

Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
 Anither gies them clatter;  
 Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,  
 He gies a Fête Champêtre.

one gives  
 talk

When Love and Beauty heard the news,  
 The gay green-woods amang, man;  
 Where gathering flowers and busking bowers  
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man:  
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,  
 Sir Politics to fetter,  
 As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,  
 To hold a Fête Champêtre.

dressing

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,  
 O'er hill and dale she flew, man;  
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,  
 Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man;  
 She summon'd every social sprite,  
 That sports by wood or water,  
 On th' bonnie banks o' Ayr to meet,  
 And keep this Fête Champêtre.

each  
 wood

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,  
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man;  
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',  
 Clamb up the starry sky, man;  
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,  
 Or down the current shatter:  
 The western breeze steals thro' the frees,  
 To view this Fête Champêtre.

cows

climbed

How many a robe sae gaily floats!  
 What sparkling jewels glance, man!  
 To harmony's enchanting notes,  
 As moves the mazy dance, man.  
 The echoing wood, the winding flood,  
 Like Paradise did glitter,  
 When angels met, at Adam's yett,  
 To hold their Fête Champêtre.

gate

When Politics came there, to mix  
 And make his ether-stane, man!<sup>1</sup>  
 He circled round the magic ground,  
 But entrance found he nane, man:  
 He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,  
 Forswore it, every letter,  
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share  
 This festive Fête Champêtre.

adder-stone

renounced (quitted)

<sup>1</sup>Certain small annular stones with streaked colour- | superstitious to be produced by adders and to have  
 ing are called adder-stones, and were supposed by the | magical powers.

"I comp  
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 more pleas  
 and to the  
 Burns' note

As to

<sup>1</sup>The song  
 mers, dated  
 displays very  
 of Mr. Ridd  
 of his marris  
<sup>2</sup>Burns sa  
 was compos  
 of Craigdarr  
 of my early  
 Mr. Fergus