

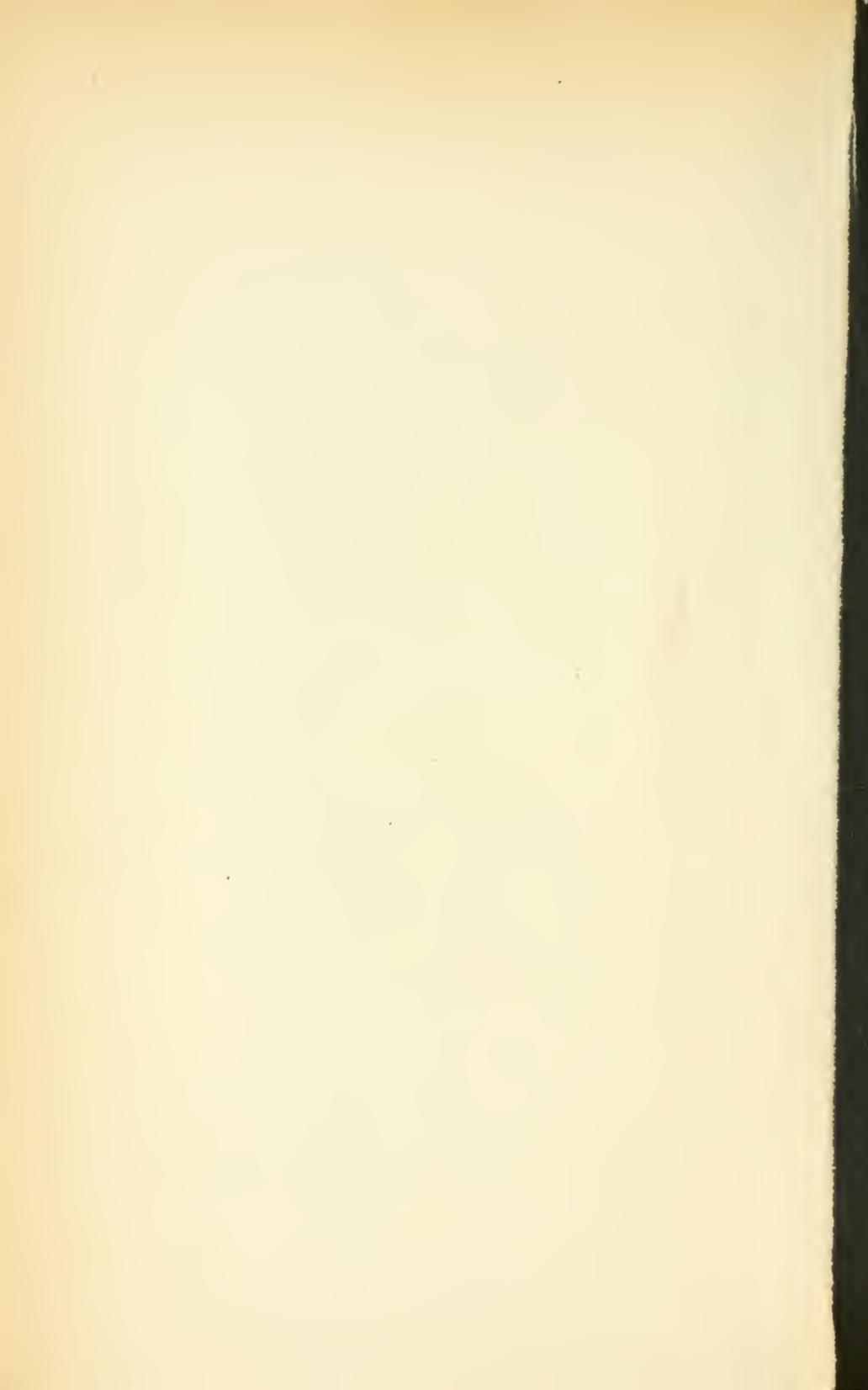


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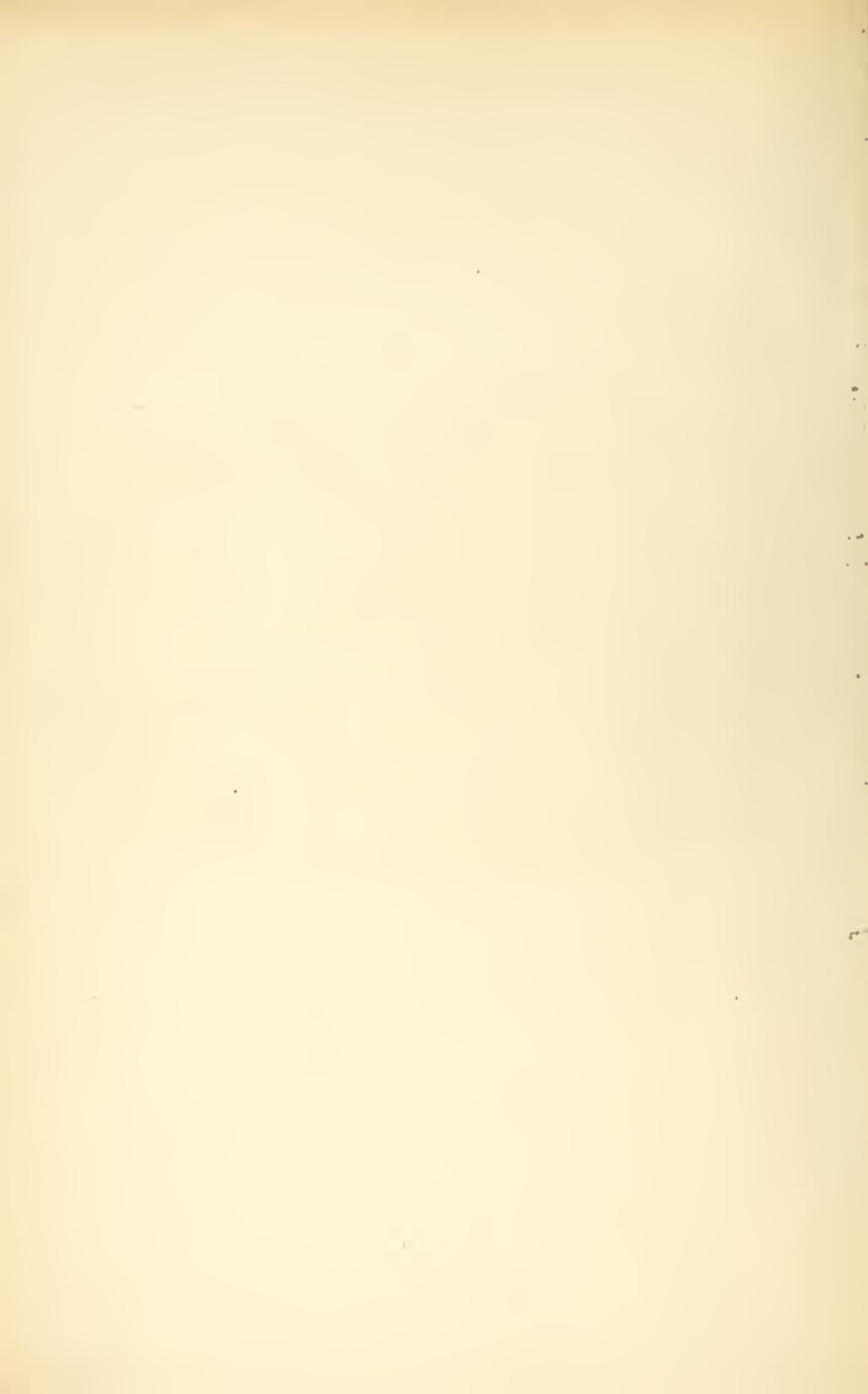


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THE WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS.





## *Samuel Shanters*

The doubling storm rears thro' the woods  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole  
Near and more near the thunders roll  
When, gimmering thro' the gathering mists  
Kirk-Ah way seem'd in a blue mist



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*From a sketch by James Watson, R.S.A. Burns, 1793.*

## Robert Burns

The Muse nae poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,  
Adown some trodden burn's meander,  
And no think lang,  
O sweet to stray, an' pensive ponder  
A heart-felt sang!

THE WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT BURNS



VOLUME SECOND

*POETRY*

Edinburgh

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1895



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(An asterisk is prefixed to those pieces that, either wholly or in part, are here first embraced  
in a professedly full edition of the author's works.)

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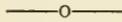
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# POEMS AND SONGS.



## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

“The Poetic Genius of my country . . . whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honoured protection.”—*Dedication to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt.*

The contents of the preceding volume brought the reader down to about the close of September 1786. On the third day of that month, Jean Armour’s safe delivery of twin-children, and the happy domestic arrangement that followed, seemed to cause matters to flow more smoothly with the forlorn poet. On the following day, a poet of a different stamp, the venerable Dr Blacklock of Edinburgh, who was regarded as the centre of a literary circle in that city, wrote to his friend, the Rev. Dr Lawrie, parish minister of Loudoun, a letter which is supposed to have had considerable effect on the after career of Burns. Its subject was the wonderful volume of poetry that had issued from the Kilmarnock Press about five weeks previously, and which Dr Lawrie had transmitted to Edinburgh to excite the blind bard’s astonishment, and elicit his opinion of its contents. That letter concluded with an expression of the writer’s regret that although another copy of Burns’s poems had been “sought with diligence and ardour,” it could not be procured because the whole impression was exhausted. “It were therefore,” he added, “much to be wished, for the sake of the young man, that a second edition more numerous than the former could immediately be printed.”

Burns, at the date we speak of (Sept. 4th, 1786), had no personal acquaintance with Dr Lawrie, who, on receipt of Blacklock’s letter, appears to have made no immediate movement in the poet’s behalf. After the lapse of a week or two, however, he forwarded the communication to Mr Gavin Hamilton, who placed it in the poet’s hands. Burns’s own account of this transaction forms the concluding portion of his very condensed narrative in the famous autobiographical letter to Dr Moore. After stating his deplorable condition at the close of July and during a great part of August, “skulking from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail,” he says, “I had taken the last farewell of my few friends; my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed a

song — 'The gloomy night is gathering fast,' which was to be the last effort of my muse in Caledonia, when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine, overthrew all my schemes by rousing my poetic ambition. The Doctor belonged to a class of critics for whose applause I had not even dared to hope. His idea that I would meet with every encouragement for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted to Edinburgh without a single acquaintance in town, or a single letter of recommendation in my pocket."

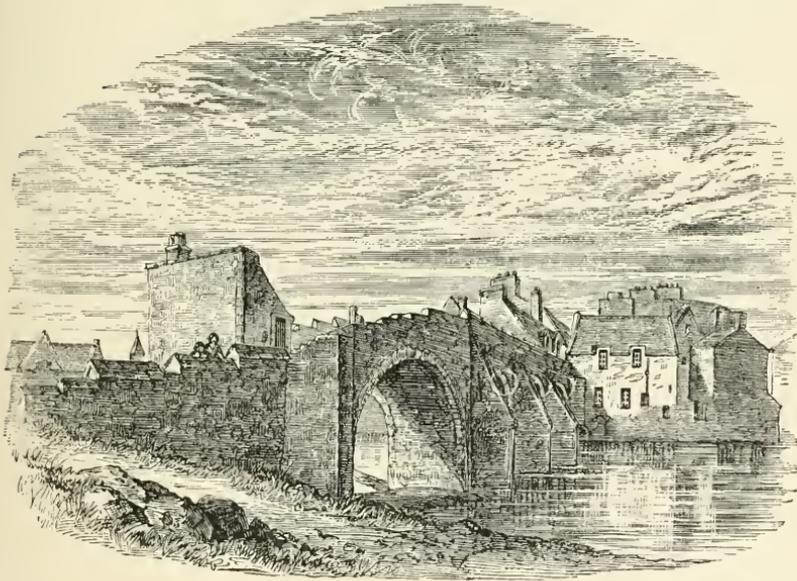
In this account, allowance must be made for the artistic license to soften hard facts for the sake of pictorial effect. The harvest of 1786 was an uncommonly late one, as may be inferred from some remarks in a letter of Burns to his cousin in Montrose, dated from Mossgiel on 26th September of that year:—"My departure is uncertain, but I do not think it will be till after harvest. I shall be on very short allowance indeed, if I do not comply with your friendly invitation," [to visit the poet's relations in Forfar and Kincardine.] The song referred to in the autobiography as having been composed when his chest was on the road to Greenock, was in fact, as we learn from another source, suggested to him on Galston moors while returning to Mossgiel, after a night spent under Dr Lawrie's roof; and the season is thus marked as October:—

"The Autumn mourns her rip'n ng corn  
By early Winter's ravage torn."

On the second week of that month, he thus narrates in a letter to Mr Aiken of Ayr:—"I was with Wilson my printer t'other day, and settled all our bygone matters between us. After I had paid all demands, I made him the offer of the second edition, on the hazard of being paid out of the first and readiest, which he declines." From this we may conclude that the poet's first step, after receiving Dr Blacklock's letter, was to proceed to Kilmarnock, doubtless paying his respects by the way to the minister of Loudoun, whose manse at Newmilns was in that neighbourhood. There, and in that vicinity, he seems to have passed the time during the first half of October, till harvest operations at Mossgiel may have called him home. Disappointed of a second Ayrshire edition, through want of a little ready money to allay the fears of his printer with the "no soul," he intimated, in the letter to Aiken just referred to, that the "settled tenor of his resolution" was to go abroad, rather than close with the kind offers of his friends to get him an Excise appointment.

Thus we find that Blacklock's letter was neither the immediate nor the sole cause of the final determination of Burns to go to Edinburgh. His epistle to Major Logan shews, that on 30th October he was still bound for the West Indies. But about the middle of the following month, other circumstances must have occurred which induced him to announce to Robert Muir his resolution to proceed to Edinburgh on the 27th or 28th current.

In the letter to Aiken already quoted, he says, "There is scarcely anything hurts me so much in being disappointed of my second edition, as not having it in my power to shew my gratitude to Mr Ballantine, by publishing my poem of 'The Brigs of Ayr.'" That poem was therefore composed about the close of September or the early part of October 1786: and with it accordingly opens our second volume.



### THE BRIGS OF AYR :

A POEM.

Inscribed to JOHN BALLANTINE, Esq., Ayr.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

THE simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough ;  
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,  
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush ;

The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,  
 Or deep-ton'd plovers grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill ;  
 Shall he—nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,  
 To hardy independence bravely bred,  
 By early poverty to hardship steel'd,  
 And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—  
 Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,  
 The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes ?  
 Or labour hard the panegyric close,  
 With all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?  
 No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,  
 And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,  
 He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,  
 Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.  
 Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,  
 Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace ;  
 When Ballantine befriends his<sup>1</sup> humble name,  
 And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,  
 With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,  
 The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

---

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,<sup>a</sup>  
 And thack and rape<sup>b</sup> secure the toil-won crap ;  
 Potatoe bings<sup>c</sup> are snuggèd up frae skaith<sup>d</sup>  
 O' coming Winter's biting, frosty breath ;  
 The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,  
 Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious<sup>2</sup> spoils,  
 Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,  
 Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,  
 The death o' devils, smoor'd<sup>e</sup> wi' brimstone reek :

---

<sup>a</sup> covering.    <sup>b</sup> thatch and straw-rope.    <sup>c</sup> heaps.    <sup>d</sup> harm.    <sup>e</sup> smothered.

The thundering guns are heard on ev'ry side,  
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;  
 The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,  
 Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :  
 (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,  
 And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)  
 Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs ;  
 Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,  
 Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee,  
 Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :  
 The hoary morns precede the sunny days,  
 Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,  
 While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple Bard,  
 Unknown and poor—simplicity's reward !—  
 Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,  
 By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care,  
 He left his bed, and took his wayward route,  
 And down by *Simpson's*\* wheel'd the left about :  
 (Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,  
 To witness what I after shall narrate ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Or whether, rapt in meditation high,  
 He wander'd out, <sup>4</sup> he knew not where nor why :)  
 The drowsy Dungeon<sup>5</sup>-clock † had number'd two,  
 And Wallace Tower † had sworn the fact was true :  
 The tide-swoln firth, with sullen-sounding roar,  
 Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore :  
 All else was hush'd as Nature's closèd e'e ;  
 The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree ;

---

\* A noted tavern at the Auld Brig end.—*R. B.*

† The two steeples.—*R. B.* The first was connected with the Old Jail, now removed, and the other was an antique erection in the High Street, now replaced by an elegant tower so named.

The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,  
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream—

When, lo !<sup>6</sup> on either hand the list'ning Bard,  
The clanging sugh<sup>f</sup> of whistling wings is heard ;  
Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,  
Swift as the gos\* drives on the wheeling hare ;  
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,  
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :  
Our warlock Rhymer instautly descried  
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.  
(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,  
And ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk ;  
Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,  
And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken<sup>g</sup> them).  
'Auld Brig' appear'd of ancient Pictish race,  
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face ;  
He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,  
Yet, teughly doure,<sup>h</sup> he bade an unco bang.<sup>i</sup>  
'New Brig' was buskit in a braw new coat,  
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got ;  
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,  
Wi' virls au' whirlygigums at the head.  
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,  
Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch ;  
It chanc'd his new-come neibor took his e'e,  
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !  
Wi' thieveless<sup>j</sup> sneer to see his modish mien,  
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een :—

<sup>f</sup> rushing sound.

<sup>g</sup> well-know.

<sup>h</sup> obdurate.

<sup>i</sup> withstood a heavy stroke.

<sup>j</sup> unconcealed.

\* The Gos-hawk, or Falcon.—*R. B.*

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,<sup>k</sup>  
 Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank !  
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—  
 Tho' faith, that date,<sup>7</sup> I doubt, ye'll never see—  
 There'll be, if that day<sup>7</sup> come, I'll wad a boddle,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal ! ye but show your little mense,<sup>m</sup>  
 Just much about it wi' your scanty sense :  
 Will your poor, narrow foot-path of a street,<sup>8</sup>  
 Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,<sup>8</sup>  
 Your ruin'd,<sup>9</sup> formless bulk o' stane and lime,  
 Compare wi' bonie brigs o' modern time ?  
 There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat stream,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim,  
 E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view  
 O' sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk !<sup>n</sup> puff'd up wi' windy pride !  
 This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide ;  
 And tho' wi' crazy eild<sup>o</sup> I'm sair forfairn,<sup>p</sup>  
 I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn !  
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,  
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.  
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,  
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains ;

<sup>k</sup> contemptible thing.

<sup>1</sup> wager a half-farthing.

<sup>m</sup> manners.

<sup>n</sup> Cuckoo, foolish creature.

<sup>o</sup> old age.

<sup>p</sup> worn out.

\* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—*R. B.*

When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,  
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil ;  
 Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,  
 Or haunted Garpal\* draws his<sup>10</sup> feeble source,  
 Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting<sup>11</sup> thowes,  
 In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes ;  
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,<sup>9</sup>  
 Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate ;  
 And from Glenbuck,† down to the Ratton-key,‡  
 Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea—  
 Then down ye'll hurl, (deil nor ye never rise !)  
 And dash the gumlie jaups<sup>r</sup> up to the pouring skies !  
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,  
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !§

## NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say 't o't,  
 The L—d be thankit that we've tint<sup>s</sup> the gate o't !  
 Gaunt, ghaistly, ghaist-alluring edifices,  
 Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices ;  
 O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,  
 Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves ;

<sup>9</sup> flood.<sup>r</sup> muddy drift.<sup>s</sup> lost.

\* The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-searing beings, known by the name of Ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—*R. B.*

† The source of the River Ayr.—*R. B.*

‡ A small landing place above the large quay.—*R. B.*

§ This whole passage—penned ninety years ago—has just turned out to be strikingly prophetic. The "New Brig," which was not yet "streckit owre frae bank to bank" when the poem was composed, has, within a few days from the time we write (January 1877) been closed from all traffic, a threatening rent having been discovered in its masonry. On the other hand, the "Auld brig" with its "poor narrow foot-path of a street," which for eighty years has been used for foot passengers only, has again been opened for wheel carriages, and may yet be "a brig" when its proud neighbour is "a shapecless cairn."

Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest,  
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;  
 Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,  
 The craz'd creations of misguided whim ;  
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,  
 And still the second dread command be free ;  
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea !  
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste  
 Of any mason reptile, bird or beast :  
 Fit only for a doited<sup>t</sup> monkish race,  
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,  
 Or cuifs<sup>u</sup> of later times, wha held the notion,  
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion :  
 Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,\*  
 And soon may they expire, unblest wi' resurrection !

## AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,<sup>v</sup>  
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !  
 Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Barlie,  
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay ;  
 Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners,  
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners ;  
 Ye godly Councils, wha hae blest this town ;  
 Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown,  
 Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters ;  
 And (what would now be strange), ye godly Writers ;  
 A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,<sup>w</sup>  
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do ?  
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,  
 To see each melancholy alteration ;

<sup>t</sup> stupid.<sup>u</sup> simpletons.<sup>v</sup> coevals.<sup>w</sup> boiling flood.

\* A compliment to the "advanced liberalism" of the Ayr clergy.

And, agonising, curse the time and place<sup>12</sup>  
 When ye begat the base degenerate race!<sup>12</sup>  
 Nae langer rev'rend men, their country's glory,  
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story ;  
 Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,  
 Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house ;  
 But staumrel,<sup>x</sup> corky-headed, graceless *Gentry*,  
 The herryment<sup>y</sup> and ruin of the<sup>13</sup> country ;  
 Men, three-parts made by tailors and by barbers,  
 Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—'d new brigs  
 and harbours !

## NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there ! for faith ye've said enough,  
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.<sup>z</sup><sup>14</sup>  
 As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,  
*Corbies* and *Clergy* are a shot right kittle :  
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,  
 Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd ;  
 To liken them to your auld-warld squad,<sup>15</sup>  
 I must needs say, comparisons are odd.<sup>16</sup>  
 In Ayr, *wag-wits* nae mair can hae a handle  
 To mouth 'a Citizen,' a term o' scandal ;  
 Nae mair<sup>17</sup> the Council waddles down the street,  
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit ;  
 Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,  
 Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins :  
 If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,  
 Had shor'd<sup>a</sup> them with a glimmer of his lamp,  
 And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,  
 Plain, dull<sup>18</sup> Stupidity stept kindly<sup>19</sup> in to aid them.

<sup>x</sup> half-witted.<sup>y</sup> spoliation.<sup>z</sup> pass current.<sup>a</sup> offered.

What farther elish-ma-claver might been said,  
 What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,  
 No man can tell ; but, all before their sight,  
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright ;  
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;  
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd :  
 They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,  
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :  
 While arts of Minstrely among them rung,  
 And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

O had M'Lauchlan,\* thairm<sup>b</sup>-inspiring sage,  
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,  
 When thro' his dear strathspeys they bore with Highland  
     rage ;  
 Or when they struck<sup>20</sup> old Scotia's melting airs,  
 The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares ;  
 How would his Highland lug<sup>c</sup> been nobler fir'd,  
 And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd !  
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,  
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard ;  
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,  
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the Stream in front appears,  
 A venerable Chief advanc'd in years ;  
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,  
 His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.  
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,  
 Sweet female Beauty hand in hand with Spring ;

---

<sup>b</sup> catgut.

<sup>c</sup> ear.

\* A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.—*R. B.*

Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy,  
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye ;  
 All-cheering Plenty, with her<sup>21</sup> flowing horn,  
 Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn ;  
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,  
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow :  
 Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,  
 From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide ;\*  
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,  
 A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair ;†  
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,  
 From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode ;‡  
 Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,  
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath  
 The broken, iron instruments of death :  
 At sight of whom our Sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

[The gentleman to whom the foregoing poem is inscribed, was one of those in the town of Ayr, who befriended Burns, at a somewhat later date than Mr Aiken. There is no reference to him in the earliest edition of Burns's poems ; but an important letter to him occurs in the poet's correspondence so early as the middle of April 1786. Mr Ballantine, by profession a banker, was Dean of Guild at that period, and afterwards became Provost of Ayr. The erection of a new bridge, intended to supersede an ancient structure which was inconveniently narrow for traffic, was proceeding under his chief magistracy in the latter portion of 1786, and Burns, apparently taking a hint from Fergusson's "Dialogue between the Plainstanes and Causeway," composed his poem of "The Brigs of Ayr," about the end of September. His main object was to swell the bulk of a second Ayrshire edition of his poems which was then proposed, but soon abandoned for the bolder project of publishing in Edinburgh. Another purpose served by this poem was to shew his gratitude to Mr Ballantine in the same manner as had been done in the "Cottar's Saturday Night" towards Mr Aiken.

\* A compliment to the warlike Montgomeries of Coilsfield. The Feal or Faile Water flows through the grounds behind the mansion, and joins the Ayr at Fealford.

† A compliment to Mrs Stewart of Stair.

‡ A tribute to Professor Dugald Stewart of Catrine House.

The variations which we append to this note, are taken from an early copy, and the comparison shews that the author, when in Edinburgh, without altering the main design and the general effect of the poem, greatly improved some of its details. This production is chiefly remarkable for its very obvious intermixture of pure English with Burns's native Doric, according as the intention is grave or humorous. In many of its passages, the vividness of the description equals anything he ever executed; but the poem closes unsatisfactorily, as if the author had grown weary of the subject.

Professor Walker seems to doubt Burns's capability of successfully carrying through any very long and elaborate work. He remarks that our author's opportunities of composition were "desultory and uncertain. When a favourite idea laid hold of his mind, he would cherish it till his heated imagination threw it off in verse; and when the paroxysm ceased, he was done with it." Mr Walker illustrates his observation by instancing the present poem thus:—"It opens with a description to which nothing superior can be found in the records of poetry. The spirits of the Brigs then begin their controversy, which is no less admirable; but the altercation breaks off, and the poem makes a transition into a different strain. A train of allegorical beings are introduced in a dance upon the ice; and though this part contains some beautiful lines, yet it does not harmonize exactly with what follows, for had the poet foreseen that his group was to contain personages of so grave and dignified a character as Learning, Worth, and Peace, he would scarcely have engaged them in the violent and merry movements of a strathspey. This piece exhibits very plainly the *disjecta membra poetæ*, but it is surely deficient in unity of design."

Mr John Ballantine of Ayr lived a bachelor, and died at his villa of Castlehill, on 15th July 1812.

The variations found in the early draft of this poem are the following:—

<sup>1</sup> the.                   <sup>2</sup> and floweret's nect'rine spoils.

<sup>3</sup> Here are two lines afterwards suppressed—

Or penitential pangs for former sins

Led him to rove by quondam Merran Din's.

<sup>4</sup> forth.               <sup>5</sup> steeple.

<sup>6</sup> When lo! before our Bardie's wond'ring e'en

The Brigs of Ayr's twa sprites are seen.

<sup>7</sup> (In the edition of 1794, the words "date" and "day" are transposed in these lines. The alteration is no improvement.)

<sup>8</sup> (These two lines not in the early MS.) <sup>9</sup> Will your auld formless, &c.

<sup>10</sup> its. <sup>11</sup> spotted. <sup>12</sup> (These two lines are not in the early MS.) <sup>13</sup> their.

<sup>14</sup> (Here are two lines now suppressed),

That's ay a string auld doytet greybeards harp on,

A topic for their peevishness to carp on.

<sup>15</sup> bodies.

<sup>16</sup> odious.

<sup>17</sup> Nae mair down street the council quorum waddles,  
 With wigs like mainsails on their logger noddles,  
 Nae difference but bulkiest or tallest,  
 With comfortable dullness in for ballast ;  
 Nor shoals nor currents need a pilot's caution,  
 For, regularly slow, they only witness motion.  
 Men wha grew, &c.

<sup>18</sup> kind.    <sup>19</sup> delete "kindly."    <sup>20</sup> touched.    <sup>21</sup> his.]

### FRAGMENT OF SONG.

(BLACKIE'S "LAND OF BURNS," 1840.)

THE night was still, and o'er the hill  
 The moon shone on the castle wa' ;  
 The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang  
 Around her on the castle wa',  
 Sae merrily they danced the ring  
 Frae ceen' till the cock did crow ;  
 And ay the o'erword o' the spring  
 Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'.

[Referring to the Introductory note to this volume for our chronological data, it may be safely inferred that Burns first visited the manse of Dr Lawrie at Newmilns about the close of September 1786. The poet's business in Kilmarnock, relating to the endeavour to effect the issue of a second Ayrshire edition, involved the necessity of several journeys to and from that town in October; and Newmilns being almost in his direct route, it is probable that he paid several visits to the manse about that period. Gilbert Burns informed Dr Currie that the first time his brother heard the music of a piano-forte was there. "Dr Lawrie (he said) had several accomplished daughters; one of them played the spinnet; the father and mother led down the dance; the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world."

It may be doubted if Gilbert was quite correct in supposing that this was his brother's first acquaintance with the piano-forte. He had been, during the previous year, a familiar visitor at the house of Mr Aiken of Ayr; and his daughter used to tell of Burns's fondness

to hear her play the melodies of some of his songs during those early days.

The youngest daughter of Dr Lawrie possessed, in the poet's holograph, the eight lines which form our text: it is apparently the mere scroll of something that was never more than a fragment. A relative of that lady supplied Mr Robert Chambers with a copy of it, observing that—"There can be little doubt that the stanzas refer to the domestic circle and enjoyment of St Margaret's Hill. The locality corresponds perfectly: the old castle of Newmilns, visible in those days from the manse windows, the hills opposite, to the south, and the actual scene of enjoyment, standing on the very banks of the Irvine. Some little poetic license must be allowed to the poet with respect to his lengthening the domestic dance so far on into the night."

On one of the poet's visits to this manse, the minister's man (John Brooks by name) did not present himself to render the usual services at the dinner-table. His attendance was dispensed with; but on being questioned afterwards by Mr Archibald Lawrie regarding his absence, John's reply was held to be quite satisfactory. "Deed, sir, I was jist fleyed to come in, for fear Burns should mak a poem o' me!"

## EPIGRAM ON ROUGH ROADS.

(KILMARNOCK ED., 1786.)

I'M now arrived—thanks to the gods!—  
 Thro' pathways rough and muddy,  
 A certain sign that makin roads  
 Is no this people's study:  
 Altho' I'm not wi' Scripture cram'd,  
 I'm sure the Bible says  
 That heedless sinners shall be damn'd,  
 Unless they mend their *ways*.

[This little *jeu d'esprit* bears as fair internal mark of Burns's hand as many things of the kind that have been laid to his charge. These rough roads which the poet had to traverse are supposed to have lain betwixt Kilmarnock and Stewarton. In the latter town, his uncle Robert resided in 1786; and at no great distance was Dunlop House,

the residence of an important patron whom he acquired about this very period.

It is more than probable that Burns visited Mrs Dunlop during this October, as Gilbert's narrative tells us that their acquaintanceship began just before he resolved to go to Edinburgh. He says, "Mrs Dunlop sent off a person express to Mossgiel, distant fifteen or sixteen miles, with a very obliging letter desiring him to send her half a dozen copies of his poems, if he had them to spare, and begging he would do her the pleasure of calling at Dunlop House as soon as convenient."

Burns, during the whole of October, may be said to have oscillated like a pendulum betwixt Kyle and Cunningham. In the earlier portion, he is busy negotiating with Wilson of Kilmarnock about a new edition. A few days later, he is traversing Galston Moor, composing his "Farewell to his native country." On the 23rd, he dines at Catrine House, and on the 26th, he is back to "Old Killie," to be made an honorary member of St. John's Lodge, there. Lastly, on the 30th, he is again at Mossgiel, inditing his epistle to Major Logan.]

### PRAYER.—O THOU DREAD POWER.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

Lying at a reverend friend's house one night, the author left the following verses in the room where he slept:—

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above,  
 I know thou wilt me hear,  
 When for this scene of peace and love,  
 I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,  
 Long, long be pleas'd to spare ;  
 To bless his little filial flock,  
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes  
 With tender hopes and fears,  
 O bless her with a mother's joys,  
 But spare a mother's tears !

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,  
 In manhood's dawning blush,  
 Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,  
 Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band—  
 With earnest tears I pray—  
 Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,  
 Guide Thou their steps alway.

When, soon or late, they reach that coast,  
 O'er Life's rough ocean driven,  
 May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,  
 A family in Heaven !

[This "reverend friend" was George Lawrie, himself the son of a parish minister. He was ordained pastor of Loudoun, or Newmilns in 1763, and obtained the degree of D.D. in 1791. Born in 1729, he was, of course, fifty-seven years old at the period of Burns's visits to him in 1786. He survived the poet three years, dying in 1799, at the age of 70. His son Archibald succeeded to the pastorate of Loudoun.

The wife of this amiable minister was Mary Campbell, daughter of Professor Archibald Campbell of St Andrews. On the occasion that produced the admired verses which form the text, Burns had called at the manse on his return from Kilmarnock, frustrated in his hopes of a second Ayrshire edition, and confined to the prospect of sailing for the West Indies in a few days. Dr Lawrie's children then comprised a son rising into manhood, and four daughters, the youngest being yet a girl. In the course of the evening, music and dancing were introduced, according to the cheerful custom of the family. After a night's real enjoyment, the poet retired to rest, with feelings deeply touched by the simple refinement and mutual affection of the family, as well as by the marked attention which had been shewn to himself.

The above verses were composed by him during the night-watches, and were left in his bedroom next morning. A considerable part of the second day was spent by the poet at the manse ; and after a kindly parting with the happy family, he pursued his way home across the moors of Galston, accompanied only by his Muse, who did not refuse her inspiration, as the following memorable effusion sufficiently evinces.]

## FAREWELL SONG TO THE BANKS OF AYR.

*Tune*—"Roslin Castle."

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

"I composed this song as I conveyed my chest so far on my road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica. I meant it as my farewell dirge to my native land."—*R. B.*

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,  
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
 I see it driving o'er the plain ;  
 The hunter now has left the moor,  
 The scatt'ered coveys meet secure ;  
 While here I wander, prest with care,  
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn  
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;  
 Across her placid, azure sky,  
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :  
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave ;  
 I think upon the stormy wave,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where many a danger I must dare,  
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,  
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;  
 Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
 The wretched have no more to fear :  
 But round my heart the ties are bound,  
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;  
 These<sup>2</sup> bleed afresh, those<sup>3</sup> ties I tear,  
 To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
 The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,  
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves !  
 Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !  
 My peace<sup>4</sup> with these, my love<sup>5</sup> with those :  
 The bursting tears my heart declare—  
 Farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr !

[Our note to the last production forms a necessary prelude to this. Professor Walker, who met Burns at breakfast with Dr Blacklock, shortly after his arrival in Edinburgh, gives the following interesting account of these verses :—"After breakfast I requested him to communicate some of his unpublished pieces, and he recited his farewell song to the Banks of Ayr, introducing it with a description of the circumstances in which it was composed, more striking than the poem itself. He had left Dr Lawrie's family, after a visit which he expected to be the last, and, on his way home, had to cross a wide stretch of solitary moor. . . . The aspect of nature harmonized with his feelings. It was a lowering and heavy evening in the end of autumn. The wind was up, and whistled through the rushes and the long spear-grass which bent before it. The clouds were driving across the sky ; and cold pelting showers, at intervals, added discomfort of body to cheerlessness of mind. Under these circumstances, and in this frame, Burns composed his poem." The Stair MS. (dating about Oct. 1786) shows the following variations :—

<sup>1</sup> The whistling wind afrightens me,  
 I think upon the raging sea.

<sup>2</sup> Those.  
<sup>4</sup> love.

<sup>3</sup> these.  
<sup>5</sup> peace.]

## LINES ON MEETING WITH LORD DAER.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,  
 I, Rhymer Robin, alias Burns,  
                   October twenty-third,  
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day,  
 Sae far I sprack'd <sup>a</sup> up the brae,  
                   I dinner'd wi' a Lord.

---

<sup>a</sup> scrambled.



Then from his Lordship I shall learn,  
 Henceforth to meet with unconcern  
     One rank as weel's another ;  
 Nae honest, worthy man need care  
 To meet with noble youthful Daer,  
     For he but meets a brother.

[Professor Dugald Stewart communicated these verses to Dr Currie, with the information that the poet's third line enabled him to give day and date for his first interview with Burns, and at the same time for the poet's first interview with a person of high rank. Dr Mackenzie of Mauchline was the common friend who brought Burns and the philosopher together on that occasion, and the visit of Lord Daer to Catrine was accidental.

Basil William, Lord Daer, was the son and heir-apparent of the fourth Earl of Selkirk. In 1786, he had just returned from France, where he had mixed with some distinguished men, (particularly Condorcet) who afterwards figured in the Revolution. He contracted very liberal opinions, and made an attempt to get into the British House of Commons as a Scotch member, in the face of one of the provisions in the Articles of Union, which makes the eldest son of a Scottish Peer ineligible for election. He died, unmarried, in his 32nd year, in 1794, just as the French revolutionary government had merged into a Reign of Terror.

Two days after the interview celebrated in the text, Dr Mackenzie received a note from Burns, in which he writes—"The foregoing verses were really extempore, but a little corrected since."]

### MASONIC SONG.

*Tune*—"Shawn-boy," or "Over the water to Charlie."

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

YE sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,  
 To follow the noble vocation ;  
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another  
 To sit in that honourèd station.

I've little to say, but only to pray,  
 As praying's the ton of your fashion ;  
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,  
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,  
 Who markèd each element's border ;  
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,  
 Whose sovereign statute is order :—  
 Within this dear mansion, may wayward Contention  
 Or witherèd Envy ne'er enter ;  
 May secrecy round be the mystical bound,  
 And brotherly Love be the centre !

[The original manuscript of this impromptu, which, in 1834, was possessed by Mr Gabriel Neil, Glasgow, is now the property of Robert Jardine, Esq. of Castlemilk, who kindly favoured us with an inspection of it for collation.

It is said to have been sung or recited by the poet on the occasion of his admission as an honorary member of the Kilwinning St. John's Lodge, No. 22. Kilmarnock, on 26th October 1786. The manuscript was then handed to the Right Worshipful Master, Major William Parker, the "Willie" of the song, whose son, John Parker, Esq., presented it to Mr Neil.

The poet addressed a letter to his own lodge, St James's, Tarbolton, from Edinburgh on 23rd August 1787, which concludes with the four closing lines of the text. The Tarbolton Lodge still holds the original letter, which was proudly displayed on 25th January 1877, on the occasion of uncovering the Glasgow statue of the poet.

Burns, in a letter to Robert Muir, in September 1786, enclosed a copy of "The Calf," with the following characteristic compliment to Major Parker:—"If you think it worth while, read it to Charles [Samson, nephew of the renowned "Tam,"] and Mr W. Parker; they are men whose friendship I shall be proud to claim, both in this world and that which is to come." Major Parker succeeded, in 1802, to the estate of Assloss, in right of his mother, who was a daughter of John Glen of Assloss.]

## TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—POPE.

When this worthy old *sportsman* went out, last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, 'the last of his fields,' and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.—*R. B.*, 1787.

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the deil ?  
 Or great Mackinlay \* thrawn his heel ?  
 Or Robertson † again grown weel,  
                   To preach an' read ?  
 "Na, waur than a' !" cries ilka chiel,  
                   "Tam Samson's dead !"

Kilmarnock lang may grunt an' graen,  
 An' sigh, an' sab, an' greet her lane,  
 An' clead her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,  
                   In mourning weed ;  
 To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane—<sup>a</sup>  
                   Tam Samson's dead !

