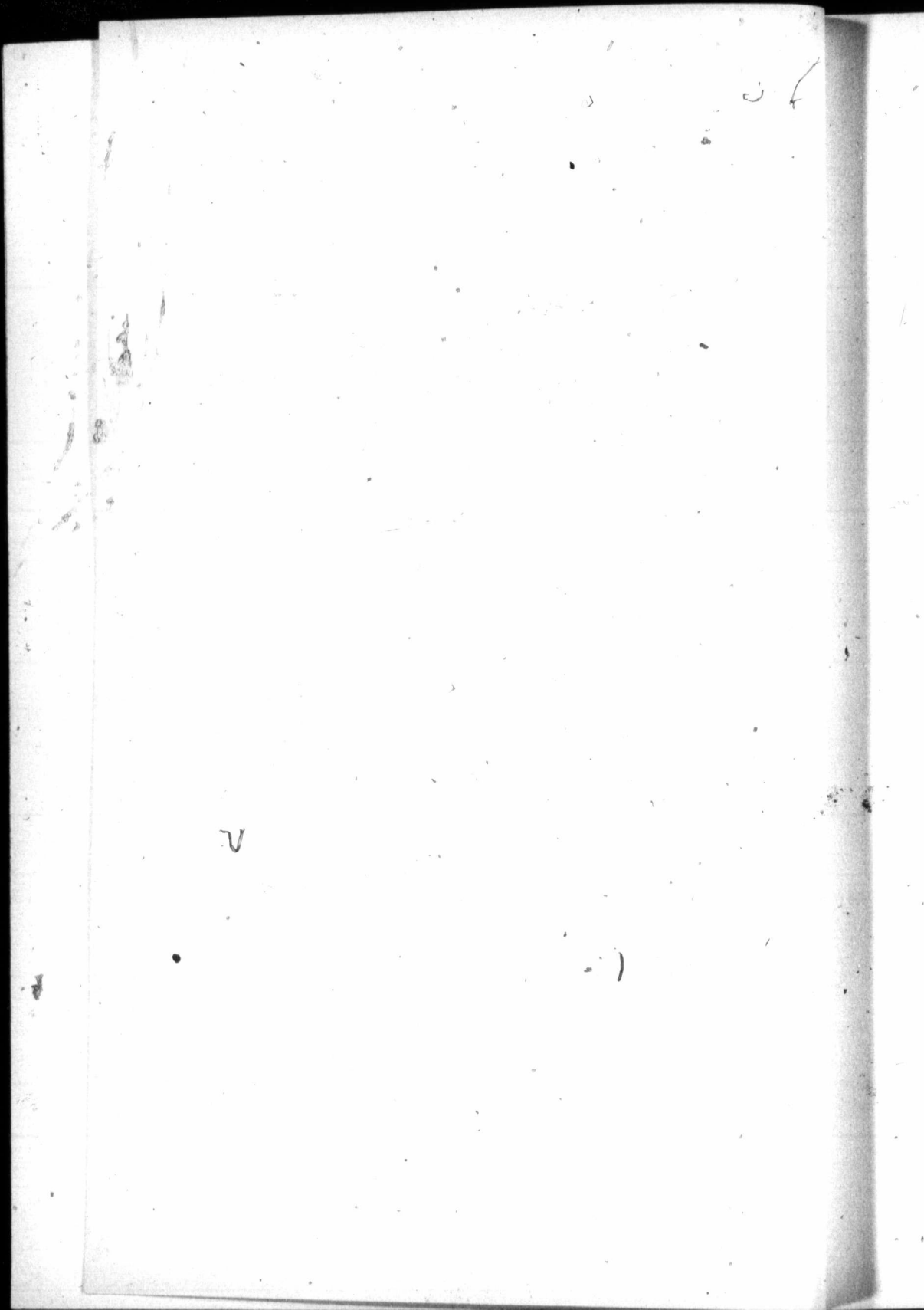
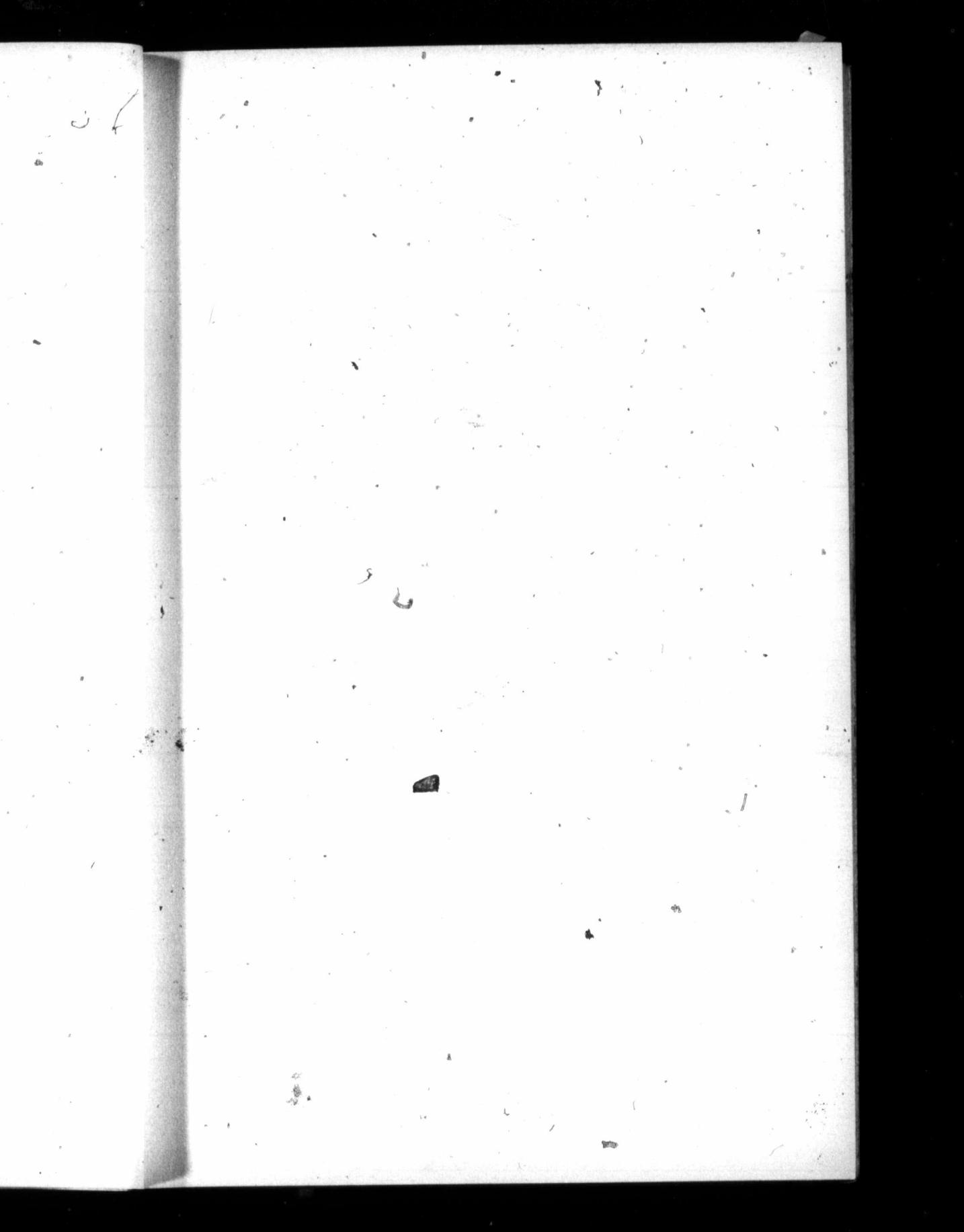
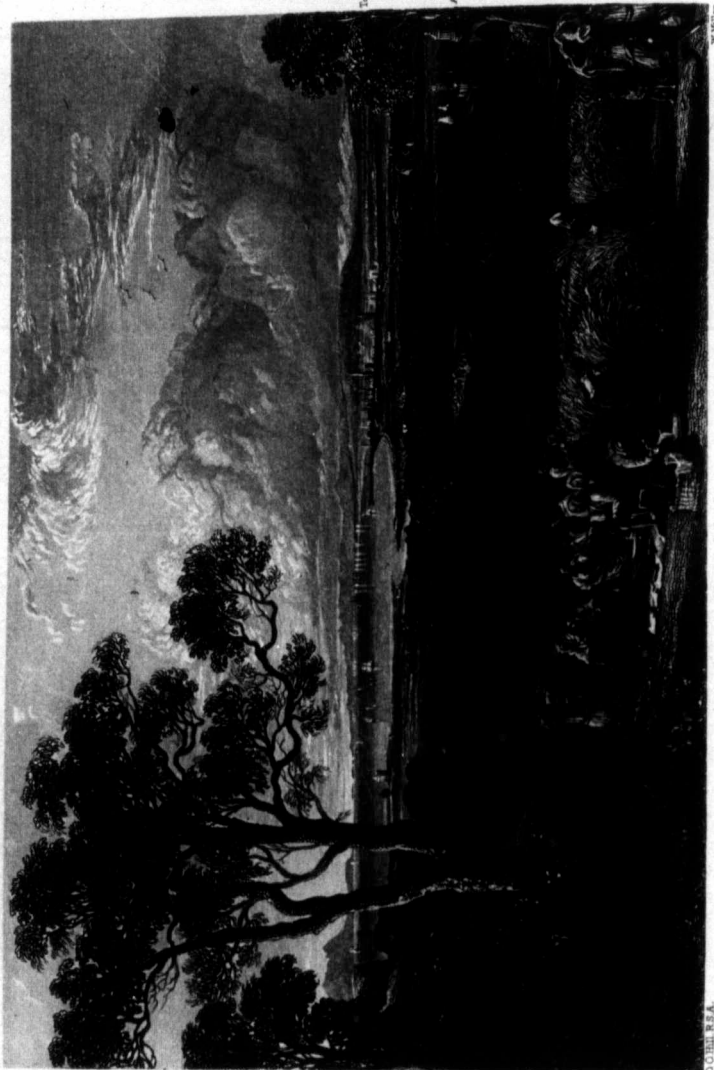


THE WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.









Island of
Arran,
Greenan
Castle.

Town of
Ayr
Burns' Mausoleum
and
Allanby Park

TO THE SEA.

Mouth of the Don.

AYR, AND THE FORT OF CLYDE

FROM DOWN CLIFF HILL

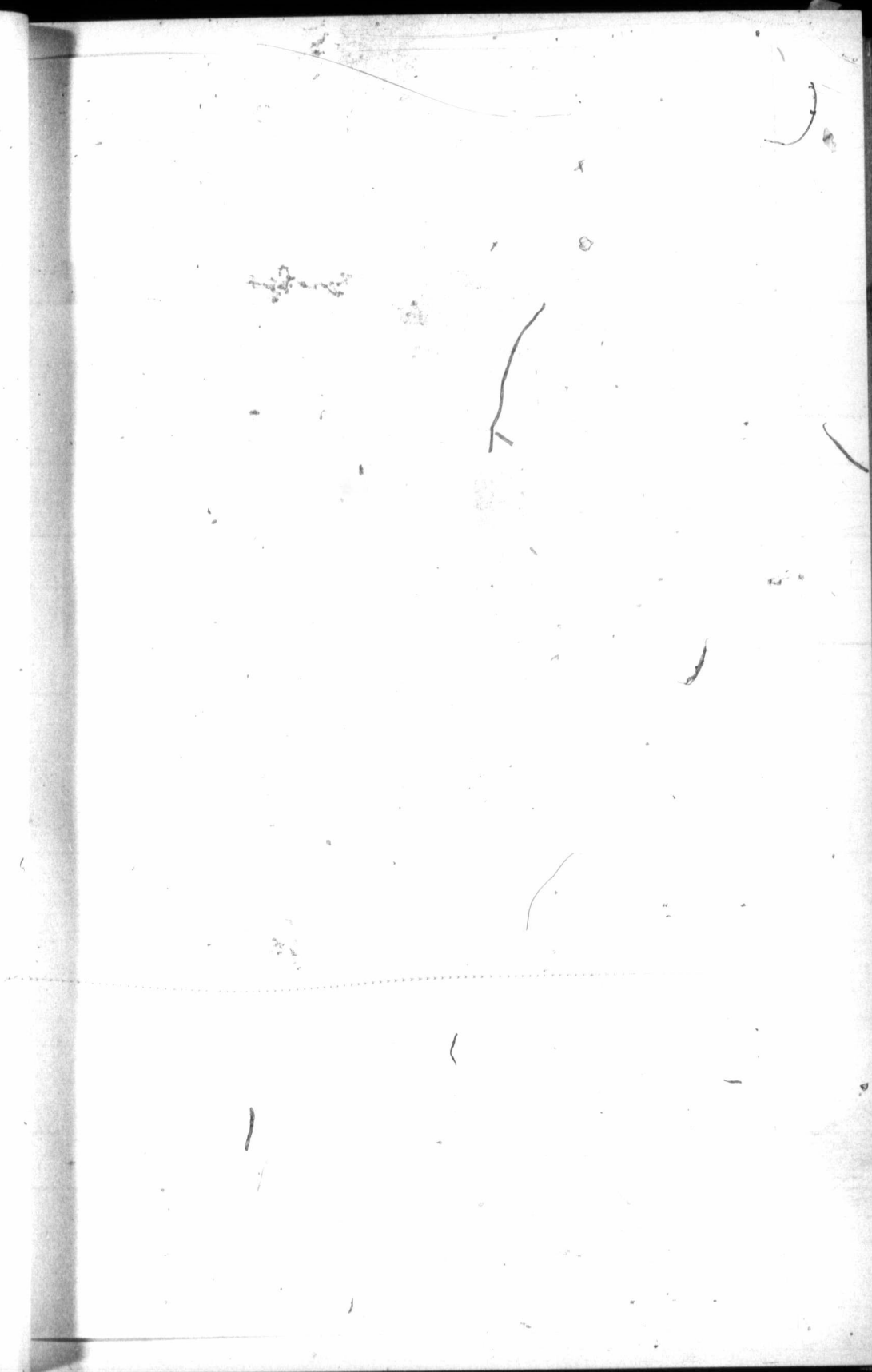
W. Miller

W. H. RAY

Mouth of the Deane.

AYR, AND THE FORT OF CLYDE
FROM BROWN CARRICK MIL.

1843



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THE WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

WITH
A SERIES OF AUTHENTIC
PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS,
MARGINAL GLOSSARY, NUMEROUS NOTES, AND APPENDIXES:

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.

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Sanquhar an
The Auld B
Elizabeth B
Scene on th
Glen Afton,
Kenmure C
Mill Monac
Lincluden /
Culloden M
Lucy Johns



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on Nith
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The Henped
Elegy on th
Ode to the
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How Wisdom and
Humid seal of soft
Husband, husband,

I call no goddess to
I coft a stane o' ha
I do confess thou a
If you rattle along
I gaed a waefu' gat
I'll aye ca' in by yo
Ill fated genius! H
Inhuman man! cur
In politics if thou v
In se'enteen hunde
In simmer, when tl
Instead of a song, l
In wood and wild,
I sing of a Whistle,
Is there for honest
It was a' for our ri

Jamie, come try me
Jockey's ta'en the p
John Anderson, my

Kemble, thou cur's
Ken ye ought o' Ca
Kind Sir, I've read

Last May a braw w
Late crippl'd of an
Let not woman e'er
Life ne'er exulted i
Long, long the nigh
Lord, we thank an'

Mally's meek, Mall
Mark yonder pomp
Maxwell, if merit h
My bottle is a haly
My Chloris, mark h
My Harry was a ga
My heart is a-break
My heart is sair—I
My heart's in the H
My honour'd colone
My love she's but a

No more of your gu
No more, ye warble
No song nor dance,
No Spartan tube, n
No Stewart art tho
Now in her green n
Now Nature cleeds
Now nature hangs l
Now rosy May come
Now spring has cla

O aye my wife she d
O bonny was yon ro
O, could I give thee
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W O R

This song was
which he speaks
expressive? I
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is more of the

This song is in
position of Burns,
yet how much of it
fairly open to que-
ri-
ments. It was sent
notes to this work
dedged to Johnson
were his. In Sep-
Thomson with the
had said to Mrs.
and I have done
mediocre; but the
olden times, and
even in manuscript
man's singing, is
on two very differ-
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THE
WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

POEMS AND SONGS.

1788 TO 1796

SONG—AULD 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, 'Auld lang syne' 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 syne? long ago
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes, slopes
An pu'd the gowans fine; pulled daisies
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.
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, 1793, 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 syne.' 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 "auld lang" for "days o' lang" in stanza first, "my jo" for "my dear" in the chorus, "weary fitt" for "weary foot" in stanza second, and "frien" for "flere" in stanza fourth. See also the Thomson Correspondence.

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

paddled brook
 from
 broad

For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!
 And gie's a hand o' thine!
 And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,¹
 For auld lang syne.

companion
 draught of right good
 [will

For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely 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 blaws frae the ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick Law,²
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

cup

from

must

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 Edin on Doveran (or Deveron) side, grandfather to the celebrated Archbishop Sharpe. We quote the stanza, but would remind the reader that at times, when Buchan failed to find what he wanted, he straightway invented it:

Ye'll 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.

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 for foreign service. The tune to which the words are set in Johnson's *Museum* was recovered and communicated by the poet. A new melody more pleasing to modern ears has been constructed from it.

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

¹ This poem in its June, 1788, in a her dell of Glenriddell short distance from given Burns a key a of this privilege th the pleasant summ beautiful hermitage this production th hands. Some of th one of them, indee original draught, di except the first six The lines that dif following notes. ¹ in our text dates f dozen of the lines at a diamond on a par The piece (like one period) seems to be: of Dr. Moore, given before, to write les thereby limited th who understood th 1787, Dr. Moore wr you already possess command of the Ei fore to deal more s vincial dialect—wh the number of your the Scottish, when y

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.

¹ This poem in its original form was written about June, 1788, in a hermitage belonging to Captain Riddell of Glenriddell and Friars' Carse, situated at a short distance from Ellisland. 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 23d, 1787, 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."

² In one MS. two lines are inserted after these:—

Day, how rapid in its flight—
 Day, how few must see the night.

³ The poet sent an early copy of the piece to his friend Mrs. Dunlop. In a letter from Mauchline, dated August 2d, 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 favours 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 tend'rest flow'r of spring;
 Pleasures, insects on the wing.
 Those that sip the dew alone—
 Make the butterflies thy own;
 Those that would the bloom devour—
 Crush the locusts, save the flower.
 For the future be prepared,
 Guard wherever thou canst guard;

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 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-pinion'd, bold,
 Soar around each cliffy hold,
 While cheerful Peace, with linnet 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 ruminatè, with sober thought,
 On all thou'st 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?¹
 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 giv'n.
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid self-enjoyment lies:
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
 Lead to the² wretched, vile, and base

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the³ bed of lasting sleep;
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er 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.

quoth

But, thy utmost duty done,
 Welcome what thou canst not shun.
 Follies past, give thou to air,
 Make their consequence thy care
 Keep the name of man in mind,
 And dishonour not thy kind.
 Reverence with lowly heart
 Him whose wondrous work thou art;
 Keep his goodness still in view,
 Thy trust—and thy example, too.

¹ In one MS. instead of the above lines these appear:—

Say, the criterion of their fate,
 Th' important query of their state,
 Is not, Art thou high or low?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
 Wert thou cottager or king?
 Prince or peasant? no such thing.

² MS. variation "be." ³ MS. variation "thy."

¹ These lines do the Burns mint, their Burns author. They appeared, first in a periodical, of Burns.

² The first reference to the poet's letter to Mr. Graham in which he says, "I am not by the halter do you like the follies?" I intend to interweave then transcribes the poem. On the 20th MS. of the poem with a letter corner "This poem" (the letter to Mr. Graham of style of Pope's epigram new to me; but I essay of the kind, gress. These fragments but a small part of shall be the work years; of course. The fragment begins &c., I have not sent it to you. It for definition of a class

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.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
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 Mrs. 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 Dulness, which I intend to interweave in the 'Poet's Progress?'" He then transcribes the concluding twenty lines of the poem. On the 20th of the same month he sent the MS. of the poem to Professor Dugald 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 Bailie of Edinburgh?"

The section commencing abruptly "Crochallan came" forms a sketch of William Smellie, Edinburgh. See the epigram "Shrewd Willie Smellie," &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 crippl'd 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 subtile wiles ensure;
 The cit 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, tortur'd in th' unequal strife,
 The hapless Poet flounces 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 deceas'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 | Edinburgh University both before and after the time
 of European fame, and one of the professors in | of the poet.

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 mete 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—nay, 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 might—
 'Twas four long nights and days from shaving night!
 His uncomb'd, hoary 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' 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 so the workings of their moon-struck brain.
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring 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 dear 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.¹

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 reflec!
 A *Townmont*, Sirs, is gane to wreck!
 O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space
 What dire events hae taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us!
 In what a pickle thou hast left us!

The Spanish empire 's tint a head,³
 An' my auld toothless Bawtie's⁴ dead;
 The tulzie 's teugh '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 dour o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden—
 Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,
 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 een,
 For some o' you hae tint a frien';

twelvemonth

lost

struggle tough

the one

remarkably

the other stiff

pulpit

hoarse rough-voiced

both money

copper

result

wipe ²eyes

lost

¹ These lines were probably intended to form a part of the "Poet's Progress" given above.

² This 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 Cromek in 1808, his version differing slightly from that which had been given by Stewart.

³ Charles III., King of Spain, died 13th December, 1788.

⁴ A favourite dog is so called familiarly in Scotland.

"The inclosed probably, knew her neighbourh most heartfelt wrath, she was Baillie Whigham grim evening ar both much fatig defiance to the Oswald, and po my young favor the wildest moc prose sink unde New Cumnock Letter to Dr. M

¹ Referring to the of the year, which the day, had frozen

² Symptoms of in the king in Novemb posals for the choic to mean fettered so it may be an error

³ This ode, unfor savageness of inve

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

STROPHE.

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'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest;
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies,¹ 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 glitt'ring pounds a year
In other worlds can Mammon 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 fause.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,	false
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;	much

¹ "The lands of Auchincruive were purchased, about 1760, by Richard Oswald, husband of the lady held up to execration 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 com-

missioner for negotiating a peace with the United States of America."

² The above satirical fling at womankind (how unlike the bard!) was sent to the fourth volume of *Johnson's Museum* along with its tune, a rather sprightly and pleasing melody. It is supposed that the song refers to the case of the poet's friend Alexander Cunningham which also gave rise to the songs "Had I a Cave," and "Now Spring has clad." See note to the latter song.

In a letter to *L* opinion of some It is Love, too, t'ance, whose *erim* to write to him, i

In a letter to G Captain Montgor could proceed ag the Bench were u hot divorce his w

¹ This fragment was Paterson's edition of I were quoted in the at ningham. The second last lines of the prece so far as is known, wa The third section first dell's edition of Burns printed in the Aldin; addressed to Clarinda part of the authorized pondence of 1843. Th in the British Mus: VOL. III.

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 hae tint my dearest dear;
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

fool much wealth
 lost

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form 's fa'n to thy share,
 'Twad been ower meikle to gi'en thee mair—
 I mean an angel mind.

wonder

fallen
 it would have been too
 [much]

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 begun 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 *erim. con.* amour 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 (8th March, 1787) 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 squalid cot;
 Shunn'd, hated, wrong'd, unpitied, unredrest,
 The mock'd quotation of the scorner'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 This 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 second section, along with the two last lines of the preceding one, were copied into what, so far as is known, was Burns's last letter to Clarinda. The third section first appeared in Dr. Hatley Waddell's edition of Burns (1867); and the last was first printed in the Aldine edition (1839) as having been addressed to Clarinda in 1788, but the verses form no part of the authorized edition of the Clarinda Correspondence of 1843. 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, 1783, in company with Captain Montgomery (of the 93rd 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."

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

Mild zephyrs waft thee to Life's farthest shore,
Nor think of me and my distresses more,—
Falsehood accurst! 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—stifed 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.

¹ Quoted from Pope's "Sappho to Phaon."

² The 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 Cameleon-

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 ethnology and history are both a little confused.—The ballad was sent to the *Musical Museum*, but was not inserted

¹ The battle of Luncarty was fought on the 2d Oct. 1492, between the English invaders under King James IV. and the Scots under King James V. in a decisive victory.

² Luncarty or Luncarty, a battle between the Norsemen and the Scots, fought on the 2d Oct. 1492, between the English invaders under King James IV. and the Scots under King James V. in a decisive victory.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred, the heroine grew:
 Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,—
 "Whoe'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 fav'rite 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 pounces 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 scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
 The wild Scandinavian boar 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 Luncartie² 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 2d October, 1263, between the Norse invaders under King Haco, and the Scotch, resulting in a decisive victory for the latter.

² Luncartie or Luncarty 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. (970-994), 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.

TO JOHN M'MURDO, 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 RIDDELL, GLENRIDDELL.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 RIDDELL.³

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

makes ashamed

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, 1789, 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 carpings of a "hackney scribbler."

³ The above lines form a reply to a rhymed note of

his friend and neighbor
which runs as follows

Dear Bard,
For it will
So come
We'll twa
And while
And sper

It is evident from the arrangement between the two poems, that the above is a literary interest; and a familiar introduction of the poet and Captain Ridgell, their acquaintance three leaves" to be indicate that Burns for his host those the Glenriddell MS Liverpool.

¹ Ann Masterton, teacher of writing Edinburgh, was the Masterton afterwa

SONG—BEWARE O' BONNIE ANN.¹

TUNE—"Ye Gallants Bright."

Ye gallants bright, I rede you right, advise
 Beware o' bonnie Ann;
 Her comely 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 jimply lac'd her genty waist, slimly elegant
 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 bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man;
 Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', handsome
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.

LETTER TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER.²

Auld comrade dear and brither sinner,
 How's a' the folk about Glenconner?
 How do you this blae eastlin' win'? bleak easterly
 That's like to blaw a body blin'? blow a person blind

his friend and neighbour, the Laird of Friars' Carse, which runs as follows:

Dear Bard, to ride this day is vain,
 For it will be a steeping rain,
 So come and sit with me:
 We'll twa or three leaves fill up with scraps,
 And whiles 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 "twa 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 Glenriddell MSS. now in the Athenaeum 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, 1789, and published in Johnson's third volume, united to an air composed by Allan Masterton himself.

² James Tennant of Glenconner, in the parish of Ochiltree, Ayrshire, was the son of the "guid auld Glen" of this rhyming epistle, the sagacious farmer who had accompanied the poet to Nithsdale at the end of February, 1788, 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 Glen"), was tenant of a farm near the Bridge of Doon. "Preacher Willie," the half-brother of James, was the Rev. William Tennant, LL.D., author of *Indian Recreations*, 1804, and *Thoughts on the Effect of the British Government on the State of India*, 1807, who was chaplain to the troops in Bengal, and died at Glenconner in 1813. "Wabster Charlie," brother of "Preacher Willie," became the founder of the famous chemical works of St. Rollox, Glasgow. "The manly tar, my mason-billie," according to Mr. Scott Douglas, was David Tennant, another brother, who latterly lived at Swansea. "Auchenbay" and "Singing

For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly dozen'd. numbered
 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, much
 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. weavers
 But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae cursèd douce, serious
 I pray and ponder butt the house. in the kitchen
 My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin',
 Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston;
 Till by an' by, if I haud on, hold
 I'll grunt a real Gospel-groan:
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my een up like a pyet, eye magpie
 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 wale of honest men: pick
 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 fam'ly far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!¹ wealth

My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my mason-billie, brother
 And Auchabay, 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, Peeblesshire, is the grandson of "Wabster Charlie."

Burns wrote to Robert Ainslie on 3d March, 1788, of John Tennant—"he is, without exception, the most intelligent farmer in the country."

¹"This 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 courtesies of life in song. His account of having 'grown sae cursèd douce,' and scorching himself at the fire—

Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston,

is archly introduced."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

¹ This was written being as follows:—1 October, 1788, Geor fever, and in a few The privy-council, o agreed that he coul discussing before I Regency Bill, C. J. declared on the 10 Wales had as clear reins of government reigny during the i case of his majesty premier, held, on

And not forgetting wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 And, Lord, remember singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, and a bannock. whole breeches oat-cake
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy;
 And her kind stars hae airted till her directed
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller. fellow some cash
 My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate and sister Janet;
 Tell them frae me, wi' chiebs be cautious, fellows
 For, faith, they'll aiblins fin' them fashious: perhaps troublesome
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.—
 And lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,
 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 enugh o' needfu' clink. money

 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 quat my chanter. quit my pipe
 Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

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),

¹ This was written in the spring of 1789, the occasion being as follows:—After attending a levee on the 24th October, 1788, 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, 1789, 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 1874 in Bright's Selections from the Glenriddell MSS. in the Athenæum Library, Liverpool.

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-starr'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,
 (Their 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-prest sons of Care
 Never, never to despair!

A NEW

In a letter to
 certain monarch
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 See note to prec

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 pourtray 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, 1789) 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 se'ennight. . . . I must say that I look on the whole business as a solemn farce of pageant mummery. The following are a few stanzas of new psalmody for that 'joyful solemnity,' which I sent to a London newspaper, 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 o'erflowing river.

