

Should meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mad at their grinaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, an' hauf-mile graces,
 Their raxin' conscience,
 Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
 Waur nor their nonsense.

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 They tak' religion in their mouth ;
 They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth,
 For what ? to gie their malice skouth,
 On some pair wight,
 An' hunt him down, o'er right and rath,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion ! maid divine !
 Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
 Who in her rough imperfect line
 Thus daurs to name thee ;
 To stigmatize fause freends o' thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

In similar vein, and illustrating his fierce wrath against hypocrisy, is his "Address tae the Unco Guid," still honoring true religion but stigmatizing her "fause freends":

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

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 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way,
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It makes an unco lee-way.

* * * * *
 Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman ;
 Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
 To step aside is human ;