The Brethren, o' the mystic 'level'  
 May hing their head in woefu' bevel,  
 While by their nose the tears will revel,  
                   Like ony bead ;  
 Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel—<sup>b</sup>  
                   Tam Samson's dead !

<sup>a</sup> rent paid in kind.<sup>b</sup> stunning blow.

\* A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* 'The Ordination,' stanza ii. (p. 226, vol. I.)—*R. B.*

† Another preacher, an equal favourite with the *few*, who was at that time ailing. For him see also 'The Ordination,' stanza ix.—*R. B.*

When Winter muffles up his cloak,  
 And binds the mire \* like a rock ;  
 When to the loughs the curlers flock,  
                     Wi' gleesome speed,  
 Wha will they station at the ' cock ' ?— †  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,  
 To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, †  
 Or up the rink † like Jehu roar,  
                     In time o' need ;  
 But now he lags on Death's ' hog-score '— †  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,  
 And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,  
 And eels, weel-ken'd for souple tail,  
                     And geds<sup>e</sup> for greed,  
 Since, dark in Death's ' fish-creel, we wail'  
                     Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a' ;  
 Ye cootie<sup>d</sup> muircocks, crousely craw ;  
 Ye maukins,<sup>e</sup> cock your fud fu' braw,  
                     Withouten dread ;  
 Your mortal fae is now awa—  
                     Tam Samson's dead !

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,  
 Saw him in shootin graith<sup>f</sup> adorn'd,  
 While pointers round impatient burn'd,  
                     Frae couples free'd ;

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<sup>e</sup> pikes.           <sup>d</sup> feathery-footed.           <sup>e</sup> hares.           <sup>f</sup> gear.

\* "mire" must here be pronounced as having two syllables.

† These are all technical terms in the game of Curling.

But och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !  
 Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batters,  
 In vain the gout his ancles fetters,  
 In vain the burns cam down like waters,  
 An acre braid !

Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin,<sup>g</sup> clatters  
 " Tam Samson's dead ! "

Owre mony a weary hag he limpit,  
 An' ay the tither shot he thumpit,  
 Till coward Death behint him jumpit,  
 Wi' deadly feide ;

Now he proclaims wi' tout o' trumpet,  
 " Tam Samson's dead ! "

When at his heart he felt the dagger,  
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,  
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger,  
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;

" L—d, five ! " he cry'd, an' owre did stagger—  
 " Tam Samson's dead ! "

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither ;  
 Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father ;  
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,  
 Marks out his head ;

Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyning blether,  
 " Tam Samson's Dead ! "

There, low he lies in lasting rest ;  
 Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast  
 Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,  
 To hatch an' breed :

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<sup>g</sup> weeping.

Alas ! nae mair he'll them molest !  
   Tam Samson's dead !\*

When August winds the heather wave,  
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,  
 Three volleys let his memory crave,  
   O' pouter an' lead,  
 Till Echo answer frae her cave,  
   " Tam Samson's dead !"

Heav'n rest his saul whare'er he be !  
 Is th' wish o' mony mae than me :  
 He had twa fauts, or maybe three,  
   Yet what remead ?  
 Ae social, honest man want we :  
   Tam Samson's dead !

THE EPITAPH.

' Tam Samson's ' weel-worn clay here lies,  
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !  
 If honest worth in Heaven rise,  
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly  
 Thro' a' the streets an neuks o' Killie ; †  
 Tell ev'ry social honest billie  
   To cease his grievin ;  
 For, yet unskait'h'd by Death's gleg gullie,<sup>h</sup>  
   Tam Samson's leevin !

[The individuals named in the opening stanza of the above poem, Mackinlay, Robertson, and Tam Samson, were three leading characters

<sup>h</sup> sharp knife.

\* This verse was first introduced in the enlarged edition, 1793.

† Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west.—*R. B.*

in Kilmarnock at the period when Burns thus referred to them. The reader has already been introduced to the former two in "The Ordination;" but "Tam" was nearly as great an original as his christian namesake of Shanter farm in Kirkoswald. He was a nurseryman and seedsman of good credit at the cross of Killie, a zealous sportsman, a keen mason, an enthusiastic curler, and as good a fellow as ever sat at a social board.

It is a curious fact (first commented on by Mr Archibald McKay in his History of Kilmarnock, 1858), that Samson, who died in 1795, Robertson, who died in 1798, and Mackinlay, who survived to 1841, all occupy one spot in the Laigh Kirkyard, as they do one stanza in the present poem—the dust of the two clergymen being separated from the "weel-worn clay" of the sportsman by only a few inches of ground. Tam's grave is marked by a handsome stone, on which the "epitaph" in the text is engraved. Mackinlay's tablet records that Elizabeth Dickie, his spouse (of whose courtship by "Simper James" mysterious tales have been told), died in 1828, and that "eight of their children who died in infancy lie here, awaiting with their parents the morning of the resurrection." A surviving son, the Rev. James Mackinlay, died in Edinburgh, so lately as June 19th, 1876.

We are not disposed to credit the newspaper story, dating about 1850, that Tam Samson was such a dolt as to be displeased to have his elegy and epitaph written (even by Burns) while he was yet "in the body:" and that not until the poet added the "PER CONTRA," was he reconciled to the performance.

We must however point out that a certain comfortable little "Public," consisting of two storeys, owned by one Sandy Patrick, called "The Bowling-green House," in Back Street (long ago removed), was the favourite "howff" of Burns in Kilmarnock. Sandy was married to Tam Samson's daughter, and his house was famous for the quality of its liquors, especially a home-brewed ale, that was generally drunk from wooden caups, and therefore termed "Caup Ale." It is understood that the first reading of our text was delivered in Sandy Patrick's house, to a choice gathering of the poet's Kilmarnock associates, Muir, Parker, Gowdie, &c.,—including, of course, the hero of the piece.

On 18th November 1786, Burns enclosed "Tam Samson, as I intend to print him" to his friend Robert Muir, while he was preparing for his Edinburgh expedition.]





Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,  
 When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers !  
 The witching, curs'd, delicious blinkers  
   Hae put me hyte,<sup>m</sup>  
 And gart me weet my waukrife winkers,<sup>n</sup>  
   Wi' girmn spite.

But by yon moon !—and that's high swearin —  
 An' every star within my hearin !  
 An' by her een wha was a dear ane !  
   I'll ne'er forget ;  
 I hope to gie the jads a clearin,  
   In fair play yet.

My loss I mourn, but not repent it ;  
 I'll seek my pursie whare I tint ° it ;  
 Ance to the Indies I were wonted,  
   Some cantraip<sup>p</sup> hour,  
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted ;  
   Then *vive l'amour* !

*Faites mes baise-mains respectueusè,*  
 To sentimental sister Susie,  
 And honest Lucky ; no to roose you,  
   Ye may be proud,  
 That sic a couple fate allows ye,  
   To grace your blood.

Nae mair at present can I measure,  
 An' trowth my rhymin ware's nae treasure ;

---

<sup>m</sup> crazy.

<sup>n</sup> sleepless eyes.

<sup>o</sup> lost.

<sup>p</sup> witching.

But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,  
 Be't light, be't dark,  
 Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure  
 To call at Park.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Mossiel, 30th October 1786.*

[The manuscript of this interesting poem was, in 1834, the property of Mr David Auld, of Doonbrae, who supplied Cunningham with a copy for his edition of the poet's works.

Major William Logan was a retired military officer who lived a bachelor life with his mother and a maiden sister, at his villa of Park, near Ayr. As samples of his wit, Chambers records the following anecdotes which are too good to be let slip. "The major was asked one day by an Ayr hostess if he would have water to the glass of spirits he had called for, and his reply was—'Water, my good woman! I would rather ye took the water out of it.' A young officer was talking freely on religious subjects in his company, and wound up with 'In fact, I look on God as my feudal superior, and myself as his tenant or vassal.'—'Yes,' quoth Logan, 'ye may weel say that, for I believe you would pay him *feu-duties*.' The poor wit, in the end, was the victim of some severe bodily ailments. The Rev. Mr Cuthill, one of the Ayr ministers, called to see him, and remarked that it would require much fortitude to bear up under his sufferings, 'Aye! sir,' said the dying punster, 'it would take *figititude*.'

The reader has now been led down to the close of October, and the bard still harps about the West Indies; neither has he forgotten the glamour of Jean Armour's eyes; he "mourns the loss" of her, but does "not repent it."

What about "Highland Mary" all this time, since "the second Sunday of May?" Alas! it is an assured fact that on some day during the currency of this month of October 1786, all that was mortal of poor Mary was laid under the turf, in the West Kirkyard of Greenock. In most editions of the poet's works, from Cromek's time downwards, a beautiful little poem called "A Prayer for Mary," is to be found. We have excluded it from what would have been its proper place in our first volume, because it is now ascertained that the verses were not composed by Burns, but by some unknown bard, and published in an old Magazine while our author was yet a youth. In 1786, Burns transcribed that old poem in a fair hand, changing the name in the original from "Serina" to *My Mary*, and tenderly applying its words and sentiments to the relationship then subsisting between Mary and himself. In that adapted form it is more than probable that it was placed in Mary's hand when they parted on that memorable Sunday evening.

With exception of the change above pointed out, the poem may be found in the Edinburgh Magazine of 1774, where it is given as a translation from Euripides.

In 1795, Burns forwarded it as a "Song" to Johnson, instructing him to print it as additional words to the air of "Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?" The following are the words—with Burns's alteration—of this poem, of which the authorship has been so long misrepresented :

Powers celestial ! whose protection  
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
 While in distant lands I wander,  
 Let my Mary be your care :  
 Let her form so fair and faultless --  
 Fair and faultless as your own,  
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit  
 Draw your choicest influence down !

Make the gales you waft around her  
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;  
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,  
 Soothe her bosom into rest :  
 Guardian angels ! O protect her  
 When in distant lands I roam ;  
 To realms unknown while fate exiles me,  
 Make her bosom still my home !]

### FRAGMENT ON SENSIBILITY.

(BLACKIE'S "LAND OF BURNS," 1840.)

RUSTICITY'S ungainly form  
 May cloud the highest mind ;  
 But when the heart is nobly warm,  
 The *good* excuse will find.

Propriety's cold, cautious rules  
 Warm fervour may o'erlook ;  
 But spare poor sensibility  
 Th' ungentle, harsh rebuke.

[A letter by Burns addressed to Mr Archibald Lawrie, son of the pastor of Loudoun, dated "Mossgiel, 13th November 1786," refers to

Ossian's Poems and a volume of Songs, sent along with the letter, in fulfilment of the poet's promise to lend these to the inmates of the manse. When the book of songs was opened, the foregoing lines on a slip of paper in the bard's holograph were found enclosed. Mrs Lawrie regarded the lines as a delicate excuse for him, if not a gentle rebuke to herself, in reference to a rather warm argument they had been engaged in, during the poet's last visit to St Margaret's Hill, about the unfortunate result of Miss Peggy Kennedy's intimacy with M'Dowall of Logan. The story of that unpleasant transaction had excited a great sensation in Ayrshire, and Mrs Lawrie, disliking the subject as unsuitable for her family circle, put a peremptory stop to its discussion. The poet seemed somewhat ruffled by Mrs Lawrie's firmness, and the text displays his method of taking revenge.

The reader will find some reference to the story of this love-mis-hap at page 147, vol. first, in our note to the song—"Young Peggy blooms our boniest lass." Since writing that note it has come to our knowledge that the popular song "Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon" was not composed in reference to Miss Peggy Kennedy, as suggested by Allan Cunningham, and taken for granted by Chambers. It was composed at Ellisland, in March 1791, with no apparent aim, except to supply an admired air for Johnson's *Museum* with suitable words.]

## A WINTER NIGHT.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pityless storm!  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these!"—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN biting Boreas, fell<sup>a</sup> and doure,<sup>b</sup>  
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;  
When Phœbus gies a short-li'v'd glow'r,<sup>c</sup>  
Far south the lift,<sup>d</sup>  
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r,  
Or whirling drift:

<sup>a</sup> keen.

<sup>b</sup> stern.

<sup>c</sup> stare.

<sup>d</sup> sky.



“ Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust !  
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost !  
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows !  
Not all your rage, as now united, shows  
    More hard unkindness unrelenting,  
    Vengeful malice, unrepenting,  
Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows !

“ See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
    Or mad Ambition's gory hand,  
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,  
    Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land !  
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,  
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,  
How pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side,  
    The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
With all the servile wretches in the rear,  
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide ;  
And eyes the simple, rustic hind,  
    Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show—  
A creature of another kind,  
    Some coarser substance, unrefin'd—  
Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below !

“ Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,  
With lordly Honor's lofty brow,  
    The pow'rs you proudly own ?  
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,  
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,  
    To bless himself alone !  
Mark maiden-innocence a prey  
    To love-pretending snares :  
This boasted Honor turns away,  
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,  
Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs !

Perhaps this hour, in Misery's squalid nest,  
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,  
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

“ Oh ye ! who, sunk in beds of down,  
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,  
 Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,  
 Whom friends and fortune quite disown !  
 Ill-satisfy'd keen nature's clamorous call,  
 Stretch'd on his straw, he lays himself to sleep ;  
 While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall,  
 Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drift heap !  
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,  
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !  
 Guilt, erring man, relenting view,  
 But shall thy legal rage pursue  
 The wretch, already crushèd low  
 By cruel Fortune's undeservèd blow ?  
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress ;  
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !”

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer  
 Shook off the pouthery snaw,  
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,  
 A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—  
 Thro' all His works abroad,  
 The heart benevolent and kind  
 The most resembles God.

[The Poet, in a letter to Mr John Ballantine of Ayr, hitherto inedited, dated from Mossiel on 20th Nov. 1786, (exactly a week before he set out for Edinburgh) enclosed the foregoing piece, as his “first attempt in that irregular kind of measure in which many of our finest odes are written.”

Dr Currie remarks of this poem that it is "highly characteristic both of the temper of mind, and of the condition of Burns. It begins with a description of a dreadful storm on a night in winter: the poet represents himself as lying in bed, and listening to its howling. In this situation he naturally turns his thoughts to the 'ourie cattle,' and the 'silly sheep,' exposed to all the violence of the tempest. After sympathizing with the birds, and even beasts of prey, crowding thoughts pensively rise in his soul, as the moon, 'dark-muffled,' casts a dreary light on his window. In this state he hears a voice complaining in language and sentiment somewhat akin to that of his own early dirge, 'Man was made to mourn.'"

Currie's criticism is that "the strain of sentiment which runs through the poem is noble, but the execution is unequal, and the versification defective."

It seems to be a general opinion that the six opening stanzas, in the poet's native dialect, are equal to any he ever composed; and Coleridge has paid him the high compliment of imitating the concluding verses, in the moral application which closes his *Ancient Mariner*:—"He prayeth best who loveth best both man and bird and beast."

Nothing, however, is more apparent in this piece than that the portion in irregular measure, written in pure English, is taken almost as directly from the pages of Shakespeare as is the motto from "King Lear" at the head of the poem. The lines beginning "Blow, blow," &c., are simply a paraphrase of the song on *Man's Ingratitude*, in "As You Like It."]

## SONG.—YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,  
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,  
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather<sup>1</sup> to feed,  
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,  
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;  
For there, by a lanely, sequesterèd stream,  
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,  
 Ilk stream foaming down<sup>2</sup> its ain green, narrow strath;  
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,  
 While o'er us unheeded flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;  
 O' nice education<sup>4</sup> but sma' is her share;<sup>3</sup>  
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;  
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,  
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs?  
 And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,  
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,  
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;  
 And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,  
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

[The bard's remark on this production in his Glenriddell notes is the following—"This song alludes to a part of my private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know." The "world," however, is not to be put off in this way; a remark of that kind from Burns only stimulates curiosity. Stenhouse suggested "Highland Mary" as its theme; and Cunningham, associating "moors and mosses many" with the idea of the poet's "Nannie," proposed to assign the heroineship to her.

As Burns admitted in one of his letters to George Thomson, that all his earlier love-songs were the breathings of real passion, bearing a legend of the heart faithfully inscribed on each, it is but reasonable that some interest should attach to the above simple effusion. The poet was evidently partial to it himself; for after publishing it in the *Museum* to a mediocre melody of Oswald's, he recommended it to Thomson, in July 1793, as suitable words for the air, "There 'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame."

We have now no hesitation in assigning the close of 1786 as the date of this composition. Its author was in the town of Ayr on Friday 24th November to meet his patrons Ballantine and Aiken, before leaving for

Edinburgh on the Monday following. By way of Muirkirk, he left Moss-giel on 27th November, on horseback ; passed the night and a portion of the following day with Mr Archibald Prentice, farmer, Covington, near Biggar, and arrived in Edinburgh in the afternoon of Tuesday the 28th. This honest farmer was such an enthusiastic admirer of Burns, that he subscribed for twenty copies of the author's Edinburgh edition. He kept a diary, from which it appears that Burns paid him a visit from Edinburgh on Tuesday the first, or Wednesday the second, of May 1787. Regarding which circumstance Chambers in 1856 observed, that it was one of several excursions of Burns, never before noticed by any biographer ; and these have generally "some obscurity, if not mystery resting upon them." He also suggested that this secret visit to Lanarkshire may have had some connection with the present song, in which a humble peasant-girl of Clydesdale bears a part in the poet's "private history which it is of no consequence to the world to know."

The following variations occur in the poet's holograph copy in the British Museum :—

<sup>1</sup> Where the grouse thro' the heath lead their coveys to feed.

<sup>2</sup> Where ilk stream foams along its ain.      <sup>3</sup> skair.]

## ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !  
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,  
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,  
 Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs :  
 From marking wildly-scatt' red flow'rs,  
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,  
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;  
 There Architecture's noble pride  
 Bids elegance and splendour rise :

Here Justice, from her native skies,  
 High wields her balance and her rod ;  
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,  
 Seeks Science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,  
 With open arms the stranger hail ;  
 Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,  
 Above the narrow, rural<sup>1</sup> vale :  
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,  
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;  
 And never may their sources fail !  
 And never Envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,  
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,  
 Sweet as the dew, milk-white thorn,  
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !  
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,  
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;  
 I see the Sire of Love on high,  
 And own His work indeed divine !

There, watching high the least alarms,  
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar ;  
 Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,  
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar :  
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,  
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,  
 Have oft withstood<sup>2</sup> assailing war,  
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,  
 I view that noble, stately Dome,

Where Scotia's kings of other years,  
 Fam'd heroes ! had their royal home :  
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !  
 Their royal name low in the dust !  
 Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam !  
 Tho' rigid Law<sup>3</sup> cries out, " 'twas just !"

Wild beats my heart<sup>4</sup> to trace your steps,  
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,  
 Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps  
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore :  
 Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,  
 Haply my sires have left their shed,  
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,  
 Bold-following where your fathers led !

Edina ! Scotia's darling seat !  
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs ;  
 Where once, beneath a Monarch's feet,  
 Sat Legislation's sovereign pow'rs :  
 From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs,  
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,  
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,  
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

[The above address was undoubtedly one of the earliest efforts of the author's musings after his arrival in the city. Before he had resided one month there, he enclosed a copy of it, along with another piece unnamed, to Mr W. Chalmers, writer in Ayr. Concerning these productions he wrote thus :—" I enclose you two poems which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. One blank in the address to Edinburgh, 'Fair B——', is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monbodo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once."

About the same date, Mrs Alison Cockburn, authoress of the popular song "I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling," then a very aged lady, thus wrote to a friend regarding the distinguished poetic visitant :—"The town is at present all agog with the 'Ploughman Poet,' who

receives adulation with native dignity, and is the very figure of his profession, strong, but coarse; yet he has a most enthusiastic heart of love. He has seen Duchess Gordon and all the gay world. His favourite, for looks and manners, is Bess Burnet—no bad judge indeed." Mr Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, Ohio, is the possessor of a holograph MS. of this poem, which shews the following variations:—  
<sup>1</sup> rustic.    <sup>2</sup> oft has it stood.    <sup>3</sup> Truth.    <sup>4</sup> My heart beats wild.]