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,¹
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.²

Yet they, even they, with all their strength,
Began 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 M'Gill.³

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.⁴

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. M'Gill 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, 1787, and sent him several of his productions. See the letter in its proper place; also note to "Delia," p. 33.

From Ellisland, (head, which I at p how long that fancy

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FRAGMENT,

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

From Ellisland, on May 4th, 1789, Burns wrote to Mrs. Dunlop:—"I have a poetic 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 L—d, 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.

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 for some time
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 place; also note

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-nodding 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 Burps writes, 4th May, 1789:—"I have just put the last hand to a little poem, which, I think, will be something to your taste:—One 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 crippling by me. You will guess my indignation 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 barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye:
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wand'rer 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 playful pair crowd fondly by thy side;
Ah! helpless nurslings, 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 stanza you have chosen; it does not flow fourth line is almost first, and the two int were you, I would put Stanza 1. The excretion too strong or coarse; aiming' is a bad com intelligible. 'Blood-st the very same fault; better. You have a epithets, and have no they appear to other poetic fancy and tend had written, 'Why th how would you have poetic, nor a dignified is a mere sportsman's or serious poetry. 'Innocent,' in this ser may pass. Stanza 4. life a mother only ca it is not grammar—I mean, 'provide for th bestowed and used to "It must be adm criticism is not more than by its freedom fr not to smile at the be supposed to have as the sailors say, to In a letter which he Gregory is a good m again, 'I believe in but, like the devils, ever, he profited by will find by compari with that subsequen will probably be a li which Burns "proff criticism finally deci given above.

A note of Mothe

Oft as by winding 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.

Hare' 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 execrations in the first two lines are too strong or coarse; but they may pass. 'Murder-aiming' is a bad compound epithet, and not very intelligible. 'Blood-stained,' in stanza iii. line 4, has the very same fault; *bleeding* bosom is infinitely better. 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. 'Mangled' 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 you 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 not to smile 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, 'Dr. Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me.'—And again, 'I believe in the iron 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 finally decided 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-besprinkled 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 hae don't, though I was both young and strong.'" Apart from the fact, known especially from the "Brigs of Ayr," that the poet regarded the sportsman's craft with abhorrence, notwithstanding his jocular allusions to it in "Tam Samson'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 Della Cruscan style of poetry which came into vogue towards the close of the last century, and which Gifford was 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 Otway, and the other favourites of the Muses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from—Yours, &c., R. Burns. Ellisland, near Dumfries, 18th May, 1789." 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 impromptu 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."

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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 closèd 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-inspired 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 Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*.

¹ He afterwards r collection, among of away the awkward i the title to the song, which associates it w See the later version

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.

hoc

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

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

must

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of nature's rest,
 He flies to her arms he 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';

hereabout

goad (= plough or team)

praised eyes

so neat and small

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.

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

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind an' weet, thro' frost and snaw; wet
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain, look
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. oxen are driven
 An' aye the night comes roun' again, always
 When in his arms he taks me a':
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain; own
 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?
 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;

¹ The words were written by Burns for the third volume of Johnson's *Museum*, and to an air said to be composed by Oswald, and published in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion* prior to 1742. This melody, however, 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 informed 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 part of the vale of the Nith, taken from a point a

little to the west of Dalswinton, on the north side of the river. The mansion of Friars' Carse—the residence 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 Hermitage, in which Burns wrote some well-known verses. A little further down the river, on the same side, some rising smoke indicates Ellisland, 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.

[1789.

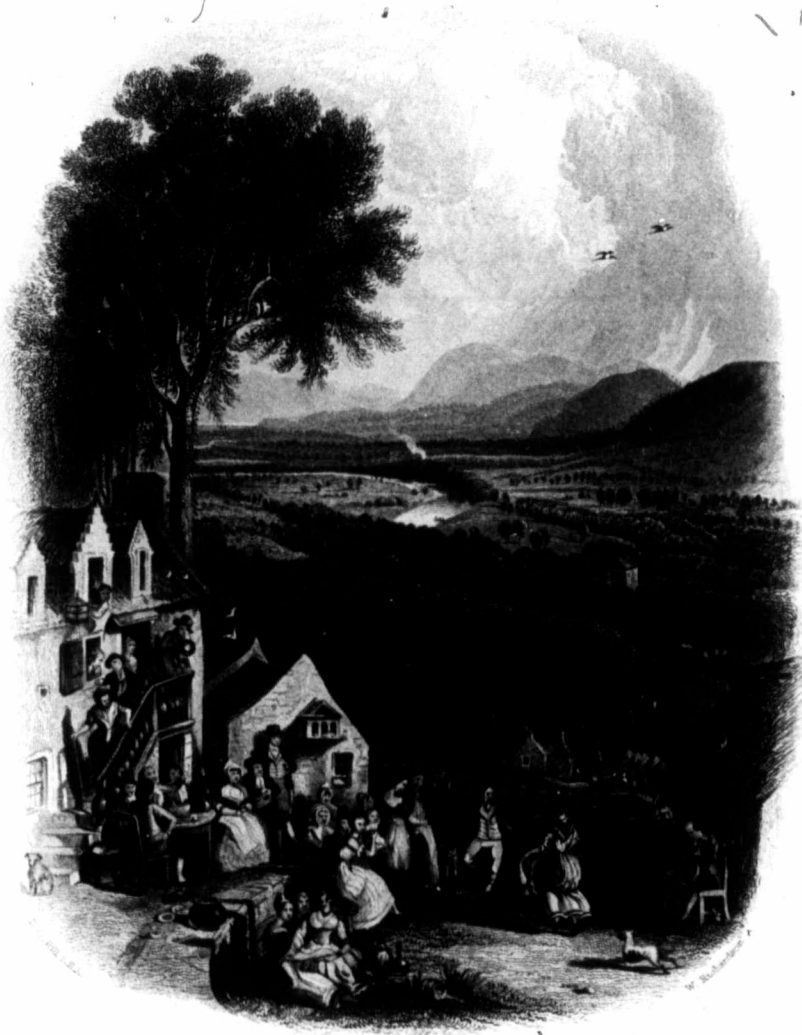
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are driven

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on the north side
of Carse—the resi-
dence of Glenriddell, and
the celebrated "whistle"
Beyond it is the
point from which the
road, near the ex-
it of the river, stood
The ruins wrote some
down the river,
and indicate Ellis-
land, faintly seen in the
distance, with its vast
expanse on the right.



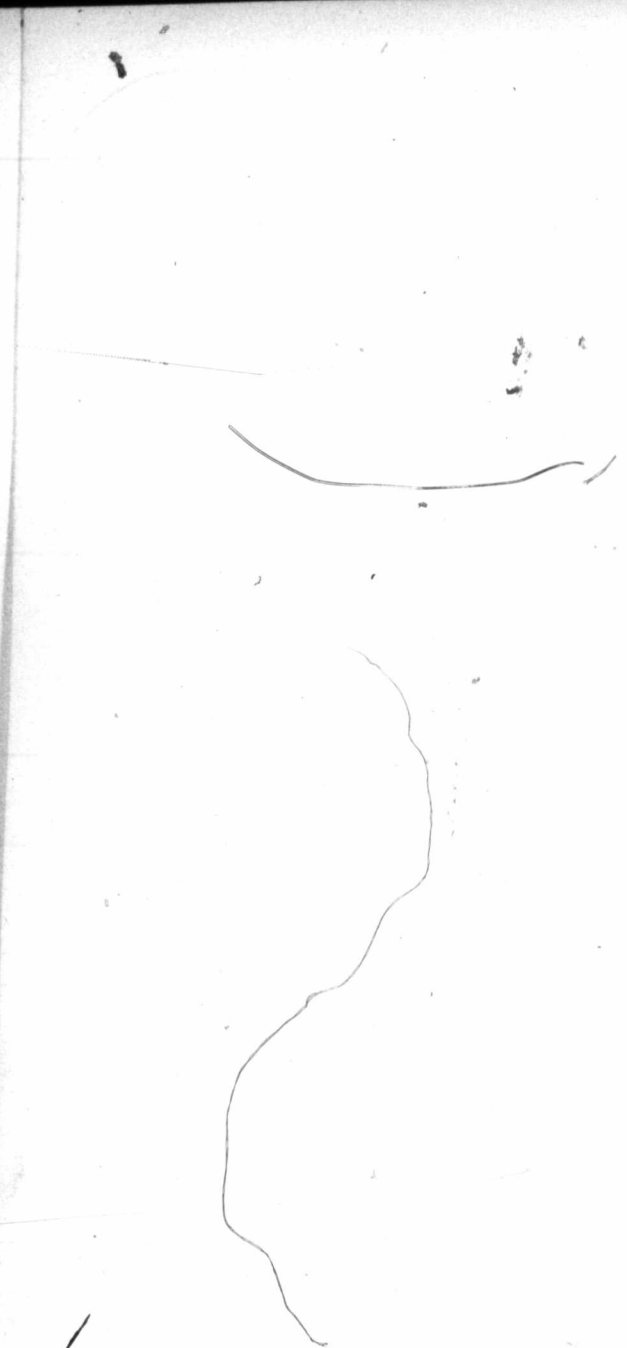


Private
Cano.

NITHSDALE.

FROM A KNIGHT NEAR DALSWINTON
CRIFFEL IN THE DISTANCE

W. B. THOMPSON DEL.



¹ More correctly C
French family name
stabbed by Robert
this family, former
Scotland.

² Burns may, as is
Selkirk's table. ~~But~~
current at the time
ship is scarcely wor

But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins¹ ance had high command: once
 When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love sae 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!
 Tho' wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far frae thy bonnie banks and braes, slopes
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among 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 sae the Lord be thankit.²

SONG—TIBBIE DUNBAR.³

TUNE—"Johnny M'Gill."

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 *may*, 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'Neil's song "Come under my plaidie" is set to the same air.

But now your brow is beld, John, bald
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow, head
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither; together
 And mony a cantie day, John, cheerful
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John, must
 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.¹

TUNE—"Lady Badsincoth'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 sae 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 woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap 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 couldna 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 undoubted 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 e'en:
 Ye'll blear out a' your een, John,
 And why should you do so?
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
 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 amang them a', John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She pryd to be nae 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.

¹ Stenhouse 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.

SONG—TAM GLEN.¹

TUNE—"Tam Glen."

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie!	sister
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,	such fine
In poortith I might mak' a fen':	poverty shift
What care I in riches to wallow,	
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?	must not
There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,	owner (squire)
"Guid day to you, brute!" ² he comes ben:	in
He brags and he blows o' his siller,	boasts money
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?	
My minnie does constantly deave me,	mother deafen
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,	if
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:	
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,	must
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?	
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,	last night
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;	gave a bound
For thrice I drew ane without failing,	one
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen. ³	
The last Halloween I was waukin'	watching
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;	drenched shift-sleeve know
His likeness cam up the house stalkin',	
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! ⁴	breeches
Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry—	
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,	

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 it is now usually sung to, however, is known as the "Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre;" it suits very happily the rhythm and sentiment of the song.

²We give this salutation 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.

³This 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 then drawn became one's valentine.

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

"This air," said his lament for I

¹This humorous son's *Museum* (vol. but indelicate vers the lave o't," said by John Bruce, a I

Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

if

SONG—WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.¹

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;²
—Wiser men than me's beguil'd—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

ask no more
rest

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

care not a whit

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

must

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,
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 fecket³ is white as the new driven snaw;
His hose they are blae,
And his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.

well-dressed

bluish
sloe

¹ This humorous song was written in 1789 for Johnson's *Museum* (vol. iii.) as a substitute for some witty but indelicate verses, to a popular air, "Whistle o'er the lave o't," said to have been composed about 1720 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';
 Weel-featured, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw: -dowered
 But chiefly the siller,— money
That gars him gang till her, makes
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailen, farm
 That fain wad a ha'en him, would have had
 And Susy, whase daddy was laird o' the ha'; squire
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy, well-dowered
 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.⁴

Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk² to Johnie Groat's³; from
 If there's a hole in a' your coats,
 I rede you tent it: advise take heed to

¹ Burns composed these verses for the *Museum* to suit what Stenhouse 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 Or 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 1730, in the county of Middlesex. A good education, respectable talents, and an independ-

gency left to him b
 life with the happ
 tiquarian pursuits
 his holding for a ti
 in the Heralds' Co
 and having becom
 Hampshire militia
 accounts than his t
 and paying from t
 all the habits of
 all which were, t
 became a poor ma
 about the same t
 of poverty, he beg
 quary, for which I
 not unfitted. Bet
 his *Antiquities of*
 quarto, consisting
 by himself, and a
Treatise on Anci
 volumes quarto;
specting a History
quest to the Pres
 together with sev
 nature, inclusive

A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

fellow

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,

squat and plump

That's he, mark weel—

And vow! he has an unco sleight
O' cauk and keel.¹

wonderful skill
chalk ruddle

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',²
Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in

owl- building
roof

Some eldritch part,

Wi' deils, they say, L—d save's! colleaguin'
At some black art.—

awe-inspiring

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or cham'er,
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.

each ghost hall

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he's quat the spurtle-blade³

told
one who would fallen
quitted the sword

And dog-skin wallet,

And ta'en the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

dency left to him by his father, enabled him to enter life with the happiest prospects. His taste for antiquarian pursuits manifested itself early and led to his holding for a time the office of Richmond Herald in the Herald's College. This he gave up, however, and having become adjutant and paymaster of the Hampshire militia, he is said to have kept no other accounts than his two pockets, receiving into the one, and paying from the other; at the same time, he had all the habits of a *bon-vivant*—the consequences of all which were, that he spent his competency and became a poor man, and an extremely fat one, much about the same time. Under the strong compulsion of poverty, he began a career as an artist and antiquary, for which his talents and acquirements were not unfitted. Between 1773 and 1788 he had produced his *Antiquities of England and Wales* in six volumes quarto, consisting of nearly six hundred views drawn by himself, and a large amount of letterpress; his *Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons*, in two volumes quarto; and his *Military Antiquities, respecting a History of the English Army, from the Conquest to the Present Time*, in two volumes quarto; together with several works of a light and whimsical nature, inclusive of his well-known Slang Dictionary

(*Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*). It was in 1789, while travelling in Scotland, for the purpose of drawing and chronicling the antiquities of that country, that he met with Burns at the hospitable table of Mr. Riddell in the mansion of Friars' Carse. The Falstaffian figure of the man—his numberless droll remarks and stories—and, in perhaps a less degree, his great learning and shrewd penetrating sense—made a strong impression on the poet: and, like Burns's "Twa Dogs," the two became "unco pack and thick thegither." The intimacy was a memorable one for the admirers of Burns, for it led to the composition of "Tam o' Shanter," which first appeared in the *Antiquities of Scotland*, completed in 1791, in two volumes. See notes to "Tam o' Shanter." Grose died suddenly of apoplexy, in Dublin, May 12, 1791. He was married and had a family.

¹ That is to say, skill as a draughtsman with white and red chalk.

² Vide his *Antiquities of Scotland*.—(R. B. 1793.)

³ A jocular term for a sword. In Scotland the term *spurtle* is applied to a stick for stirring oatmeal porridge; it is also the name of a flattish iron implement for turning oatmeal cakes that are being fired on the "girdle."

-dowered
money
makesfarm
would have had
squire
well-dowered

TLAND,

take heed to

-eastern extremity

a Swiss jeweller
o have been born
of Middlesex. A
s, and an independ-

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets;
Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,¹
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont guid;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

abundance knick-knacks
iron
would keep hob-nails
twelvemonth
porridge-pots salt-boxes

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

fire-shovel

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 fauldin' jocteleg,²
Or lang-kail gullie.

besides cleverly
kilt
cut throat

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!

folding knife
knife for cutting greens

would

a little

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

fine fellow

sore abuse

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 Armour and Weapons*.
—(R. B. 1793.)

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 epitaph on him. Burns eyed the anti-
quarian for a moment, and then hurled the above at
him amid roars of laughter.

The period at wh
Laird" of the post
as you will shortl
laughed once or tw
the public; so I se
which I wrote off
you will only read
copy of the ballad

¹ The title of this
graph copies in the
of Scotland's Alarm
tune as given by th
ment is "Come rou
holograph MSS. exis
in the stanzas and a
ings, the more imp
The poem was writ
pending in the chu
trict. Dr. William
conjoined in the p
lished in 1786 A J
Jesus Christ, which
ciples of both Ari
provoked many se
silent under the a
William Peebles o
in preaching a serm
the essay as heret
"with one hand re
while, with the oth
the keenest poign
lished a defence, v
roduction of the
Ayr, and subsequ
gow and Ayr. M
were agitating the
and Burns took t

THE KIRK'S ALARM.¹

A BALLAD.

TUNE—"Push about the brisk bowl."

The period at which this piece was produced is known from a letter to Mr. Logan, the "Afton's Laird" of the postscript, dated 7th August, 1789, inclosing 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 laughed 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 wha believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience,
 There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast,
 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 doers⁴ wi' terror;
 To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
 Was heretic, damnable error,
 Dr. Mac! 'Twas heretic, damnable error.

Town of Ayr,⁵ 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 monument is "Come rouse, Brother Sportsmen." Many holograph MSS. exist showing different arrangements in the stanzas and a great number of different readings, the more 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 M'Gill, one of the two ministers conjoined 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 Arian and Socinian character, and provoked many severe censures. M'Gill 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 endeavouring to plunge the keenest poignard into her heart." M'Gill published a defence, which led, in April, 1789, to the introduction of the case into the presbyterial 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 M'Gill, of

whom he expresses a high opinion, in a letter to Mr. Graham of Fintry, written in December, 1789. "I think you must have heard of Dr. M'Gill, one of the clergymen 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 family 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 M'Gill 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. M'Gill 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. M'Gill.

⁴ In some MSS. "wicked writers."

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

knick-knacks

keep hob-nails

month

pots salt-boxes

ovel

cleverly

throat

knife

or cutting greens

low

use

In a moment of Burns to produce ns eyed the anti-died the above at

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 mild,³ D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child,
And your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye, will not
For preaching that three's ane an' twa,
D'rymple mild! For preaching that three's ane 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 aidle, liquid manure
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 huirdin' the penny, singed
Unconscious what danger awaits? [hoarding
Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every 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 tod in the fauld, fox fold
A tod meikle waur than the clerk;⁹ much worse

¹ John Ballantine, Esq., provost of Ayr, the same gentleman to whom the "Twa Brigs" is dedicated.

² Mr. Robert Alken, writer in Ayr, to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed. He exerted his powerful oratorical talents as agent for Dr. M'Gill in the presbytery and synod.

³ The Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple, senior minister of the Collegiate church of Ayr (colleague of Dr. M'Gill)—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 divisibility of the Trinity.

⁴ The Rev. John Russell, Kilmarnock, celebrated in the "Holy Fair."

⁵ The Rev. James M'Kinlay, Kilmarnock, the hero of the "Ordination."

⁶ The Rev. Alexander Moodie of Riccarton, near Kilmarnock, one of the heroes of the "Twa Herds." "Singet" implies here puny, or dried-up-like.

⁷ In some MSS. "the foul thief" takes the place of "Hannibal."

⁸ The Rev. William Auld of Mauchline, who figures in the "Twa Herds" and elsewhere.

⁹ 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 (1876), edited by William Scott Douglas, there is a note here which calls for some notice:—"The allusion to the *tod* in this verse has hitherto been unnoticed by commen-

tators. The Rev. J. in-law of Gavin Hamilton, 'the clerk' who had explanation will not cember 12th, 1791. Archibald Reid, who succeeded by the Rev. 1806, married Wilhelm Hamilton, nearly se tion of the poem, an death. See *Faсти E* D.D., F.S.A.Sc., 18 other than Dr. M'G ¹ For this line on Douglas, Hero

Alluding to the dis & Co.'s bank, whic many Ayrshire fam ² The Rev. David ³ The Rev. Jame "wicked lieutenant whose child Mr. J

Though ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,¹ hurt
 And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark, if
 Daddy Auld! Gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

Davie Bluster,² Davie Bluster, for a saunt if ye muster, saint
 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 hae made but toom roose, empty boast
 In hunting the wicked lieutenant;
 But the doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark, holy
 He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't, driven
 Jamie Goose! He has cooper'd and ca'd a wrang pin in't.

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 Gouk,⁵ Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
 And the book nane the waur, let me tell ye; none the worse
 Tho' ye're rich, and look big, yet lay by hat and wig,
 And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value,
 Andro Gouk! Ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.

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

tators. The Rev. John Tod of Mauchline, was son-in-law of Gavin Hamilton, Esq., here referred to as 'the clerk' who had teased Mr. Auld so much." This explanation will not hold good. Mr. Auld died December 12th, 1791, and was succeeded by the Rev. Archibald Reid, who died 25th April, 1803. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Todd, who, on March 3d, 1806, married Wilhelmina Kennedy, daughter of Gavin Hamilton, nearly seventeen years after the composition of the poem, and about ten years after the poet's death. See *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticae*, by Hew Scott, D.D., F.S.A.Sc., 1868. By the "tod" doubtless no other than Dr. McGill himself is intended.

¹ For this line one MS. has

Douglas, Heron, & Co. has e'en laid you fu' low.

Alluding to the disastrous failure of Douglas, Heron, & Co.'s bank, which brought ruin or severe loss on many Ayrshire families.

² The Rev. David Grant, Ochiltree.

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 1688:—

And loud in Liberty's endearing 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 "gouk" by a play on words, this being both a Scottish surname and also the Scottish for cuckoo and for dolt 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.

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Sabbath-break-
y Mr. Auld, had
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ed by commen-

Irvine-side,¹ Irvine-side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 O' manhood but sma' is your share,
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow, foes
 And your friends daurna say you hae mair, dare not
 Irvine-side! Your friends daurna say you hae mair.

Muirland Jock,² 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 ance, once
 Muirland Jock! To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,³ Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;
 The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt, timber saint
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour, rope
 Holy Will! Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns, -beating
 Why desert ye your auld native shire?
 Your muse is a gypsy, yet were she e'en tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are, call us no worse
 Poet Burns! She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

POSTSCRIPT.

Afton's Laird,⁴ 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, secure
 To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,⁵
 Afton's Laird! To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith.⁶

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 fine." Mr. Smith seems to have taken offence at that praise, and this probably set the poet against him. In another version he is styled "Cessnock-side."

² Rev. John Shepherd, 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 scourge,
 To claw Common Sense for her sins."

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

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

⁴ John Logan of Knockshinnoch, Glen Afton, Ayrshire. He is the John Logan, Esq. of Laight, to whom the poet's letter of date 10th August, 1786, is addressed.

He helped in the sale of Burns's Kilmarnock edition, but the poet does not seem to have become intimate with him till his removal to Ellisland.

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 Whigham of Sanquhar, Burns speaks of that "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 alone,
 And ne'er made anther, thy peer,
 Thy poor servant, the Bard, in respectful regard,
 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 inclosed a copy of the "Mountain Daisy," 20th April, 1786. Others have suggested that John Macmurdo, chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry, at Drumlanrig, may be "Factor John," Burns being at this time on intimate terms with this gentleman's family.

"The air is
 song mine. Th
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 and I went to J
 each in our owi

¹ These lines wer
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² "We have hear
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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 aught that giver from my mind efface;
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.¹

SONG—WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.²

TUNE—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maui."

"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 Dalswinton), 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' maui,	malt
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;	taste
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,	live-long
Ye wadna found in Christendie.	would not have
We are na fou, we're no that fou,	drunk
But just a drappie in our ee;	little drop eye
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,	crow dawn
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.	always juice

¹ 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 exciseman 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 Kilmarnock edition, edited by William Scott Douglas, 1876.

² "We have heard 'O Willie brew'd a peck o' maui,' sung after a presbytery dinner, the bass of the moderator 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 Ellisland, along the bold banks of the Nith [?], as steady as a brace of bishops."—PROFESSOR WILSON.—Lockhart has pronounced this "the best of all Burns' bacchanalian 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

foes
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Kilmarnock edition,
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pt:—

Lord made alone,

ful regard,

John's" identity.
it, factor to the
Burns inclosed a
9th April, 1786.
Macmurdo, cham-
at Drumlanrig,
at this time on
family.

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 fou, &c. many more

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 fou, &c. sky so high
 cajole
 short while

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he!
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',¹
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, &c. go

SONG—I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.²

TUNE—"The blue eyed lass."

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
 went a woeful road last night
 got from eyes

daughter is celebrated in the song already given, "Beware o' bonnie Ann." Writing just ten years after this Currie remarks: "These three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents—are now all *under the turf*." Currie states that the meeting was held at Laggan, 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 Commieston, Writer to the Signet, to William Nicol, of the lands of Meikle and Little Laggan, lying in the barony of Snaid, parish of Glencairn, and shire of Dumfries, dated 26th March, 1790, and registered in the books of council and session 2d April, 1790.' . . . I have been informed that Nicol paid about £1500 for the Laggans." They consisted of about 284 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.

¹This is the reading of the line in the *Museum*. Several 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 sociality in trying who should get "fou" first. But the poet himself, writing to his friend Alexander Cunningham on March 22, 1794, quotes the verse as here given. He also quotes it in writing to Captain Riddell (October 16th, 1789), and though he there gives "last," he writes the word in italics to point it out as not the original reading. ²The date of this fine song may be stated to be December, 1789. The charming subject of it was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Jaffray of Lochmaben. 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. Renwick, and went to New York, where she occupied a very respectable position, men like Washington Irving being proud of her acquaintanceship 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 inappropriateness. George Thomson set the song to the tune "The Blathrie o't;" in other collections it is wedded to the air of "My only Jo and dearie O."

"The oldest t
 Ireland." The c

¹Peter Buchan (preceding page, is, I says that the hero Lumsdale, the seco who made love to the laird of Knock lady was married t Rhynie. Traditior

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

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

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

ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

Searching auld wives' barrels,
 Och—hon! the day!
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels: filthy yeast
 But—what'll ye say?
 These movin' things ca'd wives and weans children
 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 Dunblane. The rest of the song is mine."

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' 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' Knockhaspie'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 Lumsdale, the second son of a Highland gentleman, who made love to Miss Jeanie Gordon, daughter to the laird of Knockspock. 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 Jacobitical sense. Knockspock, we may add, is an estate in western Aberdeenshire.

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

rest go
 sadly
 weep

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

everybody own

SONG—WHARE HAE YE BEEN.¹

TUNE—"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,
 I' the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

fine
 smart
 would not have cheerful

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

fought

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 An' Clavers got a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,
 On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

bold furrow
 ringing blow
 kite

SONG—MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.²

TUNE—"Fàilte na Miosg" (*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, 1689, 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

As the authentic of Denmark, when gentleman of giga a little ebony Whi was last able to b off the Whistle as single defeat, at t courts in German prowess, or else Scots, the Dane worthy baronet Scandinavian und

Sir Walter, son of Glenriddell, w at Friars' Carse, t Sir Robert Lawr representative of Alexander Fergu gentleman carri

the *Museum* Mr. C. what he calls "the which was a favourit song is called "The it a Highlander lam fight in Ireland. We adopted as the chor chorus of the origin

My heart's in the H
 My heart's in the H
 A-chasing the deer,
 My heart's in the H
 VOL. III.

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 over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. 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 Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows 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 16th of October, 1789, at Friars' 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, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddell, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigharroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard won honours of the field.—R. B.¹

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.

the *Museum* Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe introduces what he calls "the pretty words of the old song, which was a favourite of Sir Walter Scott." The old song is called "The strong walls of Derry," and in it a Highlander laments having left his country to fight in Ireland. We append the stanza which Burns adopted as the chorus of his song, along with the chorus of the original ditty.

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

VOL. III.

Chorus—

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

¹ A great deal of ink has been expended in connection with the "real presence" of Burns 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

Old Loda,¹ still rueing 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 ventur’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 Scanr,
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 e’er drunker than he.

Thas 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 old 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 claret, 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,²
And bumper 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 Cockrune, in the parish of Closeburn, in 1841, affirming that in 1789 he was a servant in Friars’ Carse, 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 Carse 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 of 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 Cromek in 1807 establish that Mr. M’Murdo of Drumlanrig had agreed in 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 one or 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 Ossian’s *Carrie-thura*.—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 Phœbus 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 Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our bard, like a prophet in drink:—
 "Craigdarroch, thou'lt 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!"

¹ The senior elder, being a layman, in the kirk-session of a Presbyterian church.

tempt a weak and
 ing that never had
 be drawn to him-
 ek in 1807 establish
 had agreed in writ-
 ore the contest, to
 nd Patrick Miller,
 esses. Now one or
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 I not expect to be
 letter from him to
 re contest. There-
 allad—

phet in drink—
 of dramatic pro-

B.
 ides.—R. B.

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	knew little jaunt
Wad bring ye to:	would
Lord send you aye as weel's I want ye,	
And then, ye'll do.	

The ill-thief blaw the Heron ² south!	devil
And never drink be near his drouth!	
He tauld mysel' by word o' mouth,	told
He'd tak my letter;	
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth,	trusted fellow truth
And bade nae better.	desired

¹ Dr. Thomas Blacklock, to whom this epistle is addressed, was an amiable blind poet, upon whom even the *Ursa 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 Annan, November 10, 1721, of poor parents who came from the north of England. He lost his eyesight 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 Selkirk, presented to the parish of Kirkcudbright; 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. Heron 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 benignity. . . . 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 poetic letter to which the above was an answer, ran as follows:—

EDINBURGH, 24th August, 1780.

