devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses' doughty  
New christ'ning towns far and near,  
Abjuring their democrat doings,  
By kissing the —— o' a peer;

An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous!  
Whose honour is proof to the storm,  
To save them from stark reprobation,  
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,  
The budy, e'en let him escape!  
He'd venture the gallowes for siller,  
An' were na the cost o' the rape.

An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,  
Sae fam'il for his grateful' return?  
The birkie is gettin' his questions,  
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

1 Murray of Broughton, and his nephew, Gordon of Balmunglie, the Tory candidate.
2 John Bushby, of Threath Downs, banker and solicitor, who by his own energy and shrewdness had raised himself to influence and to the position of country gentleman. Burns had at one time been on friendly terms with him. He is called "tongue o' the trump," as being indispensable to his party.
3 Allusion is here made to a brother of John Bushby, namely William Bushby of Kempleton, whose East Indian fortune was popularly represented as having originated in some questionable transactions connected with the Ayr bank, before he went abroad.
4 Mr. Maitland Bushby, advocate, son of John Bushby, and newly appointed Sheriff of Wigtownshire. See "Epistle from Esopus to Maria," p. 174.
5 Maxwell of Cardoness, upon whom an epigram will be found at p. 188.
6 Mr. Douglas of Carlinvarc gave the name of Castle Douglas to a village which rose in his neighbourhood —now a small town.
7 Mr. Gordon of Kenmure, afterwards Viscount Kenmure. With him Burns was on good terms. See note to "Kenmure's on and awa" (p. 153), and Syme's account of a tour with Burns in vol. i.
8 Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle.
POEMS AND SONGS.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; 1
An' there will be Buittle's apostle, 2
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue;
An' there will be folk frae St. Mary's, 3
A house o' great merit and note;
The deil ane but honours them highly,—
The deil ane will gie them his vote!

An' there will be wealthy young Richard, 4
Dune Fortune should hing by the neck,
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing—
His merit had won him respect:
An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
Tho' nabobs, yet men of the first; 5
An' there will be Collieston's whiskers, 6
An' Quintin, 7 o' lads not the warst.

An' there will be stamp-office Johnnie, 8
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam; 9
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree, 10
Whase honour was ever his law,
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a.

An' can we forget the anld Major, 11
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither,
Him only it's justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran, 12
And also Barskimming's guid knight, 13
An' there will be rearin' Birtwhistle, 14
Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale border,
Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
Tough Johnnie, 15 staunch Geordie, 16 an' Walie, 17
That grieves for the fishes and loaves;

1 Rev. Mr. Muirhead of Urr.
2 Rev. George Maxwell of Buittle.
3 The Earl of Selkirk's family, from their residence St. Mary's Isle, near Kirkcudbright.
4 Richard Oswald of Auchmutrage, whose wife was celebrated by the poet in the song "O wat ye wha's in your town?" (p. 367).
5 The Messrs. Hannay.
6 Mr. Copeland of Collieston.
7 Mr. Quintin McAdam of Craigmullian.
8 John Syme, distributor of stamps for Dumfries—
9 Colonel Goldie of Goldies.
10 Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.
11 Major Heron, brother of the candidate.
12 Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran.
13 Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards a judge, with the title of Lord Glenties.
14 Mr. Alex. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.
15 John Maxwell of Terraghty. (See epistle to,—
on his birthday, p. 118.)
16 George Maxwell of Carruchan.
17 Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.
THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD III.]

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION.

See notes to preceding two ballads.

TUNE—"The Babes in the Wood."

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
O' grace, and ninety-five,
That year I was the wae'est man
O' any man alive.

In March the three-and-twentieth day,
The sun rose clear and bright;
But O! I was a waefu' man
Ere to-da' o' the night.

—Colonel M'Dowall of Logan, infamous for his treatment of Peggy Kennedy, the supposed heroine of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

2 Mr. Blair of Dunskye.

3 The reference is to Mr. Murray's having left his wife, and eloped with a lady of rank. In consequence of his great fortune he still maintained his alliance with his wife's relations, and was supporting one of them in this election.

The verses of this ballad are very differently arranged in the various copies that have been preserved, but otherwise there is substantial agreement.

"When Burns wrote this second ballad, the election had taken a serious turn against Heron. The verses are severe in most instances. Worthier men than several of those lampooned were not then alive, but he desired to help his friend, and regarded not what weapons he used, provided they were sharp. The gentlemen named were the most active canvassers on both sides; praise is lavished on the adherents of Heron, and satiric abuse bestowed on the friends of the Gordon."—Allan Cunningham.

—It was characteristic, but by no means prudent, for Burns, considering his position as a public servant, to take so active a part in this strife. But he really wished to aid Mr. Heron, against whom were ranked such objects of his aversion as Lord Galloway and Bushby of Tinwald Downs. After producing the second ballad he wrote to Mr. Heron:—"Sir, I enclose you some copies of a couple of political ballads, one of which, I believe, you have never seen. Would to heaven I could make you master of as many votes in the Stewartry! but—

Who does the utmost that he can,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.

In order to bring my humble efforts to bear with more effect on the foe, I have privately printed a good many copies of both ballads, and have sent them among friends all over the country. Mr. Heron had mentioned in a letter to Mr. Syme his wish to aid in Burns's promotion in the cause if he could, for which Burns, in the letter from which we quote, expresses his obligations. This ballad is fashioned after the well-known and humorous—

"Ye, let us away to the bridal,
For there'll be biting there, &c."
POEMS AND SONGS.

Yer! Galloway lang did rule this land,
Wi' equal right and fame,
And thereto was his kinsman join'd,
The Murray's noble name!

Yer! Galloway lang did rule the land,
Made me the judge o' strife;
But now yer! Galloway's sceptre's broke,
And eke my langman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
Beside Kirkeudbright's towers,
The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the anld gray yauk,
Wi' winged spurs did ride,
That anld gray yauk, yea, Nidsdale rade,
He staw upon Nidside.

An there had been the yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane;
And see the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid
A chief o' doughty deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmure we had need.

And there sae grave Squire Cardoness
Look'd on till a' was done;
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
A howlet sits at noon.

And there led I the Bashby clan;
My gamesome billie Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set naught to their score:
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

And there had been the yerl himsel',
O there had been nae play;
But Garlies was to London gane;
And see the kye might stray.

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine;
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking Madeira wine.

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And there led I the Bashby clan;
My gamesome billie Will,
And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
My footsteps followed still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set naught to their score:
The Douglas and the Heron's name
Had felt our weight before.

1 This verse is obscure. It seems to contain an allusion to the lady with whom Murray had dealt — of the house of Johnston, whose family name is a winged spur. For "yea" another reading is "a;" which hardly serves to make the meaning clearer.

2 Lord Garlies, a title of the Earl of Galloway.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But Douglas's weight had we,
The pair o' lusty hairds,
For building cot-houses sue fam'd,
And christening kail-yards.

And by our banners march'd Muirhead,
And Bute was na slack;
Whose haly priesthood name een stain,
For who can dye the black!

And there Redcastle drew his sword,
That ne'er was stained wi' gore,
Save on a wanderer lame and blind,
To drive him frae his door.

And last came creeping Colieston,
Was mair in fear than wrath,
Ae knave was constant in his mind,
To keep that knave frae seath.  

SONG—THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—"Push about the jorun."

When the French threatened to invade Britain in 1793, Burns enrolled himself among the gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries, along with his friends Maxwell, Stair, and Syme. Soon after he wrote the present stirring song. The song appeared in the Dumfries Journal of the 5th May, and in the Scots Magazine of the same month. To extend its influence still farther, he had it printed with the music upon a separate sheet by Johnson, and thus it penetrated into the nobleman's drawing-room as well as into the farmer's parlour.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsinecon,
And Crichton sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.
We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.  

1 Mr. Heron gained the election, having triumphed over the combined forces of the Earl of Galloway and Mr. Murray. Hence "John Bushby's Lamentation," which is much inferior to some of the poet's productions in the same vein. For the characters mentioned in this effusion consult the foot-notes on the preceding ballad.

2 The bold, vigorous tone to which the words are set in the sixth volume of Johnson's Museum, was composed by Stephen Clarke, the musical editor of that collection.

3 If Nith ran to Corsinecon, it would run uphill, Corineen being a mountain not far from its source, and Crichton a high green mountain near where it enters the Solway.

4 "Burns was said at one time to have been a Jacobin as well as a Jacobite; and it must have required even at his genius to effect such a junction. He certainly wrote some so-so verses to the 'Tree of Liberty,' and like Cowper, Wordsworth, and other great and good men, rejoiced when down fell the Bastille, but when there was a talk of taking our island, he soon evinced the nature of his affection for the French."—Prof. Wilson.
POEMS AND SONGS.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
Till, shap! come in an uno lorn,
And wi' a fang decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amid our arts united;
For never but by British hands
May British wrangs be righted.
For never but by British hands,
May British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
Perhaps a clout may fail in;
But deil a foreign tinkler lorn
Shall ever ca' a nail in.
Our fathers' blind the kettle bought;
And wha wad dare to spoil it?
By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that was a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damn'd together!
Who will not sing "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.


SONG—MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—"Deil tak the ware."

This beautiful, though somewhat artificial lyric was sent to Thomson in May, 1705, followed by the remark: "Well! this is not amiss." It appears in Thomson's collection wedded to the desired air, which is arranged by Haydn. In singing, the first four lines of each stanza are repeated.

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion
Round the wealthy, titled bride;
But when comparea with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.