### ADDRESS TO A HAGGIS.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie<sup>a</sup> face,  
 Great chieftain o' the pudding-race!  
 Aboon them a' ye tak your place,  
   Painch,<sup>b</sup> tripe, or thairm :<sup>c</sup>  
 Weel are ye wordy o' a grace  
   As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,  
 Your hurdies like a distant hill,  
 Your pin<sup>d</sup> wad help to mend a mill  
   In time o' need,  
 While thro' your pores the dews distil  
   Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic Labour dight,  
 An' cut you up wi' ready sleight,  
 'Trenching your gushing entrails bright,  
   Like ony ditch;  
 And then, O what a glorious sight,  
   Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive :  
 Deil tak the hindmost! on they drive,

<sup>a</sup> plump.

<sup>b</sup> paunch.

<sup>c</sup> gut.

<sup>d</sup> wooden pin used to fix the opening in the bag.



columns of the Caledonian Mercury, on 20th December, 1786, and again in the Poet's corner of the Scots Magazine for January, 1787. James Hogg assures his readers that the poem was produced, almost impromptu, at a dinner within the house of Mr Andrew Bruce, merchant, Castle hill. It is executed much in the spirit and style of the author's Post-script to his "Earnest cry and Prayer."

In preparing this poem for publication in his new edition, he substituted a fresh verse for the following stanza which closes the copy that he had sent to the newspaper:—

Ye Powers wha gie us a' that's gude,  
 Still bless auld Caledonia's brood  
 Wi' great John Barleycorn's heart's blude  
                                   In stoups and luggies ;  
 And on our board that King o' food,  
                                   A glorious Haggis !

Chambers, apparently on some reliable authority, tells us that this last verse was an impromptu *Grace* uttered by the poet at a friend's house, where it was so well received that he was induced to extend the subject into the above "Address." We have been informed by a descendant of Mr Morison, cabinetmaker in Mauchline, that such an incident did occur on one occasion, when a haggis formed part of a Sunday meal in his ancestor's house ; the poet having dropped in to take pot-luck, as he sometimes did, after forenoon service in Mauchline kirk.]

## TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS FOR A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

JAN. 1, 1787.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1787.)

AGAIN the silent wheels of time  
 Their annual round have driven,  
 And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,  
 Are so much nearer Heaven,

No gifts have I from Indian coasts  
 The infant year to hail ;  
 I send you more than India boasts,  
 In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile, and faithless love,  
 Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;  
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove  
 An Edwin still to you.

[This elegant inscription was addressed to the "sentimental sister Susie," referred to in the author's "Epistle to Major Logan," p. 28. The reader will bear in mind that, at the date of that epistle (30th Oct. 1786), the Poet had still the prospect of emigrating to the West Indies. The lapse of two short months, however, seemed to convert such a recollection into a dream. In the line, "No gifts have I from India's coasts," he seems to revert to some topics discussed at the Major's fire-side, involving a promise on his part to send Miss Susie a token of remembrance from that torrid zone to which he then seemed fated.

A critic has suggested to us as an improvement on the text, the substitution of the word "thy" for *each*, in the last line but one. We rather think that the lady herself (prior to her marriage) would have said, "let well alone." In Dec. 1825, a paragraph of the *Dumfries Courier* announced the narrow escape from drowning of J. Thomson, Esq., and his wife, formerly Miss Logan, the heroine of these verses, in travelling home on a stormy night.]

#### MR WILLIAM SMELLIE—A SKETCH.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

SHREWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came ;  
 The old cock'd hat, the grey<sup>1</sup> surtout, the same ;  
 His bristling<sup>2</sup> beard just rising<sup>3</sup> in its might,  
 'Twas four long nights and days to<sup>4</sup> shaving night ;  
 His uncomb'd grizzly<sup>5</sup> 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.

[This distinguished citizen of Edinburgh was born there in 1740, so that his age would be 47 when Burns extemporised the above sketch of his portrait. "There in my eye," wrote the bard, at a somewhat later period, "is our friend Smellie, a man positively of the first abilities and greatest strength of mind, as well as one of the best hearts and keenest wits that I have ever met with."

Lord Monboddo used to address him as "my learned printer," for besides having planned and edited the "Encyclopædia Britannica" in

1771, he was the translator of Buffon, and author of several original works of established reputation, such as "The Philosophy of Natural History." His printing office was situated at the foot of Anchor Close, the site of which is now occupied as the printing and publishing premises of the *Scotsman* newspaper. Smellie was printer of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems, and the acquaintanceship thus begun, speedily ripened into a close intimacy and companionship. A little farther up the close referred to, which was entered from the High Street, below the Cross on the north side, was a famous Tavern kept by a genial old Highlandman, named Daunie Douglas. Its proximity to the Cross and the Parliament House, made this tavern a very convenient house of call, especially to those who transacted business with the learned typographer; and there, a few years before Burns came to Edinburgh, a Club had been formed by some of its distinguished frequenters. Foremost among these was Charles Hay, Advocate, afterwards Lord Newton, celebrated for his forensic and judicial talents; and now remembered chiefly for his social eccentricities and extraordinary feats of claret-drinking. Smellie introduced Burns to this Club in January 1787. It bore the name of "the Crochallan Fencibles," and all its members held some pretended military rank or title; but the fencing exercises in which the corps was drilled, were those of raillery and wit only. At the introduction of new members, it was the practice to treat such novices with much apparent rudeness, as a trial of their tempers and humours. Burns underwent a severe castigation at the hands of the "Hangman" (Mr Smellie), and the "Muster-master General" to the corps (Lord Newton); but as the poet had been let into the secret beforehand, he shewed himself "equal to the occasion."

Mr Wm. Smellie, besides being a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, was Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He predeceased our poet by upwards of one year, his death occurring on 24th June, 1795.

From an original MS. in the possession of the Publisher, we are enabled to record the following variations:—

<sup>1</sup> brown.    <sup>2</sup> grisly.    <sup>3</sup> bristling.    <sup>4</sup> from.    <sup>5</sup> hoary.]

### RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

As I cam by Crochallan,  
 I cannilie keeket ben;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie  
 Was sittin at yon boord-en';

Sittin at yon board-en',  
 And amang gude companie ;  
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
 You're welcome hame to me !

[This "last stanza," appended to an ancient ditty bearing the title prefixed, Burns tells us he "composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a Club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The connecting words of the old song are these :—

O rattlin, roarin Willie, O he held to the fair,  
 An' for to sell his fiddle, an' buy some other ware ;  
 But parting wi' his fiddle, the saut tear blint his ee ;  
 And rattlin, roarin Willie, you're welcome hame to me !

O Willie, come sell your fiddle, O sell your fiddle sae fine  
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle, an' 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 an' I hae had.

Mr Dunbar was enthusiastically fond of old songs and ballads ; and that these entered largely into the social enjoyments of the Crochallan club is proved by the fact that it took its title from a Highland song called "Chro Chalein" (Gaelic for *Colin's cattle*), which the landlord of their place of meeting sang with great effect. Alexander Cunningham, writer, latterly a jeweller in Edinburgh, and Robert Cleghorn of Saughton Mills, near Edinburgh—both of whom were lifelong correspondents of the bard—were also members of the social corps, and both were eminently good singers. Burns took the pains to form a MS. collection of old-fashioned and highly-spiced Scotch songs, expressly for the use of the Crochallan Club. In Dumfries, he carefully kept the book under lock and key ; but some years after his death, it fell into the hands of a person who caused it to be printed in a very coarse style, and privately circulated, under the title of "The Merry Muses of Caledonia," post 8vo, pp. 128. The poet's name, however, is not on the title page, nor indicated in any way except by the unmistakeable power exhibited in some of the pieces.

Wm. Dunbar, W.S., latterly held the post of joint Inspector-General of Stamp-duties for Scotland. He died on the 18th February 1807.]

## SONG.—BONIE DUNDEE.

[JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1787.]

MY blessins upon thy sweet wee lippie !  
 My blessins upon thy bonie e'e-brie !  
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,  
 Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me !

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks,  
 Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear ;  
 An' I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,  
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

[There is preserved, in the poet's monument at Edinburgh, the original letter, dated 1st Feb. 1787, which was sent by the Earl of Buchan to Burns, tendering gratuitous advice, which, the Bard's reply, printed in the Correspondence, shews he scarcely required. On the back of that letter is a pencil jotting, in the poet's hand, giving the opening lines of the old song, apparently noted down from the singing of Cleghorn, referred to in the preceding article. For the sake of the connection we here set them down :—

“ O whar gat ye that happer-meal bannock ?  
 Silly auld bodie, O dinna ye see ;  
 I gat it frae a young, brisk sodger laddie,  
 Atween Saint Johnstoun an' bonie Dundee.

O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't !  
 Aft has he doudl't me up on his knee ;  
 May Heaven protect my bonie Scots laddie,  
 An' send him safe hame to his babie and me !”

Stenhouse, in his illustrations to Johnson's Museum, informs us that Burns sent a copy of his improved version of the song to his friend Cleghorn, with the following laconic epistle annexed :—

“ Dear Cleghorn, you will see by the above that I have added a stanza to 'Bonie Dundee.' If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

—Upon a ten string'd instrument,  
 And on the psaltery.

To Mr Cleghorn, *Farmer*.—God bless the trade !—*R. B.*”

## EXTEMPORE IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

Tune—"Killiecrankie."

[CROMEK, 1808.]

LORD ADVOCATE.

HE clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,  
 He quoted and he hinted,  
 Till, in a declamation-mist,  
 His argument he tint<sup>a</sup> it :  
 He gapèd for't, he grapèd for't,  
 He fand it was awa, man ;  
 But what his common sense came short,  
 He ekèd out wi' law, man.

MR ERSKINE.

Collected, Harry stood awee,  
 Then open'd out his arm, man ;  
 His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,  
 And ey'd the gathering storm, man :  
 Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail,  
 Or torrents owre a lin, man ;  
 The BENCH sae wise lift up their eyes,  
 Half-wauken'd wi' the din, man.

[The proceedings in the supreme civil court are always interesting to intelligent strangers who visit the capital of Scotland. That Burns took occasional opportunities of listening to the debates and addresses of distinguished pleaders may well be credited. A letter of his to Gavin Hamilton, dated 8th March 1787, narrates that he had been watching the progress and issue of a famous *crim-con* case which had been discussed and disposed of on the preceding day, and of which the

<sup>a</sup> lost.

reader will hear again when, in proper course, we give some verses composed by our poet on the subject.

The above lively portraits of two leading barristers of that day, the one representing Mr Ilay Campbell, Lord Advocate, (afterwards Lord President), and the other, Harry Erskine, Dean of Faculty, preserve some results of the poet's visits to the Parliament House.]

### INSCRIPTION FOR THE HEADSTONE OF FERGUSSON THE POET.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,  
 ' No storied urn nor animated bust ;'  
 This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,  
 To pour her sorrows o'er the Poet's dust.

#### ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

(FROM ALEXANDER SMITH'S ED., 1865.)

She mourns, sweet tuneful youth, thy hapless fate ;  
 Tho' all the powers of song thy fancy fired,  
 Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in state,  
 And, thankless, starv'd what they so much admired.

This tribute, with a tear, now gives  
 A brother Bard—he can no more bestow ;  
 But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives,  
 A nobler monument than Art can shew.

[Hundreds of the admirers of Burns and Fergusson, yearly, from all parts of the world, find their way down the venerable Canongate of Edinburgh, to muse awhile over the graceful memorial which one Scottish bard erected there, to mark the grave of his "elder brother in misfortune" and song. On 6th February, 1787, Burns applied by petition to the Church-yard managers of that Barony, craving permission thus to mark, and render sacred for ever, the spot where Fergusson's remains were laid in October 1774. On 22d February, the necessary

grant was given; and forthwith our poet employed his namesake Robert Burns, architect, to provide and erect the very substantial stone which still "directs pale Scotia's way" to pay reverence to that poet's dust. The memorial has been kept in the finest order, through a well-conceived bequest made by the widow of Hugh Williams, the distinguished painter of "Views in Greece."

Only the first four lines of the text are cut on the face of this interesting tablet, immediately under the following heading:—

"HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSSON, POET.  
Born September 5th 1751.—Died 16th October 1774."

On the reverse side these words are inscribed:—

"By special grant of the Managers to ROBERT BURNS, who erected this stone, This Burial-place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of ROBERT FERGUSSON."

The additional stanzas are found in Burns's manuscript book of early pieces, supposed to have been transcribed for Mrs Dunlop, and which is now in the possession of Mr Macmillan, publisher, London.]

## INSCRIBED UNDER FERGUSSON'S PORTRAIT.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,  
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.  
O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,  
By far my elder brother in the Muses,  
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!  
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,  
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?

[These lines were inscribed by Burns in a copy of Fergusson's Poems presented by him to a young lady in Edinburgh, and bear date, March 19th, 1787. They give a somewhat more elegant expression to the same sentiment recorded (vol. I. p. 121,) in his epistle to William Simson:—

My curse upon your whunstane hearts  
Ye E'nburgh gentry:  
The tythe o' what you waste on cartes  
Wad stow'd his pantry.]

EPISTLE TO MRS. SCOTT,  
 GUDEWIFE OF WAUCHOPE-HOUSE, ROXBURGHSHIRE.

(ELIZ. SCOTT'S POEMS, 1801.)

I MIND it weel in early date,  
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,<sup>a</sup>  
     An' first could thresh the barn,  
 Or haud a yokin at<sup>1</sup> the pleugh ;  
 An' tho' forfoughten<sup>b</sup> sair eneugh,  
     Yet unco proud to learn :  
 When first among the yellow corn  
     A man I reckon'd was,  
 An' wi' the lave ilk merry morn  
     Could rank my rig and lass,  
     Still shearing, and clearing  
     The tither stookèd raw,  
     Wi clauvers,<sup>c</sup> an' haivers,<sup>d</sup>  
     Wearing the day<sup>2</sup> awa.

E'en then, a wish, (I mind its pow'r,)  
 A wish that to my latest hour  
     Shall strongly heave my breast,  
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
     Some usefu' plan or book could make,  
 Or sing a sang at least.  
 The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide  
     Among the bearded bear,  
 I turn'd the weeder-clips<sup>3</sup> aside,  
     An' spar'd the symbol dear :  
     No nation, no station,  
     My envy e'er could raise ;  
     A Scot still, but<sup>e</sup> blot still,  
     I knew nae higher praise.

<sup>a</sup> bashful.

<sup>b</sup> exhausted.

<sup>c</sup> gossip.

<sup>d</sup> nonsense.

<sup>e</sup> without.

But still the elements o' sang,  
 In formless jumble, right an' wrang,  
     Wild floated in my brain ;  
 'Till on that har'st I said before,  
 My partner in the merry core,  
     She rous'd the forming strain ;  
 I see her yet the sonsie quean,  
     That lighted up my jingle,  
 Her witching smile, her pauky een<sup>4</sup>  
     That gart my heart-strings tingle ;  
     I firèd, inspirèd,  
         At every kindling keek,<sup>5</sup>  
     But bashing, and dashing,  
     I fearèd ay to speak.<sup>6</sup>

Health to the sex ! ilk guid chiel says :  
 Wi' merry dance in winter days,  
     An' we to share in common ;  
 The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,  
 The saul o' life, the heaven below,  
     Is rapture-giving woman.  
 Ye surly sumplis,<sup>f</sup> who hate the name,  
     Be mindfu' o' your mither ;  
 She, honest woman, may think shame  
     That ye're connected with her :  
     Ye're wae men, ye're nae men  
         That slight the lovely dears ;  
     To shame ye, disclaim ye,  
     Ilk honest birkie<sup>g</sup> swears.

For you, no bred to barn and byre,  
 Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,  
     Thanks to you for your line :

---

<sup>f</sup> dolts.

<sup>g</sup> lively fellow.

The marled plaid ye kindly spare,  
 By me should gratefully be ware ;<sup>h</sup>  
     'Twad please me to the nine.<sup>i</sup>  
 I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap,  
     Douce hingin owre my curple,<sup>j</sup>  
 Than ony ermine ever lap,  
 Or proud imperial purple.  
 Farewell then, lang hale then,  
     An' plenty be your fa' ;  
 May losses and crosses  
     Ne'er at your hallan<sup>k</sup> ca' !

R. BURNS.

*March, 1787.*

[This delightful effusion was called forth by way of "Answer" to a lengthy rhymed complimentary letter which the poet received, about three months after his arrival in Edinburgh, from the wife of a Roxburghshire laird, or farmer of the wealthier class, who was an amateur in literature and the fine arts. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Rutherford, and she was niece to Mrs Cockburn, authoress of the popular lyric, 'I've seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling.' She concludes her address in these words :—

"O gif I ken'd but whar ye baide,  
 I'd send to you a marled plaid ;  
 'Twad haud your shouthers warm and braw,  
 An' douce at kirk or market shaw ;  
 Far south as weel as north, my lad,  
 A' honest Scotsman lo'e the "maud :"  
 Right wae that we're sae far frae ither ;  
 Yet proud I am to ca' ye brither.

Your most obed. E. S."

To Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard. Feb. 1787.

Dr Currie in 1800 printed only the three opening stanzas of the poem in the text, under the heading "On my Early Days." Most unaccountably, the piece was withdrawn from all subsequent editions, and was not restored even by Gilbert Burns in 1820. Dr Walker in 1811, omitted it, while Peterkin, in 1815, and Hamilton Paul, in 1819, gave only the fragment from Currie's first edition. It seems to have been first included entire in Wm. Clark's edition, 1831, where Mrs Scott's letter is also given. The "Gudewife of Wauchope-house" died on Feb 19th, 1789, just

<sup>h</sup> worn.<sup>i</sup> perfection.<sup>j</sup> rump.<sup>k</sup> door.

about two years after inditing her letter to Burns ; but her collected poems were published in 1801 by her relatives : and from that source the complete poem in the text is given. The variations we append are the result of a comparison between that copy and the portion printed by Currie. The beautiful reference in the third stanza is to the charming incident related in the poet's autobiography about " Handsome Nell," who initiated him in the mysteries of love. The poet visited the " Gude-wife of Wauchope-house " while on his Border tour in the May following the date of his poem ; but seems not to have been peculiarly " taken with her." We have no means of knowing if she presented him with the " marled plaid " she had promised him.

VAR. <sup>1</sup> o' <sup>2</sup> time. <sup>3</sup> weeding-hook. <sup>4</sup> Her pawky smile, her kittle een.

<sup>5</sup> So touchèd, bewitchèd  
I rav'd ay to mysel.

<sup>6</sup> I ken'd nae how to tell.]

VERSES INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW  
A NOBLE EARL'S PICTURE.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1839.)

WHOSE is that noble, dauntless brow ?  
And whose that eye of fire ?  
And whose that generous princely mien,  
E'en rooted foes admire ?

Stranger ! to justly show that brow,  
And mark that eye of fire,  
Would take *His* hand, whose vernal tints  
His other works inspire.

Bright as a cloudless summer sun,  
With stately port he moves ;  
His guardian Seraph eyes with awe  
The noble Ward he loves.

Among the illustrious Scottish sons,  
 That Chief thou may'st discern ;  
 Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye,  
 It dwells upon Glencairn.

[Among several of the nobility and gentry to whom the bard was early introduced in the Scottish capital, he seems to have taken most kindly and reverently to James Cunninghame, fourteenth Earl of Glencairn. He was born in 1749, and therefore was just ten years older than the poet : he succeeded to the title at his father's death in 1775, and was himself prematurely cut off in January 1791. His only brother, the Hon. and Rev. John Cunninghame, married Isabella, sister of the Earl of Buchan in 1785, and succeeded as fifteenth Earl of Glencairn when his brother died. When Earl John died in 1796, without issue, the title became extinct.