Dear Burns, thou 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,

Or bid the softer passions rise,
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise,
 'Tis nature's voice distinctly felt,
 Through thee her organ, thus to melt.

Most anxiously I wish to know,
 With thee of late how matters go;
 How keeps thy much-loved Jean her health?
 What promises thy farm of wealth?
 Whether the muse persists to smile,
 And all thy anxious cares beguile?
 Whether bright fancy keeps alive?
 And how thy darling infants thrive?

For me, with grief and sickness spent,
 Since I my journey homeward bent,
 Spirits depress'd no more I mourn,
 But vigour, life, and health return.
 No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,
 I sleep all night, and live all day;
 By turns my book and friend enjoy,
 And thus my circling hours employ!
 Happy while yet these hours remain,
 If Burns could join the cheerful train,
 With wonted zeal, sincere and fervent,
 Salute once more his humble servant,

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

² Robert Heron, the messenger above alluded to, was born at New Galloway, November 6, 1764. 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 1799, and for some time derived a good income from his pen, but his evil habits beset 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 eloquent estimate of his genius; but in it perhaps the darker shades of the poet's character are made too prominent.

But aiblins 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 lear on,
E'en tried the body.

perhaps

expend

learning

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

friend

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

giddy-pated dames

leap

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies;
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is,
I need na vaunt,
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,
Before they want.

must rags of clothing

cut twist willow ropes

Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!
I'm weary sick o't late and air!
Not but I hae a richer share
Than mony ithers;
But why should ae man better fare,
And a' men brithers?

early

many others

one

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk o' carl-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.

male-hemp

remember won

sometimes

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,

I vow elated
cheerful
knew little jaun
would

levil

old

sted fellow truth
lesired

se,
of surprise,
felt,
as to melt.

ow,
ers go;
Jean her health?
wealth?
o smile,
guile?
alive?
s thrive?

ess spent,
rd bent,
nourn,
return.
a prey,
day;
i enjoy,
employ!
remain,
ful train,
d fervent,
servant,

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.
above alluded to,
mber 6, 1764. He
, from the remark
n pursuit of know-
him for the church.
ary pursuits, and
lography, science,
ower. He was un-
s of extravagance,
his creditors. He
me time derived a
evil habits beset
where he remained
ess. Being seized
ved to an hospital.
was the author of
eloquent estimate
darker shades of
rominent.

I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
 As e'er tread clay!
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,
 I'm yours for aye.

wot. Jolly matron

ROBERT BURNS.

SONG—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.¹

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 inclosed compositions ['Grose's Peregrinations,' 'Kirk's Alarm,' 'Five Carlins,' and this.] I beg leave to present it with my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Graham."

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O 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!

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 Ellisland," 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 as 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 sprang wanton to be prest," is to us a very distasteful line. We cannot help wondering to what extent Burns's real feelings are here displayed. 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* 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.

¹ The contest between Sir James Jol Patrick Miller, you for which began to united burghs of Lochmaben, and Sir his friend, Mr. Gri 20th December, 178 state of election 1 Captain Miller, son interest of the Duk and Sir James that affects neutrality is are evidently with But his detestation fled very greatly 1

And Marjorie o' the monie Lochs,¹
A Carlin auld an' teugh.

many

And blinkin' Bess o' Annandale,²
That dwells near Solway side,
And whisky Jean that took her gill,³
In Galloway so wide.

And black Joàn frae Crichton peel,⁴
O' gipsy kith an' kin,
Five wighter Carlins were na found
The south countrie within.

from tower

sturdier

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.

go

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.

two

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.

would go

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

would

every one

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

next

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

promise

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 Auchincruive. 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 abode of the family of Crichton. The Admirable Crichton sprung from a branch of this family, and was born in the adjacent castle of Ellick.

lower

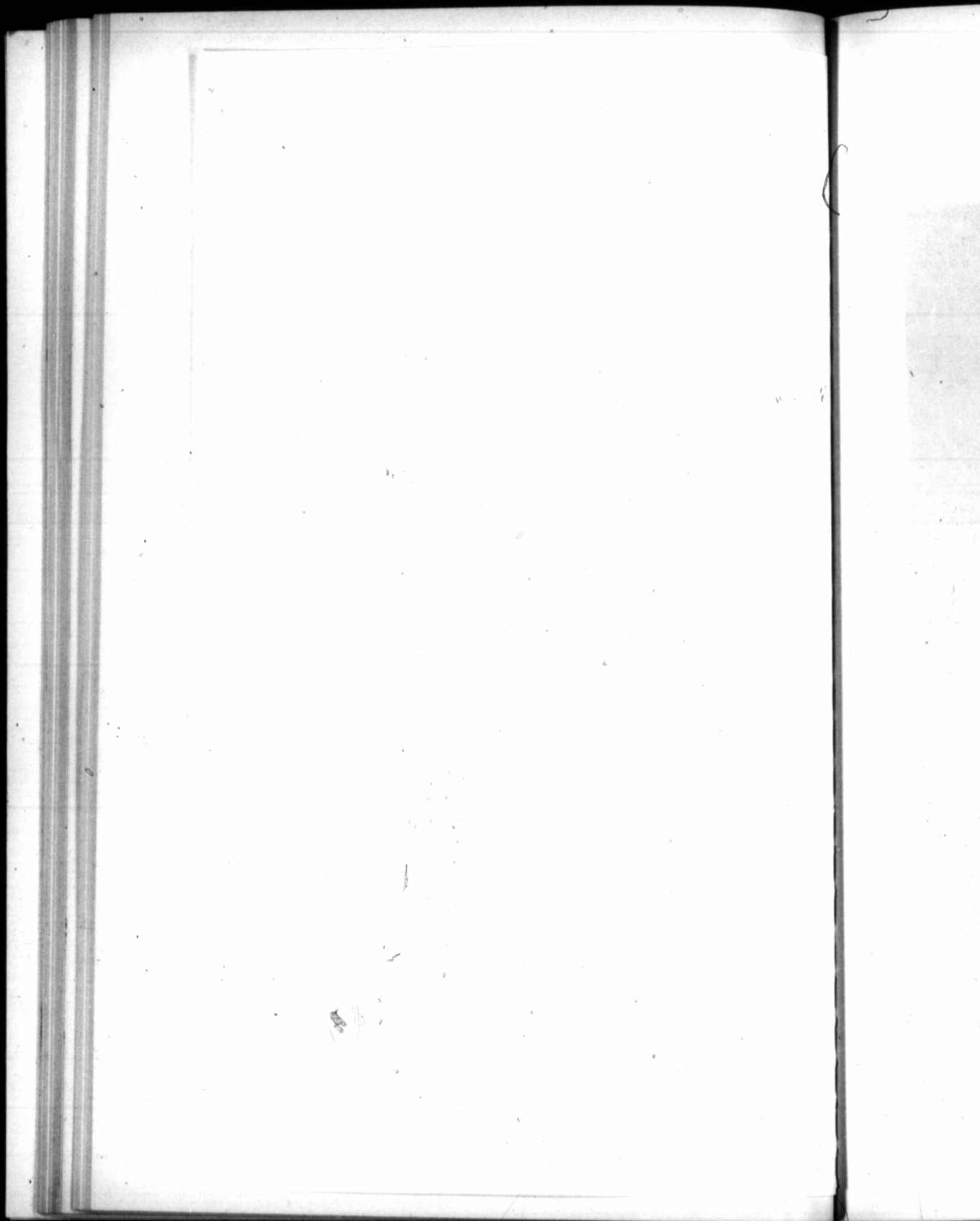
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Mrs. Oswald
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at one time
e Admirable
family, and
k.





STANFORD MOUNTAIN

View from the summit

Now wham to choose and wham refuse,
 At strife thir Carlins fell;
 For some had gentle folks to please,
 And some wad please themsel.

these

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.

prim-mouthed

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on court¹
 She did not care a pin,
 But she wad send the sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son.²

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

oath

alone

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

Says black Joàn frae Crichton peel,
 A Carlin stoor and grim,
 "The auld guidman or the young guidman
 For me may sink or swim.

austere

"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'on court,
 His back's been at the wa'.

gossips

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

bowl
estranged

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

rose

¹ George III.² The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV.

"There's some great folks set light by me,
I set as light by them;
But I will send to Lon'on town
Wham I like best at hame."

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

every

ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'.¹

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 hae the guidin' o't,
Up and waur them a'.

would

serve

run

worst

The day he stood his country's friend
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie,
Or frae puir man a blessin' wan,
That day his Grace ne'er saw, Jamie.
Up and waur them a', &c.

foes stroke

from won

But wha 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.

not two

lad herds cows

knows

To end the wark, here's Whistlebirk,²
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
And Maxwell³ true, o' sterling blue,
And we'll be Johnstone's a', Jamie.
Up and waur them a', &c.

work

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

favour 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.

In a letter to his
decent players he
to me by the ma
New-Year's Day e
applause." [See

PROLOGUE,

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

In a letter to his brother Gilbert, 11th 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 deposes 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 *wiser too*—he hinted some suggestion,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
And with a would-be-roguish leer and wink,
He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"¹

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 smoothes 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—Sutherland, 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 fallow,
Adjust the unimpair'd 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's¹ with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's² care to-day,
And blooming Keith's³ 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 hue 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, afterwards married to Robert Glasgow, Esq. She had consider-

able skill in drawing, and was employing her pencil at the time in making a sketch of Coila in the "Vision."

³ Keith, Mrs. Dunlop's youngest daughter, similarly occupied with a subject from Gray's "Elegy."

The following pointed, my den for good weathe take any other

I shall see you

Some of the ex gest that Burns of setting about connected with Sc written from Ellis the Countess of G have turned my t mean the stately not your ladyship would be more a

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.
 Tho' 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 sae meikle courted?
 Does nonsense mend like brandy, when imported?
 Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
 Will try to gie us sangs 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.

much

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;

¹Some 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 Ellisland 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 affectation, 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 [2d 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, Cibber'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."

How here, even here, he first unsheathed the sword
 'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord:
 And after mony 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 Douglasses 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!

roll

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
 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 folks 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' lay him on his back!

perhaps will not

For us and for our stage should ony spier,¹
 "Whase aught thae chieils maks 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 gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage and meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks:
 God help us! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

make
wrestle withinquire
who owns these
[fellows (who) makeown children
threaten

you shall

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

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

TO A GENTLEMAN

¹ In the above text to Cunningham, M. blacksmith of Wan frosted, when, on journey, probably was too busy with diately to the poet's to Taylor, because ence over the smith at once proceeded years afterwards had never been we a poet, who paid and paid him in v

² The gentleman Peter Stuart of the

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

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

ROBERT BURNS.

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 maist I wanted? most
This mony a day I've graïn'd and gaunted, groaned yawned
To ken what French mischief was brëwin'; muddy
Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin'; breech-slapper
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, contention
If Venus yet had got his nose off;
Or how the collieshangie works
Atween the Russians and the Turks;
Or if the Swede, before he halt,
Would play anither Charles the Twalt;
If Denmark, any body spak o't;
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; lease

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 frosted, when, on one occasion, being on an excise journey, probably in the winter of 1789-90, 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 *Burnewin* used to boast that "he had never been weel paid but ance, 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, 1838, 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 metre
Are often negleckit, ye ken;
For instance, your sheet, man,
(Tho' glad I'm to see't, man),
I get it no ae day in ten.—R. B.

How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin',	hanging
How libbet Italy was singin';	
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,	
Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss:	
Or how our merry lads at hame,	
In Britain's court kept up the game:	
How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him!	look
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum;	
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin',	sly
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;	thoughtless fist
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin',	
If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin';	itching
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,	assessments duties
Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd;	[stretched out
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,	
Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls;	
If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales, ¹	mad fellow
Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails,	wenches'
Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,	at all sedater
And no a perfect kintra cooser:	country stallion
A' this and mair I never heard of,	
And but for you I might despaired of.	
So gratefu', back your news I send you,	
And pray a' guid things may attend you.	

ELLISLAND, Monday Morning, 1790

SONG—YESTREEN I HAD A PINT O' WINE.²

TUNE—"Banks of Banna.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,	yester evening
A place where body saw na;	nobody saw
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine	
The gowden locks of Anna.	golden

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 landlady, Mrs. Hyslop. This Hebe, according to Cunningham, "was accounted beautiful by the customers at the inn when wine made them tolerant in matters of taste." Dr. Hately 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 Mossgiel; 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 her marriage to John Thomson, a soldier, and afterwards a weaver in Pollokshaws, near Glasgow, by whom she had a numerous family. She died at Crossmyloof, near Glasgow, in June, 1873, aged eighty-two years.

Burns sent the above song to Thomson in 1793 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 Glenriddell Collection, and also sent a copy of it to his convivial friends of the Crochallan Fencibles in Edinburgh, with the Postscript 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.

Peg Nicholson
August 2, 1786.
set forth in a
would freely I
Indebted as I
to have the m
I took every ca
and I assure y
accident has v
account of this

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

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
 Frae 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 flaunting 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!

every

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join and tell
 To do such things I maunna: must not
 The kirk and state may gae to —
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine o' my ee, eye
 To live but her I canna; without
 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 virago 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, 1790, 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 spirits 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 airn; iron
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Cairn.

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 ance 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 bruis'd she was,
As priest-rid cattle are, &c. &c.

once

sore

SONG—GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.²

TUNE—"Guidwife, count the Lawin."

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for fau't o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And bluid-red wine's the risin' sun.

gone dark
want

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

reckoning

beaker more

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

must fight shift
one
each

Then, guidwife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.³

holy
sorrow

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 "teach the young idea how to shoot."

² "This song," says Stenhouse, "was written by Burns, with the exception of the chorus, which is old. In a MS. recovered by Cromek and printed in the *Reliques*, the poet says:—"The chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect."

Every day my wife tells me,
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if guid liquor be my deal,
This shall be written on my head—
Chorus—Then, guidwife, count the lawin, &c.

The tune to which the verses are adapted was furnished by Burns.

³ This stanza so pleased the poet, that he scratched it with his diamond on a window pane of the Globe Inn, Dumfries.

¹ This is the th connection with t the "Five Carlin Westerha." For f parties concerned
² The fourth D memory, well kn which made him, of his own colours and kiss "barefit good-humoured 1 cember, 1789, fr Lochmaben:—"I in your town—a c

BALLAD,

ON THE CLOSE OF THE ELECTION CONTEST FOR THE DUMFRIES BURGHS, JULY, 1790.¹

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's I am?
 Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

country sprawl

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig² bears.
 Wha left the all-important cares
 Of princes and their darlin's;³
 And, bent on winning⁴ burgh touns,
 Cam shaking hands wi' wabster loons,
 And kissing barefit carlins.⁵

towns
 weaver fellows
 barefooted hags

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad unmuzzl'd lions;
 As Queensberry "buff and blue"⁶ unfurl'd,
 And Westerha'⁷ and Hopeton⁸ hurl'd
 To every Whig defiance.

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

O! for a throat like huge Mons-meg,⁹
 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.

¹This is the third ballad which Burns wrote in connection with this election, the other two being the "Five Carlins" and the "Election Ballad" for Westerha'." For further particulars in regard to the parties concerned in the contest see note p. 59.

²The 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 "wabster loons," and kiss "barefit carlins," is thus referred to with good-humoured raillery in a letter dated 20th December, 1789, from Burns to Provost Maxwell of Lochmaben:—"If at any time you expect a field-day in your town—a day when dukes, 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 skips of a cur-dog for the politics, but I should like to see such an exhibition of human nature."

³Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters.—Afton MS.

⁴Buying.—MS.

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

⁶The Fox or Whig livery.

⁷Sir James Johnstone, the Tory candidate.

⁸The Earl of Hopetoun.

⁹The famous monster gun at Edinburgh Castle, said to be among the oldest in Europe; now a mere show-piece. Its throat has a diameter of 20 inches.

As Highland crags 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!

crag

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly
 Before th' approaching fellers:
 The Whigs came on like Ocean's roar,
 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 gules its bearing

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame,
 Bold Scrimgeour³ follows gallant Graham,⁴
 Auld Covenanters shiver.
 (Forgive, forgive, much wrong'd Montrose!
 While death and hell engulf thy foes,
 Thou liv'st 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 een were flowing burns!
 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!⁵

eyes brooks

weep

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

¹The "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 it, 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.

²The executioner of Charles I. was masked.

³John Scrimgeour, Earl of Dundee, who fought for Charles II. at Worcester and in Scotland.

⁴The great Marquis of Montrose.

Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save!
And Hopeton falls, the generous brave!
And Stewart,¹ bold 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 Bard, 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!²

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 meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haur! thee hame to his black middie,
O'er hurchion hides,

gallows-rope
drag smithy
heigehog¹ Stewart of Hillside.—R. B.² There 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-

lanrig'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.

³ The lineage of Captain Henderson, who forms the

subject of this e after in vain. E man of highly ag ciples, who reside there, dined regul a member of the by the gay and w Thomas Wallace. "I was not acqu true principles a ness of heart, gen sparkling humou any family in the deſon's death w for November, 17 burgh, Matthew in Greyfriars' Chu

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

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neighbours o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves, fair to see;
Ye woodbines, hanging bonnilie
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses o' 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 beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin' thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

smithy

from
one

stars

eagles

every

woods

streamlets

strong leaps

from precipice

hares, skipping

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 Capillaire 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, sprightly wit, 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 Burial Register

he is described as Captain Matthew Henderson of Tannochside or Tannochside (?). 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, 2d Aug. 1790, Mr. Graham, 4th Sept. 1790, and Dr. Moore, 27th 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 Glencairn]. . . . 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."

ho) would

ITY GOD.

za or two,
n elegy to
papers, I
LEGHORN,s-ropc
smithy

og

ressed by the
as a finished
ed by editors,
ite judgment
"Vision," the
writer adds

ho forms the

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crop the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;

nibble
cloud

Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He's gane for ever!

partridge

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

boom

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

those

Ye houlets, frae 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 dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

owls
awe-inspiring
stars

wakeful

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 frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

cheerful

eyes
must

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

each catch

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow 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!

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

little stars

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

Go to your sculptur'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.

one

 THE EPITAPH.¹

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

no

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 sodger art,
 That passeth by this grave, man,
 There moulders 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!

call

would

must fall

¹This epitaph is very inferior to the foregoing | strain (almost burlesque) that is quite incongruous
 "Elegy," and must strike most readers as being in a | with it.

[1790.

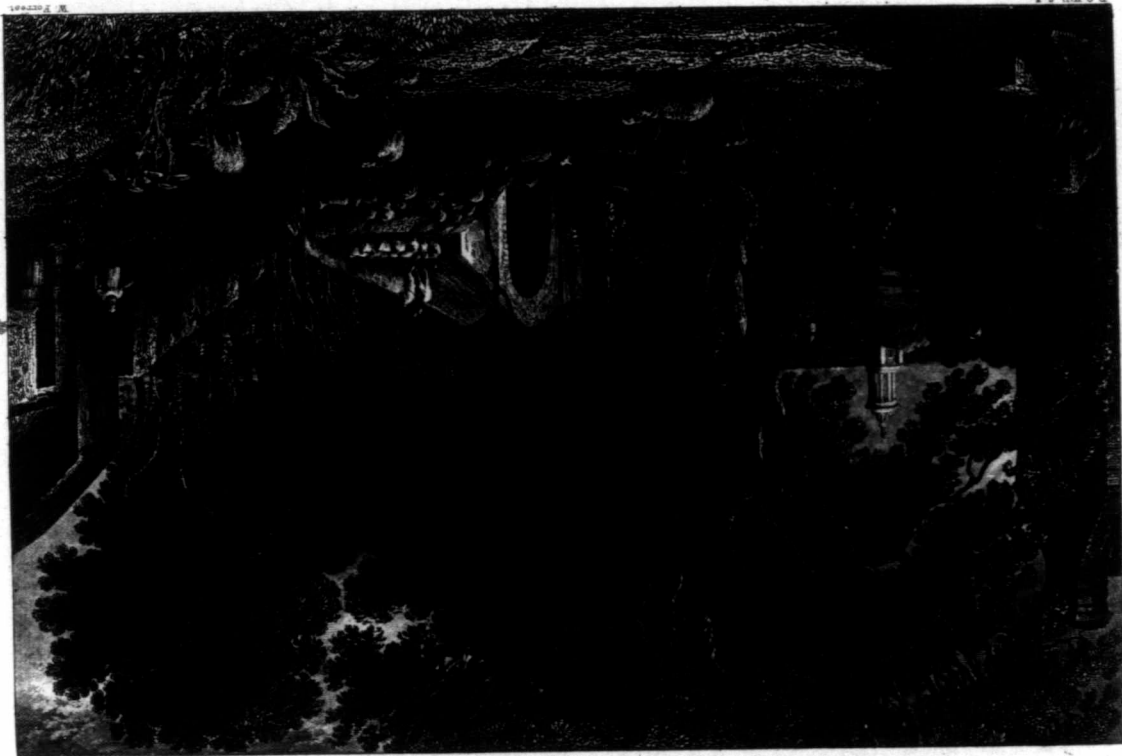
disturb

Grose that
troduced to
e. the pro-
mille of Sorn
se's scheme



Blackie & Sons, London, Glasgow, & Edinburgh.

THE AVULS BRIG OF DOON,
AND BORNHOLM MONUMENT.



This poem dates
were communicat
and in the aftern
hinsel, and Mrs.
her little ones. I
bard, who was re
which he had ju
M'Diarmid the v
came into the hc
of the poem, hov
Mrs. Dunlop, dat
of my 'Tam o'
Cunningham he
o' Shanter'—whi
showing that the

¹To the poet's in
notice of whom will
admirable tale. Bu
Kirk should be ma
that an engraving o
which the antiquary
of Scottish antiquit
vided the poet wou
story, to be printed
the present poem, w
Antiquities of Scot
with a plate of Kirk
to the poem, is hig
"To my ingenious
been seriously obli;
pains of making ou
in Ayrshire, the co
also wrote express

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
Igo, and ago,
Which will oblige your humble debtor.
Iram, coram, dago.

[A stanza is here omitted.]

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo, and ago,
The coins o' Satan's coronation!
Iram, coram, dago.

TAM O' SHANTER.¹

A TALE.

Of Brownys and of Bogilis fall is this Buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

This poem dates from the autumn of 1790. Regarding the composition of it the following particulars were communicated by Mrs. Burns to Cromek. 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 queans," &c. According to M'Diarmid 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, 1790, 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 23d 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 file had in the interim been at work.

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

¹ 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, 1791), 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 obligated: 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 1790, 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 'bletherin', blusterin' blellum' 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' fou and unco happy,
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

ale
 tipy uncommonly
 streams, gaps in fences

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

found
 from one

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 nae sober,
 That ilka melder,¹ wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton² Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.³

good-for-nothing
 babbling noisy fellow

every milling
 money
 nag driven
 drunk

dark

lies between Kirkoswald and Shanter), 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 debauch 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.

¹ The quantity of meal ground or of grain sent to the mill at one time is called a *melder*.

² A Scottish village, or a detached portion of a Scottish village, in which a parish church is situated, is often called "the Kirkton" (Kirk-town). "Kirkton Jean" is said to have been a certain Jean Kennedy,

the landlady of a public-house in the village of Kirkoswald.

³ 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 "winnock-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 hellish 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 "auld brig" of Doon, on which poor

Maggie had her tail stands a narrow inc A handsome new t about a hundred y Ayr, by which Burn proached Alloway F of the present one. north-west of the k

Whare hun A little beyond tha

Age 31.]

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

makes weep

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted, unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
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 chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

one
remarkably
fireside, blazing
foaming ale

thirsty
very brother
tipsy together
drove chat

told

roar

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself among the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades 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 victorious.

ale
loads

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 ere 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;

must

Maggie 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 approached 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 cairn,

Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;

A little beyond that was,

the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;

namely, a ford over a small brook which joins the Doon. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well, where formerly stood the thorn on which "Mungo's mither" committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk from the west.

¹This 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 readings are "snow-falls" or "snow-fall."

[1790.

monly

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Kirk-

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Grose
short
ining
Bible
mous
poor

And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

such

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand.

as if it would have blown

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

mare

rode quickly

sometimes

staring

goblins

ghosts owls

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-bane;
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 groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

smothered

birches large stone

found

above

blaze

every crevice

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquaebae we'll face the devil!
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd 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!

twopenny (ale)

whisky

ale creamed

cared not for devils a farthing

sorely

I vow strange

Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,

brand-new from

¹ In the original dra
four lines were here v

Three lawyers
Wi' lies scam
And priests' l
Lay stinking

"These lines," says
objections, interrupt
terror which the pre
They were very prop
lection by the advi
Woodhouselee, to w
much deference."

² These are technic
planation. The follow
a little too restricted

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

As Tammie glowr'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 reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark!

window recess

shaggy dog

made screech

vibrate

magical trick

holy

irons

newly cut from a rope

own

stuck

would

stared

linked arms

every hag sweated and smokel

cast her clothes

tripped smartly shift

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

Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,
 Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout,
 And priests' hearts rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking vile, in every neuck.

"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 collection by the advice of Mr. Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, to which Burns seems to have paid much deference."

² These are technical terms that require some explanation. The following may perhaps suffice, though a little too restricted in some respects. "The four-

some reel, to which alone all the terms apply, was danced by two couples, one at each end of the apartment. When they *reeled* they 'moved to the music of the Doric reed' 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 *cleeked*, the partners bent their right and left arms alternately, and linking, hooking, or *cleeking* each other, danced in a circle moving on their own centres. . . . *Crossing*, 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 cleeking."—CUTHBERTSON'S *Glossary to the Poetry and Prose of Robert Burns* (1886).

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!¹
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie-burdies!

greasy flannel

these breeches

once

thighs

one glance lasses

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie² hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

[would wean
 gaunt and withered (that)
 leaping crook-headed staff

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie:
 There was ae winsome wench and waulie,
 That night enlisted in the corps,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,³
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bere,
 And kept the country-side in fear,
 Her cuttie sark, o' Paisley harn,⁴
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots⁵ ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

very well

one tall and comely

known

both much oats

short shift coarse linen

boastful

bought

two pounds

But here my muse her wing maun cōur;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang,
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
 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.

must lower

such

leaped flung

supple strong

eyes

stared fidgeted

hitched

one then another

lost altogether

¹ Very fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.

² A *rigwoodie* is the back-chain of a cart, or what goes over the horse's back to support the shafts. Here it seems to imply leanness 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 *harden*, coarse linen; the cloth being made of *hards*, or refuse of flax.

⁵ That is, 40*l.* sterling.

¹ It is a well-known spirits, have no power farther than the middle. It may be proper likewise to mention a traveller, that when in danger may be in his more hazard in turning.

² "The strength and faculties may be estimated which he places himself in situations. He appears to engage us from the support us to imaginary time, has all the power find ourselves seated in the fire of the ale-house with the jovial group of the fraternal friend Souter, who had been perceive our spirit

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

buzz fuss
 nest
 the hare

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane¹ 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 fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

unearthly screech

bridge

deuce

intent

own
 hag clutched

Now, wha 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.²

every

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 benighted 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 conceptive faculties may be estimated by the distinctness with which he places himself and his readers in fictitious situations. He appears, by a kind of sorcery, 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 Souter, who 'had been fou for weeks thegither,' 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 ruin, and shudder at the strange mixture of unearthly horror and heaven-defying merriment. Nor can we at once resume our own persons, and withdraw from the contemplation of objects which, by superior vivacity, compensate for their want of reality."—PROFESSOR WALKER.

"In the inimitable 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 Shakspeare, 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 terrific, 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,¹

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

Burns replied to a letter of Mrs. Dunlop's announcing the birth of her grandchild:—"I literally jumped for joy. I seized my gilt-headed wangee rod, an instrument indispensably necessary, in my left hand, in the moment of inspiration and rapture; and stride, stride, quick and quicker, out skipped I among the broomy banks of Nith 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' meikle love,
And ward o' mony a prayer,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move, stone would
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair!

November hirples o'er the lea, limps
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm. from

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

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

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she in the blast,
Unshelter'd 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 sottish 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

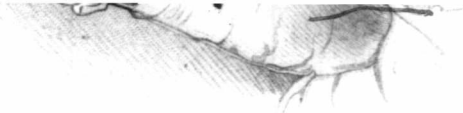
not absent, but wearing the mask of social cordiality—and while these various elements of humanity are blended into one proud and happy composition of elated spirits, the anger of the tempest without doors only heightens and sets off the enjoyment within.—I pity him who cannot perceive that in all this, though there was no moral purpose, there is a moral effect."—WORDSWORTH.

¹This 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.

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to Mrs.
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Published by the American Art Company, New York.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE POSSESSION OF MISS MARY A. B. B.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MISS MARY A. B. B.

ELIZABETH BURDET

Engraved by H. K. B.



