

"But, Lord, remember me and mine,
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine
Excel'd by name"

Note that the temporal precedes the divine, and the gear anticipates the grace.

For rollicking humor, coupled with a finely executed attempt to flay his victim, "Death and Dr. Hornbook" is among Burns' cleverest satires. The poet represents himself as being in a mild state of felicity, induced by liberal potations of village ale, and, while wandering along in this happy state, he sees the rising moon—tries to count her horns, but is unable to make out whether she has three or four. Never was there a better description of a tipsy man—it is intensely humorous. Moving on his way he suddenly meets an awesome figure, armed with scythe and fish-speat. The description is very graphic.

"An, awfu' scythe, out-owre a shouther
Clear dangling, hang;
A three-tæd liester on the ither,
Lay large and lang.
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava;
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp and sma'
As cheeks o' branks."

The tipsy bard accosts the grim reaper in jocular fashion, and death, evidently in bad temper, unfolds his grievance. He reviews his long career of butchery and destruction, and tells of how, through all the ages of human existence, he has held the field of slaughter without a rival, until suddenly there arose this great Dr. Hornbook, with his new system of killing by *drap and pill*, and the old scythe and dart are thrown aside as the crude implements of a bygone age.

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap and pill."

The Holy Fair is an able and telling satire, and is full of a mild and rippling humor. To Burns' poetic soul the

"Vast unbottom'd, boundless pit
Fill'd fu' o' lowin brimstane,"