Earl William, the father of Burns's patron, succeeded to the title in 1733, and was fain to recruit his exhausted revenues by marrying, in 1744, the eldest daughter of Hugh M'Guire, a poor musician of Ayr, whose family had been adopted by Governor Macrae, an Indian nabob of untold wealth. Charles Dalrymple, Sheriff-clerk of Ayr, in 1743 married another daughter, who succeeded to the estate of Orangefield on the death of Mr Macrae, who had purchased it for his own residence.

The above details provide a key to the proper understanding of the links which united the coterie of notables who first gave Burns the right hand of fellowship when he arrived in Edinburgh. Robert Aiken of Ayr was a relative of Mr Dalrymple of Orangefield, whose patronage Burns refers to in the closing stanza of "The Vision," (suppressed verses, p. 252, vol. I.) Mr Dalrymple introduced the poet to his cousin, the Earl of Glencairn, through whom, again, he became acquainted with the Earl of Buchan and his brother the Dean of Faculty. Through Glencairn also, Creech became Burns's publisher, that learned "bibliopole" having formerly been travelling tutor to the young Earl.

Our author, who was ever anxious to repay his patrons with such coin as the Muse readily supplied, made application to Lord Glencairn for permission to print, in his forthcoming edition, the verses in the text. It appears, however, that his lordship's modesty, or refined taste, prompted him to refuse the poet's request. Dr Currie refers to this matter, but seems not to have been aware that the verses were preserved. Cunningham obtained them from the Earl's namesake, James Glencairn Burns, who then possessed the original MS. now preserved in the poet's monument in Edinburgh.

We do not consider this compliment to Glencairn as a very happy effort: the closing line of the opening stanza is particularly objectionable. Why take for granted that one so replete with perfection as the personage he paints, had "rooted foes?" Following the example of Cun-

ningham, we venture to regard the word "admire," which in the MS. closes the second stanza, as being a slip of the pen for "inspire." The couplet in which it occurs is marred by obscurity—a rare fault in Burns, but unless that correction is adopted, the poet's meaning is still more obscure.]

## PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR WOODS ON HIS BENEFIT NIGHT,  
MONDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1787.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WHEN, by a generous Public's kind acclaim,  
That dearest need is granted—honest fame ;  
When *here* your favour is the actor's lot,  
Nor even the *man* in *private life* forgot ;  
What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,  
But heavens impassion'd with the grateful thro' ?

Poor is't the task to please a barb'rous throng,  
It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song ;<sup>1</sup>  
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,  
For genius, learning high, as great in war.  
Hail, CALEDONIA, name for ever dear !  
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear !  
Where every science, every nobler art,  
That can inform the mind or mend the heart,  
Is known ; as grateful nations oft have found,  
Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.  
Philosophy,\* no idle pedant dream,  
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam ;

---

\* Professor Reid at St Andrews, and Dugald Stewart at Edinburgh.

Here History\* paints with elegance and force  
 The tide of Empire's fluctuating course ;  
 Here Douglas† forms wild Shakspeare into plan,  
 And Harley‡ rouses all the God in man.  
 When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite  
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,  
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace  
 Can only charm us in the second place),  
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,  
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !  
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,  
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.  
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,  
 With decency and law beneath his feet ;  
 Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name :  
 Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blame.

O Thou, dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand  
 Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land !  
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire ;  
 May every son be worthy of his sire ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Firm may she rise, with generous disdain  
 At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain ;  
 Still Self-dependent in her native shore,  
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,  
 Till Fate the curtain drop on worlds to be no more.

[William Woods, who was styled the "Scottish Roscius," had been an intimate associate of the poet Fergusson, who thus remembered him in his "Last Will:"—

" To Woods, whose genius can provoke  
 His passions to the bowl or sock,  
 For love to thee and to the Nine,  
 Be my immortal *Shakspeare* thine."

---

\* Robertson and Hume the historians.

† Home's Tragedy of Douglas.

‡ The "Man of Feeling," by Henry Mackenzie.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Burns cultivated his society. Woods played the part of Ford in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" on the occasion for which the prologue was written. It is not a very happy effort, and yet evidence exists to show that it cost the poet some trouble. J. B. Greenshields, Esq., of Kerse, Lesmahagow, is in possession of the author's original draft, from which we note the variations appended.

Woods was born in 1751, and died in 1802. His headstone in the Old Calton burial-ground at Edinburgh, having fallen into decay, was renewed in 1866 by "a number of old citizens who remembered his fame, and the pleasure he often afforded them."

In the MS. referred to, this paragraph thus opens:—

<sup>1</sup> Small is the task to please a gaping throng,  
Unmeaning rant, extravagance of song:  
Heavy Stupidity all rueful views  
The Tyburn humours of the tragic Muse,  
Or roars at times the loud, rough laugh between,  
As horse-play nonsense shews her comic scene.  
But here, &c.

(or)

. . . extravagance of song:  
The vacant, staring eye all rueful views  
The Tyburn humours of the tragic Muse;  
Or comic scenes the merry roar engage  
As horse-play nonsense thunders o'er the stage.  
But here, &c.

The closing five lines are as follow:—

<sup>2</sup> May never sallow Want her bounty stint,  
Nor selfish maxim dare the sordid hint;  
But may her virtues ever be her prop;  
Thou her best stay, and Thou her surest hope,  
Till Fate on worlds the eternal curtain drop.

In reference to line 3, page 58, where the poet seems to compliment John Home at the expense of Shakespeare, a tasteful correspondent makes this observation:—"That Burns should have written thus of Home's tragedy and Shakespeare's genius, is the most striking instance of defective taste or judgment we have in his whole literary history. But David Hume thought John Home was born to redeem the English stage from barbarism!"

## THE BONIE MOOR-HEN.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

THE heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,  
 Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,  
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,  
 At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.

*Chorus.*—I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men,  
 I rede you, beware at the hunting, young men ;  
 Take some on the wing, and some as they spring,  
 But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.

Sweet-brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,  
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells ;  
 Her plumage outlustr'd the pride o' the spring,  
 And O ! as she wanton'd sae gay on the wing.  
 I rede you, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,  
 In spite at her plumage he tryèd his skill ;  
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—  
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.  
 I rede you, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,  
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill ;  
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,  
 Then, whirr ! she was over, a mile at a flight.  
 I rede you, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

[The above song undoubtedly belongs to this period of the poet's history. Some of his "Crochallan" associates were members of the Caledonian Hunt, to whom the subject would not be objectionable. It

is formed on the model of an old song of more wit than delicacy which is found in the Crochallan collection, each stanza of which opens with the line

“I rede ye beware o’ the ripples, young man,”

and forms the prelude to some really judicious advice, delivered in a very “pawkie” manner—for instance,

“Tho’ music be pleasure, tak music in measure,  
Or sune ye’ll want wind i’ your whistle, young man.”

Burns thought so well of the song in the text, that he could not resist giving Clarinda a perusal of it. That lady in her next letter thus counselled him on the subject—“Do not publish the Moor-hen. Do not, for your sake and mine.”

Professor Dugald Stewart, writing in reference to this period of Burns’s life, says, “notwithstanding various reports I heard of Burns’s predilection for convivial, and not very select society, I should have concluded in favour of his habits for sobriety from all that fell under my own observation.” Chambers remarks concerning this passage :—“The professor probably alludes to such men as Smellie, Dunbar, Mr Nicol, of the High School, Mr Alexander Cunningham, writer, and others, who, though not members of Professor Stewart’s set, and though perhaps of over-indulgent habits, were yet men of honourable character and respectable position. Amongst them Burns felt himself at his proper level.”

The tune to which this song was composed is a very old favourite, known as “The Tailor’s March,” from which the popular air “Logie o’ Buchan” was constructed. To show the connection between the two melodies, we here annex the old “March :” the more modern tune, “Logie o’ Buchan,” will be found in all ordinary collections.]

*Air*—“The Tailor’s March.”



I rede you be - ware at the hunt - ing, young men, I



rede you be-ware at the hunt-ing, young men. Take some on the wing, and



some as they spring, But can - ni - ly steal on a bo - nle moor-hen.

## SONG.—MY LORD A-HUNTING.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

*Chorus.*—MY lady's gown, there's gairs upon 't,  
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon 't;  
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,  
 My lord thinks meikle mair upon 't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,  
 But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;  
 By Colin's cottage lies his game,  
 If Colin's Jenny be at hame.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,  
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude;  
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher gude  
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,  
 Where gor-cocks thro' the heather pass,  
 There wons auld Colin's bonie lass,  
 A lily in a wilderness.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,  
 Like music notes o' lovers' hymns:  
 The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,  
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,  
 The flower and fancy o' the west ;  
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,  
 O that 's the lass to mak him blest.  
 My lady's gown, &c.

[This is a production of the same class with that immediately preceding, executed with even more felicity. It paints too true a picture of aristocratic life as it prevailed in the days of Burns, and which perhaps too often found imitation in a lower scale of society. It was furnished to Johnson at an early date in the progress of his undertaking, and Stenhouse accounts for the late publication of it by telling us that "Johnson long hesitated to admit the song into his work ; but being blamed for such fastidiousness, he at length gave it a place there." The air is a very lively strathspey by James Gregg, a distinguished performer and composer in Ayrshire, who died at an advanced age in 1817. As it is not much known, we have pleasure in subjoining the melody.]

*Chorus.*

*Strathspey by James Gregg.*



My la - dy's gown there's gairs up-on't, An' gow - den flow'rs sae rare up-on't;



But Jen - ny's jimps and jir - kin - et, My lord thinks mei - kle mair up-on't.



My lord a - hunt - ing he is gane, But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;



By Co - lin's cot - tage lies his game, If Co - lin's Jen ny be at hame.

## MINOR PIECES, SCRAPS, AND EPIGRAMS.

[The dedication of the Author's Edinburgh Edition is dated 4th April 1787, and a few days thereafter he commenced a private Journal, protected with clasp and patent lock, as "a security at least equal to the bosom of any friend whatsoever." His first entry in that secret record indicates the proposed contents of the book, thus—"My own private story, my love adventures, my rambles; the frowns and smiles of Fortune on my bardship; my poems and fragments that must never see the light—these shall be occasionally inserted."

The reason which he states for procuring the book is that, while he fain would have some confidential friend to laugh or be grave with him, he yet doubts the possibility "of so intimate and cordial a coalition of friendship, as that one man may pour out his every thought and floating fancy, with unreserved confidence, to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man.—For those reasons (he adds) I am determined to make these pages my confidant."

The present, and all previous biographical notices of Burns, and every collection of his writings honestly intended to supply public demand, form together a strange commentary on the above passage. When the bard felt himself dying, he lamented his then physical disability, and his lost opportunities, to arrange his papers so that none of his writings should go forth to the world except such as might sustain his moral and literary reputation. He also expressed such rueful anticipations of damage to his good name from the raking up of every little incident in his history by "hackney scribblers,"—that in these days, we may well wonder how so little regard has been paid to injunctions and wishes thus recorded, both in the day of his strength, and in the night of his woe. The world, however, has decided, in spite of the bard's protestations, that every good, bad, and indifferent scrap he is known to have penned, shall be brought to light and examined; and that no incident in his life is too petty to be rehearsed and made the subject of comment.

The editor of these volumes would fain escape from the necessity of including in this collection such trifling versicles as, now and again, he must lay before the reader. Few of those referred to are equal in quality to the author's avowed compositions; and the authenticity of certain of them is neither vouched by the production of the poet's manuscript, nor made sure by the native ring and flow which characterise the true lines of Burns. But be what they may, the editor feels bound to be cautious in excluding pieces that have already been adopted in so-called standard editions of the poet's works.]

## EPIGRAM AT ROSLIN INN.

(HOGG AND MOTHERWELL, 1835.)

MY blessings on ye, honest wife !  
 I ne'er was here before ;  
 Ye've wealth o' gear for spoon and knife—  
 Heart could not wish for more.  
 Heav'n keep you clear o' sturt<sup>a</sup> and strife,  
 Till far ayont fourscore,  
 And while I toddle on thro' life,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll ne'er gae by your door !

## EPIGRAM ADDRESSED TO AN ARTIST.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

DEAR ——, I'll gie ye some advice,  
 You'll tak it no uncivil :  
 You shouldna paint at angels mair,  
 But try and paint the devil.  
 To paint an Angel's kittle<sup>b</sup> wark,  
 Wi' Nick, there 's little danger :  
 You'll easy draw a lang-kent face,  
 But no sae weel a *stranger*.—R. B.

[Chambers tells us, in reference to the first of these versicles, that Alexander Nasmyth, who painted the well-known portrait of Burns, had occasional rambles with the poet in the early spring of 1787, in the suburbs of Edinburgh. According to the information of that artist's son, they had also a few convivial sederunts within the city at night; and on one of those occasions, they tarried so long over the wine, that, instead of each going home in the morning, they agreed to take a refreshing walk to the Pentland Hills. After a fine ramble on the moors, they crossed eastward, by way of Penicuik to Roslin, and had breakfast at the inn there, then kept by Mrs David Wilson. The cheer provided put Burns into such good humour, that he scrawled these complimentary lines to his hostess, on the back of a wooden platter. Chambers' version differs

<sup>a</sup> trouble.<sup>b</sup> difficult.

from our text in the last line but one, and is unnecessarily strong in its language, thus:—"And by the Lord o' death and life."

EPIGRAM TO AN ARTIST.—According to Chambers, Burns was taken by a friend to the studio of a well-known artist in Edinburgh, whom he found engaged on a representation of Jacob's dream; and after minutely examining the work, he wrote these lines on the back of a little sketch which is still preserved in the painter's family.

It would have been satisfactory to be told the name of the artist who was so familiar with the Devil's physiognomy, and so much ignored by Angels.]

### THE BOOK-WORMS.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THROUGH and through th' inspir'd leaves,  
Ye maggots, make your windings;  
But O respect his lordship's taste,  
And spare the golden bindings.

[On visiting a nobleman in Edinburgh (it is said), Burns was shewn into the library, where stood a Shakspeare splendidly bound, but time-worn, and unaired by occasional use. He found the leaves sadly worm-eaten, and wrote the above epigram on the ample margin of one of its pages.

Long after our poet's death, some one happened to open the book, and found the lines in the unmistakable hand-writing of Burns.]

### ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

O THOU whom Poesy abhors,  
Whom Prose has turnèd out of doors,  
Heard'st thou yon groan?—proceed no further,  
'Twas laurel'd Martial calling "murther."

[Burns himself thus narrates, in one of his letters to Clarinda, the incident that gave rise to the foregoing very pointed epigram—"A Mr Elphinstone has given a translation of Martial, a famous Latin poet. The poetry of Elphinstone can only equal his prose notes. I was sitting in a merchant's shop of my acquaintance, waiting somebody; he put Elphinstone into my hand, and asked my opinion of it. I begged leave to write it on a blank leaf, which I did."]

## SONG—A BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

“There’s nane that’s blest of human kind,  
 But the cheerful and the gay, man,  
 Fal la, la,” &c.

HERE’S a bottle and an honest friend !  
 What wad ye wish for mair, man ?  
 Wha kens, before his life may end,  
 What his share may be o’ care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly,  
 And use them as ye ought, man :  
 Believe me, happiness is shy,  
 And comes not ay when sought, man.

[This happy little strain was reproduced in Pickering’s edition, with the motto prefixed, which had been left out by Cromek. The editor states that the verses are printed from a copy in Burns’s handwriting.]

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE  
CELEBRATED MISS BURNS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,  
 Lovely Burns has charms—confess :  
 True it is, she had one failing,  
 Had a woman ever less ?

[There can be no doubt that this frail beauty resided in Edinburgh during the period of our poet’s first sojourn there. Kay, in his Edinburgh Portraits, has two pictures of her ; one of these is dated 1785, and the other is undated. Her real name was Matthews ; and she represented herself as being a native of Durham, in which city her father had been a substantial merchant. Her personal demeanour and superior education betokened an acquaintance with the better class of society ; and she accounted for her degraded position by explaining that her mother died, and her father contracted a second marriage with a woman who rendered her life so miserable, that she was glad to escape from control. She left Edinburgh about the end of 1787, and returned in 1789. The reader will hear of her again when we come to the poet’s correspondence about the latter date.]

EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM NICOL, OF THE HIGH  
SCHOOL, EDINBURGH.

(WM. CLARK'S ED., 1831.)

YE maggots, feed on Nicol's brain,  
For few sic feasts you've gotten ;  
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,  
For deil a bit o't's rotten.

[The friendly letter in very broad Scotch, penned by Burns to Nicol, from Carlisle on 1st June 1787, proves that the friendship between them was then of considerable standing. We may, therefore, reasonably conclude that the above rich compliment had been paid in course of the preceding spring.]

EPITAPH FOR MR WILLIAM MICHIE,  
SCHOOLMASTER OF CLEISH PARISH, FIFESHIRE.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

HERE lie Willie Michie's banes,  
O Satan, when ye tak him,  
Gie him the schulin o' your weans,  
For clever deils he'll mak them !

[We nowhere read of any excursion paid by Burns to the " Kingdom o' Fife " during the winter and spring of 1787 ; but it is highly probable that he may then have been induced to visit the Fife coast, through the medium of the pleasure-smacks that plied betwixt Leith and Pettycur. The poet Fergusson's works abound with references to such marine expeditions.

Cunningham says that Michie was introduced to Burns in Edinburgh ; but no farther information has been vouchsafed to us regarding this clever dominie. A cheerful little song that celebrates several of the fishing villages of Fife, and which our poet sent to Johnson with its appropriate melody, inclines us to think that he had formed a personal acquaintance with that district.]

BOAT-SONG.—HEY, CA' THRO'.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

UP wi' the carls o' Dysart,  
And the lads o' Buckhaven,  
And the kimmers o' Largo,  
And the lasses o' Leven.

*Chorus.*—Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',  
 For we hae mickle ado ;  
 Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro',  
 For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,  
 An' we hae sangs to sing ;  
 We hae pennies to spend,  
 An' we hae pints to bring.  
 Hey, ca' thro', &c.

We'll live a' our days,  
 And them that comes behin',  
 Let them do the like,  
 An' spend the gear they win.  
 Hey, ca' thro', &c.

[There is much of wholesome philosophy in this canty little snatch. We believe that no portion of it was ever seen in print until its appearance in *Johnson*; and this inclines us to regard it as being almost entirely Burns's own. In old music-collections, there is a tune called "The carls o' Dysart," and that, in itself, was quite enough to suggest the words to Burns. A friend of ours who was accustomed to sing it to the melody supplied by Burns to Johnson, deeming the song rather short, added the following verse :—

" Ne'er break your heart for love ;  
 Just turn the boatie about ;  
 There's as gude fish i' the sea  
 As ever yet cam out."  
 Hey, ca' thro', &c.

We annex the melody from the Museum.]

*A Boat-lilt—"Hey, ca' thro'."*

Up wi' the carls o' Dy-sart! And the lads o' Buck-ha-ven, And the  
 kim-mers o' Lar-go, And the las-ses o' Le-ven. Hey, ca' thro', ca' thro', For  
 we hae mick-le a - do Hey, ca' thro, ca' thro', For we hae mick-le a do.

ADDRESS TO WM. TYTLER, ESQ., OF WOODHOUSELEE,  
WITH AN IMPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.\*

(CURRIE, 1800.)

REVERÉD defender of beauteous Stuart,†  
Of Stuart, a name once respected ;  
A name, which to love was the<sup>1</sup> mark of a true heart,  
But now 'tis despis'd and neglected.

Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,  
Let no one misdeem me disloyal ;  
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,  
Still more, if that wand'rer were royal.

My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne :  
My fathers have died<sup>2</sup> to right it ;  
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,  
That name should he scoffingly slight it.