ON

Elizabeth Burne
by Burns in the “
as follows:—“ The
and goodness, the
From her portrait
of this young lady.
In a letter to Alex
months, been han
and can get, no f
which was alread
this lady he says:
so much at the lo
of God’s works wa

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¹ Monboddo is an
which—being his pre
nent Scottish judge
took his title on be
was born in 1714 and
was the author of tw
and *Progress of La
Ancient Metaphysic
philosophy, six vols.
he maintained, am
tailed race of men, t*

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land!

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE MISS BURNET,

OF MONBODDO.¹

Elizabeth Burnett, 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 choir 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, o'erhanging dreary glens,
 To you I fly, ye with my soul accord.

¹ Monboddo is an estate in Kincardineshire, from which—being his property—James Burnett, 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. 1779-1799. 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.

Princes, whose cumb'rous 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 APPROACH 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 Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now laverock wake the merry morn'g larks
 Aloft on dewy wing;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r, blackbird
 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 oppress.

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 slae:
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang;
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
 Maun lie in prison strang.

hillside

sloe

must

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.

rose

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
 Frae woman's pitying ee.

foe

go

eye

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 faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee:
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me!

would shine
from foes

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 rave;
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

no more

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 yon castle wa', 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 wha's to blame,— dare not well know
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, handsome
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd: weep earth
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame,—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns and he tint his crown; lost
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 gae to rest, &c.

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

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

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

¹ The above version of the poet's songs was sent to Alexander Cunningham, Edinburgh, on 11th March, 1791, and was put into Dr. Cunningham's *Museum*, probably not without the poet's sanction (see the letter), printing with the words "your strictures," &c. one given above. Burns has "I have this evening a great mind to be tended to sing to a very fond, called in *speys* 'Ballendallock

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.¹

[FIRST VERSION.]

Sweet are the banks—the banks o' Doon,	
The spreading flowers are fair,	
And everything is blythe and glad,	
But I am fu' o' care.	
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,	
That sings upon the bough;	
Thou minds me o' the happy days	remindest
When my fause luvè was true:	false
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,	
That sings beside thy mate;	
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,	so
And wist na o' my fate.	
Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,	oft have
To see the woodbine twine;	
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,	every
And sae did I o' mine:	
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,	pulled
Upon its thorny tree;	
But my fause luvè staw my rose	false lover stole
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!	ere

SONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.²

[SECOND VERSION.]

TUNE—"Catharine Ogie."

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

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 Dundas 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 Cumming's *Collection of Strathspeys* 'Ballendalloch's Reel,' and in other collections

that I have met with 'Camdelmore.' 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 Dalgarrock, 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

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

so full

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

remindest
false

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.

knew not

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,
And sae did I o' mine.

oft have

every

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luvè staw the rosè,
But left the thorn wi' me.

pulled
from off
false lover stoleSONG—THE BANKS O' DOON.¹

[THIRD 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 sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:

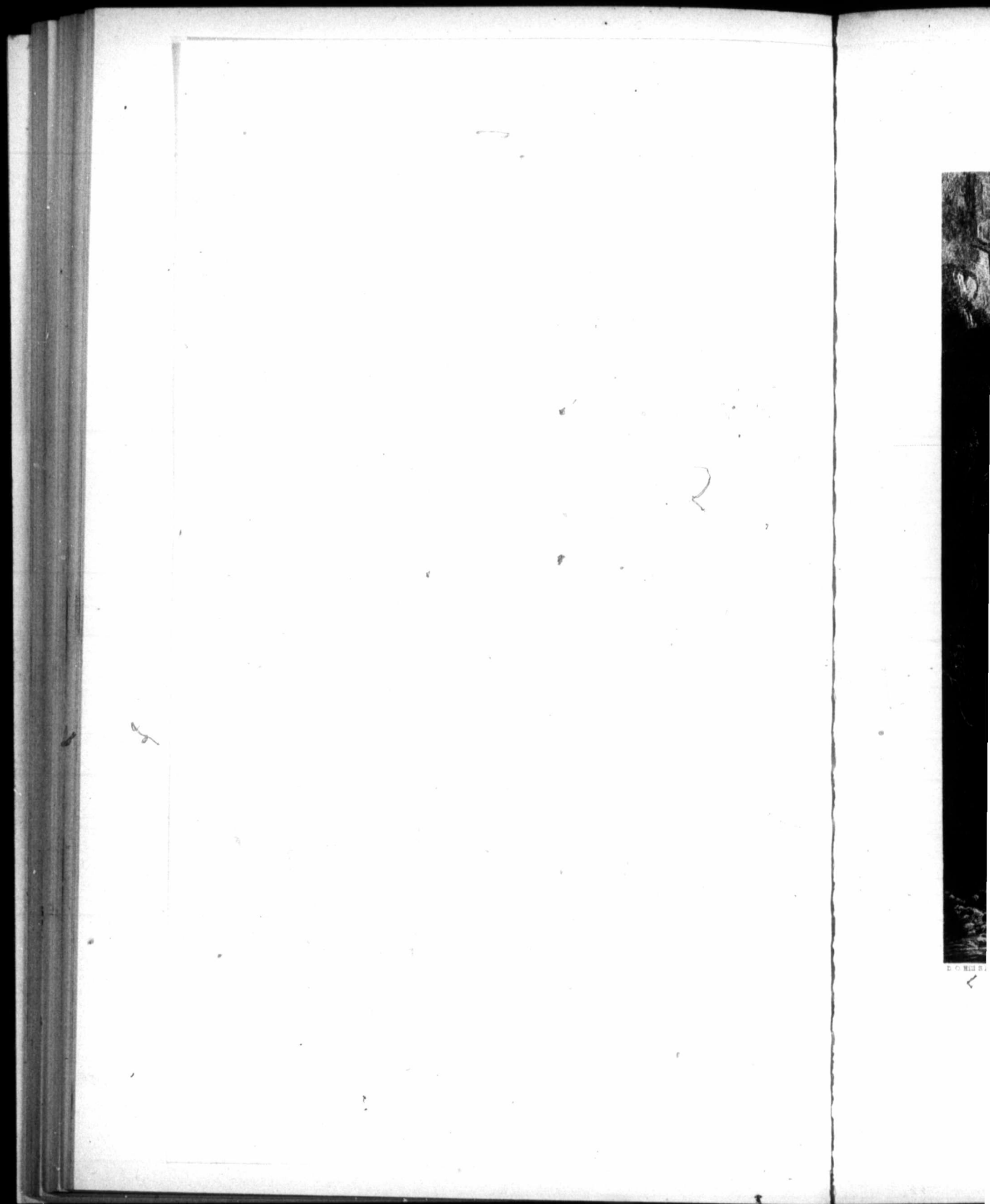
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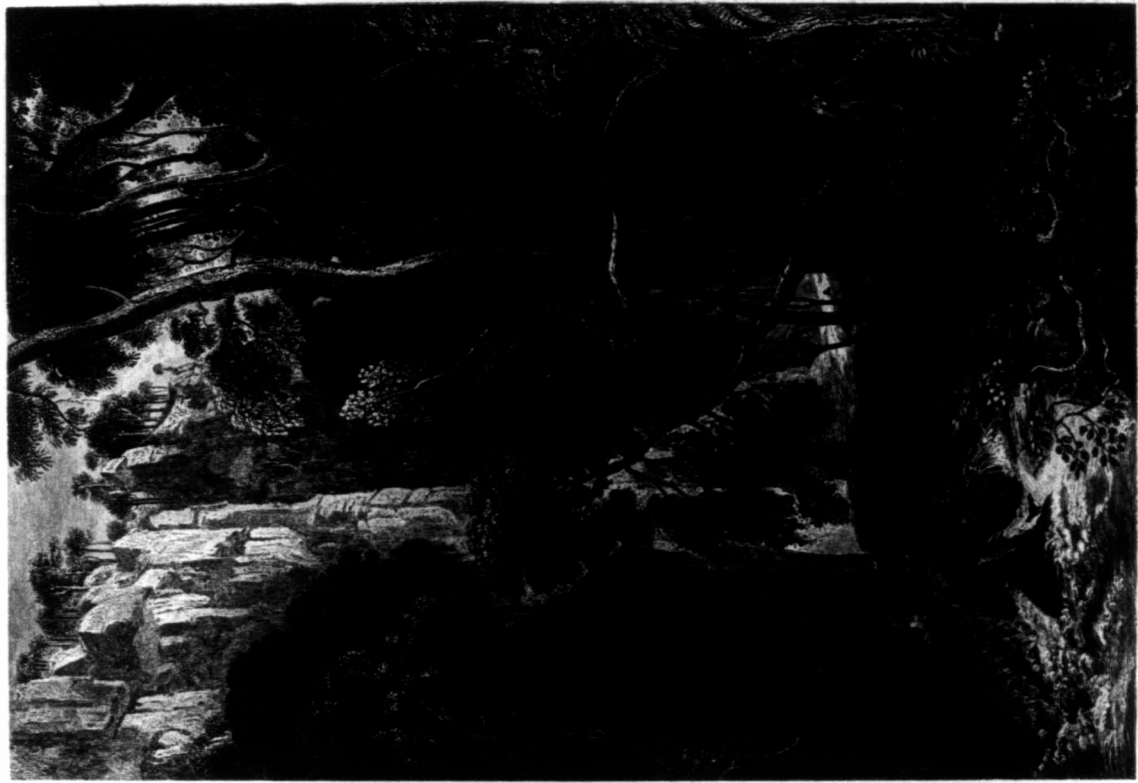
found by Cromek among Burns's papers, and was published by him in his *Reliques*. It differs comparatively little from the first version, except in the first four lines, and in being also shorter by four lines.

¹ See the notes to the preceding two versions. 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 chorus, 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 log, and whose voice resembles the creaking of a timber-yard on a windy day.—The Doon, which, in his poetical epistle to William Simpson, the poet says "naeboddy sings," any more than the Irvine, Lugar, 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.

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L. C. H. B. H. A.

W. H. B. H. H. A.

SCENE ON THE DOOM.

W. H. B. H. H. A.

W. H. B. H. H. A.

W. H. B. H. H. A.

LA

Shortly after h
the earl's sister,
the wing of my
worthy your per
obligations to th
shall ever glow,
sables I did mys
Nor shall my gr
he shall hand it
I owe to the not
James Glencair

¹This nobleman d
1791, in the forty-se
ing from a futile vo
James Cunningham
was born in 1749, a
father's death in 17
of notables who ext
of fellowship when
that Robert Aiken
Saturday Night" h
of Mr. Dalrymple
Burns to his cousin
again he became ac
and his brother H
Faculty. Glencair

Thou minds me o' departed joys, Departed—never to return!	remindest
Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine;	oft have
And ilka bird sang o' its luve, And fondly sae did I o' mine.	every
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:	pulled
And my fause lover staw my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.	false lover stole

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.¹

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 glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his Lordship's goodness. The sables I did myself the honour to wear to his Lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe.' 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 honour 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 craigy steep, a Bard, Laden with years and meikle pain, In loud lament bewail'd his lord, Whom Death had all untimely ta'en. ²	from craggy
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; His locks were bleach'd white wi' time, His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears!	oak

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 notables who extended to the poet the right hand of fellowship when he went to Edinburgh. It appears that Robert Aiken of Ayr (to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" had been dedicated) was a relative of Mr. Dalrymple of Orangefield, 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 bibliophile 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 sang,
 The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
 To Echo bore the notes along.

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques 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 ee;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness bring again to me.

eye

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

hold

must
others

"I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown;
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:¹
 Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

load

"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.

SENT TO S

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

darkest

¹ A line of the 15th Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.

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24th Scottish Script

² The last stanza o
 the lovers of literatu
 with Hazlitt, and o

³ These lines seen
 1791, for Sir John a

“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 sae sweetly on her knee;¹
But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a’ that thou hast done for me!”²

LINES³

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

Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever’st,
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.

24th Scottish Scripture Paraphrase.

² The 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.

³ These 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 chronological 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 awaukens the morrow; awakes
 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 hae nane for me, have none
 While care my heart is wringing.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maunna tell, cannot must not
 I darena for your anger; dare not
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', 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, it would death
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish. would
 Beyond thee, &c.

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

¹ Craigieburn is situated near Moffat, in Dumfriesshire, 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 *Museum* 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."

In the letter ad-
 liberty he takes in
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¹ Miss Deborah D
 following song and
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 when residing at E

SONG—LOVELY DAVIES.¹

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, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation?
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration—
 Even they maun dare an effort mair must more
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse, ere
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers when she appears,
 Like Phœbus 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 so must
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes; from above sky
 A scepter'd hand, a king's command, more
 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'rs surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour:
 I wad in vain essay the strain, would
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire drop
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

¹ Miss Deborah Davies, the subject of this and the following song and epigram, was a beautiful young lady connected with the Riddell 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.

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,	gentle
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,	
I wad wear thee in my bosom,	would
Lest my jewel I should tine.	lose
Wishfully I look and languish	
In that bonnie face o' thine;	
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,	feels a pang
Lest my wee thing be na mine.	
Bonnie wee thing, &c.	
Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,	
In ae constellation shine;	one
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	mother
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!	money

¹ The "charming lovely Davies," as Burns tells us himself, was the subject of these verses as of the song preceding. Burns inclosed 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 Stenhouse, "was written in 1790 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 tedious for insertion, and therefore left it out." The closing line is taken from an old ditty "Auld Rob Morris."

Burns, writing my composition; country, but the gaiety about it, t

O luv
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 And

¹ The "Posie" has Professor Wilson. I tion of the Grecian to the bard of Coi In Burns the tendre pression more exquisi objection that mig that all the flower found blooming at tiful lyric, presentin each verse conclud ain dear Jean," was (Glasgow, 1818-19). may possibly repr

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' till e'enin',
 He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang;
 He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
 O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

from
 coughs limps
 exhausted stupefied

He hums 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!

sorrow

My auld aunty Katie upon me taks pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart break him, rack (or wreck)
 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 luv will venture in where it daurna weel be seen, dare not well
 O luv will venture in where wisdom ance has been; once
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods sae green,—
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. pull own

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 Phæbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
 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 Coila 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 blooming 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 eglantine.

In the third stanza, the second line reads—

The morning's fragrance breathing like her sweet bonnie mou'.

In the fourth the poet says—

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

In the sixth—

The violet for modesty, the odour-breathing bean.

The fifth stanza is not represented at all.

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, silver
 Where, like an aged man it stands at break o' day.
 But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away,— will not
 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 draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear: eyes
 The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,— well befalls her
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvè,
 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 Athenæum 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? ₂

How couldst thou, with a heart so good,
 (A better ne'er was sluiced 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 Nimrod 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 throats 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,
 Polish'd 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 gagg'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,
 Suck'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.

* * * * *

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY.¹

Hail, Poesie! thou nymph reserv'd In chase of thee, what crowds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, or sunk enerv'd	from silly talk too often lovers
'Mang heaps o' clavers; And och! owre aft thy joes hae starv'd, Mid a' thy favours!	
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, While loud the trump's heroic clang, And sock or buskin skelp alang	tramp rapidly
To death or marriage; Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage?	one
In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Eschylus' pen Will Shakspeare drives; Wee Pope, the knurlin', till him rives	dwarf, to him hauls
Horatian fame; In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame	
But thee, Theocritus, wha matches? They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches; Squire Pope but busks his skinklin' patches	herdsman's ballads flashy
O' heathen tatters: I pass by <u>hundreds</u> , nameless wretches, That ape their betters.	hundreds
In this braw age o' wit an' lear, Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly, in its native air	fine learning none more
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 forrit, honest Allan! Thou needna jouk behint the hallan,	one lad forward crouch behind the partition
A chiel sae clever;	fellow

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 Gilbertfield may have been the author, questioning the Burns

authorship, principally on the omission of Fergusson'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 Fergusson. 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 Fergusson he could have hardly put him on a level with Ramsay as a writer of *pastoral* poetry. We believe the poem to be Burns's undoubtedly.

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

Thou paints auld 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 lasses bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns gray,
Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
At close o' day.

Thy rural loves are nature's sel';
Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin' love,
That charm that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move.²

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.²

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

¹The ruins of a strong fortress on a high rock on the coast of Haddingtonshire.

²Drumlanrig 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 1679 and 1689 and is in the form of a quadrangle, having square turrets at the corners, and an interior court, accessible through an arched portal. Its site on a terrace overlooking the Nith, surrounded by fine woods, and backed by a range of lofty hills, is very imposing. At the time when Burns resided in Nithsdale the honours and estates were in the possession of the profligate Duke of Queensberry, the notorious "Old Q," who rarely visited any of his Scottish mansions. Drumlanrig Castle was then partially occupied by the duke's chamberlain, or land-agent, John M'Murdo, Esq., at whose fireside Burns became a frequent and welcome guest. The letters and poems of the Ayrshire bard testify in sufficiently forcible terms the contempt he entertained for the ducal master, and the affectionate esteem with which he regarded the chamberlain. The wife and daughters of the latter gentleman

also came in for a share of his regard; the eldest daughter being heroine of his delightful "ballad" entitled "Bonnie Jean," and Miss Philadelphia or Phillis the subject of two songs in which her name occurs. The poet saw with feelings of the bitterest indignation the woods of Drumlanrig felled by order of the worthless duke, in order to enrich a lady whom he presumed to be his daughter, and this proceeding drew from the pen of our bard the above satirical verses, written probably in 1791. At the death of William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, his chief titles, with the barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, as heir of line.

These verses, first collected in Hogg and Motherwell's edition (1835), 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 reading of the magazine is substantially preserved in our text. The verses, in the poet's handwriting, are said to have been found pasted on the back of the shutter. Allan Cunningham doubted their genuineness; and some will probably share his doubts.

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.

craig

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sughs 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?"

soughs

birchen

"There was a time, it's nae lang syne,
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
 When a' my banks sae 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
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;

not long ago

"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."

above

fireside smokc

shelter

alone

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' chance
 Has twin'd ye o' your stately trees?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
 Has stripp'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?"

deprived

clothing slopes

"Nae eastlin' blast," the sprite replied;
 "It blows na here sae fierce and fell,
 And on my dry and halesome 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!"

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STANZAS¹

ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace—
Discarded remnant of a race

Once great in martial story?
His forbears' 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.²

TUNE—"The Weaver's March."

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea, runs rolling
By mony a flow'r, and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant weaver.

O I had woovers aught or nine, eight
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; gave
And I was feared my heart would tine, be lost
And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band, marriage settlement
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.

²The following circumstances have been suggested as explanatory of the origin of this song. Jean Armour, when the results of her intimacy with Burns became too evident, to avoid the immediate pressure of her father's displeasure, went about the month of May (1786) 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 rowin' 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*.

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

SONG—WILLIE STEWART.¹

TUNE—"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 sae welcome's thou art.

Come bumpers high, express your joy,
 The bowl we maun renew it; must
 The tappit-hen, gae bring her ben, quart-measure in
 To welcome Willie Stewart.

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

SONG—LOVELY POLLY STEWART.²

TUNE—"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 blaws, it fades, it fa's,
 And art can ne'er 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 wroth 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 Barrowby, Lincolnshire. 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 1806, 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 *Museum* is also known as "Miss Stewart's Reel."

¹ This a Burns wro for Thom from Oswa for the ch
² The ff

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

May he, whose arms shall fault thy charms,
Possess a leal 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 M'NAB!¹

TUNE—"Eppie M'Nab."

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

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

garden
will not own

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

false

SONG—MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.²

TUNE—"My tocher's the jewel."

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

much

know very well
marriage portion

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

² The 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's 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 hiney he'll cherish the bee;	honey
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,	money
He canna hae luve to spare for me.	
Your proffer o' luve's an airt-penny,	earnest-money
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;	would
But an ye be crafty, I am cunni',	
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.	must
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,	timber
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,	
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,	
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.	break more than

SONG—O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.¹

TUNE—"The Moudiewort."

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

They snool me sair, and haud me down,	snub me softly hold
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam!	make a sniveller
But three short years will soon wheel roun',	
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam!	
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.	

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,	piece lump of money
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;	
At kith or kin I needna spier,	need not ask
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.	
An' O, for ane-and-twenty, &c.	

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,	booby
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;	
But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof—	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 Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre.' It is also to be found long prior to Nathaniel Gow's era, in Aird's *Selection of Airs and Marches*, the first edition, under the name of the 'Highway to Edinburgh.'"—R. B.—"This statement is incorrect. On referring to Neil Gow and Sons' second book, p. 18, it will be seen that it is unclaimed by Nathaniel Gow or any of his family. Mr. Gow found the tune in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, book iii. p.

28, as a quick jig; it struck him that it would be pretty if slow; and being without a name, he called it 'Lord Elcho's Favourite.' Oswald's book was published as long prior to Aird's era, as Aird's was to that of Gow."—CROMEK.

¹This song was composed expressly for Johnson's *Museum*, where it is set to a "rattlin'" tune in jig-time ("The Moudiewort" means "the mole"). Stenhouse says "the subject of the song had a real origin," and without giving names he states the particulars.

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 tasked my muse to the top of her performing."

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part, one glance
 Rue on thy despairing lover! Pity
 Can'st thou break his faithfu' 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, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee:
 Can'st thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die? would
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: every
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

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

SONG—FLOW GLENTLY, SWEET AFTON.²*TUNE—"Afton Water."*

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, slopes
 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 exquisitely melodious lyric, 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

Thou stock-dove,¹ whose echo resounds thro' the glen;
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
Thou green crested lapwing,² 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. birch

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems 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 politeness, but I know a good deal of benevolence of temper and goodness of heart. Surely did those in exalted stations know how happy they could make some classes 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, proprietress 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 settling 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, Dumfries, 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 an 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.³ Birches in great numbers—the ash—the mountain ash—the pine—together with numerous hawthorns, of great age and considerable 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 "Flow gently, sweet 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 Mauchline, 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 cushat, which utters a pleasant musical coo, while the other is said to have a disagreeable grunting note.

²MS. variation "plover."

birch

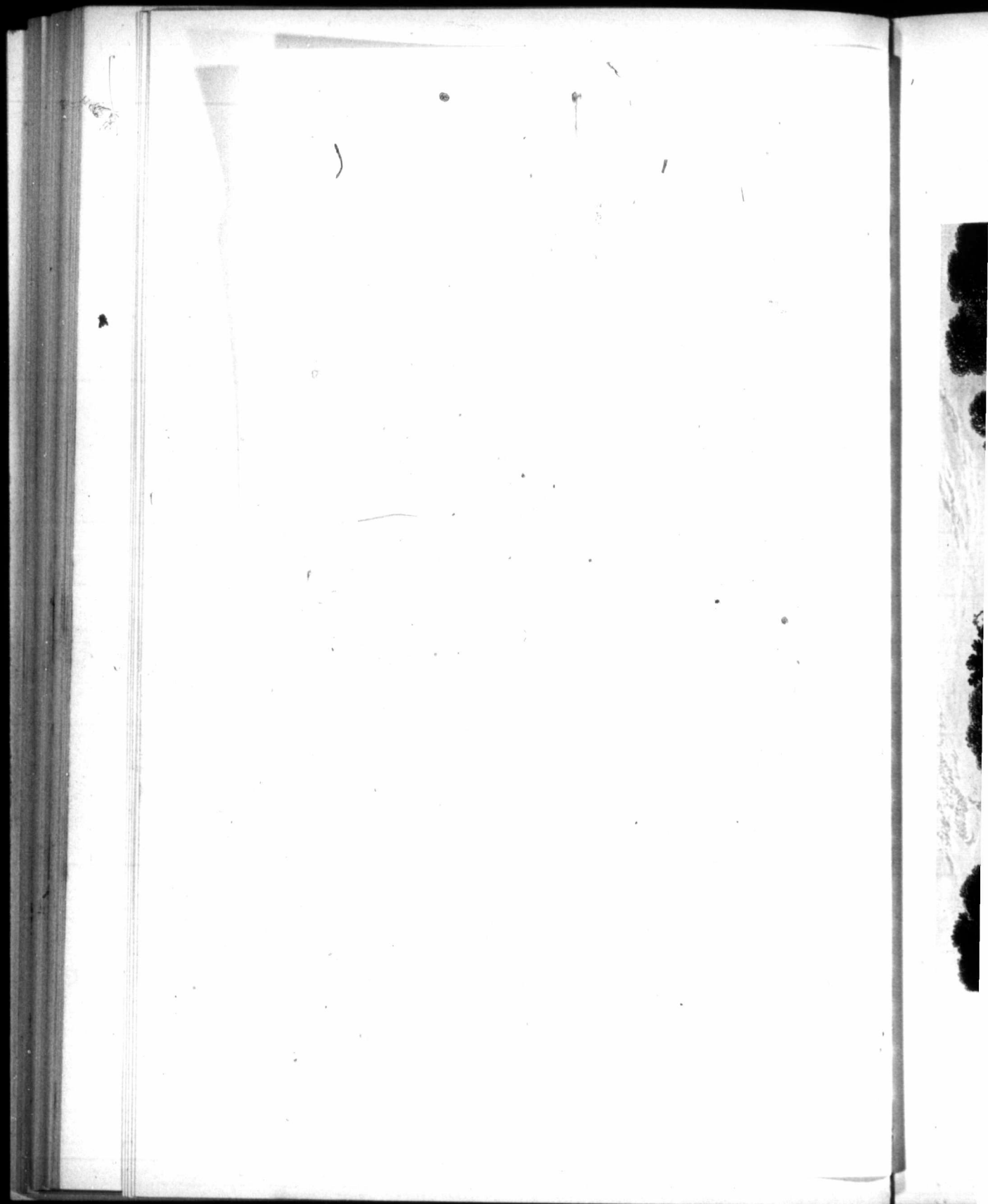
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GLEN AFTON,
NEAR NEW CUMBUCK.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson, New York.

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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 cold-eyed Spring, a virgin coy,
 Unfolds her verdant mantle sweet,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic joy,
 A carpet for her youthful feet:
 While Summer, with a matron's grace,
 Walks stately in the cooling shade,
 And oft, delighted, loves 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 Æolian 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.¹

TUNE—"Bonnie Bell."

The smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
 And surly winter grimly 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 ev'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.²

The noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the border,
 And they'll gae big Terreagles' towers go build
 And set them a' in order.
 And they declare, Terreagles 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 Terreagles 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 Terreagles 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 Riddell of Friars' Carse; it is neither very original nor very pleasing.

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The weary night o' care and grief
 May hae a joyful morrow;
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

SONG—FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

TUNE—"Carron 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.

Frae the friends and land I love	from
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite,	
Frae my best belov'd I rove,	
Never mair to taste delight.	more
Never mair maun hope to find	must
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;	
When remembrance wracks the mind	wrecks
Pleasures but unveil despair.	
Brightest climes shall mirk appear,	dark
Desert ilka blooming shore,	every
Till the fates, nae mair severe,	no more
Friendship, love, and peace restore;	
Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,	
Bring our banish'd hame again;	
And ilk loyal bonnie lad	each
Cross the seas and win his ain.	own

SONG—YE JACOBITES BY NAME.¹

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 fautes I will proclaim,	
Your doctrines I maun blame—	must
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.

¹This 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."

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.¹

TUNE—"Such a parcel of Rogues in a Nation."

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory;
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story! so
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, runs
 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 would, or I had seen the day ere
 That treason thus could sell us,

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 roused 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 nationality still flourishes vigorously.—The air to which the words are set in the *Museum* appears both in M'Gibbon's and Oswald's collections.