"These are far from being 'elegant' stanzas—there is even a rudeness about them—but 'tis the rudeness of the Scottish Thistle—a paraphrase of nemo me impune lacesset. The staple of the war-song is home-grown and home-spun. . . Not all the orators of the day, in parliament or out of it, in all their speeches put together, embodied more political wisdom, or appealed with more effective power to the noblest principles of patriotism in the British heart."—Prof. Wilson.
POEMS AND SONGS.

What are the showy treasures?
What are the noisy pleasures?
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
The polished jewel's blaze
May draw the wond'ring gaze,
And courtly grandeur bright
The fancy may delight,
But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
In simplicity's array;
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Shrinking from the gaze of day?
O then, the heart alarming,
And all resistless charming,
In love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul!
Ambition would disown
The world's imperial crown,
Even Avarice would deny
His worshipp'd deity,
And feel thro' ev'ry vein Love's raptures roll.

SONG—CALEDONIA

TUNE—"Humours of Glen."

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breakan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
Far dearer to me are you humble bough bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping aamong the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they?—The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds o' his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

1 "The heroine of this song was Mrs. Burns, who so charmed the poet by singing it with taste and feeling that he declared it to be one of his loveliest lyrics."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—We doubt the accuracy of Cunningham's information. The Jean who at this period enthralled the poet's fancy, as may be seen from our notes to various foregoing songs, was Jean Lorimer ("Chloris"). But possibly no particular Jean is here intended. This song seems never to have become popular.
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.1

TUNE—"Where'll bawble Ann lie."2

O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing sound complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' dishaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And healed thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
Sie notes o' woes could wanken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

SONG—ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—"Age Waukia, O."

Long, long the night, heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight is on her bed of sorrow.

Can I cease to care—can I cease to languish
While my darling fair is on the couch of anguish?

Long, long, &c.

Every hope is fled, every fear is terror;
Slumber even I dread, every dream is horror.

Long, long, &c.

Hear me, Pow'r's divine! oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine, but my Chloris spare me!3

Long, long, &c.

1 There still exists a pencil manuscript in the poet's own handwriting of what seems to be the first draft of this lyric, and which is headed—"SONG—COMPOSED ON HEARING A BIRD SING WHILE MUSING ON CHLORIS." The first stanza, which we subjoin, differs considerably from the version in the text; the alterations in the others are unimportant—Sing on sweet singer o' the brier,
Nae soothly traitor-fa's near;
O sooth a hapless lover's ear,
And dear as life I'll prize thee.

2 A still better tune would be 'Loch Erroch side'
[The Lane o' Gowrie], the rhythm of which it suits better than the drawing stuff in the Museun."—R. B.

3 The "Pow'r's divine" did spare Chloris (Jean Lorimer), and she long outlived the poet. We have elsewhere given a short sketch of her life. See p. 156.
SONG—"TWAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EE.

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

’Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin;  
Fair tho’ she be, that was ne’er my undoing;  
’Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,  
’Twas the bewitching, sweet stowne glance o’ kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me!  
But tho’ fell fortune should fate us to sever,  
Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever.

Chloris, I’m thine wi’ a passion sincerest,  
And thon has plighted me love o’ the dearest!  
And thou’rt the angel that never can alter.  
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

SONG—FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR.

TUNE—"Let me in this age night."

Forlorn, my love, no comfort near,  
Far, far from thee, I wander here;  
Far, far from thee, the fate severe  
At which I must repine, love.

O wert thou, love, but near me;  
But near, near, near me;  
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,  
And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,  
That blasts each bud of hope and joy;  
And shelter, shade, nor home have I,  
Save in those arms of thine, love.

O wert thou, love, &c.

Cold, alter’d friendship’s cruel part,  
To poison fortune’s ruthless dart—  
Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
And say that fate is mine, love.

O wert thou, love, &c.

1 MS. variations:—  
Mary, Jeannie, I’m thine, &c.

2 In sending this song to Thomson in June, 1795, Burns tells him it was written “within this hour.”  
It would seem that Thomson had subsequently suggested some alterations in stanza 3, as Burns wrote  
him on the 31 August: “Your objection is just as to

the verse of my song. I hope the following alteration will please you:—
Cold, alter’d friends, with cruel art,  
Poisoning fell Misfortune’s dart;  
Let me not break thy faithful heart,  
And say that fate is mine, love.”

The meaning is not very clear in either form of the verse.
POEMS AND SONGS.

But dreary tho' the moments fleet,
O let me think we yet shall meet!
That only ray of solace sweet
Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
O wert thou, love, &c.

---

SONG—LAST MAY A BRAW WOØER.

TUNE—“The Lothian Lassie.”

In July, 1795, this exquisitely arch and humorous song was sent to Thomson, who published it in his collection in 1799. Strangely enough we find that in 1808 Johnson printed it in the sixth volume of his Museum, and asserted that Burns had sent him the song several years before it was communicated to Thomson. Johnson was unwilling to print it; says Stenhouse, as there were one or two somewhat irreverent expressions in it. On comparing it, in this respect, with some of the songs in Johnson’s book, we think he was here straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel indeed! Johnson has even been charged with pirating the gem to grace his last volume, especially as the song had by that time acquired great popularity; but this we much doubt, as the sequence of stanzas 2 and 3 in his version seems more natural than that of Thomson’s, and in the different readings the preference on the whole is to be given to the second version. As the song is still a popular favourite, and as some of the lines are now usually sung as given by Johnson, we print the song as it appears in his collection as a second version.

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi’ his love he did deyve me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The dence gae wi’an, to believe me, believe me,
The dence gae wi’an, to believe me!

He spak o’ the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vow’d for my love he was deein’;
I said he might dey when he liked, for Jean,
The Lord forgive me for leevin’, for leavin’,
The Lord forgive me for leavin’.

A weel-stocked mailen,—himself for the laird,—
And marriage all-hand, were his profilers:
I never loot on that I kent it, or car’d,
But thought I might ha’ waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might ha’ waur offers.

But what wad ye think if in a fortnight or less,—
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loam to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

1In the original MS. sent to Thomson this line read:

He up the Gatehlock to my black cousin Bess.

Thomson objected to this local name, as well as to the name Dalgarock in the next stanza. Burns replied:

"Gatehlock . . . is positively the name of a particular place, a kind of passage up among the Lowther Hills, on the confines of this county. Dalgarock is also the name of a romantic spot near the Nith, where are still a ruined church and a burial place. However, let the line run: "He up the lang loam," &c."
But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the trust o' Dalgarnock,  
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!  
I glown'd as I'd seen a varlock, a varlock,  
I glown'd as I'd seen a varlock.

But ovre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
Lest neibors might say I was saucy;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',  
And how her new shoon fit her aul'd shach'd feet!  
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin', a swearin',  
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd, for godesake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;  
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

---

SONG—AE DAY A BRAW WOOER.²

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE PRECEDING.

Ae day a braw wooer came down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;  
But I said there was naething I hated like men,  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

A weel-stocket mailen, himeel o' the laird,  
And bridal aff-hand was the proffer;  
I never loot on that I kerr'd or I car'd,  
But thought I might get a warr offer, warr offer,  
But thought I might get a warr offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,  
And said for my love he was deavin'.  
I said he might dee when he liked for Jean;  
The Guide forgiv me for leavin', for leavin',  
The Guide forgiv me for leavin'!

But what do ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her.)

---

¹This line wants the sting of Johnson's version:  
"How my auld shoon," &c., "auld shoon" being a  
proverbial expression for a discarded lover.  
²This version is from the sixth volume of Johnson's  
Museum, in which it first made its appearance. See  
the introductory note to the first version.
POEMS AND SONGS.

He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think, how the jade I could bear her, could bear her,
Think, how the jade I could bear her.

An' it the neist onk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there!
Wha glor'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
Wha glor'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gied him a blink,
Lost neighbours should think I was saucy;
My wooer he cupped as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd that I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fr' cathie and sweet,
An' if she had recover'd her hearin'?
And how my auld shoon fittet her shancel't feet?
Gude saif us how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
Gude saif us how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd me for gudescake that I'd be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow
And just to preserve the poor budy in life,
I think I will wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I will wed him to-morrow.

SONG—THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.²

This is no my ain lassie,
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.

This is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;

¹See note 1 in preceding page.
²This is the altered and completed form of a sketch which the poet sent in a letter to Thomson on the 2d July, 1755. The draft commenced thus:

6 this is my ain body, and my own creation
Fair tho' the body be, &c.

The improvement of the phrasology in the revised
song is obvious.
POEMS AND SONGS.

And aye it charms my very soul,
The kind love that's in her ee.

This is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' e'en,
When kind love is in the ee.

This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weed the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.

This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weed the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.

This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weed the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.

This is no, &c.

SONG—NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN.

This "Lover's Complaint" was written as if expressive of the feelings of Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, an old and dear friend of the poet, and to whom it was inclosed in a letter to Thomson of the 2d August, 1735, marked "Une bavatelle de l'amitié."

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
The furrow'd, waving corn is seen
Rejoice in fostering showers:
While ilka thing in nature join
Their sorrows to forego,
O why thus all alone are mine
The weary steps of wo?

The trout in yonder 2 winpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art—
My life was once that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorched my fountains dry. 3

The little doe'll ret's peaceful lot,
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
Nae ruder visit knows,

1 Jean Lorimer.
2 Variations: "within you" and "glides swift."
3 This and the next two stanzas were transcribed into a letter written by the poet to Maria Riddell in Jan. 1736, with the remark: "The following detached stanzas I intend to interwoven in some disastrous tale of a shepherd despairing beside a clear stream." His last illness was then upon him, and he seems to have forgot that he had already utilized them as here shown.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
   And blighted a' my bloom,
And now beneath the with'ring blast
   My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
   And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
   In morning's rosy eye:
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
   Until the flowery snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
   Made me the thrall o' care.