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,  
The Queen, and the rest of the gentry :  
Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine ;  
Their title's avow'd by my country.

But why of that epocha make such a fuss,  
That gave us th' Electoral<sup>3</sup> stem ?  
If bringing them over was lucky for us,  
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.‡

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\* This presentation copy of Beugo's engraving is now in the possession of David Laing, Esq., LL.D.

† Mr Tytler's "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots" appeared in the year our poet was born, and reached a fourth edition. In 1783. he edited the poems of King James I. of Scotland.

‡ Currie gave only the first line of this verse, asterisks supplying the rest.

But loyalty truce ! we're on dangerous ground ;  
 Who knows how the fashions may alter ?  
 The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty sound,  
 To-morrow may bring us a halter !

I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,  
 A trifle scarce worthy your care ;  
 But accept it, good Sir, as a mark of regard,  
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer.

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,  
 And ushers the long dreary night :  
 But you, like the star that athwart gilds the sky,  
 Your course to the latest is bright.

My muse jilted me here, and turned a corner on me, and  
 I have not got again into her good graces. . . . (4)

Do me the justice to believe me sincere in my grateful  
 remembrance of the many civilities you have honored me  
 with since I came to Edinburgh, and in assuring you that  
 I have the honor to be, revered Sir,

Your obliged and very humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

LAWNMARKEET, *Friday noon.*

(*Addressed*) MR TYTLER of Woodhouselee, New Street.

[It seems evident that the above was forwarded to the poet's venerable correspondent on 4th May 1787,—just the day before he started on his Border tour with Robert Ainslie. The poet had frequent interviews with Mr Tytler, in connection with the music and letter-press for *Johnson's Museum* which Mr Tytler had hitherto superintended. The first volume of that work appeared about the end of May; and Burns relieved that gentleman of such editorial labours in respect of the succeeding volumes, he being then in his seventy-seventh year.

Mr Tytler survived to 12th Sept. 1792, a healthy and happy old man: his prescription for all who desired to enjoy like blessings, was "temperate meals, good music, and a sound conscience." The original

manuscript of our text is now in possession of Mr Tytler's great grandson, Colonel Fraser Tytler of Aldourie. The following variations are interlined, apparently in the writing of Lord Woodhouselee.

<sup>1</sup> once mark.

<sup>2</sup> have fallen.

<sup>3</sup> the Hanover stem.

(<sup>4</sup>) three lines of the poet's MS. here carefully obliterated, most likely containing some ultra-Jacobite sally.]

## EPIGRAM TO MISS AINSLIE IN CHURCH.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,  
 Nor idle texts pursue :  
 'Twas guilty sinners that he meant,  
 Not *Angels* such as you.

[Among the intimacies formed by Burns in Edinburgh, a very innocent and agreeable one was that contracted with Mr Robert Ainslie, son of a farmer at Berrywell near Dunse, then a writer's clerk, and afterwards a Writer to the Signet. Having arranged matters, after the publication of his new edition, the poet left Edinburgh to enjoy a tour through the south-eastern and border counties of Scotland. Mr Ainslie accompanied him through the earlier stages of that excursion, the friends setting out on horseback on Saturday the 5th of May, and arriving at Berrywell in the evening. Next day, Burns attended the church at Dunse along with the Ainslie family, and the minister gave out a text containing a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. Seeing Miss Ainslie engaged in a search for it, Burns asked for her Bible, and immediately wrote the above lines on the inner board, and presented it for her perusal.

The poet kept a Journal of his tour, and his entry under Sunday May 6th, is the following—"Went to church at Dunse, Dr Bowmaker, a man of strong lungs and pretty judicious remark ; but ill-skilled in propriety, and altogether unconscious of the want of it."

Of Miss Ainslie, the poet's Journal makes frequent mention, in very complimentary terms. The last of these is under 23d May—"Found Miss Ainslie—the amiable, the sensible, the good-humoured, the sweet Miss Ainslie—all alone at Berrywell. Heavenly powers, who know the weakness of human hearts, support mine ! . . . Charming Rachel ! may thy bosom never be wrung by the evils of this life of sorrows, or by the villany of this world's sons !"

Chambers informs us that she died unmarried, upwards of sixty years old.]

BURLESQUE LAMENT FOR THE ABSENCE OF  
WILLIAM CREECH, PUBLISHER.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

AULD chuckie<sup>a</sup> Reekie's<sup>z</sup> sair distrest,  
Down droops her ance weel burnish'd crest,  
Nae joy her bonie buskit<sup>b</sup> nest

Can yield ava,

Her darling bird that she lo'es best—

Willie, 's awa.

O Willie was a witty wight,  
And had o' things an unco' sleight,<sup>c</sup>  
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,

And trig an' braw :

But now they'll busk her like a fright,—

Willie 's awa !

The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd,  
The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd ;  
They durst nae mair than he allow'd,

That was a law :

We've lost a birkie<sup>d</sup> weel worth gowd ;

Willie 's awa !

Now gawkies,<sup>e</sup> tawpies,<sup>f</sup> gowks <sup>g</sup> and fools,  
Frae colleges and boarding schools,  
May sprout like simmer puddock-stools

In glen or shaw ;

He wha could brush them down to mools—<sup>h</sup>

Willie's awa !

<sup>a</sup> maternal.

<sup>b</sup> decorated.

<sup>c</sup> skill.

<sup>d</sup> sharp fellow.

<sup>e</sup> simpletons.

<sup>f</sup> empty fops.

<sup>g</sup> stupids.

<sup>h</sup> dust.

\* Few readers will require to be told that "Auld Reekie" means Edinburgh, so designed from the smoke of its many chimneys hovering over the city. The poet here refers to that city under the figure of the maternal hen with her brood of chickens.

The brethren o' the commerce-chaumer  
 May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ;  
 He was a dictionar and grammar  
   Amang them a' ;  
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer ;  
   Willie 's awa !

Nae mair we see his levee door  
 Philosophers and Poets pour,  
 And toothy critics by the score,  
   In bloody raw !  
 The adjutant o' a' the core—  
   Willie 's awa !

Now worthy Gregory's latin face,  
 Tytler's and Greenfield's modest grace ;  
 M'Kenzie, Stewart, such a brace  
   As Rome ne'er saw ;  
 They a' maun meet some ither place,†  
   Willie 's awa !

Poor Burns ev'n "Scotch Drink" canna quicken,  
 He cheeps<sup>i</sup> like some bewilder'd chicken  
 Scar'd frae it's minnie and the cleckin,<sup>j</sup>  
   By hoodie-craw ;  
 Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin,  
   Willie 's awa !

Now ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin blellum,<sup>k</sup>  
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him ;

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<sup>i</sup> chirps.

<sup>j</sup> mother and brood.

<sup>k</sup> scolding fellow.

\* The Chamber of Commerce, of which Creech was Secretary.

† The breakfasts in Creech's house were attended by the elite of Scotland's learned men.

Ilk self-conceited critic skellum<sup>1</sup>  
   His quill may draw ;  
 He wha could brawlie ward their bellum—  
   Willie's awa !

Up wimpling<sup>m</sup> stately Tweed I've sped,  
 And Eden scenes on crystal Jed,  
 And Ettrick banks, now roaring red,  
   While tempests blaw ;  
 But every joy and pleasure 's fled,  
   Willie 's awa !\*

May I be Slander's common speech ;  
 A text for Infamy to preach ;  
 And lastly, streekit out to bleach  
   In winter snaw ;  
 When I forget thee, WILLIE CREECH,  
   Tho' far awa !

May never wicked Fortune touzle him !  
 May never wicked men bamboozle him !  
 Until a pow as auld's Methusalem  
   He canty claw !  
 Then to the blessed new Jerusalem,  
   Fleet wing awa !

[The above poem was inclosed in a letter to Mr Creech, then in London, written from the principal Inn of Selkirk during the poet's Border tour, on Sunday 13th May. He addresses Mr Creech as "his honored friend," and tells him that the verses were just written "nearly extempore after a miserable, wet day's riding." We have been favoured by the representatives of Mr Creech with an inspection of the original

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<sup>1</sup> wisacre.

<sup>m</sup> winding.

\* This verse is not in the original MS.

manuscript, and accordingly are enabled to present the text in a more correct form than Cromek gave it. A note by the poet, addressed to Mr Creech, four days after the foregoing was penned, is preserved in Burns's Monument at Edinburgh, in which he claims respect for it on this odd ground: "I am miserably fou, consequently it must be the sentiments of my heart." This was written from Berrywell, on the day after a late dinner "at Dunse with the Farmers' Club—company, impossible to do them justice."

Mr Creech was frequently in the Council and Magistracy of Edinburgh. His first election as Bailie was in October 1788; and from October 1811 to October 1813, he officiated as Lord Provost. His death occurred on 14th January, 1815.]

### NOTE TO MR RENTON OF LAMERTON.

(CHAMBERS, 1851.)

YOUR billet, Sir, I grant receipt;  
 Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,  
 Tho' 'twere a trip to yon blue warl',  
 Whare birkies march on burning marl:  
 Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye,  
 And to his goodness I commend ye.

R. BURNS.

[In the course of the poet's border tour, he was in the neighbourhood of Berwick-on-Tweed, on 19th May. Chambers says, "there is reason to think that Mr Renton attempted on that occasion to form an appointment with Burns for a meeting and ride together." The poet makes no reference to this matter in his journal; but the above rhymed note in the bard's handwriting has been found among Mr Renton's papers. That gentleman's country seat was Mordington House, near Berwick.]

## ELEGY ON "STELLA."

(ALEX. SMITH'S ED., 1865.)

The following poem is the work of some hapless son of the Muses who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of 'The voice of Cona' in his solitary, mournful notes; and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language, they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet.—*R.B.*

STRAIT is the spot and green the sod  
 From whence my sorrows flow;  
 And soundly sleeps the ever dear  
 Inhabitant below.

Pardon my transport, gentle shade,  
 While o'er the turf I bow;  
 Thy earthly house is circumscrib'd,  
 And solitary now.

Not one poor stone to tell thy name,  
 Or make thy virtues known;  
 But what avails to me—to thee,  
 The sculpture of a stone?\*(<sup>1</sup>)

From thy lov'd friends, when first thy heart  
 Was taught by Heav'n to glow,  
 Far, far remov'd, the ruthless stroke  
 Surpris'd, and laid thee low.

At the last limits of our isle,  
 Wash'd by the western wave,  
 Touch'd by thy fate, a thoughtful bard  
 Sits lonely by thy grave.

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\* Eight stanzas omitted, see note (<sup>1</sup>).

Pensive he eyes, before him spread  
 The deep, outstretch'd and vast ;  
 His mourning notes are borne away  
 Along the rapid blast.\*(2)

Him too the stern impulse of Fate  
 Resistless bears along ;  
 And the same rapid tide shall whelm  
 The Poet and the Song.

The tear of pity which he sheds,  
 He asks not to receive ;  
 Let but his poor remains be laid  
 Obscurely in the grave.

His grief-worn heart, with truest joy,  
 Shall meet the welcome shock :  
 His airy harp shall lie unstrung,  
 And silent as the rock.

O my dear maid, my Stella, when  
 Shall this sick period close,  
 And lead the solitary bard  
 To his belov'd repose ?

[The preceding ten stanzas, which form a kind of connected whole, are progressively culled from a monotonous effusion twenty verses long, that was transcribed by Burns into a manuscript book containing many of his early productions, and presented by him to Mrs Dunlop of Duulop. (See p. 337 vol. I.) Burns, in his heading prefixed to the elegy, does not claim it as his own ; but even if it were certain that Burns was not the author, still (as Alex. Smith observes) "the knowledge that he admired it, and that through his agency it alone exists, is considered sufficient excuse for its admission here."

The poet arrived at Mauchline from his Border tour, on the evening

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\* Two stanzas omitted, see note (2).

of Friday, the 8th of June, and slept the first night at his old howf, the Whitefoord Arms Inn. After staying a fortnight with his mother at Mossgiel, he set out on a solitary trip to the West Highlands; but of the details of that journey no record has ever come to light. He was home again on 30th June, as we learn from part of a letter he then wrote to James Smith, giving some particulars of the latter stages of the journey.

Chambers, who had never seen the elegy which forms our text, thus remarked, in 1852, concerning this mysterious excursion:—"To the West Highlands he might be drawn by his feelings regarding Mary Campbell. It is not unlikely that he visited her relations at Greenock. Imagination fondly pauses to behold him stretched on her grave in the West Kirkyard, bewailing her untimely severance from his arms."

We now proceed to record, in small type, the stanzas omitted in our abridgment of this singular elegy.

(<sup>1</sup>) I'll sit me down upon this turf, and wipe the rising tear :  
The chill blast passes swiftly by, and flits around thy bier.

Dark is the dwelling of the dead, and sad their house of rest :  
Low lies the head, by death's cold arms in awful fold embrac'd.

I saw the grim Avenger stand incessant by thy side,  
Unseen by thee ; his deadly breath thy lingering frame destroy'd.

Pale grew the roses on thy cheek, and wither'd was thy bloom,  
Till the slow poison brought thy youth untimely to the tomb.

Thus wasted are the ranks of men—youth, health, and beauty fall ;  
The ruthless ruin spread around, and overwhelms us all.

Behold where, round thy narrow house, the graves unnumber'd lie ;  
The multitude that sleep below existed but to die.

Some, with the tottering steps of age, trod down the darksome way ;  
And some, in youth's lamented prime, like thee were torn away :

Yet these, however hard their fate, their native earth receives ;  
Amid their weeping friends they died, and fill their father's graves.

. . . . .

(<sup>2</sup>) And while, amid the silent dead thy hapless fate I mourn,  
My own long sorrows freshly bleed, and all my griefs return :

Like thee, cut off in early youth, and flower of beauty's pride,  
My friend, my first and only joy, my much lov'd Stella died.]

## THE BARD AT INVERARY.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WHOE'ER he be that sojourns here,  
 I pity much his case,  
 Unless he come to wait upon  
 The Lord *their* God, "His Grace."

There's naething here but Highland pride,  
 And Highland scab and hunger :  
 If Providence has sent me here,  
 'Twas surely in an anger.

[The irritation of the poet is farther shewn by the only scrap of correspondence which has reached us, dated from one of the stages of his journey. It is addressed to his friend Ainslie, thus—"Arrochar, by Loch Long, June 27, 1787.—I write you this on my tour thro' a country where savage streams tumble over savage mountains, thinly overspread with savage flocks, which starv'ingly support as savage inhabitants. My last stage was Inverary; to-morrow night's stage will be Dumbarton." It is understood that the bile of the poet was roused at Inverary, because, in consequence of the superabundance of guests or visitors at the Castle, several of these had to be accommodated at the Inn, and the landlord had no consideration to bestow on passing travellers like Burns. Perhaps he had announced himself, reckoning on the names of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle being at the head of his subscription list, and had the mortification to find that the bard's name was unknown in that locality. Dr Waddell gives another version of this epigram, in which we have no faith.]

## EPIGRAM TO MISS JEAN SCOTT.

(STEWART, 1801.)

O HAD each Scot of ancient times  
 Been Jeanie Scott, as thou art ;  
 The bravest heart on English ground  
 Had yielded like a coward.

[This appears to be the proper place to introduce the above. She is designed "of Ayr." Nothing whatever is known regarding her, or the incident that called forth the compliment.]

## ON THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.,

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE  
AUTHOR.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,  
And rueful thy alarms :  
Death tears the brother of her love  
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew  
The morning rose may blow ;  
But cold successive noontide blasts  
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn  
The sun propitious smil'd ;  
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds  
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords  
That Nature finest strung ;  
So Isabella's heart was form'd,  
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence alone  
Can heal the wound he gave—  
Can point the brimful care-worn eyes  
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,  
 And fear no withering blast ;  
 There Isabella's spotless worth  
 Shall happy be at last.

[A scroll-copy of this fine effusion, containing the following suppressed verse, and shewing sundry erasures and alterations, having fallen into Allan Cunningham's hands, he plumed himself on having *recovered* a fresh stanza, which he printed immediately before the last verse but one. The reader, however, must perceive that the four lines rejected by the poet form an incompleted sentence, which would require to be carried into another stanza. This did not accord with the author's plan, and therefore he sacrificed the beautiful lines rather than spoil his poem, which is perfect without them.

“Were it in the poet's power,  
 Strong as he shares the grief  
 That pierces Isabella's heart,  
 To give that heart relief,”

Burns was on very intimate terms with Miss Isabella M'Leod, during his first winter-sojourn in Edinburgh. An elder sister of hers, Miss Flora M'Leod, had, in 1779, married Colonel James Mure-Campbell of Rowallan, who, in 1782, succeeded to the Earldom of Loudoun. That lady, however, died on 3rd Sep. 1780, a few hours after giving birth to her only child, Flora, who became Countess of Loudoun at the age of only six years, when her father died, in 1786. Through Mr Gavin Hamilton, who was factor for the unfortunate Earl and the young Countess, Burns had been introduced to the M'Leod family. Dr Johnson, in his tour in the Hebrides (1773), thus notices that household:—“The family of Raasay consists of the laird, the lady, three sons, and ten daughters. For the sons there is a tutor in the house, and the lady is said to be very skilful and diligent in the education of her girls. More gentleness of manners, or a more pleasing appearance of domestic society, is not to be found in the most polished countries.”

Such is a sample of the society which received Burns on the footing of friendship in Edinburgh. He afterwards composed a song, “Raving winds around her blowing,” referring to Isabella M'Leod's grief for the loss of family ties by death. Her brother John's death occurred on 20th July, 1787, while the poet was resting at Mossgiel, after his trip to Greenock, Inverary, Loch Long, and Dumbarton.]

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES  
HUNTER BLAIR.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

“ This performance is but mediocre, but my grief was sincere. The last time I saw the worthy, public-spirited man—a man he was ! how few of the two-legged breed that pass for such, deserve the designation !— he pressed my hand, and asked me with the most friendly warmth if it was in his power to serve me ; and if so, that I would oblige him by telling him how. I had nothing to ask of him ; but if ever a child of his should be so unfortunate as to be under the necessity of asking anything of so poor a man as I am, it may not be in my power to grant it, but, by G— I shall try ! ”—*R. B. in Glenriddell MSS.*

THE lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,  
Dim, cloudy, sank beneath<sup>1</sup> the western wave ;  
Th’ inconstant blast how’d thro’ the darkening air,  
And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.

Lone as I wander’d by each cliff and dell,  
Once the lov’d haunts of Scotia’s royal train ;\*  
Or mus’d where limpid streams, once hallow’d,<sup>2</sup> well, †  
Or mould’ring ruins mark the sacred fane. ‡

Th’ increasing blast roared round the beetling rocks,  
The clouds, swift-wing’d, flew o’er the starry sky,  
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,  
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,  
And ’mong the cliffs disclos’d a stately form  
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,  
And mix’d her wailings with the raving storm.

\* The King’s Park, at Holyrood House.—*R. B.*

† Saint Anthony’s well.—*R. B.* ‡ St. Anthony’s Chapel. —*R. B.*

Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,  
 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd :  
 Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,  
 The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.

Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,  
 Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd,  
 That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,  
 And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.

“ My patriot son fills an untimely grave ! ”  
 With accents wild and lifted arms—she cried ;  
 “ Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,  
 Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest<sup>3</sup> pride.

“ A weeping country joins a widow's tear ;  
 The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry ;  
 The drooping arts surround their patron's bier ;  
 And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh !

“ I saw my sons resume their ancient fire ;<sup>4</sup>  
 I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow :  
 But ah ! how hope is born but to expire !  
 Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.

“ My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung,  
 While empty greatness saves a worthless name !  
 No ; every muse shall join her tuneful tongue,  
 And future ages hear his growing fame.

“ And I will join a mother's tender cares,  
 Thro' future times to make his virtues last ;  
 That distant years may boast of other Blairs ! ”—  
 She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.