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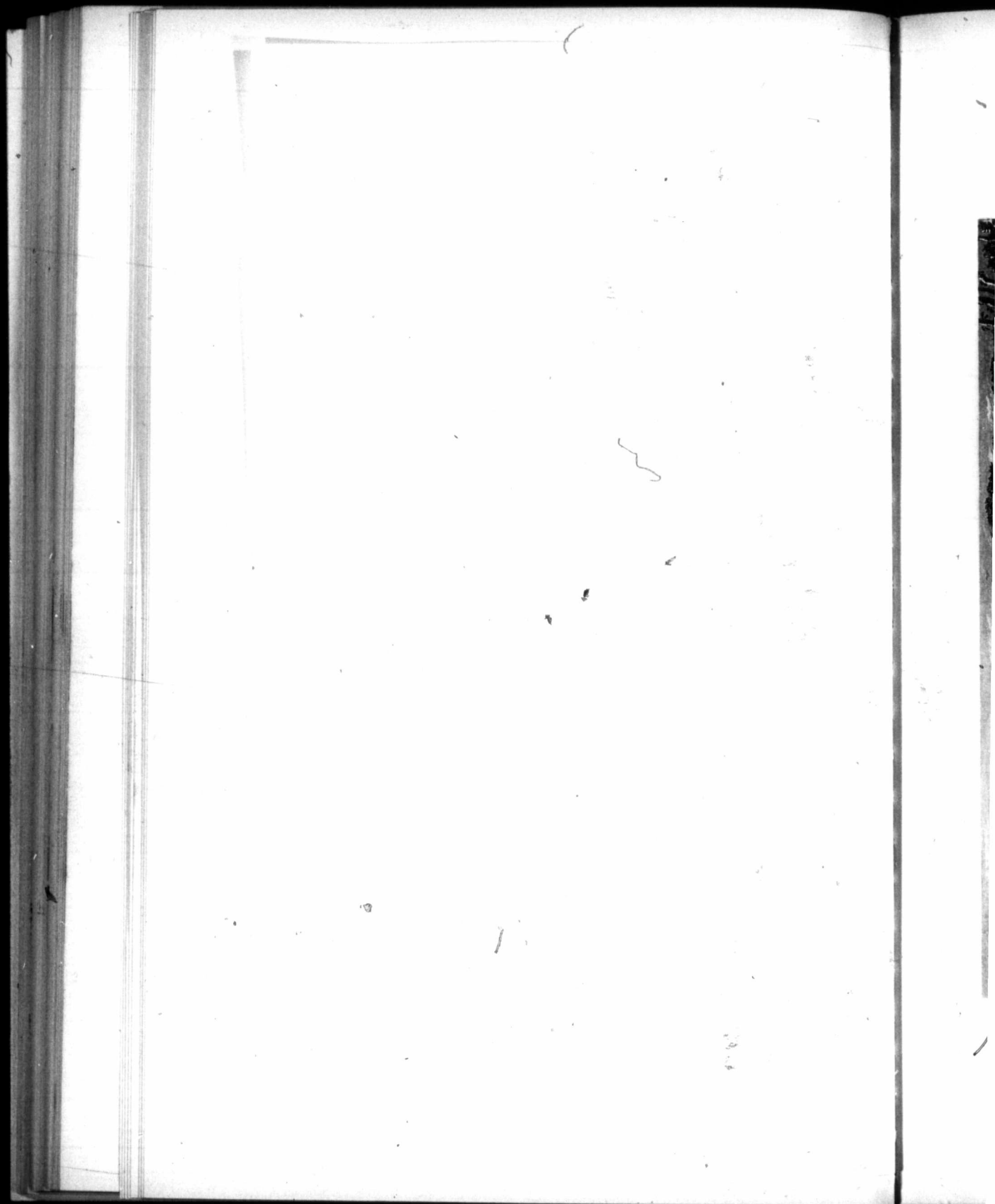
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Printed by R. D. ...



W. PAULSON, LITHOGRAPHER, N. Y.

WINDMILL
AND TOWER
WINDMILL CASTLE



W. PAULSON, LITHOGRAPHER, N. Y.

WINDMILL CASTLE

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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 awa, Willie."

O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
 O Kenmure's on and awa!
 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 hand.
 Here Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
 Here Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 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 faes 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 snaw!

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 24th Feb. 1716. In the end of July, 1793, the poet, accompanied by Mr. Syme, 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 Mr. Syme's account of this tour will be found.) The *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland* (1883) gives the following particulars regarding Kenmure Castle:—"It stands on a high, round, isolated mount, . . . 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 engirt 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 Aberdeenshire; 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 crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
 About to beg a pass for leave to beg:
 Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
 (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);
 Will generous Graham list to his Poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor Misery, heark'ning 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;
 Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles ensure;
 The cit and polecat stink, and are secure;
 Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug;
 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 olfact'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 booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion 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!
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

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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:
Foil'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 tugging 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 noon 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!

SONG OF DEATH.¹

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 bright² 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 hast 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 rest³ with the brave?

EPISTLE TO MR. MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTY,⁴

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 sibyl leaf,
This natal morn,

I see thy life is stuff o' prief,

Scarce quite half worn.—

proof

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, M'Donald's Collection of Highland airs, I was struck with one, an Isle 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 title. 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 valour;" 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 Ellisland.

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 of seven times seven" additional, he reached

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This day thou metes threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka Poet)
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Will yet bestow it.

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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—

wretches

brimstone dust

But for thy friends, and they are mony,
 Baith honest men and lasses bonnie,
 May couthie Fortune, kind and cannie,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blythe, and e'enings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

loving gentle

Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye,
 And then the deil he daur na steer ye:
 Your friends aye love, your faes aye fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
 While BURNS they ca' me.

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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,
 Dearest Nancy, thou canst 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 Afton.

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 grand-son 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 caulder kirk, an' in't but few—
 The deil tak me an I gae back!

EPIGRAM—THE TOAD-EATER.²

What of earls with whom you have supp'd,
 And of 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

TUNE—"O, May, thy Morn."

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 Terraughty, 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 Jamaica. (See notes to the next two songs.) The tune to which it is adapted in the *Museum* is, with slight alteration, what is better known as "The wee, wee German Lairdie."

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 guid 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.¹

TUNE—"Rory Dall's Port."

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

one

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'Lehose), 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

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

every

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

SONG—GLOOMY DECEMBER.¹

TUNE—"Wandering Willie."

Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December!
Ance 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;

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 benedick 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. 239 and 248, vol. ii., as well as here. See the Clarinda Correspondence in vol. iv.—The Gaelic tune to which the song is set in the *Museum* is singularly inappropriate. It still wants a fit composer. *Port*, 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'Lehose) on the 6th December, 1791 (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 wheels." 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.

¹ This sonnet in the fifth Stenhouse edition printed in 1842 and stiff.

But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever!
 Is anguish unmingled 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 wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

SONG—SAE FAR AWA.¹

TUNE—"Dalkeith Maiden Bridge."

O, sad and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa;
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land sae far awa.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her, sae far awa:
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers, sae far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

LINES ON FERGUSSON THE POET.²

Ill 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 truest Worth and Genius pine
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
 While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow!

¹This song was written for the *Museum*, and appears in the fifth volume of that collection, united to what Stenhouse calls "a Scots measure or dancing tune, printed in Aird's Collection." The song is rather bald and stiff.

²"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.

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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.¹

I do confess thou art sae fair,	so
I wad been o'er the lugs in luvè,	would (have) ears
Had I na found the slightest prayer	not
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.	
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.	every
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,	
Amang its native briers sae coy:	
How sune it tines its scent and hue,	soon loses
When pu'd and worn a common toy!	plucked
Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,	such
Though thou may gaily bloom a while;	
Yet soon thou shalt 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,	pound
The weary pund o' tow;	

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 Mistresse," appeared in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659. 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 find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands
Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells!

But plucked and strained through ruder 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 handled 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.

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 a' their life,
Let them spin as they dow.
I thought my tow was endit—
It wasna 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*.

f Cunn
was a fa
first vers
rather th
portrait,
aggratio

I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
The weary pund, &c.

stone of flax

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe,
And aye she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stowrie tow.
The weary pund, &c.

recess in the wall
flame of the fire
other swig
drench dusty

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 pund, &c.

bunch

head

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary pund, &c.

went knoll
ere I wed
struggle ropeSONG—SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.¹

TUNE—"The Eight Men of Moidart."

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, tinkler Maidgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

dwelt

weaver

(have) stolen any person

sulky swarthy

tinker

such

would not give

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;

eye

besides

would deafen

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. Linkumdoddie is no doubt an imaginary locality; there is a Logan Water in Lanarkshire.

2.

Mary and Anne
lection of Scots
he simplicity of

so
would (have) ears
not

every

soon loses
plucked
such

pound

ugh ruder hands,
dwells.
gone,
one.

side,
a while
side,
will smile:
no
y none.

old, the rest is by
of the old ditty:—
my wife

their life,
ow.
dit—

her life

fine manly vigorous
panion.

A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;— each other
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,¹ bandy-legged, bent-shinn'd¹
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter; hand-breadth
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter: every
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther; shoulder
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits, pussy fireside
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin'; paw
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, not so tidy
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; wipes snout footlessstocking:²
Her walie nieves like midden-creels, large fists manure-baskets
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water; dirty
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

SONG—THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.³

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 Mahoun, every
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-shinned* person is one whose ankles meet as hems do at the lower part."—CUTHBERTSON, *Glossary to Burns*. *Hems, hanes, or hains*, 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-shinn'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 shin'd."

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*. Cromek, however, states that at a meeting of his fellow excisemen in Dumfries, the bard, on being called upon for

a song, handed 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, Edinburgh, confirms Cromek'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 ballad, which I composed, and sung at one of his excise court dinners: here it is—'The Deil's awa' wi' th' 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" (1657).

¹ This sonnet is adapted

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink, malt
 We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;
 And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, fine
 That danc'd awa' wi' the Exciseman.
 The deil's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
 There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
 But the ae best dance e'er cam to our land, one
 Was—the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.
 The deil's awa', &c.

SONG—THE COUNTRY LASSIE.¹

TUNE—"The Country Lassie."

In simmer, when the hay was mawn, every
 And corn waw'd green in ilka field,
 While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield; sheltered place
 Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, shed
 Says,—“I'll be wed, come o't what will;”
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,— old age
 “O guid advisement comes nae ill.
 “It's ye hae woers mony ane, many a one
 And, lassie, ye'rè but young, ye ken;
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale, cautiously choose
 A routhie but, a routhie ben: a well-stocked room and kitchen
 There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; cow-house
 Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
 It's plenty beets the lover's fire.” feeds
 “For Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen,
 I dinna care a single flie; fly
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, cows
 He has nae love to spare for me:
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gie glance eye
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.” wot
 would not give
 wealth
 “O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught; fight
 The canniest gate, the strife is sair; most cautious way sore
 But aye fu' han't is fechtin' best, full-handed fighting
 A hungry care's an unco care:

¹This song, we are told by Stenhouse, was written by Orpheus Caledonius (1725). Henry Carey in composing the melody to “Sally in our Alley” has evidently borrowed from this tune.

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."

must have
 then
 ale

"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 and 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?"

ridges
 pleasant
 gold and silver

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 22d 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 unspotted 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 delighting, and so pure, were the emotions of my soul 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?
 She's ganè, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

went
 gone

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:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

would

The powers aboon will tent thee,
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

above guard
 shall not hurt

¹ This song was forwarded to Thomson in a letter dated November 8, 1792. See letter.

² This couplet is substantially the same as one in "Ae Fond Kiss."

¹ This s
 Museum, a

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

SONG—BESSY AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL.¹

TUNE—"The sweet lass that lo'es me."

O leeze me on my spinnin'-wheel,
And leeze me on my rock and reel;
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simnrer sun,
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning-wheel.

pleas'd am I with

clothes comfortably
wraps well

low

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my thee-kit 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.

every brooklets

thatched

birch

coof

shelter

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays;
The craik among the claver hay,
The pair-trick whirrin' o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin'-wheel.

oaks

sorrowful

linnets slop

each other's

clover

partridge lea

turning swiftly cottage

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, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin'-wheel?

above

would

noisy

¹ This song was composed on purpose for the *Museum*, and appears in the fourth volume, where it is set to an air composed by Oswald, and published in 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 26th 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,	folding-time dear
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,	oxen from
Return sae dowf and weary, O;	so dull
Down by the burn, where scented birks	birches
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,	
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,	grass-field
My ain kind dearie, O!	own
In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,	darkest
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,	superstitiously uneasy
If through that glen I gaed to thee,	went
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;	move onward (stir)
Gie me the hour of gloaming grey,	
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,	
To meet thee on the lea-rig,	
My ain kind dearie, O! ¹	

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 extempore 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'ning 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.

This w
 poet say
 first gla
 my you
 would h
 a borro

¹ Castle o
 Coilsfield
 Montgome
 sion is abo
 line, and
 handsome

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And niest my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.
 She is a winsome wee thing, &c.

nearest
 gets lost

The world's wrack we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.
 She is a winsome wee thing, &c.

world's trouble
 struggle

SONG—HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"Katharine Ogie."

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
 The castle o' Montgomery,¹
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the langest tarry!
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

slopes

turbid

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birch,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

birch

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder;

full
 oft

¹ Castle of Montgomery is a poetical periphrasis for Coilsfield House, then the residence of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, afterwards Earl of Eglinton. The mansion is about 6 miles from Ayr on the road to Mauchline, and about 1½ from Tarbolton village. It is a handsome and well-situated mansion on the right

bank of the Faile, a tributary of the Ayr. Probably the immortal and final parting between Burns and Highland Mary took place on the banks of the Faile in this neighbourhood. Coilsfield owes its name to the traditional King Coll, whence also, according to the common belief, came *Coylton* and *Kyle*.

But Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering 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 insure admiration to the plainest figure. This, madam, is not the unmeaning 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 polish'd 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. Sutherland, 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.

The f
the 5th
Rights
poet's w
here ha
precedi

¹ Burns,
under som
the early
uphill wor
little extra
about thir
appointed
cure; at a
VO

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 fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the rights of kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear *admiration!*
 In that blest 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! ça ira! the MAJESTY OF WOMAN.

EXTEMPORE LINES

ON SOME COMMEMORATIONS OF THOMSON.¹

The following stanzas were first published in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer*, 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 1856, where the editor remarks, "There can be no doubt that Burns here had in view the same affair which he had treated in so conceding a style in September of the preceding year (1791)." See p. 111.

Dost thou not rise indignant shade,
 And smile wi' spurning scorn,
 When they wha wad hae starved thy life, would have
 Thy senseless turf adorn?

Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae alone climbed slope
 Wi' mickle, mickle toil,
 And claught th' unfading garland there— clutched
 Thy sair-won rightful spoil. hard-won

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, bestowed 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.

And wear it there! and call aloud
 This axiom undoubted—
 Would thou hae Nobles' patronage,
 First learn to live without it.

To whom hae 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

IN A FAVOURITE CHARACTER.¹

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—AULD ROB MORRIS.²

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen,
 He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonnie lassie, his dautie and mine.

dwells
 pick
 gold oxen
 one darling

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 lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

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 maunna hope to come speed,
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

proprietor
 garden
 must not
 death

¹ According to Robert Chambers Miss Fontenelle was "a smart and pretty little creature, who played Little Pickle in the *Spoiled 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 coffers, he has sheep, he has kyne.

In the second edition of that publication the tune is arranged as a duet by Haydn.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

gone
alone ghost
would

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!

describing

SONG—DUNCAN GRAY.¹

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 Yule-night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

tipsy

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,²

cast high
sidewise very disdainfully
made aloof

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleart and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

supplicated

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Slighted love is sair to bide,

both
wept eyes
leaping waterfall

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

sore

hussy

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

well

¹ "This has nothing in common with the old licentious ballad of 'Duncan Gray' but the first line and part of the third. The rest is wholly original."—CURRIE.

In Thomson's collection (2d edition) this exquisitely

humorous song is so arranged that it may be sung as a solo, duet, or trio; the arrangement and accompaniment are by no less a master than Beethoven.

² A well-known lofty rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde.

dwells
pick
gold oxen
one darling

eye
proprietor
garden
must not
death

t and the following
to Thomson, on the
son's collection the

sheep, he has kyne.
blication the tune is

Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings;
 And O, her een, they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

eyes spoke such

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 couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

smothered
brisk and cheerful both

A TIPPLING BALLAD,

ON THE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK'S BREAKING UP HIS CAMP, AND THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS
 BY DUMOURIER, 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 stanza 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, blaze
 The poor man lies down
 Nor envies a crown,
 And comforts himself as he dow, as he dow, can
 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, hollow
 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, reign-
 And lang may they ring as they dow.

¹ This fl
Scots Maga
 to that per
 namely—C
Edinburgl
 had sent t
 with a son
 sent to Jo
 second lin
 we give th

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, will not
 May never guid luck be their fa'! lot
 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 frae evil!
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, be lost
 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, Northern
 That lives at the lug o' the law!
 Here's freedom to him that would read,
 Here's freedom to him that would write!
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
 But they whom the truth wad indite. would accuse

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, timber
 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 burthen 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.

Here's chieftain M'Leod,¹ a chieftain worth gowd, gold
 Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw!
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth, both
 And friends on baith 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 "malice and misrepresentation have brought against me." In a letter to Mr. Erskine of Mar, dated 13th April, 1793, he says, "One of our superiors-general, a Mr. Corbet, was instructed to enquire on the spot, into my conduct, and to document me, — that *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."

In politics if thou would'st mix,
 And mean thy fortunes be;
 Bear this in mind,—be deaf and blind,
 Let great folks hear and see.

SONG—O POORTITH CAULD AND RESTLESS LOVE.³

TUNE—"I had a horse."

O poortith cauld and restless love, poverty
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
 O why should Fate sic pleasure have, such
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae 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't;— 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 Ainslie 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 ditty, 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 Douie's*, in the Lawnmarket, 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 Kozeluch; 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, "Fie, fie," for "O fie;" stanza 5, line 1, "humble" for "simple;" line 2, "simple" for "artless;" line 4, "Did" for "Can."

O fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray eyes so
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye, theme
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him? such
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am? so
O why, &c.

How blest the simple cotter's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state, hobgoblins
Can never make them eerie. afraid
O why, &c.

SONG—GALA WATER.¹

TUNE—"Gala Water"

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, handsome slopes
They rove among the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, groves
Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane, one
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better; above
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird, proprietor
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher; have not a large dowry
Yet, rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water. watch

¹There are two or three old songs extant known to have been wedded to the melody of "Gala Water;" three are given in Chambers's *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns*, and one of those had been sent by our poet to Johnson's *Museum*. The above lyric has completely superseded all the older ones. Two various readings occur in the first stanza: "There's braw" for "Braw," and "That wander thro'" for "They rove among."—Connected with the tune Stenhouse has the note:—"On the MSS. of music which I have seen, the Doctor [Haydn] expressed his opinion of the melody in the best English he was master of, in the following short but emphatic sentence:—"This one Dr. Haydn favourite song."—The elegant melodiousness of the tune is quite in Haydn's own manner, and could hardly be surpassed by even that *maestro* himself. The musical arrangement in Thomson's collection is by Pleyel.—The Gala Water is a tributary of the Tweed, which it joins about four miles above Melrose.

gold

both

being disaffected
brought against
of our superiors.
to document me,
measures, it was

LOVE.³

poverty

such

so

rest

ct, which made him
should be united to
the meeting, I have
his circumstance took
write tavern, *Johnnie*
linburgh; and there,
w song was also sung
individual."—The
son's collection, the
ozeluch; the second
animents for piano,
Weber.

g have the following
ie, fie," for "O fie;"
r "simple;" line 2,
"Did" for "Can."

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure: bought
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793, 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 surly reign,
 At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content with light unanxious heart;
 Welcomes 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 yon 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.¹

"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 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 26th, 1793.

O mirk, mirk is the midnight hour, dark
 And loud the tempest's roar;
 A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r, woeful
 Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

¹ Thomson had employed Dr. Wolcot ("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. Wolcot's stanzas:—

Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door!
 A midnight wanderer sighs;
 Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
 And lightnings cleave the skies.

Who comes with woe at this drear night—
 A pilgrim of the gloom?
 If she whose love did once delight,
 My cot shall yield her room.
 Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn,
 That once was priz'd by thee:
 Think of the ring by yonder burn
 Thou gav'st to love and me.
 But should'st thou not poor Marian know,
 I'll turn my feet and part;
 And think the storms that round me blow
 Far kinder than thy heart.

¹The following line 6, "sal" line 3, "bol"

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.

from hall

show

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
 By bonnie Irwine-side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin-love
 I lang, lang had denied?
 How aften didst-thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for aye be mine;
 And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

rememberest

would

so

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast—
 Thou dart of heav'n that flashest by,
 O wilt thou give me rest!
 Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare, and pardon my false love,
 His wrangs to heaven and me!¹

SONG—WANDERING WILLIE.²

[FIRST VERSION.]

This song, along with the next, was sent to George Thomson in March, 1793. 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 ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
 Loud 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 cave 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, thou wide roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

hold

one

eye

roll

once more

believe

own

¹ The 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

WANDERING WILLIE.

[SECOND VERSION.]

AS ALTERED BY MR. ERSKINE AND MR. THOMSON.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,	
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;	hold
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,	own
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,	eye
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!	
Aud waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.	once more
But oh, if he's faithless and minds na his Nannie,	remembers not
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.	own

WANDERING WILLIE.

[THIRD VERSION.]

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,	
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;	hold
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,	own
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;	eye
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 song:—

Here awa, there awa, haud awa, Willie
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

Thro' the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
 Thro' the lang muir I have followed him hame
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us,
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, haud awa, Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
 Ika thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

In reply to the poet's letter containing the first version, Thomson wrote: "Your 'Here awa Willie must undergo some alterations to suit the air. Mr. Erskine and I have been conning it over; he will suggest what is necessary to make them a fit match." The result of the "conning" was the second version. Some of the alterations therein were adopted by Burns, and others rejected, as may be seen from the last version. The air of the song is set to in Thomson's book is arranged by Pleyel in four sections, each representing a line of the poetry. The melody is now made to fit an eight-line stanza, by some of the sections being slightly altered and repeated. As to Mr. Erskine, see the Thomson Correspondence.

This
1793.
song

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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 laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

waken roll
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SONG—OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

This song was sent by Burns—along with "Wandering Willie"—to George Thomson in March, 1793. 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!¹
 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 caulder thy love for me, Oh!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And Time is setting with me, Oh!
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 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

¹In the original version sent to Thomson in March, 1793, the second line reads:

If love it may not be, Oh.

Seeing, however, that the same thought had been expressed in his recent song "Lord Gregory:"

At least some pity on me shaw,
 If love it may not be,

it was deemed advisable to make the alteration. The poet had already given form to this sentiment in "Mary Morison:"

If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown.

Thomson gives the song entirely an English dress: "cold" for "cauld," "more" for "mair," &c. We follow Currie's version.

²How 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:

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And Time is setting with me, Oh!

containing the first
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 to suit the air. Mr.
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 ce them a fit match."
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 ur sections, each re-
 The melody is now
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The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving; offered true
 The laird did address her-wi' matter mair moving,
 A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing; woe money
 And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen farm
 A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parole, dowry
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl! world

BALLAD—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"The Mill, Mill, O."

"Burns, I have been informed," wrote a clergyman of Dumfriesshire in a letter to Mr. George Thomson, "was one summer evening at the inn at Brownhill (in Dumfriesshire), 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-ropes about him,' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O.'"

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 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 leal, light heart was in my breast, faithful
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon² 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: oft

¹ As originally printed in Thomson's work these two lines stood

And eyes again with pleasure beam'd,
 That had been blear'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 esteem a positive beauty."

² Variation:—"And aye I mind't."

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 Ochiltree, 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 find himself at the spot where the soldier is described as meeting his still faithful mistress. Coylton Kirk and Kirkton are first passed, and then, about half a mile

nnie Dundee."—

of it, and wanted
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know

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and-owner peevish,
[blear-eyed dwarf

a version of this song
 sixth volume of which
 given for this work by
 notes to that collec-
 as a "humorous old
 the humour is rather
 poet's masterhand are
 t print it. Even the
 on was not admitted

Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, own
 Down by her mother's dwelling!
 And turn'd me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling. eyes

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
 Sweet as you 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, so
 And lovelier was than ever:
 Quo' she, "A sodger ance I lo'ed, once
 Forget him shall I never:
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it,
 That gallant badge—the dear cockade—
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
 Syne pale like ony lily;¹ then
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 "Art thou my ain dear Willie?" own
 "By him that made yon 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, wordly means
 And mair, we'se ne'er be parted." more, we shall
 Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd, gold
 A mailen plenish'd fairly; farm stocked
 And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

further up the little vale, we reach the trysting thorn and mill—a scene of simple and by no means striking elements, yet pleasing, and a type to recall many other Scottish burn-sides and mill sites—'fit scenes,' as Wordsworth has it,

—for childhood's opening bloom,
 For sportive youth to stray in;
 For manhood to enjoy his strength,
 And age to wear away in.

A verdant, gowan-besprent holm, through which the burn finds a crooked way—"twa 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

elms and hedgerows, a few scattered cots, and the heathy mountains behind, from which the stream descends—such are the component parts of this and a thousand other such spots in Lowland Scotland—how dearly treasured in the remembrance of many a manly heart all over the world! The mill, in the present case, bears the title of Mill Monach, or Mill Mannoeh the *Monk'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 Burns.*

¹ Variation:—"Synce wallow't [paled] like a lily."

[1790.

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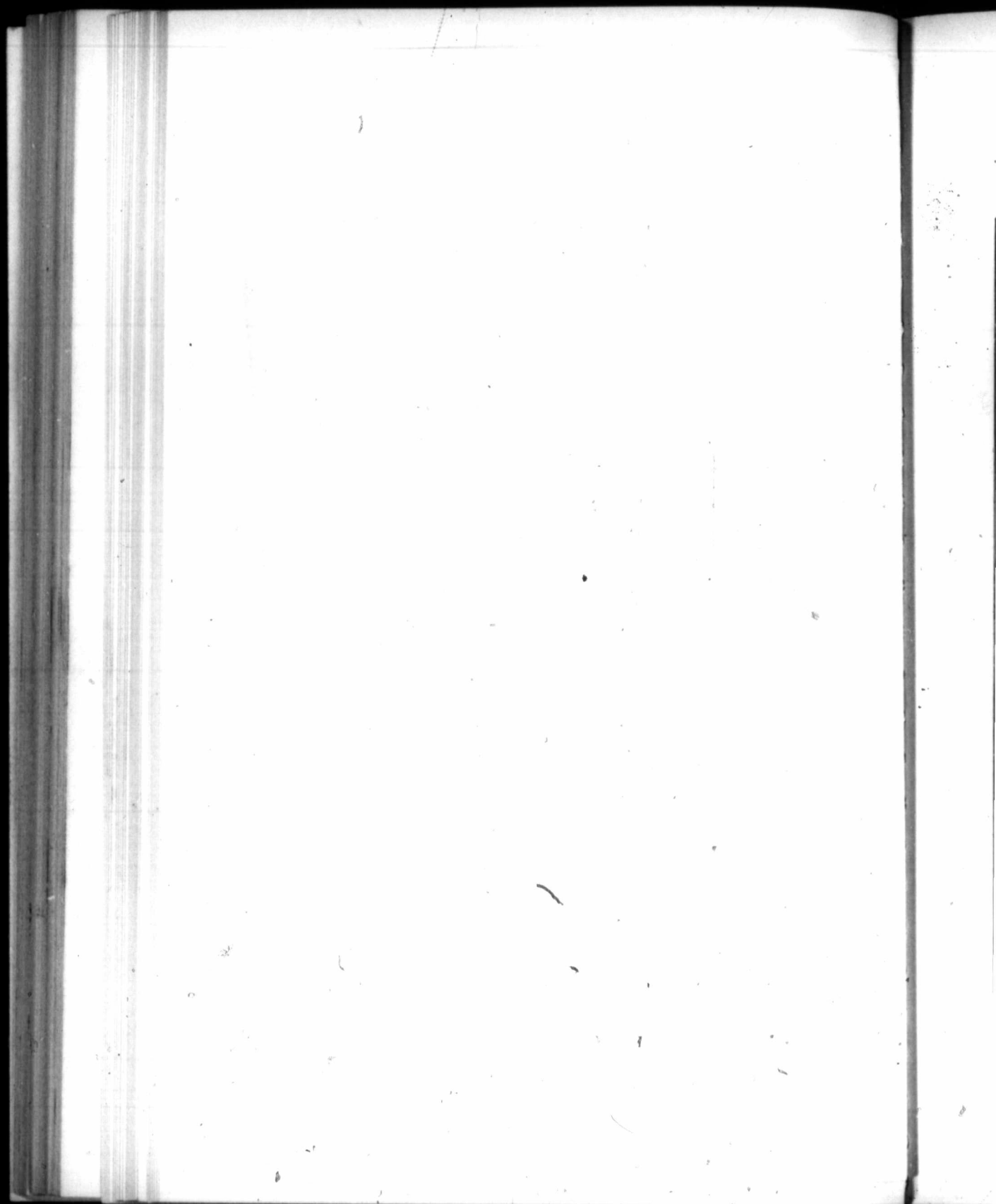
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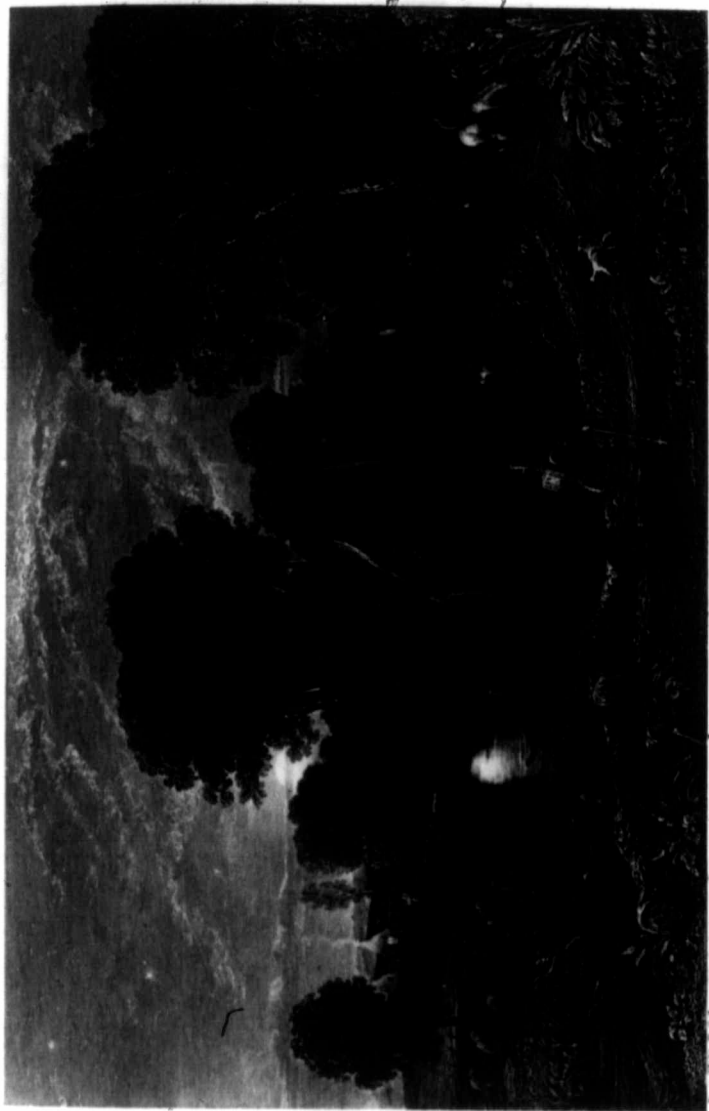
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MILL MONACH.
AND THE WATER OF COYL.