O had my fate been Greenland snows,
   Or Afric's burning zone,
Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
   So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
The wretch whose doom is, "hope nae mair,"
   What tongue his woes can tell!
Within whose bosom, save despair,
   Nae kinder spirits dwell.  


SONG—O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

This song, sent to Thomson on the 24 August, 1785, is, so far as we are aware, the last of the series of songs the poet wrote under the inspiration of Chloris (Jean Lorimer). Burns seems to have written to the air "I wish my love was in a mitre," but in Thomson's collection the song is wedded to the tune known as "The wee, wee Man," and has its accompaniment composed by Haydn.

O bonnie was yon rosy brier,
   That blooms so fair frae haunt o' man;
And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
   It shaded frae the c'em'ln' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
   How pure amang the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
   They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

The story of Cunningham's unfaithful mistress, which formed the subject of the above song as well as of the songs, "She's fair and false," vol. iii. p. 20, and "Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore," vol. iii. p. 155, made a great sensation at the time. The young lady in question (whose real name was Anne and not Peggy), after "plighting her troth" with Cunningham, married Dr. Dewar of Edinburgh. Everything had been arranged for her marriage with Cunningham, who was devotedly attached to her; but Dr. Dewar (who had been paying her professional and friendly visits at the same time), although her senior by many years, and not to be compared to his rival in personal appearance or talents, persuaded her to break off the match. Cunningham at that time was in affluent circumstances, and the lady knowing that the doctor had "routh o' gear," she consented to marry him. This was a most severe shock to poor Cunningham. Such was his affection for the object of his blighted love that, long after she had jilted him, and even after he was married, he was seen stealthily, in the gloaming, to traverse for hours the opposite side of the street where she resided—pause for a moment opposite her windows, and when he had caught a glimpse of her, burst into tears—then wend his way slowly home by the most lonely path, completely absorbed in grief. This at last modified his hopeless passion.
All in its rude and prickly bower,
    That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
But love is far a sweeter flower,
    Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpled burn,
    Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
    Its joys and griefs alike resign.

TO CHLORIS.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF THE LAST EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

Burns himself described this piece as inscribed in a copy of his poems "presented to the lady whom, in so many fictitious reveries of passion, but with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of 'Chloris.'"

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
    Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
    The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
    Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms)
    To join the friendly few.

Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
    Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
    Did nip a fairer flower,)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
    Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
    The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow,
    On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
    Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
    With every Muse to rove;
And doubly were the poet blest
    These joys could be improve."

1 This, which was transmitted to Thomson along with the preceding, appears to have been the last of the poet's pieces that were inspired by Chloris. By the time that six months had elapsed he seems to have conceived a dislike to this fictitious name, and perhaps a coldness to the lady herself, To Thomson he writes in February, 1796: "In my lyric songs I dislike one thing—the name Chloris."
POEMS AND SONGS.

SONG—MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

This is said to have been written on seeing a beautiful country girl going along the High Street, Dumfries, equipped for a journey in the fashion of Scottish damsels of the time, namely, with her stockings and shoes for the time being bundled up in her hand, instead of on her feet.

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefoot maid I chanced to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were nae meet that those fine feet
Were weed lae'd up in silken shoes,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within you chariot girt aboon,

Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck; rippling
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship a rising,

Mally's meek, &c.

---

SONG—O WHA IS SHE THAT LOVES ME.?

TUNE—"Morag."

O wha is she that loves me,
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that loves me,
As dews o' simmer weeping,
In tears the rose-buds steeping!

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
My lassie ever dearer;

---

1 Mally is, of course, an endearing substitute for Mary, but it has not been a frequent one with amatory poets, either before or after Burns's time. The song was written for Johnson's Museum.

2 This song was probably written towards the end of summer, 1785. It appears to have been submitted to the criticism of Robert Coghill in a visit that gentleman made to the poet in the August of that year. Coghill on returning to Edinburgh made Burns a present of a beautiful edition of Gavin Douglas's poems, and in a letter accompanying the gift requests a copy of the above song. Owing to a long illness which followed the death of his daughter the poet was unable to gratify his friend's request till January, 1786, when he sent the song along with a letter detailing his unfortunate condition. In that copy the opening line of the song runs:

O wha you wha that loves me.
POEMS AND SONGS.

O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a man to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That 'e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
Had ne'er sic powers aluming:
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking,
But her by thee is sighted;
And thou art all delighted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted,
If every other fair one,
But her thou hast deserted,
And thou art broken-hearted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

SONG—JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

TUNE—"Bonnie lassie ta' a man."

This simple and natural song was written for the sixth volume of Johnson's Museum, where it is wedded to a fine melody having the same characteristics.

Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss,
O'er the mountains he is gone;
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sleets and beating rain;
Spare my love, thou feathery snow,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.

When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome eve,
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his wakening be!
He will think on her he loves,
Finally he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at home.

1 "There is no great matter or merit, some one may say, in such lines as these—nor is there; but they express sweetly enough some natural sentiments, and what more would you have in a song?"—Professor Wilson.—The air for which the song was written is old.
POEMS AND SONGS.

TO MR. SYME,
ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM, AFTER HAVING BEEN PROMISED THE FIRST OF COMPANY, AND THE FIRST OF COOKERY, 17TH DECEMBER, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not, And cook,ry the first in the nation; Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit, Is proof to all other temptation.

POEM,

ADRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES.

[December, 1795.]

Friend of the Poet, tried and true, Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal; Alas, alack, the meek I desire, Wi' a' his witches,
Are at it, skelpin' jie and reel, In my poor pouches.

I modestly fu' fair wad hint it, That one-pound-one, I surely want it: If wi' the kizzie down ye sent it, It would be kind;
And while my heart wi' life-blood dainted, I'd heart in mind, 1

So may the auld year gang out meaning To see the new come hale, greenning, Wi' double plenty o'er the lennin? To thee and thine; Domestic peace and comforts crowning The kale design.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've beenicket, And by fell death was nearly nicket; Grim doom! he got me by the fecket, And sair me shent; But by guid luck I lap a wicket, And turn'd a neuk.

1 In such terms did Burns request a small loan, Making his request in rhyme seemed to take the edge off its abruptness. Mr. Mitchell, to whom the poem is addressed, was a kind-hearted man, and to his friendship the poet was under other obligations. He was also a man of such superior education and intelli-

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But by that health, I've got a shrew o' t,
And by that life, I'm warn'd to mair o' t,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o' t;
A tentier way;
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o' t,
For ance and aye!

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.
A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE—"The Dragon of Wrothley."

This "ballad" was written on the election of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, declined Jan. 12, 1786, when the Hon. Henry Erskine, the existing dean, was displaced in favour of his Tory opponent Robert Dundas of Amadon. Erskine being a favourite with all parties, even with his political opponents, his removal from office not only displeased himself and his friends, but was scarcely satisfactory to those who had combined to displace him. It was especially irritating to Burns, to whom Erskine had been both a friend and a patron, and he relieved his feelings in the following satirical ballad. Burns was also here fighting for his own hand, for "pious Bob" had given the poet an unpardonable slight in taking no notice of his elegy on the death of his father the Lord President. See vol. ii. p. 291.

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,¹
That Scot to Scot did carry;
And dire the discord Langside² saw,
For banovous, hapless Mary:
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
Than 'twixt Hal³ and Bob ⁴ for the famous job—

Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
Among the first was numbered;
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
Commandment tenth remember'd.
Yet simple Bob the victory got,
And won his heart's desire;
Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
Though the devil — in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy;
So, their worship of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,

¹The battle of Harlaw, in Aberdeenshire, fought in 1411, when the Highlanders under Donald of the Ises were checked by a Lowland force, and had to withdraw to their mountains and islands again. The slaughter on both sides was very great.
²The battle of Langside, near Glasgow, where Queen Mary's forces were defeated by those of the Regent Moray in 1568. ³The Hon. Henry Erskine. ⁴Robert Dundas.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the angel met
That met the ass of Balam.

In your heretic sins may you live, and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty! 1
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Hoomens and a certain King,
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

---

SONG—HEY FOR A LASS Wi' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"Bellamantunt acta."

This is apparently the first song written by the poet after his sad period of severe illness which extended over a large part of the autumn and winter of 1795-96. In reply to the letter which contained the song, Thomson says:—"Your 'Hey for a lass wi' a tocher' is a most excellent song, and with you the subject is new indeed. It is the first time I have seen you delasing the god of soft desire into an amateur of acres and guineas."

Awa wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms:
O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher,
The nice yellow guinea for me.

Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows,
And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
Then hey for a lass, &c.

And 'on when this beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possess;
But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
Then hey for a lass, &c.

---

1 This was the number of those who voted in favour of Henry Erskine; the other side mustered 122 voters.
POEM ON LIFE.\(^1\)

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE FERSTER, DUMFRIES.

[April, 1796]

My honour'd colonel, deep I feel
Your interest in the Poets' seat;
Ah! now swm' heart bea I to speel
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by holus pill,
And potion glasses.

O what a catty world were it,
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it;
And Fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve:
And aye rowth o' roast beef and craret;
Syne who wad starve?

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
I've found her still,
Aye wavering, like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that cast caramagole, andl Satan,
Watches, like bandrons by a ratton,
Our sinfu' saul to get a clant on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on,
He's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
To put us daft;
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie, aft buzzes by,
And ait as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy ait damn'd elbow yanks wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;
Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker treasure.