[Sir James Hunter Blair was Lord Provost of Edinburgh from Oct. 1784 to Oct. 1786, and “old Provost” in 1786-87. His death happened on 1st July 1787, while in the prime of life and usefulness; and

it was with no venal feeling that Burns penned the above tribute to his memory. He forwarded a copy to his friend Mr Robert Aiken of Ayr, with these words appended:—"My honored friend, the melancholy occasion of the foregoing poem affects not only individuals, but a country. That I have lost a friend is but repeating after Caledonia."

VAR. <sup>1</sup> beyond.           <sup>2</sup> where erst reverèd waters well.           <sup>3</sup> honor's.  
                                   <sup>2</sup> where erst the Saint's reverèd waters well,  
<sup>4</sup> wonted.                 And mouldering, &c.]

### TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE ELEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR.

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

NAE heathen name shall I prefix,  
 Frae Pindus or Parnassus ;  
 Auld Reekie dings<sup>a</sup> them a' to sticks,  
 For rhyme-inspiring lasses.

Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three  
 Made Homer deep their debtor ;  
 But, gien the body half an e'e,  
 Nine Ferriers wad done better !

Last day my mind was in a bog,  
 Down George's Street I stoited ;<sup>b</sup>  
 A creeping cauld prosaic fog  
 My very senses doited.<sup>c</sup>

Do what I dought<sup>d</sup> to set her free,  
 My saul lay in the mire ;  
 Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e—  
 She took the wing like fire !

<sup>a</sup> beats.

<sup>b</sup> stumbled.

<sup>c</sup> benumbed.

<sup>d</sup> could.

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,  
 In gratitude I send you,  
 And pray, in rhyme as weel as prose,  
 A' gude things may attend you !

[The above off-hand lines were addressed to a sister of Miss Ferrier, the distinguished novelist, on the cover which enclosed a copy of the preceding poem. The original manuscript was long in the possession of Miss Grace Aiken, daughter of the Ayr patron of Burns. Mr James Ferrier, W.S., father of these ladies, resided in George Street, Edinburgh, a few doors west of St Andrew's Church. Chambers gives his name as "John," but we follow Lockhart, who refers to him as one of Sir Walter Scott's brethren at the Clerk's table in the Court of Session. The poet arrived in Edinburgh from Ayrshire on 7th August, and shortly thereafter finished his Elegy on the death of Blair.]

#### IMPROMPTU ON CARRON IRON WORKS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WE cam na here to view your warks,  
 In hopes to be mair wise,  
 But only, lest we gang to hell,  
 It may be nae surprise :  
 But when we tirl'd at your door  
 Your porter dought na hear us ;  
 Sae may, shou'd we to Hell's yetts come,  
 Your billy Satan sair us !

[From the 7th of August, when the poet arrived in Edinburgh, after three months absence, to the 25th of that month, he lodged in the house of Mr William Nicol, teacher ; and with that gentleman he set out in a chaise, by way of Linlithgow, Falkirk, and Stirling, on a northern tour which lasted three weeks. The travellers zigzagged a little on the route between the two latter places, in hope of seeing the celebrated iron works of Carron ; but the day being a Sunday, they were disappointed of admission. They consoled themselves with a rest at the Inn ; and Burns, with his diamond pen, wrote the above lines on a window there.]

WRITTEN BY SOMEBODY ON THE WINDOW  
OF AN INN AT STIRLING, ON SEEING THE ROYAL PALACE IN  
RUINS.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

HERE Stuarts once in glory reigned,  
And laws for Scotland's weal ordained ;  
But now unroof'd their palace stands,  
Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands ;  
Fallen indeed, and to the earth,  
Whence grovelling reptiles take their birth.  
The injured Stuart line is gone,  
A race outlandish fills their throne ;  
An idiot race, to honour lost ;  
Who know them best despise them most.

[The travellers arrived at Stirling on Sunday 26th August. Next morning, the poet left Nicol there, and proceeded alone on horseback, to visit the relatives of his friend Gavin Hamilton, at Harvieston, several miles eastward on the banks of the Devon. He returned to Stirling at night, and next day, the tour with Mr Nicol was resumed.

The above lines therefore were in all probability inscribed on the Sunday evening. They soon gave rise to considerable public excitement, and were made the subject of animadversions in the newspapers, and elsewhere. A few months later, when he waited upon certain influential gentry in regard to his Excise scheme, this trifle was revived against him. In one of his letters to Clarinda in January 1788, he thus writes :—"I was questioned like a child about my matters, and blamed and schooled for my inscription on the Stirling window." Clarinda in answer says—"I'm half glad you were school'd about the Inscription; 'twill be a lesson, I hope, in future. Clarinda would have lectured you on it before, if she durst."

The quaint heading to our text is the poet's own in the Glenriddell copy, the fifth and sixth lines of which are, till now, unpublished. Lockhart remarks, that Burns must have composed these lines *after dinner*; and adds, that "the poetry, as well as the sentiment, 'smells of the smith's shop.' The last couplet was indeed an outrage which no political prejudice could have made a gentleman approve."]

THE POET'S REPLY TO THE THREAT OF A  
CENSORIOUS CRITIC.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

My imprudent lines were answered, very petulantly, by *somebody*, I believe, a Rev. Mr Hamilton. In a MS., where I met the answer, I wrote below :—

With Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel  
Each other blow, but d-mn that ass's heel !

[It was the Rev. Mr Hamilton, minister of the parish of Gladsmuir in East Lothian, to whom Burns here refers. His answer to the "Stirling Inscription" was contained in a sonnet of fourteen lines ending thus :—

“ These few rash lines will damn thy name,  
And blast thy hopes of future fame.”

We take Burns's reply to that, with the head-note attached, from the Glenriddle MSS. Cunningham's lines differ as follow :—

“ Like Esop's lion, Burns says, sore I feel  
All other scorn—but damn that ass's heel.”]

THE LIBELLER'S SELF-REPROOF.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name  
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame ;  
Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the  
Bible,  
Says, the more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel !

[Burns does not enter this in his own record of the affair, given in the two preceding articles : the authenticity of the lines is therefore very doubtful. They are probably Cunningham's own ; for we are not aware that they were ever seen till he published them. His story concerning them is as follows :—“ The poet seems not to have been very

sensible at the time of his imprudence ; for some one said, “ Burns, this will do you no good !—‘ I shall reprove myself,’ he said, and wrote these aggravating words.”

On a subsequent visit to Stirling with Dr Adair, who furnished Dr Currie with an account of the journey, his fellow-traveller thus refers to the Stirling inscription :—“ The poet’s indignation had vented itself in some imprudent, but not unpoetical lines, which had given much offence, and which he took this opportunity of erasing, by breaking the pane of the window at the inn on which they were written.”]

## VERSES WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOUR OF THE  
INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,  
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;  
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,  
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,  
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,  
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—  
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,  
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample sides ;  
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,  
The eye with wonder and amazement fills ;  
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,  
The palace rising on his verdant side,  
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste,  
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste,  
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream,  
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

\* \* \* \* \*

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,  
 Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;  
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods,  
 Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

\* \* \* \* \*

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,  
 And look through Nature with creative fire;  
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,  
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;  
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,  
 Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:  
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward stretch her scan,  
 And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

\* \* \* \* \*

[The poet and Mr Nicol arrived at this beautiful spot in the course of Wednesday, 29th August. The note in the Journal is simply "Taymouth—described in rhyme—meet the Hon. Charles Townshend." The truthfulness of Burns's description will be felt by all who know the locality.]

### SONG.—THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

*Chor.*—Bonie lassie, will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonie lassie, will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy!

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,  
 And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;  
 Come let us spend the lightsome days,  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonie lassie, &c.

The little birdies blythely sing,  
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,  
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws—  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonie lassie, &c.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;  
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.  
 Bonie lassie, &c.

[The author's note in the Glenriddell volume is as follows:—"I composed these stanzas standing under the Falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy." From the journal of his Highland tour in 1787, we learn that this was on Thursday, 30th August. The beautiful air to which it was composed was printed by Playford, so early as in 1657, as a "Scotch Ayre." Burns's chorus corresponds entirely with that of the old song to which it was sung—"The birks of Abergeldy"—the words of which are quite in the nursery-style, thus—

"Ye shall get a gown of silk, a gown of silk, a gown of silk,  
 Ye shall get a gown of silk, and coat of calimanco."

We subjoin the melody from the *Museum*. Be it remarked, however,

that Burns's lyric sings charmingly as a Duet, when the contralto is taken by a male voice of fine quality.]

*Air*—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

Bo - nie las - sie, will ye go, Will ye go, will ye go, Bo - nie  
 las - sie, will ye go To the birks of A - ber - fel - dy. Now Sim - mer  
 blinks on flow - ry braes, And o'er the crys - tal stream - let plays; Come  
 let us spend the light - some days In the birks of A - ber - fel - dy.

## THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

My lord, I know, your noble ear  
 Woe ne'er assails in vain ;  
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear  
 Your humble slave complain,  
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,  
 In flaming summer-pride,  
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,  
 And drink my crystal tide.\*

The lightly-jumpin, glowrin<sup>a</sup> trouts,  
 That thro' my waters play,  
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,  
 They near the margin stray ;

<sup>a</sup> staring.

\* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—*R. B.*

If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,  
 I'm scorching up so shallow,  
 They're left the whitening stanes amang,  
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat<sup>b</sup> wi' spite and teen,<sup>c</sup>  
 As poet Burns came by,  
 That, to a bard, I should be seen  
 Wi' half my channel dry ;  
 A panegyric rhyme, I ween,  
 Ev'n as I was, he shor'd<sup>d</sup> me ;  
 But had I in my glory been,  
 He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,  
 In twisting strength I rin ;  
 There, high my boiling torrent smokes,  
 Wild-roaring o'er a linn :<sup>e</sup>  
 Enjoying large each spring and well,  
 As Nature gave them me,  
 I am, altho' I say't mysel,  
 Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please  
 To grant my highest wishes,  
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,  
 And bonie spreading bushes.  
 Delighted doubly then, my lord,  
 You'll wander on my banks,  
 And listen mony a grateful bird  
 Return you tuneful thanks.

<sup>b</sup> wept.<sup>c</sup> vexation.<sup>d</sup> promised.<sup>e</sup> cascade.

The sober lav'rock,<sup>f</sup> warbling wild,  
 Shall to the skies aspire ;  
 The gowdspink,<sup>g</sup> Music's gayest child,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Shall sweetly join the choir ;  
 The blackbird strong, the lintwhite<sup>h</sup> clear,  
 The mavis<sup>i</sup> mild and mellow ;  
 The robin pensive Autumn cheer,  
 In all her locks of yellow.

This too, a covert shall ensure,  
 To shield them from the storm ;  
 And coward maukin<sup>j</sup> sleep secure,  
 Low in her grassy form :  
 Here shall the shepherd make his seat,  
 To weave his crown of flow'rs ;  
 Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat,  
 From prone-descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet, endearing stealth,  
 Shall meet the loving pair,  
 Despising worlds, with all their wealth,  
 As empty idle care ;  
 The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms,  
 The hour of heav'n to grace ;  
 And birks extend their fragrant arms  
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,  
 Some musing bard may stray,  
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,  
 And misty mountain grey ;

<sup>f</sup> lark.<sup>g</sup> goldfinch.<sup>h</sup> linnet.<sup>i</sup> thrush.<sup>j</sup> hare.

Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,  
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,  
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,  
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,  
 My lowly banks o'erspread,  
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,  
 Their shadows' wat'ry-bed :  
 Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,  
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;  
 And, for the little songster's nest,  
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,  
 Your little angel band \*  
 Spring, like their fathers, up to prop  
 Their honour'd native land !  
 So may, thro' Albion's farthest ken,  
 To social-flowing glasses,  
 The grace be—"Athole's honest men,  
 And Athole's bonie lasses !"

[In the spring of this year, the poet had met, at the house of Dr Blacklock, a young man of aspiring literary tastes, named Josiah Walker, then a tutor to the family of the Duke of Athole, and subsequently professor of Latin in the University of Glasgow. Burns, in the course of his tour with Mr Nicol, stopped at Blair-Athole, after a ride up the Tummel, on the evening of Friday, 31st August. The entry in his Journal is : "Sup with the Duchess—easy and happy from the manners of the family—confirmed in my good opinion of my friend

---

\* Besides the younger sons, Edward and Robert, this "little angel band" consisted of Lady Charlotte, aged twelve, afterwards Lady Menzies of Castle Menzies ; Lady Amelia, seven years old, afterwards Viscountess Strathallan ; and Lady Elizabeth, an infant of five months, afterwards Lady Macgregor Murray of Lanrick.

Walker." It was happily arranged that Mr Nicol should be temptingly engaged at his favourite amusement of fishing, while the poet was prevailed on to spend two days with the Duke's family, and the visitors who then happened to be at Blair. The Saturday and Sunday (1st and 2nd September) which Burns passed there, he afterwards declared were the happiest days in his life. The poem which forms the text is inserted in the Glenriddell MSS. and the following note is appended in the poet's autograph:—"God, who knows all things, knows how my heart aches with the throes of gratitude, whenever I recollect my reception at the noble house of Athole."

The poet's Journal of date Sept. 1st thus gives a catalogue of the company he mixed with:—"General Murray; Captain Murray, an honest tar; Sir William Murray, an honest, worthy man, but tormented with the hypochondria; Mrs Graham, *belle et aimable*; Miss Cathcart; Mrs Murray, a painter; Mrs King; Duchess and fine family, the Marquis, Lords James, Edward, and Robert; Ladies Charlotte, Emelia, and Children—Dance—Sup; Mr Graham of Fintry." The Duchess of Athole was a daughter of Lord Cathcart: \* the beautiful and amiable Mrs Graham referred to was not the wife of Mr Graham of Fintry, but Mary Cathcart, sister of the Duchess, and wife of Thomas Graham of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch—"the gallant Graham" who achieved a deathless fame at Barossa. His beautiful wife predeceased him, in 1794; but her portrait, "The Honourable Mrs Graham," by Gainsborough, is now one of the gems of our National Gallery in Edinburgh. The hero survived till 1843.

The poem in the text was rapidly composed; for, two days after leaving Blair, the author enclosed it in a letter to Mr Walker from Inverary, (5th Sep.) with these remarks,—“I have just time to write the foregoing, and to tell you that it was, at least the most part of it, the effusion of a half hour I spent at Bruar. I do not mean it was *extempore*, for I have endeavoured to brush it up as well as Mr Nicol's chat and the jogging of the chase would allow.”

VAR. (1) The bairdie, Music's youngest child.—*Glenriddell MSS.*]

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\* "Dec. 5, 1790. Died, at London, Jane, Duchess of Athole, daughter to the late, and sister to the present, Lord Cathcart.—Married to the Duke of Athole, Dec. 26, 1774. Left four sons and four daughters."—*Scots Mag.*

## LINES ON THE FALL OF FYERS,

NEAR LOCH-NESS.

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL ON THE SPOT.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods  
 The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;  
 Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,  
 Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds.  
 As high in air the bursting torrents flow,  
 As deep recoiling surges foam below,  
 Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,  
 And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.  
 Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,  
 The hoary cavern, wide surrounding lours :  
 Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,  
 And still, below, the horrid caldron boils—

\* \* \* \* \*

[The poet visited this grand spectacle on Wednesday, 5th September. After returning from his drive to the Falls, he dined by appointment with William Inglis, Esq., afterwards Provost of Inverness, who had a party to meet him. It is remembered that, although he spoke rapturously of the Highland scenery, he seemed in rather a silent and thoughtful mood throughout the evening.

Professor John Wilson produced a prose description of the scene sketched by Burns in the foregoing vigorous couplets, which has been reckoned "magnificent" by some, and "extravagant" by others. Take the following specimen :—"That cataract, if descending on a cathedral, would shatter down the pile into a million fragments. But it meets the black foundations of the cliff, and flies up to the starless heaven in a storm of spray. . . . The very solid globe of earth quakes through her entrails. . . . Has some hill-loch burst its barrier? For, what a world of waters comes now tumbling into the abyss! Niagara! hast thou a fiercer roar? Listen, and you think there are momentary pauses of the thunder, filled up with goblin groans! All the military

music bands of the army of Britain would here be dumb as mutes—trumpet, cymbal, and the great drum !”

The eloquent writer of the above passage criticises Burns’s talent for description, thus :—“Seldom setting himself to describe visual objects, but when he is under strong emotion, he seems to have taken considerable pains when he did, to produce something striking ; and though he never fails on such occasions to do so, yet he is sometimes ambitious over much, and, though never feeble, becomes bombastic, as in his lines on the Fall of Fyers :

‘And viewless Echo’s ear astonished rends.’”

We humbly think that the beautiful idea presented in that line does not “overstep the modesty of Nature,” under the circumstances. The one line of Burns suggests all that Christopher North has so well said in his four columns of Blackwood.]

### EPIGRAM ON PARTING WITH A KIND HOST IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(STEWART, 1801.)

WHEN Death’s dark stream I ferry o’er,  
(A time that surely shall come),  
In Heav’n itself I’ll ask no more,  
Than just a Highland welcome.

[More than one stage in the poet’s Highland Tour must have presented occasion for grateful expressions like these. Immediately on leaving Inverness, his Journal records as follows :—“Thursday [6th September] Come over Culloden Muir—reflections on the field of battle—Breakfast at Kilraick (Kilravock), old Mrs Rose. sterling sense, warm heart, strong passions, and honest pride. all in uncommon degree. Mrs Rose, jun., a little milder than the mother. . . . Mrs Rose and Mr Grant accompany us to Kildrummie—two young ladies—Miss Ross, who sang two Gaelic songs, beautiful and lovely—Miss Sophie Brodie, not very beautiful, but most agreeable and amiable—both of them the gentlest, the mildest, sweetest creatures on earth—happiness be with them !”

We introduce the above extract from the poet’s Journal to show how his passion for “Morag” and other Gaelic airs took root. Immediately thereafter, he is found composing words for Highland melodies which appeared in Johnson’s second volume, issued in February 1788. These we shall present in their probable order.]

## STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THICKEST night, surround<sup>1</sup> my dwelling !  
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !  
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,<sup>2</sup>  
 Roaring by<sup>3</sup> my lonely cave !  
 Crystal streamlets gently flowing,<sup>4</sup>  
 Busy haunts of base mankind,  
 Western breezes softly blowing,  
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of Right engaged,  
 Wrongs injurious to redress,  
 Honor's war we strongly waged,  
 But the heavens deny'd success.  
 Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,  
 Not a hope that dare attend,  
 The wide world is all before us—  
 But a world without a friend.<sup>5</sup>

[In his notes furnished for Mr Riddell, the poet states that his friend Allan Masterton, who was a musical amateur, as well as a teacher of writing in Edinburgh, composed the air to which these verses are set in the *Museum*. "As he and I (he adds) were both sprouts of Jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause. But to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my Jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*."

The date of this Lament may be inferred from a marginal marking on the poet's manuscript, now in the British Museum. In connection with the fifth line—"Crystal streamlets gently flowing," he places this note :—" (A suggestion merely,)

Streams, the pride of orient plains,  
 Never bound in Winter's chains."

That couplet he accordingly made use of in his poem on "Castle Gordon," which subject was presented at a later stage of his Highland tour. He passed through Strathallan on the same day he left Stirling. The

words are supposed to be descriptive of the feelings of James Drummond, Viscount of Strathallan, who, after his father's death at Culloden, escaped with several of his countrymen to France, where he died.

A first draft of the MS. of this song, communicated by Henry Probasco, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio, shews a vast difference in some passages. It begins, "Thickest darkness shrouds," and the second stanza reads thus :—

<sup>5</sup> Farewell fleeting, fickle treasure,	Ruin's wheel has driven o'er me,
Between Mishap and Folly shared !	Nor dare a hope my fate attend ;
Farewell Peace, and farewell Pleasure !	The wide world is all before me,
Farewell flattering Man's regard !	But a world without a friend.