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO IN THE WORLD.

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For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,
 The sodger's wealth is honour:
 The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember he's his country's stay,
 In day and hour of danger.¹

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 gie God thanks!
 For shame! gie o'er, proceed no further—
 God won't accept your thanks for murther!

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

[MISS KENNEDY, 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.²

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!

¹ "The ballad is a very beautiful one, and throughout how true to nature!"—PROF. WILSON.

² "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."—CROMEK.— The verses are beneath contempt:

Ye sons of Sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell pervade every throng,
 With Craeken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 Send Willie, the monger, to hell with a smack.

This "Loyal Native Club" was formed on 18th January, 1793, for the ambitiously expressed purpose of "supporting the Laws and Constitution of the country."

THE TOAST.¹

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 cramm'd,
 Be Anarchy curs'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!

LINES²

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 gaugers.
 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.³

The King's most humble servant, I
 Can scarcely spare a minute;
 But I'll be wi' ye by and by;
 Or else the Deil'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 1793.

² Burns one day overheard a country gentleman talking slightly 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.

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 V

SONG—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.¹

The last time I came o'er the moor,
 And left Maria's dwelling,
 What throes, what tortures passing cure,
 Were in my bosom swelling:
 Condemn'd 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' unweeting groan,
 Betray the guilty lover.
 I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou 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—"Liggeram Cosh."

"You know Fraser, the hautboy-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 'Liggeram Cosh my bonnie wee lass.' Mr. Fraser plays it slow, and with an expression that quite charms me. I got such an enthusiast 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, 1793.—The heroine is of course Miss Lesley Ballie. See note to "O saw ye Bonnie Lesley."

Blythe hae I been on yon 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 too genial host and neighbour, Walter Riddell. Thomson seems 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 "Miza," Mrs. Riddell and the poet being now estranged.

In the first version the following variations occur:—

Stanza first, lines 5 and 6:

Condemn'd to see my rival's reign,
 While I in secret languish.

Stanza second, lines 1, 2, and 3.

Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I
 Fain, fain my crime would cover;
 The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh.

Line 7, "one" for "my;" stanza 3, line 8, "in" for "to."

Careless ilka thought and free, every
 As the breeze flew o'er me:
 Now nae langer sport and play, no longer
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 LESLEY is sae fair and coy, so
 Care and anguish seize me.
 Heavy, heavy, is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nought but glow'r, can do stare
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws will not throes
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod,
 Soon maun be my dwelling. must

SONG—LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—"Logan Water."

Burns, writing to Thomson on 25th 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 lucubrations 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 sinsyne hae o'er us run, since then
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.
 But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, turbid
 While my dear lad maun face his faes, must foes
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.¹ from slopes

¹These two lines are taken from a beautiful song by John Mayne, author of the "Siller 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, 1789, and, we believe, consisted of the two stanzas given below. Four additional stanzas were tagged to it in the *Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs* (Glasgow, 1816), but they are probably by a different author.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep, run so
 Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep:
 I've herded sheep, and gathered slaes, slopes
 Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes. woe is those
 But, wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
 And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes, must foe
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will be no more
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me—
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk, dark
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk. escort
 I weel may sing, thae days are gane,
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane:
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 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 Foulis. He afterwards removed to London, and became printer and part proprietor of the *Star* daily newspaper. He died at an advanced age, in March, 1836.—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.

"I have ju
 You had the
 down the air
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 Thomson, it
 before he inc
 was a Wanto

¹Original MS.

Ye min
 The v

²"Bonnie Jean

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:
 Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy:
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
 Her faithfu' 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?¹
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes!

woe

so

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 *wood-note 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, 2d 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 Wag," 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 maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,³
 And aye she sang sae merrilie:
 The blythest bird upon the bush
 Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

so

¹ Original MS.

Ye mind na' mid your cruel joys,
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cries.

M'Murdo 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.

² "Bonnie Jean" was the eldest daughter of John

³ Variation: "country wark."

But 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.

linnet's

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

handsomest

oxen cows
nags

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

went market

lost stolen

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie'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.

ailment
would make

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'enin' on the lily lea?

leap
glance eye
told
one

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:

every

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

tent

"At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;¹
But stray among the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me."

cow-house

tent

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.

no

¹ Variation:—

Thy handsome foot thou shalt na set
In barn or byre to trouble thee.

EPIGRAM

When he
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¹ We have els
whose daughter
ballad.

VERSES ON JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ.¹

Blest be M'Murdo 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 Hyslop² 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 reinstate 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 expected his spleen and regained a most agreeable temper."

What dost thou in that mansion fair?—
 Flit, Galloway, and find
 Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
 The picture of thy mind!

remove

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 Kenmure, in Galloway, the seat of the Gordons of Kenmure. 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," quoth 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.

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SONG—PHILLIS THE FAIR.¹

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

In sending this to Thomson in August, 1793, Burns 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, fann'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 yon wild flowers among, chance led me there:
Sweet to the opening day,
Rosebuds 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.

SONG—HAD I A CAVE.²

TUNE—"Robin Adair."

Burns in sending this piece to Thomson wrote: "That crinkum-krankum 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—fleeing as air?
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try what peace is there!

¹ A tribute to Miss Phillis or Philadelphia 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 *penchant* for her. She afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath, and died September 5th, 1825.

² The "falsest of womankind" in the second stanza was Anne Stewart, afterwards Mrs. Dewar, who jilted 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."

"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 chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi;¹
The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasures many;
And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
"O dearly do I lo'e thee, Annie!"²

"O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie; hobgoblin fear-inspiring
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 imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever."³

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae, slope
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?

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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 Stirling-shires, which enters the Forth near Bridge of Allan, after a course of 20 miles. Benledi is a mountain of Perthshire nearly 3000 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 piece 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 Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad;" though he latterly cancelled this alteration, the reign of Chloris being over.

¹ Phillis is M
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But warily tent, when you come to court me,
 And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stilè and let naebody 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.

watch
 back-gate ajar
 then

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though ye car'd na a fie;
 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.

fly
 eye

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And *whiles* ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 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.

sometimes make light of
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SONG—ADOWN WINDING NITH.¹

TUNE—"The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre."²

Burns writes to Thomson in August, 1793:—"Another favourite air of mine is 'The Muckin' o' Geordie'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,
 Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou 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 cele-

brated, slightly resemble what may be found in the "Posie."

² To this tune Burns wrote another, and more popular, ditty, "Tam Glen."

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How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.
wa wi' your belles, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
They ne'er 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-spreading grove,
When Phœbus 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 Kail."

"That tune, 'Cauld Kail,' is such a favourite of yours that I once more roved out yester evening for a gloamin shot at the Muses; when the Muse that presides o'er the shores of Nith, or rather my old inspiring dearest nymph, Coila, whispered me the following. . . . The last stanza of this song I send you, is the very words that Coila taught me many years ago, and which I set to an old Scots Reel in Johnson's *Museum*."¹—BURNS TO THOMSON, [28th] August, 1793.

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 Jeanie 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 sic 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!

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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. 199. The "Jeanie" 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.

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SONG—THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

TUNE—"Fee him, Father."¹

"I do not give these verses for any merit they have. I composed them at the time in which 'Patie Allan's mither dee'd—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, must
 I'll see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo, sweetheart
 While my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary een I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair 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 bowers;
 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.

²The 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-

Meet me on the warlock knowe, knoll
 Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
 There I'll spend the day wi' you,
 My ain dear dainty Davie. own

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 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 faithfu' 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 taitie."

"I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid. I do not know whether 'Hey, tuttie taitie' may rank among this number, but well I know that, with Fraser's hautboy, 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 Ode, 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, 1793.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie!

zell's dragoons, and seeking refuge in the house of the laird of Cherrytrees, the lady of the house put him into a bed beside her daughter, to hide him from his pursuers.—"Dainty" in Scotland often means likeable, agreeable, pleasant and good-natured, as here.

¹ Burns sent this noble ode to George Thomson on the 1st September, 1793, 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 pieced out the last line of each stanza thus:—

1. Or to glorious victorie!
2. Edward! Chains and Slavery!
3. Traitor! Coward! Turn and flee!
4. Soldier! Hero! On wi' me! later, "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 taitie,"

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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 be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
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.¹

TUNE—"O let me in this ae night."

"O lassie art thou sleepin' yet, Or art thou wauken I wad wit? 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.	<table border="0"> <tr><td>awake</td><td>would know</td></tr> <tr><td>foot</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>dear</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>one</td><td></td></tr> </table>	awake	would know	foot		dear		one	
awake	would know								
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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 afterwards Thomson confessed that he had made a mistake, 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 maun we bide the stoure— must onset
Either they or we.

Stanza 5:—

Do you hear your children cry—
"Were we born in chains to lie?"
No! come Death or Liberty!
Yes, they shall be free!

For further details see the Thomson Correspondence during September, 1793.

¹This is the title of an old song which Burns altered and sent to Thomson in August, 1793. 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 (including a lengthy answer by the "lassie") to Thomson in February, 1795.

"Tho' never durst my tongue reveal,
 Lang, lang my heart to thee's been leal, true
 O lassie, dear, ae last fareweel,
 For pity's cause alane, jo. alone
 O let me in, &c.

"O wyte na me until thou prove blame not
 The fatal force o' mighty love,
 Then should on me thy fancy rove,
 Count my care by thy ain, jo. own
 O let me in," &c.

O pity's aye to woman dear— always
 She heav'd a sigh, she drapt a tear: dropped
 "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 maunna do 't again, jo." must not

SONG—FAIR JENNY.¹TUNE—"Saw ye my Father."²

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 style. . . . 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 danc'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 yon 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," "amang" for "among," "nae mair" for "no more," and the like.

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All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my wo.

SONG—LOVELY NANCY!¹

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 balmy 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 Woodley 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 preferr'd:
"What have I done of all the year,
To bear this hated doom severe?
My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
Night's horrid car drags dreary, slow;

¹It has been said, on no certain authority, however, that Clarinda was the subject of this song, which the poet sent to Thomson in October, 1793. | He had previously sent him, written for the same air, the song "Blythe hae 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 rejoic'd 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.”

SPOKEN BY MISS

A copy of the
letter he says:
it experiences
I mention our
one of the acts

¹The first address
spoken by her on
1792 (see p. 162).
by Dr. Currie, from
from Burns to Mr.
December, 1795.
with known facts
mate inferences from
shown by Mr. Wil-
accompanying the
“These four months
child, has been
less threatened to
Christmas, 1795,
VOL. III.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, DECEMBER 4, 1793, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.¹

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 epidemical complaint of the country—want of cash. I mention our theatre merely to lug 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,
D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it:
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!

Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd 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.

¹The first address written for Miss Fontenelle was spoken by her on her benefit-night, November 26, 1792 (see p. 162). 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, 1795. The date 1795, 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, 1795, 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 this 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.

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 desperatè thought—a rope—thy neck—
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peerest 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?¹

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 Lude, 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'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,

own

¹ The music to which the words are set is the first part of a strathspey, in Bremner'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 winna, canna be
 That thou for thine may chuse me,
 Let me, Jeanie, quickly die
 Still trusting that thou lo'es me, &c.

LINES, S

¹ "Nothing c
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 —PROF. WILSON
² There can be
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Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be, will not, cannot
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting 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 fumes 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—AMANG THE TREES.³

TUNE—"The king of France, he rade a Race."

Amang the trees, where humming bees	
At buds and flowers were hinging, O,	hanging
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,	bass (of bagpipes)
And to her pipe was singing, O;	
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,	
She dir'd them aff fu' clearly, O,	rattled them off
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeals,	
That dang her tapsalteerie, O.	knocked topsy-turvy
Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,	crows
They made our lugs grow eerie, O;	ears uneasy
The hungry bike did scrape and pike,	band pick
Till we were wae and weary, O;	sad

¹ "Nothing can be more exquisitely tender—passionless 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 sweeten death."
—PROF. WILSON.

² There can be little doubt that the gentleman was Mr. Riddell 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*.

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ary celebration,
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 ne, &c.

But a royal ghaist, wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the North
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

ghost
 eighteen
 knocked topsy-turvy

A VISION.¹

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care.

wall-flower

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 hazelly path,
 Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
 Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
 Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

walls

falls

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
 Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
 Athort the lift they start and shift,
 Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

unearthly
 athwart the sky
 lost as won

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
 And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see
 A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
 Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

ghost

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!"

stone

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
 Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;

from such

¹The first version of this poem, written early in 1794, appeared in Johnson's *Museum*, 1796, set to a wretchedly monotonous tune called "Cummock Psalms," and with a chorus—

A lassie all alone, was making her moan,
 Lamenting our lads beyond the sea;
 In the bluidy wars they fa', an' our honour's gane and a',
 An' broken-hearted we maun 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; "blae" for "blue" in stanza fourth; while stanza fifth runs:

Now, looking over firth and fauld,
 Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd,
 When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
 A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd.

The sixth stanza of our text is not in the *Museum* at all. By "yon roofless tower" are meant the ruins of Lincluden Abbey, situated in the angle between the junction of the Cluden and the Nith. This was a favourite haunt of the poet at this period of his life.

[1794.

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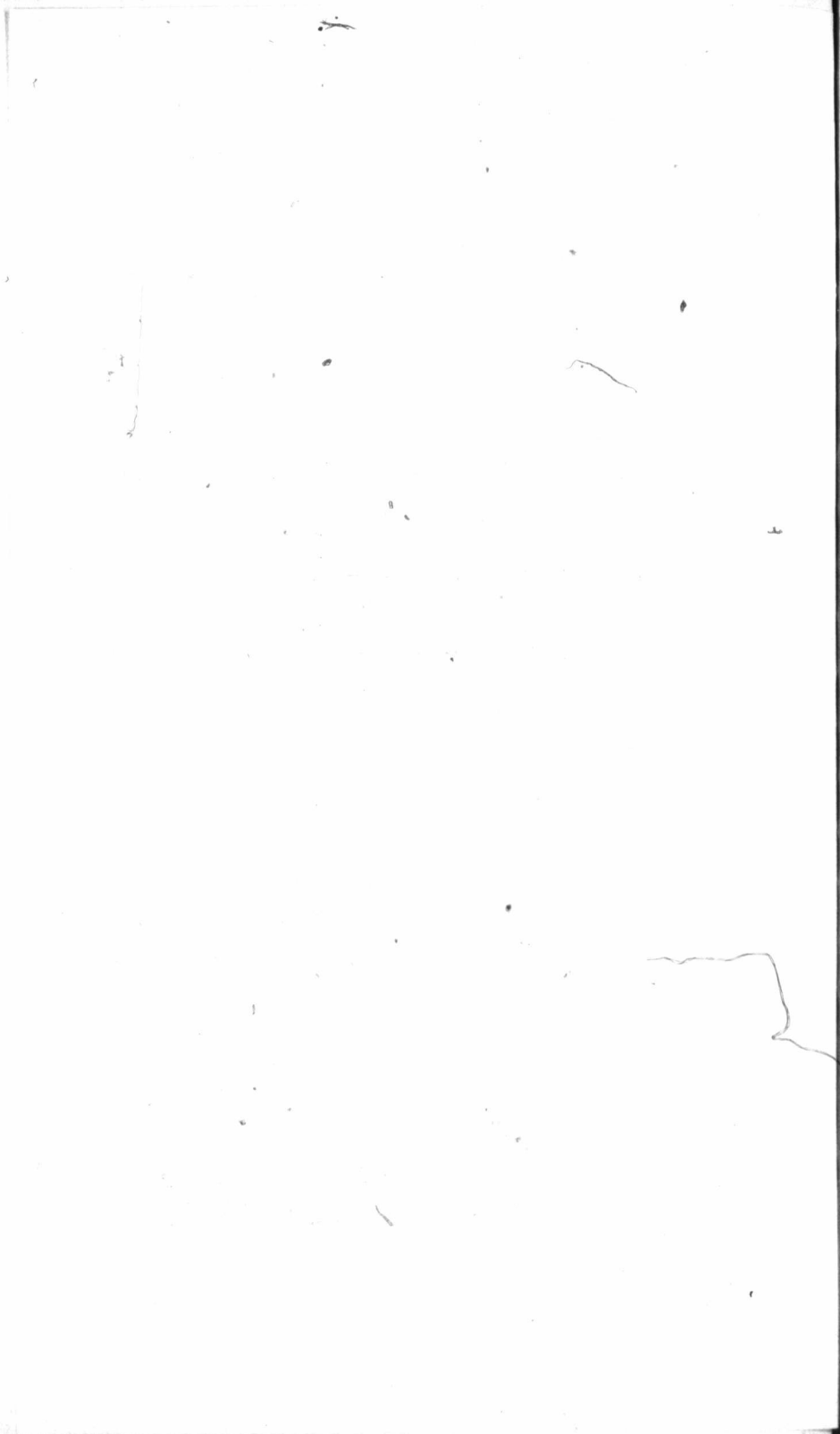
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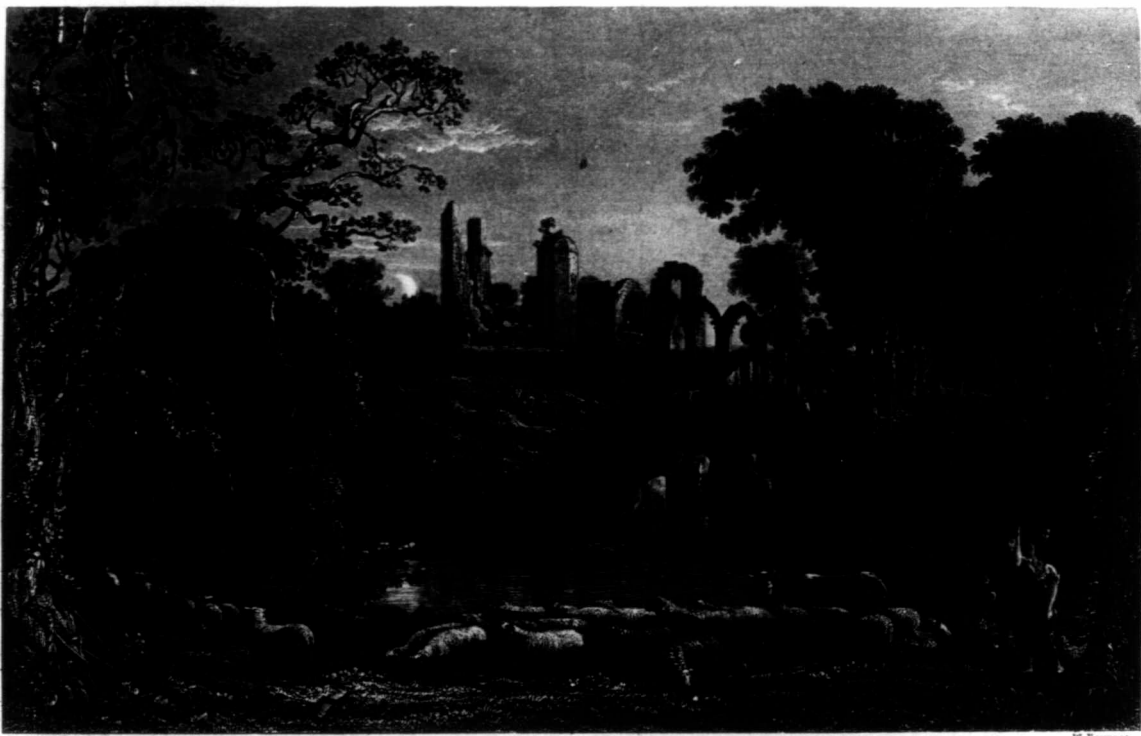
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L. CHILDESS

W. Forrest

LINCLUDEN ABBEY,

NEAR DUMFRIES.

Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow & Edinburgh

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¹ The last vers
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But oh, it was a tale of woe,
 As ever met a Briton's ear!
 He sang wi' joy his former day,
 He weeping wail'd his latter times;
 But what he said it was nae play,
 I winna ventur't in my rhymes.¹

no
will not

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 my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
 'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
 Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
 The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria'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 sinking, 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 sym-

pathetic interest. Currie says: "Our poet's prudence suppressed the song of 'Libertie,' 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.

SONG—YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.¹

TUNE—"The Carlin o' the Glen."

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain; so
 Thro' a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless god of love:
 But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and briers;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 He sad complaining dowie raves:— mournful

"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; suffer
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair!" more

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. Riddell of Woodley Park, the wife of Walter Riddell, brother of Robert Riddell of Friars' Carse, the poet's Ellisland friend and neighbour. The last letter from Burns to Clarinda which has been preserved, written about the end of June, 1794, 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 fir'd,
 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 severer, Maria, thy fate,
 Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst 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 offspring of Folly so true,
 And flowers let us cull 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.

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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 rued 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 piece with attached notes.—“Esopus,” or Williamson, the head of a dramatic company which occasionally performed in the Dumfries theatre, had been patronized by Mrs. Riddell, and even admitted to the hospitalities 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 “frowsy cell,” by the Thespian on whom she had once smiled.

From those drear solitudes and frowsy cells,
 Where Infamy with sad Repentance dwells;³
 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, he being at the time (as appears from his own letters) one of a company in which the bottle had been circling too freely. “Our bard,” 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. 1794)—but

his offence was not readily condoned, and soon he began to think that 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 “Eloisa to Abelard,” which opens thus:—

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 Where heavenly-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 sans 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 *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way;
 The shrinking Bard adown 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!

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 M'Dowall 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 senate 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 1793, and sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay.

¹ This epitaph preceding, "Wat"

Whose spleen, e'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 motley, 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 frowsy 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.

such

¹ This epitaph is of a piece with the poems preceding. Mrs. Maria Riddell, who is so severely attacked in it, was the wife of the Rev. T. Riddell, who was found guilty of advocating resistance to the transport of convicts.

PINNED TO MRS. MARIA RIDDELL'S CARRIAGE.

If you rattle along like your Mistress's tongue,
 Your speed will outrival 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.¹

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 RIDDELL, ESQ.

OF GLENRIDDELL, APRIL, 1794.

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.

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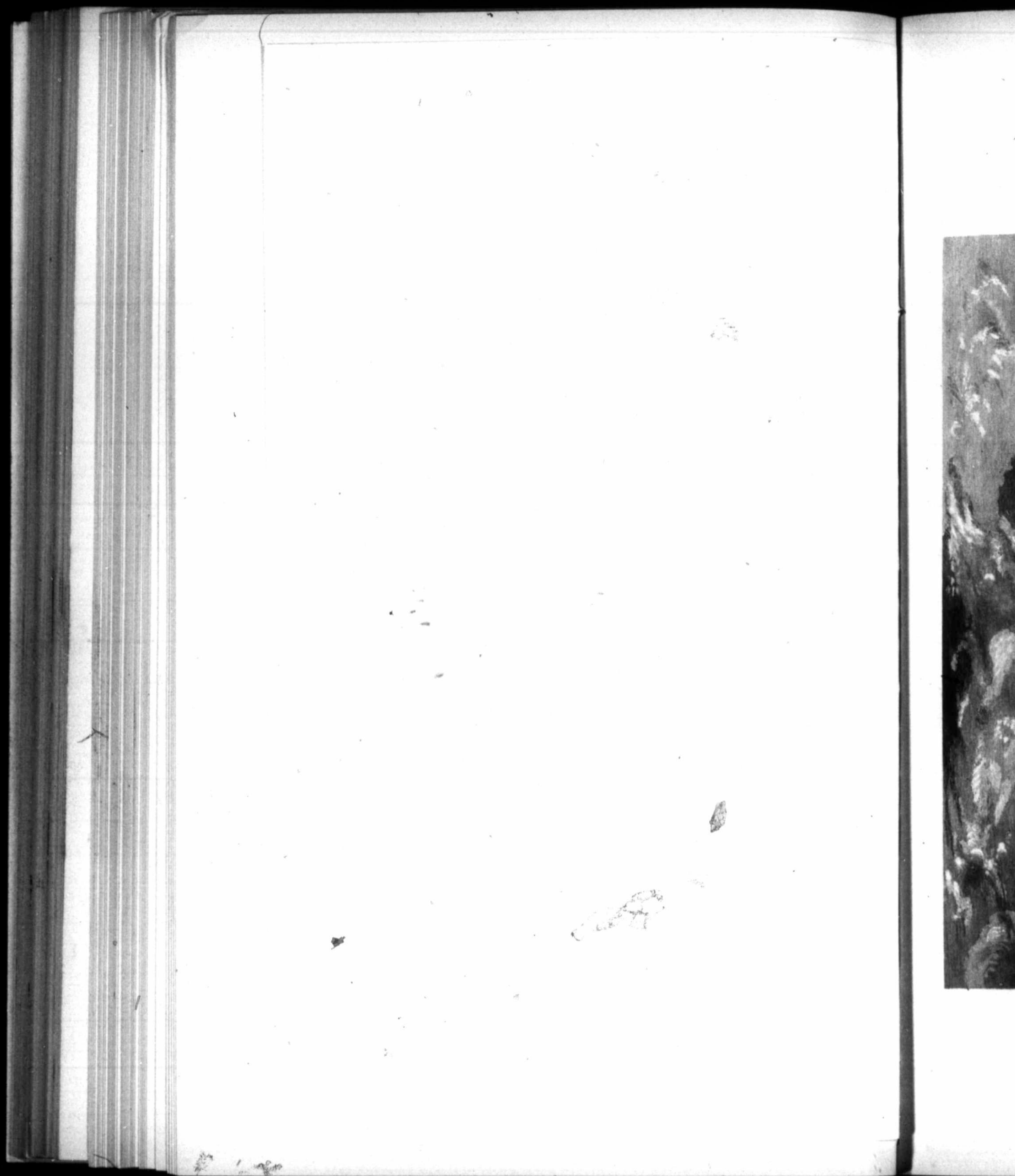
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Printed by J. G. Leitch, Glasgow & Edinburgh

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F. J. JONES

DUBLIN

CULLODEN MOON.

THE PEAKY FIFTH AND HILLS OF ROSS-SHIRE

Blackie & Co., London, Glasgow & Edinburgh

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Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes, ewes
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!

Skipping on yon bonnie knowes, knolls
 And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine; sore
 For Donald was the brawest lad, finest
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
 Sae far to set us free; so
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell, woeful
 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 no
 Sae wretched now as me.¹

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 *Museum*, and Stenhouse 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.

¹The 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.

²Sir 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 gave his bridle-reins a shake,
 Said, "Adieu for evermore, my love!
 And adieu 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.

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 loudest storm
 That e'er created fury dared to raise?
 Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
 That tremblest at a despot's nod,
 Yet crouching under the iron rod,
 Canst laud 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 rous'd 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 accurst 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 swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 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."

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, resistless 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-quench'd as yonder sinking star
 No more that glance lightens afar;
 That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.¹

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*, 1840. 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 watna what's the name o't;	wot not
Around it a' the patriots dance,	
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.	knows
It stands where ance the Bastille stood,	once
A prison built by kings, man,	
When Superstition's hellish brood	
Kept France in leading-strings, man.	
Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,	such
Its virtues a' can tell, man;	all
It raises man aboon the brute,	above
It maks him ken himsel', man.	know himself
Gif ance the péasant taste a bit,	if once
He's greater than a lord, man,	
Au' wi' the beggar shares a mite	
O' a' he can afford, man.	of all

¹The concluding section of the poem, as given by Currie and in most of the editions of the poet's works, under the heading, "Liberty, a Fragment," varies from the above in some important respects. We reproduce it here:—

LIBERTY, A FRAGMENT.

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Inmingled 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.

¹The allusion
 de Lafayette
 vor

This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth,
 To comfort us 'twas sent, man:
 To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
 An' mak us a' content, man.
 It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
 Maks high and low guid friends, man;
 And he wha acts the traitor's part,
 It to perdition sends, man.

eyes

My blessings aye attend the chiel
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yont the western waves, man.¹
 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.

fellow

stole
from beyond

But vicious folks aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man;
 The courtly vermin's bann'd the tree,
 And grat to see it thrive, man;
 King Loui' thought to cut it down,
 When it was unco' sma', man;
 For this the watchmen crack'd his crown,
 Cut aff his head and a', man.

cursed

wept

very small

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.

then

oath

wot

went

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 inspir'd, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
 The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase,
 And bang'd the despot weel, man.

call

one and all

gave

beat

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.

once

¹The 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. such

Without this tree, alake, this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man; alas
 A scenè 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. beyond

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The world would live in peace, man; such
 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
 Wad gladden every isle, man. would

Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat woe be to the rogue who would not
 Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; such wholesome
 I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
 To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.
 Syne let us pray, auld England may then
 Sure plant this far-fam'd tree, man;
 And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
 That gave us liberty, man.¹

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"The Killogie."