---

\(^1\)Areut Schuyler de Peyster, colonel of the Dumfries volunteers, of which corps Burns was a member, distinguished himself when serving in America, and after attaining the rank of colonel and commanding for many years the 8th Regiment he retired to Dumfries, the birthplace of his wife. He was a strict disciplinarian; but beneath a somewhat rough exterior concealed a warm and affectionate heart. He died at the age of ninety-six or ninety-seven, and was buried in Dumfries in November, 1822. The above poem was written in acknowledgment of his colonel's kindness in inquiring after his health.
POEMS AND SONGS.

Soon, heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy grinning laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind, he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this drauning drivel,
Abjuring a' intentions evil,
I quit my pen;
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! amen!

---

SONG—JESSY.¹

TEXT — "Here's a health to them that's wise."

This beautiful lyric, written when Burns was in his last illness, was addressed, like the following song and several other productions of this period, to Jessie Lewars. It was inclosed in a letter to Thomson of May, 1796, which was to be delivered by Jessie Lewars's brother, "a young fellow of uncommon merit."

Here's a health to thee I love dear,
Here's a health to thee I love dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

Altho' thou man never be mine,
Altho' even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling eye;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

¹ Jessie Lewars was the sister of a fellow-gaufer of Burns named John Lewars, whose father had been a supervisor in the excise. She was at this time about eighteen years of age, and being on intimate terms with the Burns family she acted the part of good Samaritan in ministering to the poet's wants during his last illness. She became the wife of Mr. James Thomson, solicitor, Dumfries, and died in 1855.
SONG—OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST!

_**TUNE—**"The Wren, or Lennox’s love to Blantyre."*

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder len, on yonder len,
My phal died to the angry airt,
I’d shelter thee, I’d shelter thee:
Or did misfortune’s bitter storms
Around thee blast, around thee blast,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a’, to share it a’.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o’ the globe,
Wit’ thee to reign, wit’ thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

SONG—O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.  

_**TUNE—**"Cordwainer’s March."*

O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
And swear on thy white hand, lass,
That thou wilt be my ain,

A slave to Love’s unbounded sway,
He ait has wrongt me mickle wae;
But now he is my deadly foe,
Unless thou be my ain.

O lay thy loof, &c.

There’s monie a lass has broke my rest,
That for a blink I hae lo’t best;
But thou art queen within my breast,
For ever to remain.

O lay thy loof, &c.

1 The heroine of this song was Jessie Lewars. One morning she had a visit from Burns, when he volunteered, if she would play any air she specially liked, and for which she wished to have new verses, to gratify her wish to the best of his power. She sat down to the piano and played over several times the melody of an old ditty ("The Wren"). As soon as his ear got accustomed to the tune, the poet sat down, and in a few minutes handed her the song. It is now usually sung to the old tune, but to music of exquisite pathos in the form of a duet by Mendelssohn.

2 This was written for Johnson’s *Museum*, in the sixth volume of which it appears. Stenhouse remarks: "It is adapted to the favourite old tune called the ‘Cordwainer’s March,’ which, in former times, was usually played before that ancient and honourable fraternity, at their annual procession on St. Crispin’s Day." The heroine may perhaps have been Jessie Lewars.
THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD IV.]

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

TUNE—"Buy Broom Brace fortune."

Mr. Heron succeeded in the election for Kirkcudbright of 1786 (see p. 210); but a dissolution having taken place in May, 1786, a new election was necessary, and on this occasion he was opposed by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart, a younger son of the Earl of Galloway. Burns, though then labouring under his last illnes, in fact within not many weeks of his death, entered into the contest with what strength was left him, and produced this "Excellent New Song." He did not survive to learn the issue. These election songs, which possessed merely a temporary and local interest, would not have been worth reproducing had they not upon them unmistakable marks of Burns's handwriting, performed too, at least as regards this last ballad, at a tragic period of his life.

Wha will buy my troggin,\(^1\) fine election ware;  
Broken trade o' Broughton,\(^2\) a' in high repair.  
Buy braw troggin, frae the lanks o' Dee;  
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,\(^3\)  
For an auld sang—it's thought the guedes were stown.  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's ee;  
Here's a reputation tint by Balmagie.\(^4\)  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn,  
Frac the downs o' Tinwald—so was never worn.\(^5\)  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the stuff and lining o' Cardoness's\(^6\) head;  
Fine for a solger, a' the wale o' lead.  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset, Baillie's\(^7\) scrap o' truth,  
Paw'd in a gin-shop quenching holy drouth.  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings frae the mause o' Urr;  
The crest, an auld crab-apple,\(^8\) rotten at the core.  
Buy braw troggin, &c.

---

\(^1\) A set of miscellaneous dealers, who used to travel in Scotland, were called troggers. Troggin is a general name for their wares. The underlying idea is that of barter, the word being a form of tryggin, to barter.

\(^2\) Mr. Murray of Broughton. For explanations of allusions to him and others see the notes to the first three "Hermon Ballads."

\(^3\) The Earl of Galloway.

\(^4\) Gordon of Balmagie.

\(^5\) A bitter allusion to Mr. Bushby of Tinwald Downs.

\(^6\) Maxwell of Cardoness.

\(^7\) Rev. Mr. Maxwell, minister of Baillie.

\(^8\) Burns here alludes to a brother wit, the Rev. Dr. Muirhead, minister of Urr, in Galloway. The hit applied very well, for Muirhead was a wind-dried, unhealthy looking little manikin, very proud of his genealogy, and ambitious of being acknowledged on
Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzarried,  
Pouncing poor Redcastle¹ sprawlin' like a taed.  
Buy braw troggin', &c.

Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names;  
Lately used at Cally christening Murray's crimes.²  
Buy braw troggin', &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieeston³ can boast;  
By a thievish midge they had been nearly lost.  
Buy braw troggin', &c.

Here is Murray's fragments o' the ten commands;  
Gifted by black Jock⁴ to get them off his hands.  
Buy braw troggin', &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin'? If to buy ye're slack,  
Hornie's turnin' chapman,—he'll buy a' the pack.  
Buy braw troggin', &c.

TO JESSY LEWARS.

This and the three pieces which follow were all written by the poet during his last illness. The first was written with red chalk, on the back of a bill of a menagerie of wild beasts. The "Toast" was scratched on a crystal goblet, containing wine and water, which Jessie Lewars was administering to him in bed. On the young lady herself falling sick, the poet wrote on another goblet the succeeding piece as an epitaph, and on her recovery added the last stanza.

Talk not to me of savages  
From Afric's burning sun,  
No savage e'er could read my heart  
As, Jessy, thou hast done,

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,  
A mutual faith to plight,  
Not even to view the heavenly choir  
Would be so blest a sight.

all occasions as the chief of the Mairheads!"—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—He was something of a poet, and possessed a fair share of the irritability of the poet. He had been already attacked by Burns in the second of the "Heron ballads." In retaliation he printed at Edinburgh a paraphrase of one of Martin's epigrams directed point-blank against Burns, which made the poet write severely:

Vuetras, shabby son of w—  
Why do thy patrons keep thee poor?  
Dbose-worthy service thou hast done,  
At once their helms and their post;  
Then art a prophet, a traitor,  
A liar, a clumsigne,  
Who to care (but) thou that wouldst sell,  
Say, have the common sewer of hell,

POEMS AND SONGS.

[Verse 1]

For whisky: Eke, most precious imp,  
Thou art a chamfer, danger, pimp;  
Wherever seen it thee, Vuetras, that  
Then still art poor as a church rat.

Mr. Mairhead died May 19th, 1808, aged sixty-eight. He is said to have written the fine old song, "Bless the Gawkie."  

¹ Mr. Lawrie of Redcastle.  
² "Cally," or Cally, mentioned in this verse, is the name of the residential mansion-house on the estate of the Murrays (now Murray-Stewart) of Broughton. Douglas had got the name of Carlinwark changed to Castle-Douglas.  
³ Mr. Robert Gordon of Collieeston.  
⁴ John Bushby.
POEMS AND SONGS.

A TOAST.

Fill with me the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the Poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast,
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

ON JESSY LEWARS' SICKNESS.

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn death's dart aside,
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS.

But rarely seen since nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

INSCRIPTION ON A BOOK,
PRESENTED TO MISS JESSY LEWARS, DUMPLING.

These lines were written on June 20th, 1790, and the book presented to the young lady was a copy of the Scots Musical Museum, in four volumes, on the fly-leaf of the first volume of which was this inscription.

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer—
That fate may, in her fairest page,
With every kindliest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
With native worth, and spotless fame,
And watchful caution still aware
Of ill—but chief, man's felon snare.
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward;
So prays thy faithful friend, the Bard.

The copy to be presented to Miss Lewars was requested by Burns in a letter to Johnson written some ten days before this inscription. The poet says: "My wife has a very particular friend of hers, a young lady who sings well, to whom she wishes to present the Scots Musical Museum. If you have a spare copy, will you be so obliging as to send it by the very first fyl."
POEMS AND SONGS.

[1796.  Aug 27]

SONG—FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.¹

TUNE—"Rothemurchie's Hunt."  

This song was sent to Thomson in a letter dated 12th July, 1796 (nine days before Burns's death), the poet being then at Bown, on the Solway Firth, whither he had gone for sea-bathing. In this song, the last he was doomed to write, we find the poet's thoughts wandering fondly back to the brightest days of his existence—those happy days in the autumn of 1787 which he had passed on "Devon's Banks" with Peggy Chalmers and Charlotte Hamilton. Which of these divinities was the inspirer of this lyric it would now be difficult to decide. The verses and the letter enclosing them are written in a character that marks the very feeble state of Burns's bodily strength.

Fairest maid on Devon banks,
Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
And smile as thou were wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee dear!
Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
Nor use a faithful lover so."

Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
Those wanton smiles, O let me share;
And, by thy beauteous self I swear,
No love but thine my heart shall know.

Fairest maid, &c.

SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

We have here collected a small number of songs that, being already in existence, were more or less altered by Burns for insertion either in Johnson's or in Thomson's work. They can hardly be called productions of the poet, and in some cases show little trace of his handiwork. Others already given might perhaps with equal propriety have been placed here—in such a matter, as will be easily understood, it is difficult to draw the line.

BONNIE DUNDEE.²

O what did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?  
O silly blind body, O dimna ye see?  
I gat it frae a young brisk soodger laddie,  
Between St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee.

¹ Another song to the same air will be found on page 154.
² The air "Bonnie Dundee" is very ancient—the smooth, flowing melody, we mean, with which the above song is associated, as also Hector MacNeil's well-known "Mary of Castleary," not the air of sir W. Scott's spirited song. To the last verse only of this song can Burns lay claim. He contributed it to the first volume of Johnson's Museum. Another version appeared in The Harp of Caledonia (Glasgow, 1818); it consists of three stanzas, the additional stanza being probably written by the editor—John
songs altered by burns.

ogs i saw the laddie that gae me!
if gae
dandled

aft has he dandled me upon his knee;
von der

may heaven protect my bonnie scots laddie,

my blessings upon thy sweet wee lippie,

my blessings upon thy bonnie e'er-dear!

thy smiles are swee like my blythe sodger laddie,

thon's aye the dearer and dearer to me!

but i'll bid a bow'ry on your bonnie lanks,

where tay runs wimpin' by sae clear;

and i'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,

and mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

her daddie forbad.

tune—"jumpin' john." 1

respecting this song stenhouse says: "the two humorous stanzas beginning 'her daddie forbad,'
to which the tune of 'jumpin' john' is united in the museum, were communicated by burns. they
are a fragment of the old humorous [anglo-irish] ballad with some verbal corrections."

her daddie forbad, her mimie forbad,
mother

forbidden she wadna bie;
would not

she wadna trow't the browst she brew'd 2
would so

wad taste sae bitterlie.
call

the lang lad they ca' jumpin' john
beguiled the bonnie lassie;

the lang lad they ca' jumpin' john
beguiled the bonnie lassie.

a cow and a calf, a yowe and a hant,
calf ew' half

and thretty guid shillin's and three;
dowry daughter

a very good tochter, a cotter man's dochter,
eyo

the lass wi' the bonnie black ee.

the lang lad, &c.

robin shure in hairst.

in january 1789 burns writes to his young friend robert ainslie in regard to this song: "i am still
catering for johnson's publication; and among others i have brushed up the following old favourite
song a little, with a view to your worship." it appeared in the last volume of johnson's museum.
the allusion to the "three green feathers and a whistle" will be understood when it is stated that
ainslie's profession was that of a writer or lawyer.

robin shure in hairst,
reaped harvest

i shure wi' him;
dance a reaping-hook

fiend a heuk had i,
stuck

yet i stack by him.

i gaud up to dunse,
went

'to warp a wah o' plaidin';
woollen stuff

struther's "st. johnston" is the poetical name of perth.

1 the earliest form of the tune with this ridiculous name is found under the title of "joan's packet" in
playford's dancing master (1657). to a slightly varied form of the air the famous song "lilliburlero" was set.

2 "she wouldn't have believed the drink she brewed."
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

At his daddie's yeet,  
Wha met I but Robin?  
Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin hand,  
Tho' I was a cotter,  
Played me sic a trick,  
An' me the ells' dochter?  
Robin shure, &c.

Robin promised me  
A' my winter vittle;  
Fient haet he had but three  
Goose feathers and a whittle,  
Robin shure, &c.

SWEETEST MAY.

Sweetest May let Love inspire thee;  
Take a heart which he desires thee;  
As thy constant slave regard it;  
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money;  
Not the wealthy, but the bonnie,  
Not high-born, but mickle-minded  
In Love's silken bands can bind it!†

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The following song is given in Johnson's Museum (vol. ii.). The last three verses are said to be wholly the composition of Burns, but this we doubt. In the Museum the words are set to a simple pretty tune called "The Ploughman's Whistle."

The ploughman he's a bonnie lad,  
His mind is ever true, je;  
His garters kneel below his knee,  
His bonnet it is blue, je.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad!  
And hey, my merry ploughman!  
Of a' the trades that I do ken  
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at c'en,  
He's aften wat and weary;  
Cast off the wat, put on the dry,  
And gae to bed, my dearie!  
Then up wi't a', &c.

†This song appears in Johnson's Museum as written for the work by Burns; but it is simply an altered version of the first eight lines of a song of Allan Ramsay's which ran thus—

My sweetest May let Love incite thee  
Task a heart which he inspires thee;  
And as your constant slave regard it,  
Bye for its faithfulness reward it.

Tis proof a shot to birth or money,  
But yields to what is sweet or bonnie,  
Receive it then with a kiss and smile,  
There's my thumb it will never beaulce thee.

Ramsay's song comprises other sixteen lines—mostly inferior.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,  neckcloth
And I will dress his o'erlay,
I will make my ploughman's bed,  
And cheer him late and early.
Then up wi't a', &c.

I have been east, I have been west,  
I have been at Saint-Johnston!  
The bonniest sight that ever I saw
Was the ploughman laddie dancein'.
Then up wi't a', &c.

Snow-white stockings on his legs,  silver
And silver buckles glancin';
A gude blue bonnet on his head,
And O but he was hand-some!
Then up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,  mow
And to the corn-mon, man;
I never gat my coo glee fon
Till I met wi' the ploughman.
Then up wi't a', &c.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

The following is printed as it appears in the second volume of Johnson's Museum. Stenhouse says the concluding stanza was taken from a Jacobite ditty, "apparently the production of an anonymous versifier about the beginning of last century." The air to which the words are set in the Museum was afterwards selected by Burns for a song more worthy of his genius—"Scots wha has wi' Wallace bled."

Cock up your beaver, and cock it in' sprush, smart
We'll over the border and gie them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour—Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN'.

The day is near the dawin';
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fon.

That is, Perth.

The first stanza is part of a song preserved in Herd's collection. The second also is partly from the same. The air to which the words are set in Johnson's Museum is taken from Playford's Dancing Master (1657).
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

Hey tutti, taitii,
How tutti, taitii,
Hey tutti, taitii—
Wha's fun now?

Cog, an ye were aye fun, wooden drinking cup always full
Cog, an ye were aye fun, would
I wad sit and sing to you
If ye were aye fun.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king
And the company!
Hey tutti, taitii, &c.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'.

The second and fourth verses of this song (which first appeared in Johnson’s third volume) are from the pen of Burns; the others belong to a Jacobite ditty which is given in a more complete form in Hogg’s Jacobite Relics. The name Whigs was originally applied to the Scottish Covenanters, and continued to be used by the Jacobites as a term of reproach against all those who opposed the Stuart dynasty, and supported the Revolution of 1688 and the Hanoverian succession.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye’re but a pack o’ traitor loons,
Ye’ll do me good at a'.

Our thrisses flourished fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloomed our roses,
But Whigs came like a frost in June
And withered a’ our posies.

Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown’s fa’n in the dust—
Deil hlin’ them wi’ the stour o’l;
And write their name in his black book
Wha gae the Whigs the power o’l.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing:
The Whigs came o’er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi’ thriving.
Awa’, Whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta’en a nap,
But we may see him waken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a munkin.
Awa’, Whigs, &c.

1 The air to which the words are set in the Musæum is very old, and is the foundation of the tunes, “What ails this heart o’ mine,” and “My dearie, an ye die.” “I have now lying before me,” says Stenhouse, “a very ancient copy of it, in one strain, entitled, ‘t silly soul, slae.’ The second strain appears to have been added to it, like many others of this kind, at a much later period, by a slight alteration of the first.”
RATTIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

The following lines were taken by Burns to two stanzas of an old rough Border song, which, it seems, first appeared in print in the second volume of Johnson's *Miscellany*; we give the verses below. Burns says of his share of the production: "It was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments."

As I cam by Crochallan,  
I cautiously peeped in  
Rattin', roarin' Willie
Was sitting at your board—en—  
Sitting at your board—en—
And among good company;  
Rattin', roarin' Willie,  
Ye're welcome home to me!

AYE WAUKIN', O.

This song appears in the third volume of Johnson's *Miscellany*, and regarding it Stenhouse states: "The first stanza of this song . . . was written by Burns, and he even made some slight alterations on the very old fragment incorporated with his words." It seems doubtful if the whole is not old.

Simmer's a pleasant time,  
Rums precipice  
Flowers of ev'ry colour;  
Waking  
The water rins o'er the heugh,  
Sleep I can get none,  
And I long for my true lover!  
For thinking on my dearie.

Aye waakin', O,  
Sleep I can get none,  
Wankin' still and weary;  
For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,  
Sleep I can get none,  
When I wank I'm eerie;  
For thinking on my dearie.

Aye waakin', O, &c.  
Aye waakin', O, &c.

Laigher night comes on,  
Aye waakin', O, &c.  
A' the lave are sleepin';  
Eyes weeping

I think on my bonnie lad,  
I think on my bonnie lad,  
And I clear my een wi' greetin',  
And I clear my een wi' greetin'.

1 Dunbar was one of the friends that the poet made in Edinburgh during his first visit, in the winter and spring of 1786-7. Lively convivialist and ardent lover of old songs and ballads though he was, he had ultimately the honour of being appointed joint-inspector of stamp duties for Scotland; he died in 1807. The old verses run as follows:—

O rattlin', roarin' Willie,  
O, he held to the fair,  
And for to sell his fiddle
And for to sell his fiddle  
And buy some other ware;  
But partin' wi' his fiddle,  
The salt tear bint his eye;

And rattlin' roarin', Willie,  
Ye're welcome home to me!  
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
O sell your fiddle sue fine;  
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,  
And buy a pint o' wine!