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? broil
 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? wae-days
 Wha 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: "Burns 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."

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¹ Dr. Curri
 1795. More
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INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE, AT KERROUGHTREE, THE SEAT OF MR. HERON.¹

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; tho' humble he who gives,
 Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast,
 Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among;
 But Peace attune 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 *Museum*: 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 whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes— brooklet rolls
 My bonnie dearie!

¹ Dr. Currie 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'Culloch of Ardwell, and we know of no future visit to Kerroug-tree.

Hark, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's¹ woods amang!
Then a-faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

folding (sheep)

Ca' the yowes, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

go

so

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,²
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

ghost hobgoblin

nought

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!

stolen

Ca' the yowes, &c.

SONG—ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O' the hills," &c.

Burns in sending this song to Thomson in the end of August, 1794, says: "The last evening, as I was straying 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 flimsy 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 Clouden and the Nith."—R. B.—The ruins of Lincluden are situated about a mile and a half north-west of Dumfries, and the building was origi-

nally 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

dilapidated distance, a details. Th rich, beaut conspicuou the shatter nally a lof adjacent t walls risin beside the midst of a the broad-

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 thund'ring at his gun:
 Bullets, spare my only joy!
 Bullets, 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!¹

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 provost's house, originally a lofty tower overhanging the Cluden, closely adjacent to the church. These crumbling Gothic walls rising from a piece of slightly elevated ground beside the murmuring waters of the Cluden, in the midst of a country everywhere beautiful, and with the broad-bosomed Nith gleaming through the neigh-

bouring 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 yon roofless tower." See p. 168 of this volume.

¹ In his collection Thomson omits this stanza, and gives the chorus throughout which follows stanza first.

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 LO'ES ME BEST OF A'¹

TUNE—"Oonagh's Water-fall."

In sending this song to Thomson in September, 1794, 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,	so
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,	
Bewitchingly o'er-arching	
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.	eyes
Her smiling sae wiling,	so cajoling
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;	would
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,	always
She says she lo'es me best of a'.	
Like harmony her motion;	
Her pretty ancle is a spy,	
Betraying fair proportion,	
Wad mak a saint forget the sky.	would

¹The 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 sundry fine songs afterwards written by the poet. She was the eldest daughter of William Lorimer, farmer, Kemmishall, 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.

"How
 recover
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 Septem

¹As to th
 brated, see
 fries doctor
 illness.

Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld 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'.

so
 faultless
 every
 no more

Let others love the city
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon;
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
 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'.

grove

 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 cur'st 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.¹

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!*

EPIGRAM ON A COUNTRY LAIRD,

NOT QUITE SO WISE AS SOLOMON.

Bless Jesus Christ, O Cardoness,²
 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.

EPIGRAM

ON HEARING THAT THERE WAS FALSEHOOD IN THE REV. DR. BABINGTON'S VERY LOOKS.³

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.⁴

In se'enteen hunder an' forty-nine
 Satan took stuff to mak' a swine,
 And cuist 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.

SONG—SAW YE MY PHILLY.

TUNE—"When she came ben she bobbit."

The subjects of this song are Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo and her devoted admirer Stephen Clarke, the musician. The ditty itself is but a slightly altered version of "Eppie M'Nab," which Burns had sent to Johnson. This was sent to Thomson with the remark: "If you like my idea of 'When she cam 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. will not

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. know

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. false

"How
 where, w
 I have ta
 19th Oct.

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. 1794.

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:

SO

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 whom I
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¹In the letter to Thomson in which this song was sent, Burns makes a remark regarding "a *ci-devant* 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-Platonic 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. 193.

¹ The earli
 vol. ii. p. 245

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 LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.¹

TUNE—"Cauld 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 'Cauld Kail,' I have taken a stride or two across my room, and have arranged it anew."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th Oct. 1794.

How lang and dreary is the night,	
When I am frae my dearie!	from
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,	
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.	so
For oh, her lanely nights are lang;	lonely
And oh, her dreams are eerie;	uneasy
And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,	sore
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,	not so ye flashed
When I was wi' my dearie.	
For oh, &c.	

SONG—THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.²

TUNE—"Deil 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 odds-and-ends of a letter. As usual I got into song, and returning home I composed the following."—BURNS TO THOMSON, 19th 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 lintwhite in his bower linnet
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lav'rock to the sky lark
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.¹

Phœbus gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade, every
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair, from
 The murky shades o' care
 With starless gloom o'ercast 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—nae kindly thowe head thaw
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, old age, without bush or shelter
 Sinks 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 heathy mountain,
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
 In twining hazel bowers
 His lay the linnet pours;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs 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'ercast 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.

"In my
 ground."
 of my insp
 following s

¹ Chloris, as
 mark, was Jer
 lo'es me best
 this blonde l
 February, 179
 by-past songs
 I meant it as
 but on second

SONG—LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"Rothemurchie's Rant."

In writing to Thomson in November, 1794, 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 cleeds the flowery lea, clothes
 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, flaxen
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks? tend
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn, brook
 The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,
 The wanton lambs at early morn,
 Shall welcome thee, my dearie, O.¹
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower, every
 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 hameward way, reaper's
 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,
 Enclaspèd to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.²
 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 Currie omitted this second stanza.

² MS. variation:—

And should the howling wintry blast
 Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,

I'll fault thee to my faithfu' breast,
 And comfort thee, my dearie, O.

³ 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

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remarks, that
 substitution
 Mrs. Riddell,
 must have re
 able to him;
 and painful as
 endure the so
 world."—B
 "Nancy's to

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' unweeting groan,
 Betray the hapless lover.
 I know thou doom'st 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 aghast,
 The wheeling torrent viewing;
 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
 In overwhelming ruin.

SONG—O PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.¹

TUNE—"The Sow's Tail."

In a letter to Thomson, dated 19th 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 youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

stolen

SHE.

O Willy, aye 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.

always

own

remarks, that "the change most remarkable is the substitution of Eliza for Maria. The alienation of Mrs. Riddell, and the poet's resentment against her, must have rendered the latter name no longer tolerable 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,

deeming this tune too lively, set it to one called "The Silken Snood," 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.

BOTH.

For a' the joys that gowd can gie,
I dinna care a single flie;

gold give
do not fly

The { lad } I lo'e's the { lad }
lass } for me,

And that's my ain dear { Willy }
Philly }.

own

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.

every more

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.

so

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

such

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 weat,
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet,
As is a kiss o' Willy.

wet

nought

BOTH.

For a' the joys, &c.

"Apropos
'Lumps o'

1 With regard
of Burns in a
be of interest
to you to pre-
miniature lib-
artist) to my
wi' mair,' in
VOL.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,	run
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;	lose
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,	one
And that's my ain dear Philly.	own

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?	gold
I care na wealth a single fie;	fly
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, 19th November, 1794.

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,	cheerful	more
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,	meet	
I gie them a skelp, as they're creepin' along,	whack	
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.	beaker of good ale	

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;	occasionally	scratch
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:	soldier	fight
My mirth and good humour are coin in my pouch,		
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.	estate	

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',	twelvemonth	fate
A night o' guid fellowship southers it a':	solders	
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;	stagger	stumble
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:	from	go
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,		
My worst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"		

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?¹

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, 19th 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 na every pang
 Wad wring my bosom shouldst thou leave me.

Tell me that thou yet art true,
 And a' my wrongs shall be forgiven,
 And when this heart proves fause to thee,
 You sun shall cease its course in heaven.
 Stay, my Willie, &c.

But to think I was betrayed,
 That falsehood e'er our loves should sunder!
 To take the flow'ret to my breast,
 And find the guilfu' serpent under.
 Stay, my Willie, &c.

Could I hope thou'dst ne'er deceive,
 Celestial pleasures might I choose 'em,
 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 Scottish 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. Riddell of Woodley Park. Chambers conjectures that Burns sent the song in the text to Mrs. Riddell (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."

SONG—MY NANNIE'S AWA'¹

TUNE—"There'll never be peace," &c.

Burns on sending this song to Thomson, on the 9th December, 1794, remarks:—"As I agree with you that the Jacobite song in the *Museum* to 'There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame,' would not so well consort with Peter Pindar'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 welcomes² in ilka green shaw; every wood
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn; wetness
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, so
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'!

Thou lav'rock that springs frae the dews of the lawn, lark from
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa', fall
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. alone

SONG—WAE IS MY HEART.³

TUNE—"Wae is my heart."

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my ee; sorrowful eye
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: sore
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

¹ "Nannie" has been generally identified with "Clarinda" (Mrs. M'Lehose), 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 1791), and that it lay beside him unpolished or uncompleted, until he saw a fit 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 M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, who afterwards became Mrs. Norman Lockhart of Carnwath. The song appears wedded to a plaintive tune in the fifth volume of the *Museum*.

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. would

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,— sore
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night
 For the sake o' somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody!
 Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,¹
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free, every
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh-hon! for somebody!
 Oh-hey! for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I not? would
 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, 1795) that this song must have been written on or about the New Year's Day of 1795. "I do not," says the poet, "give you the foregoing song for your book, but merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*; 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
 That hings his head, and a' that? hangs
 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 Crawford's—"My Dearie, if thou die," in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*.

¹ MS.
² This
 for his
 not hav
 frequen
 what be
 that be
 Compar
 "Heron

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

gold

What tho' on hamely 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 tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

homely

coarse woollēn cloth

so

Ye see yon 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!

fellow called

booby

A king¹ can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that!
For a that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank³ than a' that.

above

must not attain²

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 gree, and a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That⁴ man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!⁵

have the superiority

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 towmond o' trouble, should that be my *fa'*"), and this is the corresponding verb. Compare the following verse from the first of Burns's "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 Fergusson in his *Braid Claithe* says:

He that some ells o' this may *fa'*.

³ Var. "Ranks."

⁴ Var. "the;" "*that*" was an alteration made by Currie, and is an evident improvement.

⁵ If this piece be not exactly poetry, as Burns himself declares, its manly, independent, and inspiriting 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, 1795, 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 darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love anither,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

EPIGRAM—THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT.¹

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 wha can avoid the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching!

¹In 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 grave-stones are quoted in full: The compiler of the article (the parish minister of Crossmichael), 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 sneers,

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.

This
written

¹John S.
reader, wh
in the sam
Dumfries,
²Richar
portance,
1802. His
famous tra

Ne'er sae murky blew the night, so
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But bonnie Peg-a-Ramsay
 Gat grist to her mill. got

SONG—O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.¹

TUNE—"My wife she dang me."

O aye my wife she dang me, defeated
 An' aft my wife did bang me;
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith, she'll soon o'ergang ye. domineer over

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, savour
 When a' thir days are done, man; these
 My pains o' hell on earth are past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. above

O aye my wife, &c.

SONG—O, STEER HER UP.

TUNE—"O, steer her up, and haud her gaun."

O, steer her up, and haud her gaun,— rouse keep her going
 Her mother's at the mill, jo; dear
 And gin she winna tak a man, if will not
 E'en let her tak her will, jo:²
 First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, offer
 And ca' anither gill, jo, call for another
 And gin she tak the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo. scold

O, steer her up, and be na blate, bashful
 And gin she take it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, to
 And time nae langer spill, jo: no longer

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 indelicacy 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*.

This is
 The first
 sequently
 and is th

Variation

Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute
 But think upon it still, jo;
 Then gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

one rebuff

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?	would know
For love has bound me hand an' fit,	foot
And I would fain be in, jo.	dear
O let me in this ae night,	one
This ae, ae, ae night;	
For pity's sake this ae night,	
O rise and let me in, jo! ¹	

O hear'st thou not the ² wind an' weet?	rain
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet:	no
Tak pity on my weary feet,	
And shield me frae the rain, jo.	from
O let me in, &c.	

The bitter blast that round me blows	
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;	falls
The cauldness 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:—

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet.
 Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet.

HER ANSWER.

O tell na me o' wind an' rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' cauld 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!

way
 will not dear
 one

once for all

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

sharpest darkest

nought

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.

fate own

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting, woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.¹
 I tell you now, &c.

SONG—I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.²

TUNE—²*I'll gang nae mair to yon town.*"

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.

always call

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlin's we sall meet again.
 I'll aye ca' in, &c.

none shall know

way

stealthily shall

¹The bird that charm'd his summer day,
 And now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let that to witless woman say
 "The gratefu' heart o' man, jo!"

²The 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 build-
 ings, and this is probably the meaning here.

[1795.

ray
will not dear
ne

nce for all

harpest darkest

ought

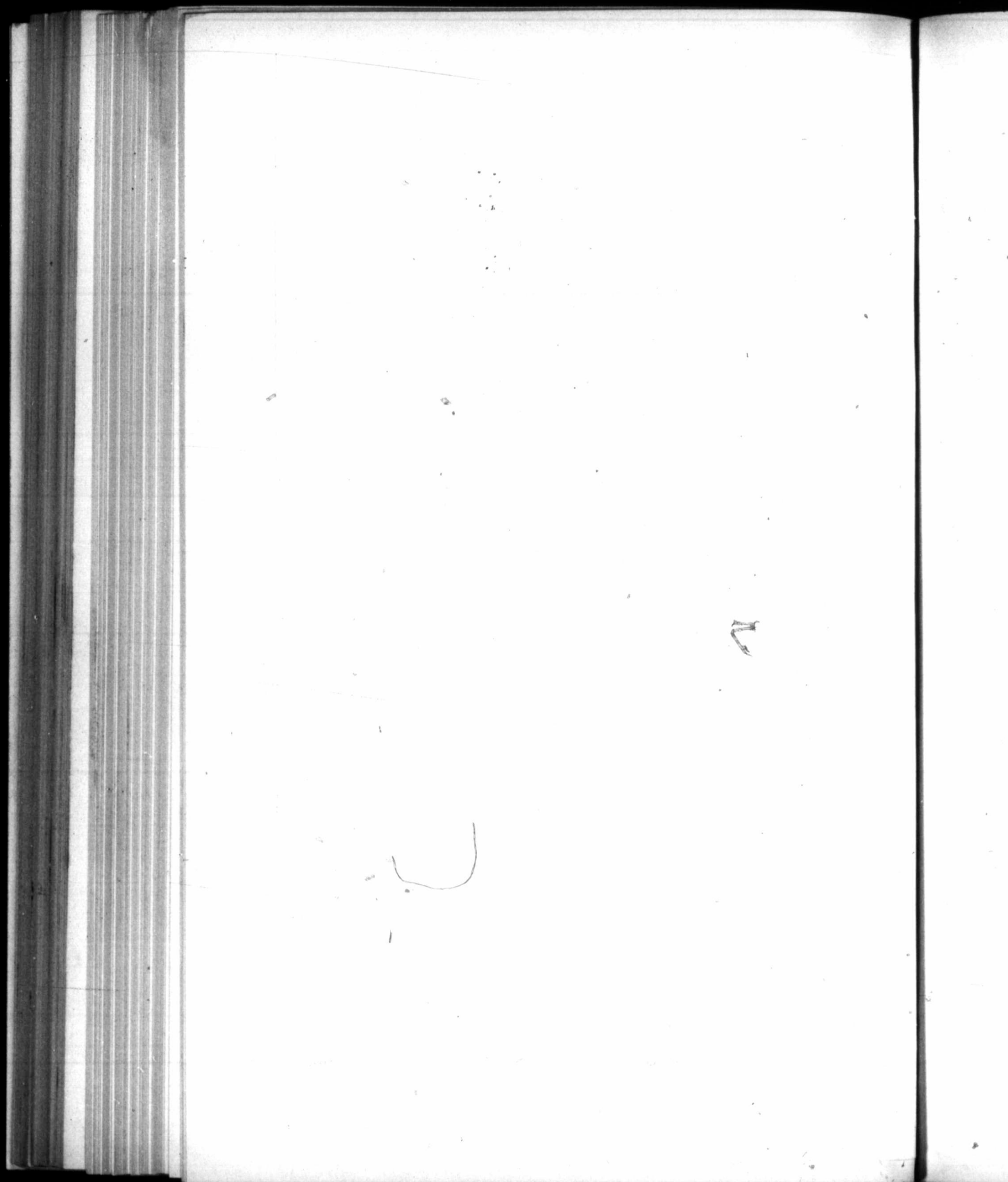
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always call

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See H. B. 1842

H. B. 1842

LUCY JOHNSTONE

(M^{RS} OF WARD OF AUCHENCRUZE)

FROM THE ORIGINAL AT AUCHENCRUZE HOUSE

Blackie & Son, London, Glasgow & Edinburgh

"I en
and I a
the cha
tances,
unconce
a man v
exterior
much b
woman
I have
drawn,
first fer
the hon
be cons

¹ Compar
ceding, con
ing which p
preceding s
² Mrs. Os
She was d
Esq., and w
Esq. of Auc
beauty—for
and accomp
above a yer
pulmonary
climate wa

She'll wander by the aiken tree,	oak
When trystin'-time draws near again,	time for meeting
And when her lovely form I see,	
O haith, she's doubly dear again!	faith
I'll aye ca' in, &c.	

SONG—O WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?¹

TUNE—"I'll gang nae mair to 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 unconcealable 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 ingenuous upright mind; and that informed too, much beyond the usual run 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 incense 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 e'enin sun upon!	
The fairest dame's(1) in yon town,	
That e'ening sun is shining on.	

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,	wood
She wanders by yon spreading tree;	
How blest ye flow'rs that round her blaw,	
Ye catch the glances o' her ee!	eye
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(2) 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 *town* 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. Alas 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 into 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 *Museum* the following variations occur:—(1) fairest maid's, (2) Jeanie, (3) Among the broomy braes sac 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;⁽³⁾
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.⁽⁴⁾
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

glances
banks

Without my love,⁽⁵⁾ not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy⁽⁶⁾ 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.

would

guard

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.

gone

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⁽⁷⁾ dear!
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.
 O, wat ye wha's, &c.

one from

SONG—THE CARDIN' O'T.¹

TUNE—"Salt-fish and Dumplings."

I coft a stane o' haslock woo',
 To mak a coat² to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best o' ony yet.

bought a stone of wool from the throat

dear

any

¹ Stenhouse, 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 hause-lock wool is the softest and finest of the fleece, 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 carelessly written *co* will easily assume the appearance of a tolerably good *ie*. Some editors read "wab," which seems less likely to be correct. Cunningham (followed by Dr. Hately Waddell) boldly explained "wat" as "a man's upper dress; a sort of mantle;" though it is nearly certain no such word ever existed.

The fl
to say t
"and it
quent e
the bar
is foun
about A
house o

The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin' o't.

every
 stole lining

For though his locks be lyart grey,
 And though his brow be held aboon,
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishes.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't, &c.

grizzled
 bald above

parish

SONG—THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

TUNE—"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 amour of Charles II. when skulking in the north about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Portlethen, who was the lass that made the bed to him."

When winter's wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I bent my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

cold

darksome enfold
 not

A charming girl I chanc'd 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.

gold so fine

Her bosom was the drifted snaw,
 Her limbs like marble fair to see;
 A finer form nane ever saw
 Than hers that made the bed to me.

none

She made the bed baith lang and braid,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
 She bade "good-night," and smiling said:
 "I hope ye'll sleep baith saft and soun'."

both broad

both soft

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.

rose

glances
 banks

would

guard

gone

one from

of wool from the throat

dear
 any

In the *Museum*, evi-
 g being misread, as a
 ssume the appearance
 ors read "wab," which
 'unningham (followed
 xplained "wat" as "a
 nantle;" though it is
 r existed.

I clasped her waist, and kissed her syne,	then
The tear stude twinkling in her ee;	stood eye
“O dearest maid gin ye’ll be mine,	if
Ye aye sall mak the bed to me.”	always shall

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD I.]

The present ballad was written in the spring of 1795. “This is the first of several ballads which Burns wrote to serve Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, 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 eulogy on Heron—not of reproof to his opposers. 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 lampooned looked otherwise upon them than as productions of poetic art.”—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. This election for the stewardry of Kirkcudbright was rendered necessary by the death, in January, 1795, 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 Kerroughtree, in the Whig interest, was warmly espoused by Burns, who had paid him a visit in June, 1794, 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?	have that for his lot
For a’ that, an’ a’ that,	
Thro’ Galloway an’ a’ that;	
Where is the laird or belted knight	quire
That best deserves to fa’ that?	
Wha sees Kerroughtree’s ¹ open yett,—	gate
And wha is’t never saw that?—	
Wha ever wi’ Kerroughtree 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 Isle ² can shaw that;	show

¹ Kerroughtree is a mansion in the west of Kirkcudbrightshire, parish of Minnigaff, 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.

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.

get that allotted him

But why should we to nobles jouk?
 And is 't against the law that?
 For why, a lord may be a gouk
 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.

bend

fool

rascal

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,¹
 Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 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.

have one from among
know

horses cattle

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, 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.

Kirkeudbright
proprietor

THE HERON BALLADS.

[BALLAD II.]

THE ELECTION.

See note to Ballad I. in regard to the circumstances connected with the composition of this piece.

TUNE—"Fy, let us a' to the *Wedal*."

Fy, let us a' to Kirkeudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there;
 For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
 And O, how the heroes will swear!

¹Young 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 | compassed with Newton-Stewart, Kirkeudbright, &c.

An' there will be Murray, commander,
And Gordon the battle to win;¹
Like brothers they stand by each other,
Sae knit in alliance an' kin.

so

An' there will be black-nebbit Johnnie,²
The tongue o' the trump to them a';
An' he get na hell for his haddin',
The Deil gets nae justice ava';
An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
A boy na sae black at the bane,
But as for his fine nabob fortune,
We'll e'en let the subject alane.³

jew's-harp
if holding
at all
young fellow
bone

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,⁴
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,⁵ Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
A wight that will weather damnation—
The Devil the prey will despise.

finely

so

An' there will be Douglasses⁶ 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!⁷
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,⁸
The body, e'en let him escape!
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' twere na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
The birkie is gettin' his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

will not
creature
money
rope

fellow

¹ Murray of Broughton, and his nephew, Gordon of Balmaghie, the Tory candidate.

² John Bushby, of Tinwald Downs, banker and solicitor, who by his own energy and shrewdness had raised himself to affluence 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. 171.

⁵ Maxwell of Cardoness, upon whom an epigram will be found at p. 188.

⁶ Mr. Douglas of Carlinwark 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. 115), and Syme's account of a tour with Burns in vol. 1.

⁸ Walter Sloan Lawrie of Redcastle.

¹ Rev. M.
² Rev. G.
³ The Ea
St. Mary's
⁴ Richar
celebrated
in yon tow
⁵ The Me
⁶ Mr. Co
⁷ Mr. Qu
⁸ John S
the poet's
V

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; more
 An' there will be folk frae St. Mary's,³ from
 A house o' great merit and note;
 The deil ane but honours them highly,— devil a one
 The deil ane will gie them his vote!

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,⁴
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck, hang
 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; heed
 An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam;⁹ sharp
 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 auld Major,¹¹
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
 Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither, other
 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 roarin' 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 griens for the fishes and loaves; longs

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 Auchincruive, whose wife was
 celebrated by the poet in the song "O wat ye wha's
 in yon town?" (p. 207).

⁵ The Messrs. Hannay.

⁶ Mr. Copeland of Collieston.

⁷ Mr. Quintin M'Adam of Craigengillan.

⁸ John Syme, distributor of stamps for Dumfries—
 the poet's friend.

VOL. III.

⁹ Colonel Goldie of Goldielea.

¹⁰ Patrick Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candi-
 date.

¹¹ Major Heron, brother of the candidate.

¹² Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilkerran.

¹³ Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards a
 judge, with the title of Lord Glenlee.

¹⁴ Mr. Alex. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

¹⁵ John Maxwell of Terraughty. (See epistle to,—
 on his birthday, p. 118).

¹⁶ George Maxwell of Carruchan.

¹⁷ Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.

An' there will be Logan M'Dowall,¹
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.²

obscurity

Then hey! the chaste int'rest o' Broughton,
 An' hey! for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
 An' hey! for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founder'd his horse amang harlots,
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord.³

gave nag

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 hunder year
 O' grace, and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wae'est man
 O' ony man alive.

most woeful

In March the three-and-twentieth day,
 The sun rase clear and bright;
 But O! I was a waefu' man
 Ere to-fa' o' the night.

rose

on-coming

¹ 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 Dunskey.

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 is 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 struggle. 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 excise 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—

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,
 For there'll be liting there, &c.

¹ This conclusion to one of the

Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,
 Wi' equal right and fame,
 And thereto was his kinsman join'd,
 The Murray's noble name!

earl

Yerl Galloway lang did rule the land,
 Made me the judge o' strife;
 But now yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
 And eke my hangman's knife.

'Twas by the banks o' bonnie Dee,
 Beside Kirkcudbright's towers,
 The Stewart and the Murray there
 Did muster a' their powers.

The Murray, on the auld gray yaud,
 Wi' wingèd spurs did ride,¹
 That auld gray yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade,
 He staw upon Nidside.

mare
rode
down
stole

An there had been the yerl himsel',
 O there had been nae play;
 But Garlies² was to London gane,
 And sae the keye might stray.

so kine

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
 In the front rank he wad shine;
 But Balmaghie had better been
 Drinking Madeira wine.

would

Frae the Glenkens came to our aid
 A chief o' doughy deed,
 In case that worth should wanted be,
 O' Kenmure we had need.

from

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 Bushby clan;
 My gamesome billie Will,
 And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
 My footsteps followed still.

brother

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 eloped— one of the house of Johnstone, whose family crest 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.

obscenity

gave nag

most woeful

code

on-coming

n as a public servant,
 uggle. But he really
 t whom were ranked
 Lord Galloway and
 After producing the
 r. Heron:—"Sir, I
 couple of political
 rou have never seen.
 ou master of as many

t that he can,
 s could no more.

efforts to bear with
 privately printed a
 ads, and have sent
 the country." Mr.
 er to Mr. Syme his
 n in the excise if he
 letter from which
 ons. This ballad is
 nd humorous—

here, &c.

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
 For never but by British hands,
 Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the Kirk and State,
 Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our fathers' bluid 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 wad 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.¹

SONG—MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—"Deil tak the wars."

This beautiful though somewhat artificial lyric was sent to Thomson in May, 1795, 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 compared with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.

¹ "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.

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 yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom:
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.¹

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 luckiest 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.

SONG—ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.¹TUNE—"Where'll bonnie 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 fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that wad touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdainin.

would

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

nought
such

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!

no more

SONG—ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—"Aye Waukin, 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's divine! oh, in pity hear me!
 Take aught else of mine, but my Chloris spare me!³
 Long, long, &c.

¹There 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 songster o' the brier,
 Nae stealthy traitor-foot is near;
 O soothe a hapless Lover's ear,
 And dear as life I'll prize thee.

In regard to the song of the wood-lark Yarrell re-

marks: "Its voice has neither the variety nor the power of that of the Sky Lark; but it is superior to it in quality of tone, and by many persons preferred on that account. There is also a plaintive character in its song, which is second only to that of the Nightingale."

²"A still better tune would be 'Loch Erroch side' ['The Lass o' Gowrie'], the rhythm of which it suits better than the drawling stuff in the *Museum*."—R. B.

³The "Pow'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. 186.

SONG—'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE EE.

TUNE—"Laddie, lie near me."

'Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin; eye
 Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing:
 'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us,
 'Twas the bewitching, sweet stown glance o' kindness. stolen
 Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me, sore
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me! must
 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,¹
 And thou 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.²

TUNE—"Let me in this ae 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, } I'm thine, &c.
 Jeanie, }

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 3d 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.

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¹ In the
 Read:

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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 WOER.

TUNE—"The Lothian Lassic."

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 1803 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,	gallant
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;	sorely deafen
I said there was naething I hated like men,	
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,	go with
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!	
He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,	eyes
And vow'd for my love he was deein';	dying
I said he might dee when he liked, for Jean,	
The Lord forgie me for leein', for leein',	lying
The Lord forgie me for leein'!	
A weel-stockèd mailen,—himsel' for the laird,—	farm owner
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:	
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,	let knew
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,	worse
But thought I might hae waur offers.	
But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,—	would
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!	
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, ¹	lane
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,	
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.	

¹ In the original MS. sent to Thomson this line read:

He up the *Gateslack* to my black cousin Bess.

Thomson objected to this local name, as well as to the name *Dalgarnock* in the next stanza. Burns replied:

—"Gateslack . . . is positively the name of a particular place, a kind of passage up among the Lowther Hills, on the confines of this county. Dalgarnock 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 loan," &c.

the following alter-

rueful art,
 dart;
 ful heart,
 , love."

either form of the

eye

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sore

must

AR.²

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,	next
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,	went fair
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!	
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,	stared
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.	
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,	over shoulder glance
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;	neighbours
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,	inquired kindly
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',	if
And how her new shoon fit her auld shach'd feet, ¹	shoes fitted distorted
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin',	
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'!	
He begg'd, for gudesake! I wad be his wife,	would
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,	must
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,	one gallant
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;	sorely deafen
But I said there was naething I hated like men,	
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,	go with
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.	
A weel-stocket mailen, himsel' o't the laird,	farm owner
And bridal aff-hand was the proffer;	
I never loot on that I ken'd or I car'd,	let knew
But thought I might get a waur offer, waur offer,	worse
But thought I might get a waur offer.	
He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,	eyes
And said for my love he was deein',	dying
I said he might dee when he liket for Jean;	
The Gude forgie me for leein', for leein',	lying
The Gude forgie me for leein'!	
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.