If I should sell my fiddle,  
The war! would think I was mad;  
For many a rascal day
My fiddle and I has had.

According to Robert Chambers, the hero of the above old ditty was of great celebrity in his day as a wandering fiddler.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

TUNE—"Cameronian Rant."

This piece was founded on a rhyming dialogue between "Will Lack-lade and Tom Cleat-clogie," written by the Rev. John Barclay, a dissenting preacher in Edinburgh, in which the clans were slightly treated. The feelings, though not the settled judgment, of Burns were in favour of the Jacobite cause, and he wished to produce a version more favourable to the Highlanders. Accordingly he selected the best passages from the dialogue, added others, and produced the piece as here given.

"O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or heid the sleep wi' me, man?
Or were ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"

I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reckin'-red ma' many a blench,
My heart, for fear, ga' song for song,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan dus,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

La, la, la, &c.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockaunds,
To meet them were in swaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blade outgush'd,
And many a bonk did fa', man.
The great Argyll led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles;
They louched the clans like nine-pin kyles,
They hack'd and bash'd, while broad sword clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd;

'No fey men died awa', man.

La, la, la, &c.

But had ye seen the phlibegs,
And skyrin' tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And Covenant True-blue, man:
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets o'er power'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath, they ferr the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They feld like frighted doos, man,

La, la, la, &c.

'O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The clans gannd frae the north, man:
I saw mysel', they did pursue
The horsemens back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight;

1 The battle of Sheriff-Muir was the most important incident of the brief rebellion of 1715. It was fought at a place about 2 miles from Dunblane in Perthshire, the royalist troops being commanded by the Duke of Argyll (the duke who figures in the Heart of Midlothian), the rebels by the Earl of Mar. Argyll with the royalist right defeated the rebels' left, while the rebels' right completely defeated the royalist left. The result was thus as indecisive as it is left in the above song.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And many a huntit, poor red-curt,
For fear amfast did swarm, man!"

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...indict...met...collectiun...Ca'...in...tlii...d...went...gacd...sorrow...the...Acd...it...it...lic...in...lie...'llt...lis...was...d...ii...ddVi's...fmni...jjia'...tdaiimK...f,'ias|n;cl...f,'avo...wheli...tht'ait;iit...Iji'idgo...iiwn...Wdt...slow...l'owds...ilicli...sdio...f...This...be...found...in...print...before."—R. B.—In...s...d...f...l...the...Museum...he...ad...tt...s...ran...Mrs. Burns,...whom...the...ditty...was...a...favourite,...pronounced...the...second...and...last...stanza...to...be...the...work...of...her...husband,...the...remainder...receiving...only...slight...improvement...at...his...hands. The...poet...wrote...an...entirely...new...version...for...Thomson's...collection...some...years...afterwards...in...September, 1794. This...will...be...found...at...p. 153.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

"This...beautiful...song...is...in...the...true...old...Scotch...taste,...yet...I...do...not...know...that...either...air...or...words...were...in...print...before."—R. B.—In...s...d...f...l...the...Museum...he...ad...tt...s...ran...Mrs. Burns,...whom...the...ditty...was...a...favourite,...pronounced...the...second...and...last...stanza...to...be...the...work...of...her...husband,...the...remainder...receiving...only...slight...improvement...at...his...hands. The...poet...wrote...an...entirely...new...version...for...Thomson's...collection...some...years...afterwards...in...September, 1794. This...will...be...found...at...p. 153.

| CA' the yowes to the knowes,                      | drive ewes knolls                        |
| Ca' them where the heather grows,               | streamlet rolls                         |
| Ca' them where the burnie rowes,               | went                                    |
| My bonnie dearie!                                | wrapped                                 |
| As I gaed down the water-side,                 | called                                  |
| There I met my shepherd lad,                   |                                      |
| He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,              |                                      |
| And he ca'd me his dearie,                     |                                      |
| 'C the yowes, &c.                               |                                      |

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

"Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
Beneath the hazels spreading wide
The moon it shines fu' clearly.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And nobody to see me.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

_Vol. III._
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

"Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Calf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my aruns ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie."

Ca' the yowes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I' se gang wi' you, my shepherl lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee,
Ye sall be my dearie!"

Ca' the yowes, &c.

---

MY COLLIER LADDIE.

TUNE—"The Collier Laddie."

This song appears in the fourth volume of Johnson's "Museum." "The words... as well as the tune," says Stenhouse, "were transmitted by Burns to Johnson in the poet's own handwriting. It appears in no other collection. In the Reliques Burns says, 'I do not know a blither old song than this.' The greater part of it, however, is in his own composition."

Whare live ye, my bonnie lass?
And tell me what they en' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean.
And I follow the Collier Laddie:

My name, she says, &c.

See you not your hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a're mine, and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie:

They a're mine, &c.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Well buskit up sae gaudy;
And ane to wait on every hand,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie:

And ane to wait, &c.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly:
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier Laddie:

I wad turn my back, &c.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spen't at night in' brawlie;
And make my bed in the collier's rank,
And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie:

And make my bed, &c.

Lave for lave is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should stand me;
And the world before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier Laddie:

And the world before me, &c.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE—"The Maid's Complaint." 1

Of these verses Burns remarks in his annotations on Mr. Riddell's copy of the Museum: "These words were originally English verses. I gave them their Scots dress." They remain English rather than Scotch still.

It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Allho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awaun desire.

Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenious wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna make thee see,
At least to see thee best.

Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

AS I WAS A-WANDERING.

TUNE—"Bien Meudiel no Mheadlaidh." (My Love did deceive me.)

We give the verses as they appear in the fourth volume of the Museum. Stenhouse remarks that they are said to be a correct Scottish metrical version of the Italian song sung to the above-named tune from an English translation communicated to Burns with the air, which he obtained during his Highland tour in 1787. It appears, however, that Burns has but altered (without improving) an old song preserved in Herd's collection, and added a stanza (the last) of his own.

As I was a-wandering in midsummer c'enin',
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;
Amang them I spied my faithless maide lover,
Which bied a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get another,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I couldn'a get sleepin' till dawin' for greetin',
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Weel, since he has left me, &c.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
Than ever hae actet sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, &c.

1 The tune is by Oswald, and, according to Stenhouse, "is one of the finest Scotch airs he ever composed." It would not, however, please current musical taste.
LADY MARY ANN.

Text—"Craigston's Growing."

This song was communicated by Burns to the fourth volume of the Museum, in the notes to which by Steenhouse we read: "It was modelled by Burns from a fragment of an ancient ballad, entitled "Craigston's Growing."

O, Lady Mary Ann, looks o'er the castle wall,
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba';
The youngest he was the flower among them a',—
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

O father! O father! an ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet:
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue;
And the longer it blossomed the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik;
Bonnie and bloomin' and straight was its make:
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The summer is gone when the leaves they were green,
And the days are awa' that we have seen;
But far better days I trust will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.  

---

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

Text—"Hey ca' thro'."

These verses were communicated by Burns to the fourth volume of Johnson's Museum, where they are united to an old air having a vigorous, cheery swing about it. Probably the first stanza and chorus at least are old.

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae nicker ado;
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae nicker ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae songs to sing:

1 The old ballad on which this song was founded came under Burns's notice during his tour in the north of Scotland. It is said to have had a historical basis. In an additional note to the Museum Kirkpatrick Sharpesays:—"It may be observed that young Urquhart of Craigston, who had fallen into the power of the Laird of Innes, was by him married to his daughter, Elizabeth Innes, and died in 1631. — See Spalding's History, vol. i. p. 36." We append a stanza of the old ballad:

Doughter, he said, if ye do weel,
You will put your husband away to the school,
That he of learning may gather great skill,
And he'll still be daily growing.

The young lady, it will be understood, was married to a mere boy.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring,
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come befain',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', &c.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.1

TEXT—"Kellyburn Braes."

The following humorous ballad appeared in the fourth volume of Johnson's *Museum*, and Stenhouse says it was written on purpose for that work, but was modelled from an old ballad sung to the same tune.

There lived a carle on Kellyburn Braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
(And the thyme it is with'er'd, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang gien,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do ye fen?"
(And the thyme it is with'er'd, and rue is in prime.)

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;"
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;"
(And the thyme it is with'er'd, and rue is in prime.)

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,"
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But gie me your wife, mun, for her I must have,"
(And the thyme it is with'er'd, and rue is in prime.)

"O welcome, most kindly;" the blythe carle said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd," worse called
(And the thyme it is with'er'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),

1 Stenhouse quotes from Crowe's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song* a ditty of sixteen stanzas entitled "Original of Burns's Carle of Kellyburn Braes," but this "pretended original" he declares to be "a contemptible modern fabrication." Crowe's collection was much indebted to Allan Cunningham, who, as it is well known, did not hesitate to palm off on Crowe his own productions for genuine antiques. The old verses on which Burns founded the ballad are perhaps those quoted in extenso in No. 62 of the *Percy Society's Publications* under the title of "The Farmer's Old Wife," of which we subjoin a stanza or two:—

There was an old farmer in Sussex old dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many know well,

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,—
"'tis of your family I must have now.
It is not your eldest son that I crave,
But it is your old wife, and she I will have."

She spied thirteen laps all dancin' in chains
She up with her pattens and bent out the tri brains.

And so on, the catastrophe in both songs being the same. The burden of the Scotch version is said to be very old; in Sussex, we are told, a whistling chorus takes its place.

The Kelly burn is a small stream forming part of the north boundary between Ayshire and Renfrewshire, running a rapid course of three and a half miles through a beautifully wooded gus, and falling into the Firth of Clyde near Wemyss Bay.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

He's carried her bane to his ain hallan-door;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

Syne hale her rae in, for a b— and a w—,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his hand,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

The earlin gaed thro' them like any wud bear,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

A reekit wee devill looks over the wa';
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

"I hae been a devil the feek o' my life;"
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rae is in prime.)

CHLOE.

TEXT—"Dainty Davie."

In sending this song to Thomson, Burns wrote:—"A song which, under the same first verse, you will find in Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, I have cut down for an English dress to your 'Dainty Davie' as follows," &c. The cutting down and adding a chorus is very nearly all that can be claimed for our poet, as may be seen by comparing it with the corresponding stanzas of the original given below.

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people, you might see
Perc'd all round on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe.

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun begun to rise,
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

---

MY LUVE'S LIK A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE:—"Graham's Strathaven."

Stenhouse says of the present charmingly simple lyric:—"This song was written by Burns and sent to Johnson for the Musum. The original MS. is now before me." Burns's MS. does not prove the song his, however. Various versions of what have been called the original song have from time to time been laid before public notice by such collectors as Peter Buchan, Allan Cunningham, William Motherwell, and last but not least Robert Chambers. 2

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
O I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

1 The original of the above song contains twelve stanzas, of which those that Burns has adapted are as follows:—

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,
One morning by the break of day,
Sweet Chloe, fresh and fair.

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girl on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
To breathe a purer air.

The feather'd people, one might see,
Perc'd all round on a tree,
With notes of sweetest melody,
They act a cheerful part.

Kind Phoebus now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.

2 From Chambers's version (which he received in 1825) we quote the following verses:—

O fare thee well, my own true love,
O fare thee well awhile;
But I'll come back and see thee, love,
Though I go ten thousand mile.

Till the stars fall from the sky, my love,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I'll be prove true to thee, my love,
Till all these things are done.

The song, still popular, is set to two different airs in the fifth volume of the Musum, but is now sung to neither; it has been united to the beautiful melody "Low down in the Broom," the arrangement of the opening line being altered:—

My love is like a red, red rose,
throwing the accent (as probably the poet would have thought better) on the word "love."
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

And fare thee weel, my only lave!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my lave,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

---

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.¹

TUNE—"Comin' through the rye."

This song appears in the fifth volume of Johnson's Museum. It is probably one of the many versions of a popular old song which the poet has done little else than retouch here and there.

Comin' through the rye, poor body,
Comin' through the rye,
She draig't a' her petticote,
Comin' through the rye.
O Jenny's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny's seldom dry;
She draig't a' her petticote,
Comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,—
Need a body cry.
O Jenny's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body—
Comin' through the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,—
Need the world ken?
O Jenny's a' weet, &c

---

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"If thou'll play me fair-play."²

"This song," says Steunhouse in his notes to the fifth volume of Johnson's Museum, "was compiled by Burns from some Jacobite verses, entitled the 'Highland Lad and Lowland Lassie,' printed in the celebrated Collection of Lyric Songs, Poems, &c., 1750."

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

¹ This song is still a favourite in the domestic circle and has been many years now in the concert-room, the following verses of unknown authorship being often added to or substituted for some of Burns's:

Among the train there is a swain
I dainties he mysel',
But what's his name, or what's his name
I daresay care to tell.
Hika lassie has her laddie,
None they say has I;
But a' the lads they smile at me,
When comin' through the rye.

² Steunhouse tells us, "The old appellation of the air was 'Cockle Shells,' and was known in England during the usurpation of Cromwell, for it is printed in Playford's Dancing Master, 1657. The Jacobites... composed no new tunes, but adapted their songs to such airs as were well-known favourites of the public. The melody to which the song is now usually sung has only a slight family resemblance to that in the Museum.
SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His loyal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Go! for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

O, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"Hughie Graham."

Only the first two stanzas of this song are by Burns, and even then were suggested by the thought contained in the following two, printed as an old fragment in Herd's collection, 1776. Burns sent his lines to Thomson in June, 1763, remarking of the older stanzas: "This thought is inexpressibly beautiful, and quite, so far as I know, original." Of his own lines he says: "The verses are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confess." Hence he wished those verses put first, in order that the song might be more effective.

O were my love yon lilac fair,
With purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When weary on my little wing.

How I wad mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude!
But I wad sing on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drop o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O! there beyond expression blest,
I'd cast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft fauld to rest,
Till they'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

Only one of the many
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Seal'd on her silk-saft fauld to rest,
Till they'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

wonder

if

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SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

[FIRST VERSION.]

Behold the hour, the boat arrive!
My dearest Nancy, O farewell!
Severed from thee can I survive?
Frah thee whom I have lov'd so well.
Endless and deep shall be my grief;
Nae ray of comfort shall I see,
But this most precious dear belief,
That thou wilt still remember me.

Along the solitary shore
Where flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye.

"Happy thou Indian grove," I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path shall be?
While thro' your sweets she holds her way
O tell me, does she muse on me?"

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

[SECOND VERSION.]

TUNE - "Oran-gool."

In sending this song to Thomson on the 31st August, 1786, the poet writes: "The following song I have composed for Ooran-gool. . . . I have this moment finished the song, so you have it glowing from the mint." When the reader compares this version with the one preceding, and learns that the latter was sent to Charinda on 27th December, 1781, previous to her departure for the West Indies to join her husband, he will see that Burns's statement is most misleading. Moreover the note at bottom of page will show that in what Burns describes as a song "glowing from the mint" he has really very little share.

Behold the hour, the boat arrive:
Thou guest, thou darling of my heart!
Sever'd from thee can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this surging swell,
You distant isle will often hail:
"E'en here I took the last farewell;"
There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye;

"Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
"Where now my Nancy's path may be?
While thro' thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me?"

1 It has been pointed out by Dr. Hatley Waddell, Rian of Dollar Institution, that Burns's song is but an adaptation of some verses in a long poem which
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May, 1774, p. H'l The poem In the niafrii/ine Ix'ars

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She weiN whore she des|iises.

The Iiarnile^s doye thus trenililing
The lav'noiis hawk piirsiiiiiK;
Awhile her tender

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Till doomed 111 certain ruin;
Afraid her w.nst of foes to meet.
No shelter near, no kind retreat.
She drops lum iilli the fah'iiei's feet,
For yeutler usiiye siiint;.


APPENDIX
TO
POEMS AND SONGS.

The following was the title of the original Kilmarnock Edition of Burns's poems:—

POEMS,
CHIEFLY IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT,
BY
ROBERT BURNS.

THE Simple Bard, unbrok'n by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart;
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's power inspire;
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

KILMARNOCK
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.
M.DCC.LXXXVI.

The poet's original preface was as follows:—

THE following tracts are not the production of the Poet, who with all the advantages of learned art, and perhaps amid the elegances and idlenesses of upper life, looks down for a rural theme, with an eye to Theocritus or Virgil. To the Author of this, and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, "A fountain shut up, and a book sealed." Unequainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners, he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language. Though a Rhymner from his earliest years, at least from the earliest impulses of the softer passions, it was not till very lately, that the applause, perhaps the partiality, of Friendship, wakened his Vanity so far as to make him think anything of his was worth showing; and none of the following works were ever composed with a view to the press. To amuse himself with the little creations of his own fancy, amid the toil and fatigues of a laborious life; to transcribe the various feelings, the loves, the griefs, the hopes, the fears, in his own breast; to find some kind of counterpoise to the struggles of a world, always an alien scene, a task uncost to the poetical mind; these were his motives for courting the Muses, and in these he found Poetry to be its own reward.

Now that he appears in the public character of an Author, he does it with fear and trembling. So dear is fame to the rhyming tribe, that even he, an obscure, nameless Bard, shrinks aghast, at the thought of being branded as "An impertinent blockhead, obstructing his conicence on the world; and because he can make a shift to jingle a few doggerel, Scotch rhymes together, looks upon himself as a Poet of no small consequence forsooth."

It is an observation of that celebrated Poet, that "Colesdivine Elegies do honour to our language, our nation, and our species, that "Humility has depressed many a genius to a hermit, but never raised one to fame." If any Critic catches at the word genius, the Author tells him, once for all, that he certainly looks upon himself as posset of some poetical abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a manœuvre below the worst character, which, he hopes, his worst enemy will ever give him: but to the genius of a Ramsay, or the glorious dawns of the poor, unfortunate Ferguson, he, with equal unaffected sincerity, declares, that even in his

1 Shenstone.
APPENDIX TO POEMS AND SONGS.

The contents of the Kilmarnock volume were as follows:

- The Two Dogs: a Tale.
- Scotch Drink.
- The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer.
- Postscript to the above.
- The Holy Fair.
- Address to the Bell.
- The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mallie.
- Poor Mallie's Elegy.
- Epistle to J. Smith.
- A Dream.
- The Vision.
- Halloween.
- The Ard Farmer's New-Year-Morning Salutation to his Ard Mare, Maggie.
- The Cotters' Saturday Night.
- To a Mouse.
- Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet.
- Lament, occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's Amour.
- Despondency: an Ode.
- Man was made to mourn: a Dirge.
- Winter: a Dirge.
- A Prayer in the prospect of Death.
- To a Mountain-Daisy.
- To Ruin.
- Epistle to a Young Friend.
- On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies.
- A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.
- To a Lone.
- Epistle to J. Lapraik, April 1st, 1785.
- To the Same, April 21st, 1785.
- To William Simpson, Ochilhee.
- Postscript to the foregoing.