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' a' the neist ouk as I fretted wi' care, next week
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock, went fair
And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there! fine
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock, a warlock, stared
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gi'ed him a blink, over shoulder glance
Lest neighbours should think I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd 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 fu' euthie and sweet, inquired kindly
An' if she had recover'd he' hearin'?
And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchel't feet?¹ distorted
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin', a swearin',
Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'!

He begg'd me for gudesake that I'd be his wife, would
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow
And just to preserve the poor body 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

TUNE—"This is no my ain house."

This is no my ain lassie, own
Fair tho' the lassie be;
Weel ken I my ain lassie, well know
Kind love is in her ee. eye

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;

¹ See note 1 in preceding page.

² This is the altered and completed form of a sketch which the poet sent in a letter to Thomson on the 3d July, 1796. The draft commenced thus:—

O this is nae my ain body, not my own creature
Fair tho' the body be, &c.

The improvement of the phraseology in the revised song is obvious.

next
went fair
stared
er shoulder glance
neighbours

inquired kindly
if
shoes fitted distorted

would

must

one gallant
sorely deafen

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farm owner

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volume of Johnson's
its appearance. See
t version.

And aye it charms my very saul,
The kind love that's in her ee.
This is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,¹
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.
This is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel 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, 1795, marked "*Une bagatelle 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 yonder² wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art—
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I;
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry.³

The little flow'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 yon" and "glides swift."

³ This and the next two stanzas were transcribed into a letter written by the poet to Maria Riddell in Jan. 1796, with the remark: "The following detached

stanzas I intend to interweave 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.

This
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to the
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¹ The st
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"Had I a
p. 155, m
young lad
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Cunningh
Dr. Dewar
friendly v
by many
in person.

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, lark
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye:
 As little reekt 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 leagu'd my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, "hope nae mair," no more
 What tongue his woes can tell!
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.¹

SONG—O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

This song, sent to Thomson on the 3d August, 1795, 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 mire," 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 sae far frae launt o' man;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure among the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 Their witness'd in their shade yestreen.

¹ 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 not being 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. Time at last mollified 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 wimpling 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 he improve.¹

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 by-past songs I dislike one thing—the name Chloris."

This is
Dunfriess
stocking

¹ Mally i
Mary, but i
poets, eith
was writte

² This so
of summer
to the crit
gentleman
year. Cle;

SONG—MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.¹

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 barefit maid I chanc'd to meet; barefoot
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.
Mally's meek, &c.

It were mair meet that those fine feet more
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, shoes
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon. above
Mally's meek, &c.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes tinkling down her swan-white neck; rippling
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
Mally's meek, &c.

SONG—O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.²

TUNE—"Morag."

O wha is she that lo'es me, loves
And has my heart a-keeping?
O sweet is she that lo'es me,
As dew's 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, 1795. It appears to have been submitted to the criticism of Robert Cleghorn in a visit that gentleman made to the poet in the August of that year. Cleghorn 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, 1796, when he sent the song along with a letter detailing his unfortunate condition. In that copy the opening line of the song runs:—

O wat you wha that lo'es me.

O that's the queen o' womankind,
And ne'er a ane to peer her. one

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
In grace and beauty charming,
That e'en thy chosen lassie,
Erewhile thy breast sae warming, so
Had ne'er sic powers alarming: such
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
And thy attention's plighted,
That ilka body talking, every person
But her by thee is slighted;
And thou art all delighted:
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
When frae her thou hast parted, from
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 tak 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 gane; gone
And with him is a' my bliss,
Nought but griefs with me remain.
Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
Plashy sheets and beating rain;
Spare my love, thou feathery snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain.
When the shades of evening creep
O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee, eye
Sound and safely may he sleep,
Sweetly blythe his waukening be! awakening
He will think on her he loves,
Fondly he'll repeat her name;
For where'er he distant roves,
Jockey's heart is still at hame! 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.

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,

ADDRESSED TO MR. MITCHELL, COLLECTOR OF EXCISE, DUMFRIES.

[December, 1795.]

Friend of the Poet, tried and leal,	faithful
Wha, wanting thee, might beg or steal;	without thee
Alake, alake, the meikle deil,	alas
Wi' a' his witches,	
Are at it, skelpin' jig and reel,	dancing vigorously
In my poor pouches.	pockets
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,	would
That one-pound-one, I sairly want it:	sorely
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,	servant-girl
It would be kind;	
And while my heart wi' life-blood duntet,	throbbet
I'd beart' in mind. ¹	
So may the auld year gang out moaning	go
To see the new come laden, groaning,	
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin' ²	field-road
To thee and thine;	
Domestic peace and comforts crowning	
The hale design.	whole

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,	beaten
And by fell death was nearly nicket:	cut off
Grim loun! he gat me by the fecket,	got waistcoat
And sair me sheuk;	sorely shook
But by guid luck I lap a wicket,	leaped
And turn'd a neuk.	corner

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 intel-

ligence that Burns from time to time submitted his poetical effusions to his criticism.

² A wide lane or opening between cultivated fields, near or leading to the homestead, left uncultivated, for the sake of driving the cattle homewards; a grass-grown field-road.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life, I'm promis'd 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!

more of it
 health and well-being
 more cautious
 once and always

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A NEW BALLAD.

TUNE—"The Dragon of Wantley."

This "ballad" was written on the election of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, decided Jan. 12, 1796, when the Hon. Henry Erskine, the existing dean, was displaced in favour of his Tory opponent Robert Dundas of Arniston. 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. 234.

Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,¹
 That Scot to Scot did carry;
 And dire the discord Langside² saw,
 For beauxons, hapless Mary:
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, Sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal³ and Bob⁴ for the famous job—
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir.—

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd;
 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 worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,

¹ The battle of Harlaw, in Aberdeenshire, fought in 1411, when the Highlanders under Donald of the Isles were checked by a Lowland force, and had to withdraw to their mountains and islands again. The slaughter on both sides was very great.

² The battle of Langside, near Glasgow, where Queen Mary's forces were defeated by those of the Regent Moray in 1568.

³ The Hon. Henry Erskine.

⁴ Robert Dundas.

POEM ON LIFE.¹

ADDRESSED TO COLONEL DE PEYSTER, DUMFRIES.

[April, 1796.]

My honour'd colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the Poet's weal;
 Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
 The steep Parnassus,
 Surrounded thus by bolus pill,
 And potion glasses.

O what a canty warld 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 claret;
 Syne wha 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 curst carnagnole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like baudrons by a ratton,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut 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 bizzes by,
 And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure;
 Already in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure.

¹ Arent 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 disciplin-

arian; 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.

SONG—OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.¹

TUNE—"The Wren, or Lennox's love to Blantyre."

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt, stormy quarter
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom, shelter
 To share it a', to share it a':
 Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, so
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. would

SONG—O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.²

TUNE—"Cordwainer's March."

O lay thy loof in mine, lass, palm
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass;
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain. own
 A slave to Love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae; much woe
 But now he is my deadly fae, 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'ed best; moment
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.
 O lay thy loof, &c. palm

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 not

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 Besoms.*"

Mr. Heron succeeded in the election for Kirkcudbright of 1795 (see p. 210); but a dissolution having taken place in May, 1796, 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 illness, 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 squibs, which possessed merely a temporary and local interest, would not have been worth reproducing had they not upon them unmistakable marks of Burns's handicraft, 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 banks o' Dee;
Wha wants troggin let him come to me.

hawker's wares

fine from

There's a noble Earl's fame and high renown,³
For an auld sang—it's thought the gudes were stown.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

old song goods
[stolen]

Here's the worth o' Broughton in a needle's ee;
Here's a reputation tint by Balmaghie.⁴
Buy braw troggin, &c.

eye
lost

Here's an honest conscience might a prince adorn,
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—so was never worn.⁵
Buy braw troggin, &c.

from

Here's the stuff and lining o' Cardoness's⁶ head;
Fine for a sodger, a' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

soldier choice

Here's a little wadset, Buittle's⁷ scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

pledge
thirst

Here's armorial bearings frae the manse 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 *truck*, Fr. *troquer*, to barter.

² Mr. Murray of Broughton. For explanations of allusions to him and others see the notes to the first three "Heron Ballads."

³ The Earl of Galloway.

⁴ Gordon of Balmaghie.

⁵ A bitter allusion to Mr. Bushby of Tinwald Downs.

⁶ Maxwell of Cardoness.

⁷ Rev. Mr. Maxwell, minister of Buittle.

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

e, but to music of ex-
luct by Mendelssohn.
on's *Museum*, in the
Stenhouse remarks:
e old tune called the
former times, was usu-
nd honourable frater-
on St. Crispin's Day."
been Jessie Lewars.

Here is Satan's picture, like a bizzard-gled, kite
 Pouncing poor Redcastle¹ sprawlin' like a taed. tóad
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas stane and mortar names; stone
 Lately used at Caily christening-Murray's crimes.²
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston³ 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 aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin? If to buy ye're slack, such
 Hornie's turnin' chapman,—he'll buy a' the pack. Satan
 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 rend 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 *Muirheads!*"—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—He was something of a poet, and possessed a fair share of the irritability of the *gens*. 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 Martial's epigrams directed point-blank against Burns, which made the poet wince severely:

Vacerras, shabby son of w—,
 Why do thy patrons keep thee poor?
 Bribe-worthy service thou canst boast,
 At once their bulwark and their post;
 Thou art a sycophant, a traitor,
 A liar, a calumniator,
 Who conscience (hadst thou that) would sell,
 Nay, lave the common sewer of hell,

For whisky: Eke, most precious imp,
 Thou art a rhymster, gauger, pimp;
 Whence comes it then, Vacerras, that
 Thou still art poor as a church-rat.

Mr. Muirhead died May 16th, 1808, aged sixty-eight. He is said to have written the fine old song, "Bless the Gawkie."

¹ Mr. Lawrie of Redcastle.

² "Caily," or Caily, 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 Copland of Collieston.

⁴ John Bushby.

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, DUMFRIES.

These lines were written on June 26th, 1796, 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.¹

Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair,
 And with them take the poet's prayer—
 That fate may, in her fairest page,
 With every kindest, best presage
 Of future bliss, enrol thy name:
 With native worth, and spotless fame,
 And wakeful 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.

¹ 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 fly."

kite
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Satanast illness. The
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fine old song, "Blessin this verse, is the
house on the estate
(ward) of Broughton.
irlinwark changed to

SONG—FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.¹

TUNE—"Rothemurchie's Rant."

This song was sent to Thomson in a letter dated 12th July, 1796 (nine days before Burns's death), the poet being then at Brow, 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 inclosing 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 wonted 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 whar did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?	oat-meal
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?	
I gat it frae a young brisk sodger laddie,	got it from
Between St. Johnston and bonnie Dundee.	

¹ Another song to the same air will be found on page 194.

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 Castlecary," 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.

O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
 Aft has he doudled me upon his knee;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

if gave
 daddled

My blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessins upon thy bonnie ee-brie!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!
 But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
 Whare Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
 And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

eye-brow

build
 runs
 clothe

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 minnie forbad,
 Forbidden she wadna be:
 She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd²
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

mother
 would not
 would so

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie;
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

call

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
 And thretty guid shillin's and three;
 A very good tocher, a cotter man's dochter,
 The lass wi' the bonnie black ee.
 The lang lad, &c.

calf ewe half
 dowry daughter
 eye

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 goose feathers and a whittle" will be understood when it is stated that Ainslie's profession was that of a writer or lawyer.

Robin shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him;
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

reaped harvest
 deuce a reaping-hook
 stuck

I gaed up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaidin';

went
 woollen stuff

Struthers. "St. Johnston" is the poetical name of Playford's *Dancing Master* (1657). To a slightly varied form of the air the famous song "Lillibulero" was set.

¹ The earliest form of the tune with this ridiculous name is found under the title of "Joan's Placket" in

² "She wouldn't have believed the drink she brewed."

31

ys before Burns's
 e for sea-bathing.
 ering fondly back
 fch he had passed
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 strength.

S.

in existence, were
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the last verse only of
 He contributed it to
 useum. Another ver-
 'Caledonia (Glasgow,
 unzas, the additional
 by the editor—John

SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

At his daddie's yett, gate
 Wha met I but Robin?
 Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld, bold
 Tho' I was a cotter,
 Played me sic a trick, such
 An' me the ells's dochter? elder's daughter
 Robin shure, &c.

Robin promised me
 A' my winter vittle; provisions
 Fient haet he had but three nothing whatever
 Goose feathers and a whittle. knife
 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 noble-minded
 In Love's silken bands can bind it!¹

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, jo; dear
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.
 Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad!
 And hey, my merry ploughman!
 Of a' the trades that I do ken know
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wat and weary; wet
 Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie!
 Then up wi't a', &c.

¹ 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 incline thee
 T'accept a heart which he designs thee;
 And as your constant slave regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulness reward it. then

'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 ne'er beguile thee.

Ramsay's song comprises other sixteen lines—mostly inferior.

¹ The
² The
 Herd's

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erlay,
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.
 Then up wi't a', &c. neckcloth

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint-Johnston;¹
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
 Then up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin';
 A gude blue bonnet on his head,
 And O but he was handsome!
 Then up wi't a', &c. silver

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And to the corn-mou, man;
 I never gat my coggie fou
 Till I met wi' the ploughman.
 Then up wi't a', &c. mow
 wooden dish filled

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.²

TUNE—"Cock up your Beaver."

When first my brave Johnnie lad cam to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver!

Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' 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'.

TUNE—"Hey tutti, taiti."

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 hae wi' Wallace bled."

Landlady, count the lawin',
 The day is near the dawin';
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou. reckoning
 dawning
 tipsy

¹ That is, Perth.² 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).

ter

lever

ses are said to be
re set to a simpler money,
or bonnie,
and smily,
e'er beguile thee.

sixteen lines—mostly

Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti,
Hey tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

Cog, an ye were aye fou, wooden drinking cup alw/ys full
Cog, an ye were aye fou,
I wad sit and sing to you would
If ye were aye fou.
Hey tutti, taiti, &c.

Weel may ye a' be!
Ill may we never see!
God bless the king
And the companie!
Hey tutti, taiti, &c.

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!¹

¹The 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 nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourished fresh and fair, thistles
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— fallen
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't; dust
And write their name in his black beuk book
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't. gave
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my deservin'; 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, waken
But we may see him waken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin. hare
Awa', Whigs, &c.

¹The air to which the words are set in the *Museum* is very old, and is the foundation of the tunes, "What ails this heart o' mine," and "My dearie, an ye die." very ancient copy of it, in one strain, entitled, "Oh, silly soul, alace!" 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.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

The following lines were tagged 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 *Museum*; 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 cannily keekit ben,	cautiously peeped in
Rattlin', roarin' Willie	
Was sitting at yon board-en'—	end of the table
Sitting at yon board-en',	
And amang gude companie;	
Rattlin', roarin' Willie,	
Ye're welcome home to me! ¹	

AYE WAUKIN', O.

This song appears in the third volume of Johnson's *Museum*, 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,	
Flowers of ev'ry colour;	
The water rins o'er the heugh,	runs precipice
And I long for my true lover!	
Aye waukin', O,	waking
Waukin' still and weary:	
Sleep I can get nane,	none
For thinking on my dearie.	

When I sleep I dream,	
When I wauk I'm eerie;	wake nervous
Sleep I can get nane,	
For thinking on my dearie.	
Aye waukin', O, &c.	

Lanely night comes on,	
A' the lave are sleepin';	rest
I think on my bonnie lad,	
And I blear my een wi' greetin'.	eyes weeping
Aye waukin', O, &c.	

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 buy some other ware;
But partin' wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his ee;

And rattlin' roarin', Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For mony a rantin' day
My fiddle and I hae had.

According to Robert Chambers, the hero of the above old ditty was of great celebrity in his day as a wandering fiddler.

strain, entitled, 'Oh,
train appears to have
ers of this kind, at a
iteration of the first.

But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amaisit did swarf, man!"
 La, la, la, &c.

almost faint

My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
 She swoor she saw some rebels run
 To Perth and to Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae gude will
 That day their neebors' blude to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.
 La, la, la, &c.

road
porridge
swore

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right:
 And mony bade the world gude-night;
 Say pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell,
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
 Flew aff in frighted bands, man.
 La, la, la, &c.

would

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 sending it to the *Museum* he added two stanzas. Mrs. Burns, with whom the ditty was a favourite, pronounced the second and last stanzas 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. 183.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie!

drive ewes knolls

streamlet rolls

As I gaed doun the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He rowed me sweetly in his plaid,
 And he ca'd me his dearie.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

went

wrapped
called

"Will ye gang doun 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 naebody to see me.
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

no such

sorrow

SONGS ALTERED BY BURNS.

“Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms 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 shepherd 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.

shall
 calf-
 ye shall

I shall go
 wrap

sky so high
 eye

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 blyther old song than this.' The greater part of it, however, is his own composition."

Whare live ye, my bonnie lass?
 And tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie:
 My name, she says, &c.

See you not yon hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie:
 They a' are mine, &c.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel 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 fu' brawlie;
 And make my bed in the collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie:
 And make my bed, &c.

Luve for luve is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me;
 And the warld before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie:
 And the warld before me, &c.

call

so finely

if

walk
 well dressed up
 one
 if

would

full finely
 corner

hold

befall

Of these
 words wer
 than Scot

We giv
 they are
 tune fro
 his High
 old song

The tun
 house, "is o

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,	not
Nor shape that I admire,	
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace	
Might weel awauk desire.	awake
Something, in ilka part o' thee,	every
To praise, to love, I find;	
But dear as is thy form to me,	
Still dearer is thy mind.	
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,	no more
Nor stronger in my breast,	
Than if I canna make thee sae,	so
At least to see thee blest.	
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—"Rinn Meudial mo Mhealladh." (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 Gaelic 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-wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',	one
The pipers and youngsters were making their game;	
Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,	false
Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.	
Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;	go with
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;	will not
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,	
My heart it shall never be broken for ane.	one
I couldna get sleepin' till davin' for greetin',	dawn weeping
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain	
Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,	would have
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,	money
I dinna envy him the gains he can win;	do not
I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow	would load
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.	so
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.

TUNE—"Craigston's Growing."

This song was communicated by Burns to the fourth volume of the *Museum*, in the notes to which by Stenhouse 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 wa', wall
 She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba'; ball
 The youngest he was the flower amang 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. know

Lady Mary Ann was a flower i' the dew,
 Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue;
 And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew;
 For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik; oak
 Bonnie and bloomin' and straught was its make: straight
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. boast

The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, summer gone
 And the days are awa' that we hae seen;
 But far better days I trust will come again,
 For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.¹

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—"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, old fellows
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo, women
 And the lasses o' Leven.
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', drive
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',
 For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs 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 Sharpe says:—"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 1634.—See

Spalding's *History*, vol. i. p. 36." We append a stanza of the old ballad:—

Daughter, he said, if ye do weel,
 You will put your husband away to the school, 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.

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 two:—

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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 behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win. money they earn
Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', &c.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.¹

TUNE—"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 livèd a carle on Kellyburn Braes, elderly rustic slopes
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
(And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, one went
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do you fen'?" get along
(And the thyme it is wither'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 wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave," bullock colt
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,"
(And the thyme it is wither'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 wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),

¹Stenhouse quotes from Cromeck'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." Cromeck's collection was much indebted to Allan Cunningham, who, as it is well known, did not hesitate to palm off on Cromeck 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 did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many know well.

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,—
"One 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 imps all dancing in chains
She up with her pattens and beat out their brains.

And so on, the catastrophe in both songs being the same. The burthen 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 Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, running a rapid course of three and a half miles through a beautifully wooded glen, and falling into the Firth of Clyde near Wemyss Bay.

And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack ;
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door ; own kitchen-door
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 Syne bade her gae in, for a b— and a w—, then
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand ;
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud bear, virago went mad
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair ; no more
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

A reekit wee deevil looks over the wa' ; sooty
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 "O, help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a' ;"
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell :
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back ;
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life ;" greater part
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 "But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife ;"
 (And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.)

 CHLOE.

TUNE—"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.

 Sten
 sent to
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 from t
 ningsh

 1 The
 stanzas, o
 as follows

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
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody,

They hail the charming Chloe;
 Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'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.¹

MY LUVES LIKE A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"Graham's Strathspey."

Stenhouse says of the present charmingly simple lyric:—"This song was written by Burns and sent to Johnson for the *Museum*. 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 luv's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
 O my luv's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luv am I:
 And I will luv 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 luv 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,
 Girt 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,
 Perch'd all around her on a tree,
 With notes of sweetest melody,
 They act a cheerful part.

Kind Phœbus 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 1823) 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 aye 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 *Museum*, 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 luvè!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luvè,
 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, creature
 Comin' through the rye, dragged
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' through the rye.
 O Jenny's a' weel, poor body, all wet
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body— if a person
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body,—
 Need a body cry.
 O Jenny's a' weel, &c.

Gin a body meet a body—
 Comin' through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body,— world know
 Need the world ken?
 O Jenny's a' weel, &c

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"If thou'lt play me fair-play."²

"This song," says Stenhouse 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 Loyal 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:—

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel',
 But what's his name, or whaur his hame
 I dinna care to tell.

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say hae I;
 But a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' through the rye.

The air appears in two forms in the *Museum*, the

older being that with which Burns's words are connected. The more modern and present form of the air, with additional words (still frequently sung), is likewise given in the *Museum*.

² Stenhouse 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*.

Only
 contain
 his line
 beautif
 inferior
 the son

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 yoursel' 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 they 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, 1793, 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,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn when it was torn, would
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, if
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel' a drap o' dew, drop
Into her bonnie breast to fa'!

O! there beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest, scared
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light.

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BEHOLD THE HOUR.

[FIRST VERSION.]

Behold the hour, the boat arrive!
 My dearest Nancy, O farewell!
 Severed frae thee can I survive?
 Frae 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.

Alang 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 youth 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-gaoid."

In sending this song to Thomson on the 31st August, 1793, the poet writes: "The following song I have composed for *Oran-gaoid*. . . . 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 Clarinda on 27th December, 1791, 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 goest, 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,
 Yon 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

¹ It has been pointed out by Dr. Hatley Waddell, Librarian of Dollar Institution, that Burns's song is but an adaptation of some verses in a long poem which who got the information through Mr. Christie, libra-

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

ALTERED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH SONG.¹

TUNE—"John Anderson, my jo."

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And to the wealthy booby
 Poor woman sacrifice.
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife;
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin,
 A while her pinions tries;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet!

appeared in the old *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*, May, 1774, p. 422. The poem in the magazine bears simply the title of "A Song." It consists of thirteen stanzas, the first five of which we subjoin:—

Behold the fatal hour arrive!
 Nicé, my Nicé, ah, farewell!
 Sever'd from thee, can I survive
 From thee, whom I have lov'd so well!

Endless and deep shall be my woes,
 No ray of comfort shall I see;
 And yet, who knows, alas! who knows,
 If thou wilt e'er remember me!

Permit me, while in eager chase
 Of lost tranquillity I rove;
 Permit my restless thought to trace
 The footsteps of my absent love.

Of Nicé, wheresoe'er she goes,
 The fond attendant I shall be;
 And yet, who knows, alas! who knows,
 If she will e'er remember me!

Along the solitary shore
 I'll wander pensive and alone,
 And wild re-echoing rocks implore,
 To tell me where my nymph is gone.

Two other songs often printed as Burns's—"Could aught of song declare my pains," and "Powers celestial! whose protection"—were also taken by the poet from the same volume of the same magazine.

¹ This recast of an old song was sent to Thomson in May, 1795. It will be seen from the subjoined original song that the most important alteration is in the form of the stanza. The poem is numbered 212 in the old collection called the *Muses' Delight*:—

How cruel is a parent's care,
 Who riches only prizes!
 When finding out some booby heir,
 He thinks he wondrous wise is.
 While the poor maid, to shun her fate,
 And not to prove a wretch in state,
 To scape the blockhead she must hate,
 She weds where she despises.

The harmless dove thus trembling flies,
 The ravenous hawk pursuing;
 A while her tender pinions tries,
 Till doomed to certain ruin;
 Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
 No shelter near, no kind retreat,
 She drops beneath the falconer's feet,
 For gentler usage suing.

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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, unbroke by rules of Art,
He pours the wild effusions of the heart:
And if inspir'd, 'tis Nature's pow'rs inspire:
Her's all the melting thrill, and her's the kindling fire.

ANONYMOUS.

KILMARNOCK.
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON.

M, DCC, LXXXVI.

The poet's original preface was as follows:—

THE following trifles 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 Theocrites or Virgil. To the Author of this, these and other celebrated names their countrymen are, in their original languages, "A fountain shut up, and a book sealed." Unacquainted 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 Rhymer 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 uncouth 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, obtruding his nonsense 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,¹ whose divine 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 possess of some poetical abilities, otherwise his publishing in the manner he has done, would be a *maçœuvre* 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.

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highest pulse of vanity, he has not the most distant pretensions. These two justly admired Scotch Poets he has often had in his eye in the following pieces; but rather with a view to kindle at their flame, than for servile imitation.

To his Subscribers the Author returns his most sincere thanks. Not the mercenary bow over a counter, but the heart-throbbing gratitude of the Bard, conscious how much he is indebted to Benevolence and Friendship, for gratifying him, if he deserves it, in that dearest wish of every poetic bosom—to be distinguished. He begs his readers, particularly the Learned and the Polite, who may honour him with a perusal, that they will make every allowance for Education and Circumstances of Life: but, if after a fair, candid, and impartial criticism, he shall stand convicted of Dulness and Nonsense, let him be done by, as he would in that case do by others—let him be condemned, without mercy, to contempt and oblivion.

The contents of the Kilmarnock volume were as follows—

- The Twa Dogs: a Tale.
- Scotch Drink.
- The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer.
- Postscript to the above.
- The Holy Fair.
- Address to the Deil.
- The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie.
- Poor Mailie's Elegy.
- Epistle to J. Smith.
- A Dream.
- The Vision.
- Halloween.
- The Auld Farmer's New-Year-Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare, Maggie.
- The Cotter's 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 Louse.
- Epistle to J. Lapraik, April 1st, 1785.
- To the Same, April 21st, 1785.
- To William Simpson, Ochiltree.
- Postscript to the foregoing.

Epistle to John Rankine, enclosing some poems.

Song—The Rigs o' Barley.

Song composed in August.

Song—From thee, Eliza, I must go.

Farewell to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton.

Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire.

Epigram on Said Occasion.

Another on the Same.

Epitaph on a Celebrated Ruling Elder

“ on a Noisy Polemic.

“ on Wee Johnny.

“ for the Author's Father.

“ for Robert Aikin, Esq.

“ for Gavin Hamilton, Esq.

A Bard's Epitaph.

The first Edinburgh Edition came out in April, 1787, with the following dedication, the original preface being now cancelled.

DEDICATION

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
CALEDONIAN HUNT.

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 natal 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 stile 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 venal soul 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 justlings 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 licentiousness 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, 1787.

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 Brigs of Ayr.
The Ordination.
The Calf.
Address to the Unca Guid.
Tam Tamson's Elegy.
The Epitaph, and Per Contra.
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 Gullford Good.
“ My Nanny, O.
“ Green grow the Rashes.
“ Again rejoicing 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 Auchincruive.
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 Briar 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 Daer; Answer to the Guide-wife of Wauchope House; Elegy on the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair; Address to the Toothache; 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 Twa 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 thou art from the world receding,
I joy my lonely days to lead in
This desert drear;
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.

ON AN EVENING VIEW OF LINCLUDEN 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 of night, what sorrows call 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 interlineations, and probably had been submitted to him for his opinions and corrections.

THE VOWELS: A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride;
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And cruelty directs the thickening blows:
Upon a time Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling vowels 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 intently surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Written by John Byrnt, 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 *Hours Poeticae*. A notice of him is given in the *Contemporaries of Burns* (1840).

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

Here around the ingle bleezing,
Wha sae happy and sae free;
Though the northern wind blows freezing,
Friendship warms baith you and me.
Happy we are a' thegither,
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 forlorn
Beneath an aik sat moanin,
I did na trow I'd see my jo
Beside me gin the gloaming, &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 Goldfinch*, Edinburgh, 1782.

TO THREE LOVED NITH.

A poem by Mrs. Walter Riddell, published by Cromek as a fragment by Burns. It will be found complete in vol. iv. p. 242.

SHELAH 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 temperate 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.

CASSILIS' BANKS.

Now bank and brae are clad in green,
An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
The birdies flit on wapton wing.

This was written by Richard Gall (born in 1776, died in 1801) and is contained in a posthumous 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 BRIER-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 climes 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 muse 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 RIBBAND.

Dear Myra, the captive ribband'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.