Epistle to John Rankine, enclosing some poems.

Song—The Elgin of Barley.
Song composed in August.
Song—From thee, Eliza, I must go.
After the departure of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.

Epithet on a Humped Country Squire.
Epithet on an Old Occasion.
Another on the Same.

Epithet on a Celebrated Ruling Elder
- on a Noisy Politicus.
- for the Author's Father.
- for Robert Aikin, Esq.
- for Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

A Bard's Epithet.

The first Edinburgh Edition came out in April, 1787, with the following dedication, the original preface being now cancelled.

DEDICATION

TO THE NOBLES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CALEDONIAN BURY.

MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN,

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

Though much indebted to your goodness, I do not approach you, my Lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favours; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest Rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this Address with the usual son of a servile Author, looking for a continuation of those favours: I was bred to the Plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you, my illustrious Countrymen; and to
tell the world that I glory in the title. I come to congratulate my Country, that the blood of her ancient heroes still runs uncontaminated; and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. In the last place, I come to proffer my warmest wishes to the Great Fountain of Honour, the Monarch of the Universe, for your welfare and happiness.

When you go forth to waken the Echoes, in the ancient and favourite amusement of your Forefathers, may Pleasure ever be of your party; and may Social-joy await your return! When harassed in courts or camps with the jostlings of bad men and bad measures, may the honest consciousness of injured Worth attend your return to your native Seats; and may Domestic Happiness, with a smiling welcome, meet you at your gates! May Corruption sink at your kindling indignant glance; and may tyranny in the Ruler and Recklessness in the People equally find you an inexorable foe!

I have the honour to be, with the sincerest gratitude and highest respect, My LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, your most devoted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

EDINBURGH, April 4, 1757.

This first Edinburgh edition contained the following pieces in addition to those already given to the public in the Kilmarnock edition:

Death and Doctor Hornbook,
The Brig of Ayr,
The Ordination,
The Calf,
Address to the Unea Guild,
Tam Tamson's Elegy,
The Epitaph, and Per Centra,
A Winter Night,
Stanzas composed in the prospect of Death,
Verses left at a Reverend friend's house,
The First Psalm paraphrased,
A Prayer, under the pressure of violent Anguish,
Address to a Haggis,
Address to Edinburgh,
Song—John Barleycorn.
  When Guilford Good,
  My Nanny, O,
  Green grow the Rashes,
  Again rouffling Nature sees,
  Farewell to Ayr.

Another Edinburgh edition came out in April, 1793, in which appeared (among others) the following:

Verses written in Friars' Carse Hermitage.
Ode—Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Oswald of Auchinraith.
Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.
Epitaph on the Same.
Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.
Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.
Tam o' Shanter.
The Wounded Hare.
On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations.
The Humble Petition of Honorable Water.
The Soldier's Return.

A large number of the poet's songs first appeared—many after his death—in Johnson's Museum or in the somewhat similar work of George Thomson. Currie, again, in his edition of the poet's works, was the first to bring to light a number of pieces, such as: The Second Epistle to Davie; The Inventory; On dining with Lord Duer; Answer to the Guidwife of Wanchope House; Elegy on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair; Address to the Toorthach; the Lass o Ballochmyle; Monody on a Lady famed for her Caprice; &c. &c.

Thomas Stewart in 1801 and 1802 first gave to the world some highly important productions of the poet, including the Jolly Beggars; the Two Herds; Holy Willie's Prayer; the Kirk's Alarm; Letter to James Tennant, Glenconner; the Five Carlins; &c. &c.

NOTE

ON PIECES SOMETIMES ATTRIBUTED TO BURNS.

THE HERMIT OF ABERFELDY.

Who'er thou art these lines now reading,
Think not, though from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert dear;
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
 Hath led me here.

This poem was first incorporated among Burns's writings in Hogg and Motherwell's edition of his works, on the authority—not much to be depended on—of Peter Buchan. It is not in Burns's style.
APPENDIX TO POEMS AND SONGS.

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF LINLITHGOW ABBEY.

Ye holy walls that still sublime
Resist the crumbling touch of time, &c.

Mr. Scott Douglas says—"We are assured that these verses were composed about the year 1813, by Mr. W. Joseph Walter, tutor in the family of Maxwell of Terregles."

TO THE OWL.

Sad bird o’ night, what sorrow calls thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?

This piece, first published by Cromek, is said to have been written by an unknown person of the name of John M’Creddie. It was found in Burns’s handwriting, with occasional interlinearations, and probably had been submitted to him for his opinions and corrections.

THE VOWELS: A TALE.

Twas where the birk and sounding thong are pried,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And crumly directs the thickening blows:
Upon a time sir Abecce the great,
In all his pedagogue powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling torches to account.

This also was first published by Cromek, being found in the poet’s handwriting among his papers. The same may be said of it as of the foregoing: we can hardly believe it to be Burns’s own.

TO MY BED.

Thou bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature—Man! &c.

This was originally published in the Gentleman’s Magazine for May, 1759 (the year of Burns’s birth), with the initials “R. B.” attached, hence, probably, the error of attributing it to Burns.

LAMENT.

WRITTEN WHEN ABOUT TO LEAVE SCOTLAND.

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild waves of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while indently surveying
The storm’s gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Written by John Burt, who in 1814 was a schoolmaster at Kilmarnock, and who emigrated to the United States two or three years later, having first published a little volume of poems called Honest Poeties. A notice of him is given in the Contemporaries of Burns (1840).

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Here round theingle blooming,
Win sae happy and sae free:
Though the northern wind blows freezing,
Friendship warns the heart and me.
Happy we are ’a thefields,
Happy we’ll be yin an’ a’, &c.

First assigned to the poet in the 8vo edition of Cunningham’s Burns, but on no sufficient grounds. Certainly Burns never wrote “yin” for “ane.”

THE TITHER MORN.

The tither morn, when I forborne
Beneath an aik sat muirn, I
I did na trust I’d see my joy
Beside me gie the glommin, &c.

Often attributed to Burns, but Mr. Scott Douglas says: “We are satisfied that every word of it was written before Burns was born. It is given, with the music, in old English collections, under the title of ‘The Surprise, a favourite Scots Song,’ verbatim as in the Museum.” It also appeared in The Goldflock, Edinburgh, 1782.

TO THE LOVED XTH.

A poem by Mrs. Walter Riddell, published by Cromek as a fragment by Burns. It will be found complete in vol. iv. p. 242.

SHEILA O’NEIL.

A humorous song written by Sir Alexander Boswell. Strange that anyone should ever have thought it Burns’s.

EVAN BANKS.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India’s shore retires;
To Evan banks with tempestuous ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

In the Museum it is said to be “written for this work by Robert Burns,” but it is really the composition of Helen Maria Williams, a well-known authoress contemporary with Burns, and who had also some correspondence with him. See vol. iv. p. 140.
APPENDIX TO POEMS AND SONGS.

CASSILS' BANKS.

Now bank and brae are clad in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Glen's fairy-haunted stream
The birdsies flit on wanton wing.

This was written by Richard Gall (born in 1776, died in 1801) and is contained in a post-humous volume of poems by him published in 1819.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

This, like the preceding, belongs to Richard Gall. In Dr. Currie's edition it was attributed to Burns, but in Gilbert Burns's edition its true authorship is stated.

EPITAPH ON HIS DAUGHTER.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom, &c.

Really an epitaph written by Shenstone on Miss Ann Powell, though given in various editions of Burns's poems.

THERE GROWS A BONNIE MIRE-BUSH.

This well-known song is contained in the fifth volume of Johnson's Scots Musical Museum. Stenhouse says of it: "This song, with the exception of a few lines, which are old, was written by Burns for the Museum." We do not believe Burns can be credited with it at all. Stenhouse is not always to be trusted in such matters; he asserts, for instance, that the next two songs here commented on are by Burns, which is not the case.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

Powers celestial, whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant elimes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care.

This is contained in the fifth volume of the Museum, and by Stenhouse is attributed to Burns. It passed as a genuine production of the poet till 1870, when Mr. Christie, librarian of Dollar Institution, pointed out that it was taken, all but verbatim, from the Edinburgh Magazine and Review for 1774, "my Mary" being there, however, represented by "Serena."

COULD AUGHT OF SONG.

Could aught of song declare my pains,
Could artful numbers move thee,
The verse should tell, in labour'd strains,
O Mary, how I love thee.

Said by Johnson, in the fifth volume of the Museum, to be "written for this work by Robert Burns," and Stenhouse repeated the statement; but in 1870 it was ascertained to be taken from the Edinburgh Magazine for 1774. See preceding note.

THE CAPTIVE MIREBAND.

Dear Myr, the captive mireband's mine,
Twas all my faithful love could gain;
And would you ask me to resign
The sole reward that crowns my pain?

Contributed to the Museum by Burns and claimed as his by Stenhouse, but more probably lifted from some old magazine. See preceding notes.

END OF VOL. III.
MARY.

The protection
Exequias fair,
Ies I wander,
My care.

The fifth volume of the
Prose is attributed to
Genuine production of
Mr. Christie, librarian
Noted out that it was
From the Edinburgh
1774, "my Mary"
Represented by "Serena."

SONG.

Share my pains,
Move thee,
In labour'd strains,
Tree.

The fifth volume of the
Prose for this work by
Holmestead repeated the
Was ascertained to
Edinburgh Magazine for

LIBBAND.

Ribband's mine,
Love could gain;
To resign
Crows my pain?

Scena by Burns and
House, but more pro-
Bold magazine. See