Dr Currie's copy varies from the text thus :—

<sup>1</sup> o'erhang.                      <sup>3</sup> still surround.

The original in the British Museum suggests the transposition--

<sup>2</sup> Wintry swelling, turbid torrents.]

## CASTLE GORDON.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

STREAMS that glide in orient plains,  
 Never bound by Winter's chains ;  
     Glowing here on golden sands,  
 There immixed<sup>1</sup> with foulest stains  
     From Tyranny's empurpled hands :<sup>2</sup>  
 These, their richly gleaming waves,  
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves ;  
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves  
     The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy<sup>3</sup> forests, ever gay,  
 Shading from the burning ray  
     Hapless wretches sold to toil ;  
 Or the ruthless native's way,  
     Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :

Woods that ever verdant wave,  
 I leave the tyrant and the slave ;  
 Give me the groves that lofty brave  
     The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,  
 Nature reigns and rules the whole ;  
     In that sober pensive mood,  
 Dearest to the feeling soul,  
     She plants the forest, pours the flood :  
 Life's poor day I'll musing rave,  
 And find at night a sheltering cave,  
 Where waters flow and wild woods wave,  
     By bonie Castle Gordon.

[These elegant verses were composed in gratitude for the kind reception with which the poet was greeted on his arrival at Gordon Castle, on Friday, 7th September. The entry in his Journal is as follows :— "Cross the Spey to Fochabers—fine palace, worthy of the noble, the polite, the generous proprietor—Dine—Company, Duke and Duchess, Ladies Charlotte and Madeline ; Colonel Abererombie and Lady, Mr Gordon, and Mr —, a clergyman, a venerable, aged figure, and Mr Hoy, a clergyman too, I suppose—pleasant, open manner—the Duke makes me happier than ever great man did—noble, princely ; yet mild, condescending, and affable, gay, and kind—the Duchess charming, witty, and sensible—God bless them !"

Unfortunately, Burns had it not in his power to accept the pressing invitations of his host to remain for a time at the Castle, because he had left his travelling-companion at the inn of Fochabers. He explained to the Duke how he was situated in that respect, and he reached the inn in time only to prevent his unreasonable friend from starting on the remainder of the journey without him.

It is impossible to say how soon after his visit the poet began to compose the verses which form the text. The tune "Morag" seems to have been echoing in his ear while he was framing them ; but as they do not at all suit the melody, we must be sure that he was then unfamiliar with it. The piece is a good lyric poem, but not a song. At the close of the following month, Mr Hoy, to whom he had enclosed it, writes thus regarding it :—"Your song I shewed without producing the author and it was judged by the Duchess to be the production of Dr Beattie. I sent a copy of it, by her Grace's desire, to a Mrs M'Pherson, in

Badenoch, who sings, 'Morag,' and all other Gaelic songs, in great perfection. . . . When the Duchess was informed that you were the author, she wished you had written the verses in Scotch."

Burns, on becoming master of the tune, within a short period produced a song with a sprinkling of Scotch words, on the same subject, which fits the melody entirely. It is entitled "The Young Highland Rover."

Our text has been improved by collation with a MS. belonging to A. Ireland, Esq., Inglewood, Bowden, Cheshire. The variations are—

<sup>1</sup> commix'd.

<sup>2</sup> bands.

<sup>3</sup> Torrid.]

### SONG.—LADY ONLIE, HONEST LUCKY.

*Tune.*—"The Ruffian's Rant."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, Feb. 1788.)

A' the lads o' Thorniebank,

When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,<sup>a</sup>

They'll step in an' tak a pint

Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky.

*Chorus.*—Lady Onlie, honest lucky,<sup>b</sup>

Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;

I wish her sale for her gude ale,

The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien,<sup>c</sup> her curch<sup>d</sup> sae clean

I wat she is a dainty chuckie;<sup>e</sup>

And cheery blinks the ingle-gleede<sup>f</sup>

O' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky.

Lady Onlie, &c.

[This song seems to have been a mere *impromptu*, inspired at one or other of the halting places on the route between Fochabers and Aberdeen, sketched in the poet's Journal thus:—"Sat., 8 Sep. Breakfast at Banff—Improvements over the face of the country . . . Pleasant ride along the shore—country almost wild again between Banff and Newbyth, quite wild as we come through Buchan to Old Deer."]

<sup>a</sup> Buchan.

<sup>b</sup> kindly gossip.

<sup>c</sup> snug.

<sup>d</sup> kerchief round the head.

<sup>e</sup> well-conditioned hen.

<sup>f</sup> fireside blaze.

## THENIEL MENZIES' BONIE MARY.

*Air.*—"The Ruffian's Rant," or *Roy's Wife*.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

IN comin by the brig o' Dye,  
 At Darlet we a blink<sup>a</sup> did tarry ;  
 As day was dawin in the sky,  
 We drank a health to bonie Mary.

*Chorus.*—Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,  
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary,  
 Charlie Grigor tint<sup>b</sup> his plaidie,  
 Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,  
 Her haffet locks<sup>c</sup> as brown's a berry ;  
 And ay they dimpl't wi' a smile,  
 The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.  
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, &c.

We lap an' danc'd the lee-lang<sup>d</sup> day,  
 Till piper lads were wae and weary ;  
 But Charlie gat the spring to pay,  
 For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary.  
 Theniel Menzies' bonie Mary, &c.

[We believe the localities mentioned in the opening stanza of this happy little song are in the northern portions of Aberdeenshire ; and it is probable that the effusion may celebrate some incident on the route of the travellers, after Nicol had digested his imagined affront at Fochabers. This is one of the songs introduced into Johnson's second volume, specially praised by Lockhart as being far superior to either the "Banks of the Devon," or the "Streams that glide on orient plains," written in celebration of *Castle Gordon*. These last-mentioned verses are characterised by that critic as "among the poorest of his productions."]

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<sup>a</sup> short while.    <sup>b</sup> lost.    <sup>c</sup> side locks.    <sup>d</sup> live-long.

## THE BONIE LASS OF ALBANY.

*Tune.*—"Mary's Dream."

(CHAMBERS, 1852.)

MY heart is wae, and unco wae,  
 To think upon the raging sea,  
 That roars between her gardens green  
 An' the bonie Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood  
 That rulèd Albion's kingdoms three,  
 But oh, alas ! for her bonie face,  
 They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde  
 There sits an isle of high degree,  
 And a town of fame whose princely name  
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.\*

But there's a youth, a witless youth,  
 That fills the place where she should be ;  
 We'll send him o'er to his native shore,  
 And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,  
 A false usurper wan the gree,<sup>a</sup>  
 Who now commands the towers and lands—  
 The royal right of Albany.

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\* supremacy.

\* Rothesay, the county town of the Isle of Bute, gave the title Duke of Rothesay to the eldest sons of the Kings of Scotland.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,  
 On bended knees most fervently,  
 The time may come, with pipe an' drum  
 We'll welcome hame fair Albany.

[Burns and his Jacobite friend Nicol arrived in Edinburgh, after their tour of twenty-two days, on Sunday, 16th September. While on their route, the newspapers had announced the fact that Prince Charles Stuart (the Pretender) who had no legitimate issue, had made a formal declaration of his marriage with Clementina Walkinshaw, who had borne him a daughter. This hitherto regarded *natural* daughter of the Prince was styled "Duchess of Albany," and she was by the Parliament of Paris legitimated by a deed registered September 6, 1787.

It is very probable that the foregoing verses in the old ballad style were spun by the poet at this period. That the piece is authentic is placed beyond all doubt by the fact that Burns inserted it in a manuscript book, now or lately possessed by Mr B. Nightingale of London. It is entered immediately after the "Stirling Inscription," and headed "A SONG BY THE SAME HAND."

The Prince, at his death in 1788, left a settlement constituting the Duchess of Albany his sole heir; but she did not long survive him.]

## ON SCARING SOME WATER-FOWL

IN LOCH-TURIT.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793).

"This was the production of a solitary forenoon's walk from Oughtertyre House. I lived there, the guest of Sir William Murray, for two or three weeks, and was much flattered by my hospitable reception. What a pity that the mere emotions of gratitude are so impotent in this world! 'Tis lucky that, as we are told, they will be of some avail in the world to come."—*R. B., Glenriddell MSS.*

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,  
 For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?  
 Tell me, fellow-creatures, why  
 At my presence thus you fly?

Why disturb your social joys,  
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—  
Common friend to you and me,  
Nature's gifts to all are free :  
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,  
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;  
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,  
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,  
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.  
Man, your proud usurping foe,  
Would be lord of all below :  
Plumes himself in freedom's pride,  
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,  
Marking you his prey below,  
In his breast no pity dwells,  
Strong necessity compels :  
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n  
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,  
Glories in his heart humane—  
And creatures for his pleasure slain !

In these savage, liquid plains,  
Only known to wand'ring swains,  
Where the mossy riv'let strays,  
Far from human haunts and ways ;  
All on Nature you depend,  
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might  
Dare invade your native right,

On the lofty ether borne,  
 Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;  
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,  
 Other lakes and other springs ;  
 And the foe you cannot brave,  
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

[When Burns arrived in Edinburgh after his northern tour, he found a letter from Mr Walker lying for him, dated 13th September, reminding him of his promise to pay a visit to Sir William Murray at Ochertyre. Accordingly, in the company of Dr Adair, he proceeded to Stirling and Harvieston early in October. On the 15th of that month, he wrote from Sir William Murray's house at Ochertyre, intimating that he had been storm-stayed at Harvieston for two days, and had visited Mr Ramsay of Ochertyre on Teith. He announced his intention of spending a few days with Mr Ramsay, after the expiry of his present visit, and of enjoying another day or two on the banks of the Devon as he returned towards Edinburgh.]

The beautiful lines in the text have been frequently quoted as illustrative of Burns's tender sympathy with the lower animals. Loch Turit (the natives pronounce it "Turrit") is in the midst of a wild valley among the hills behind Ochertyre House. Chambers expresses his opinion "that Burns did not ride across the Muir of Orchil merely to spend a few luxurious days in aristocratic society, still less to view scenery which he had passed over so lately as August" preceding. He explains that Sir William Murray was cousin to Mr Graham of Fintry, a Commissioner of Excise, whom the poet had met at Blair, and suggests that the Excise scheme which Burns unfortunately cherished so much, was chiefly in his eye when he undertook that October journey.]

### BLYTHE WAS SHE.

*Tune.*—"Andro and his Cutty Gun."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

*Chorus.*—Blythe, blythe and merry was she,  
 Blythe was she but and ben ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Blythe by the banks of Earn,  
 And blythe in Glenturit glen.

---

<sup>a</sup> throughout the house.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,  
 On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;<sup>b</sup>  
 But Phemie was a bonier lass  
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
 Her smile was like a simmer morn :  
 She trippèd by the banks o' Earn,  
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek  
 As ony lamb upon a lea ;  
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,  
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
 As o'er the Lawlands, I hae been ;  
 But Phemie was the blythest lass  
 That ever trode the dewy green.  
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

[The subject of this sweet lyric was Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, a cousin of Sir Wm. Murray of Ochtertyre, and then about eighteen years old. She was subsequently married to Mr Smythe of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session. Even at that early age, she had acquired celebrity in the district for her beauty, and was called "The Flower of Strathmore." Mrs Smythe in after-life mentioned to a friend that she "remembered of Burns reciting the poem on Scaring the Wildfowl, one evening after supper, and that he pronounced the concluding lines with great energy."

The melody of this song is thoroughly Scotch, and has supplied the materials for many modern tunes which pass as original. Most of the verses that have been set to it are Bacchanalian in character. Burns preferred to hear it tenderly executed in slower time.]

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<sup>b</sup> birch wood.

## A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

A ROSE-BUD by my early walk,  
 Adown a corn-inclosed bawk,<sup>a</sup>  
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
     All on a dewy morning.  
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,  
 In a' its crimson glory spread,  
 And drooping rich the dewy head,  
     It scents the early morning.

Within the bush her cover'd nest  
 A little linnet fondly prest ;  
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,  
     Sae early in the morning.  
 She soon shall see her tender brood,  
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
 Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
     Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,  
 On trembling string or vocal air,  
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
     That tents<sup>b</sup> thy early morning.  
 So thou, sweet Rose-bud, young and gay,  
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
 And bless the parent's evening ray  
     That watch'd thy early morning.

[When Burns returned from his Highland tour in the middle of September, he seems, as by previous arrangement, to have domesticated himself in the house of Mr Wm. Cruikshank, a fellow-teacher with Mr

<sup>a</sup> footpath through a cornfield.<sup>b</sup> watches.

Nicol, in the High School of Edinburgh. On 20th October, he came back from Ochtertyre and the banks of the Devon with a cold contracted in the latter stages of his journey, which confined him pretty closely to the house for some days. His time was chiefly occupied in composing songs for the second volume of the *Museum*, and hearing Miss Cruickshank play the melodies on the pianoforte. Professor Walker thus refers to this matter :—“About the end of October I called for him at the house of a friend whose daughter, though not more than twelve, was a considerable proficient in music. I found him seated by the harpsichord of this young lady, listening with the keenest interest to his own verses, which she sung and accompanied, and adjusting them to the music by repeated trials of the effect. In this occupation he was so totally absorbed, that it was difficult to draw his attention from it for a moment.”

That Burns was himself much pleased with the song which forms our text, is very evident from the fact that he distributed copies very freely; and, among others of his friends, he sent a copy to his early acquaintance, David Sillar, of Irvine, who set it to a melody of his own composing. We fear that “Davie” was no better a musician than poet: his tune is printed with “The Rosebud” in Johnson’s second volume, and it seems but a poor affair. There can be little doubt that “Loch Errochside” was the melody by which Burns was inspired when he composed the song, and it fits that air charmingly. It is now usually adapted to a good old air called “The Shepherd’s wife.”

Among others who obtained a copy of this song in manuscript, was the celebrated Mrs Alison Cockburn, who thus refers to it in one of her letters :—“Are you fond of poetry? Do you know Burns? I am to get a very pretty little thing he calls ‘The Rosebud,’ maybe I’ll send it to you next week.”]

## EPITAPH FOR MR. W. CRUICKSHANK.

(HOGG AND MOTHERWELL, 1845).

HONEST Will to Heaven’s away,  
 And mony shall lament him;  
 His fau’ts they a’ in Latin lay,  
 In English nane e’er kent them.

[Burns was much addicted to this method of complimenting his friends; and the present epigram is a good companion to the one he had paid to Nicol, (given at p. 68.) Mr Cruickshank was one of the Classical masters of the High School of Edinburgh, from September 1770 till his death, which happened on 8th March 1795.

Mr Cruickshank's house, where Burns lodged from 16th September 1787, to 18th February 1788, was in James' Square, top flat of the common stair, No 30, and the window of the poet's room looked from the gable-end into the green plot behind the Register House.]

### SONG.—THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

These verses were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now (1793) married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq., physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of Ayr; but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harvieston in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon.—*R. B., Glenriddell Notes.*

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
 With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair !  
 But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon  
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew ;  
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew !

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn ;  
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
 The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn !  
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
 And England triumphant display her proud rose :  
 A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,  
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

[The reader will remember that the poet paid a visit to Harvieston on Monday, 27th August, and again, on two different occasions, within two months thereafter. He gave an account of the first of those visits, in a letter to Mr Gavin Hamilton, in which he writes very warmly of Charlotte's beauty. At the period of the two latter visits,

Miss Margaret Chalmers, a cousin of Charlotte, was also residing at Harvieston. Burns had been introduced to Miss Chalmers in Edinburgh, and she afterwards was one of his most cherished confidantes and correspondents. Writing to her on September 26th 1787, he says:—"I am determined to pay Charlotte a poetic compliment, if I could hit on some glorious old Scotch air. You will see a small attempt on a shred of paper inclosed; but though Dr Blacklock commended it very highly, I am not just satisfied with it myself. . . . You and Charlotte have given me pleasure—permanent pleasure 'which the world cannot give nor take away,' and which I hope will outlast the heavens and the earth." In a later letter he writes:—"Talking of Charlotte, I have, to the best of my power, paid her a poetic compliment now completed. . . . I won't say the poetry is first-rate, though I am convinced it is very well; and, what is not always the case with compliments to ladies, it is not only sincere, but just."

Both Lockhart and Chambers have remarked that this song "is somewhat singular as a compliment to a handsome woman, in which he did not assume the character of a lover." The tune intended by Burns for these words was a Gaelic one which he first heard sung by a lady near Inverness, and got the notes taken down for the *Museum*, where it is printed under the title, "Bannerach (dhon a chri." That melody seems heavy, and unfitted to do justice to Burns's song: instead, therefore, of repeating it here, we present the reader with an original air suggested by the words, and much more to our taste.]

*Original Melody.*

How plea-sant the banks of the clear wind-ing De-von, With green  
 spread-ing bush-es and flow'rs bloom-ing fair! But the bo-ni-est flow'r on the  
 banks of the Dev-on Was once a sweetbud on the braes of the Ayr.  
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blush-ing flow-er In the gay ro-sy  
 morn as it bathes in the dew; And gen-tle the fall of the soft  
 ver-nal show-er That steals on the ev'n-ing each leaf to re-new.

## BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

*Tune*—"Neil Gow's Lament for Abercairny."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788).

WHERE, braving angry winter's storms,<sup>1</sup>  
 The lofty Ochils rise,  
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms  
 First blest my wondering eyes ;  
 As one who by some savage stream  
 A lonely gem surveys,  
 Astonish'd, doubly marks it beam  
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,<sup>2</sup>  
 And blest the day and hour,  
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,  
 When<sup>3</sup> first I felt their pow'r !  
 The tyrant Death, with grim controul,  
 May seize my fleeting breath ;  
 But tearing Peggy from my soul  
 Must be a stronger death.

[The subject of this lyric was Margaret Chalmers, who, about a year after it was composed, became the wife of Lewis Hay, Esq., Banker in Edinburgh. She became a widow within four years after the death of Burns. Her father, Mr Chalmers of Fingland, in Dumfriesshire, sold his estate there, and took a farm near Mauchline where Peggy Chalmers was brought up. Her mother was a sister of Gavin Hamilton's step-mother, and also a sister of Mrs Tait of Harvieston. Mrs Chalmers had left Ayrshire in consequence of her husband's death, and resided in Edinburgh when Burns arrived there. The poet, however, had not advanced far in acquaintance with Miss Chalmers, until he met her at Harvieston in October 1787. To this he particularly refers in the above song ; the fact being, as he states in one of his letters, that he was then "storm-stayed at the foot of the Ochil Hills, with Mr Tait of

Harvieston." It seems pretty evident that if ever Burns thought of being married to an "Edinburgh *Belle*," Peggy Chalmers was the one his heart was set upon. Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was a familiar visitor of Mrs Lewis Hay, during her widowhood, averred that she had admitted to him that Burns made her a serious proposal of marriage.

The poet's letters to Miss Chalmers—mere fragments as they are—have always been reckoned among his best. Lockhart says that "with exception of his letters to Mrs Dunlop, there is perhaps no part of his correspondence which may be quoted so uniformly to his honour." Chambers observes that these letters, "affecting the tone of friendship, are ever liable to verge towards gallantry." Writing on the subject of this and the following song, Burns says to Miss Chalmers, "I have complimented you chiefly, almost solely, on your mental charms. Shall I be plain with you? I will. Personal attractions, madam, you have much above par—wit, understanding, and worth, you possess in the first class."

She was a great favourite of Dr Blacklock, who liked her for the softness of her voice—"an excellent thing in woman"—and one who knew her well has recorded the observation that "her gentleness and vivacity had a favourable influence on the manners of Burns, who always appeared to advantage in her presence."

The MS. in the British Museum shews the following variations:—

<sup>1</sup> all the winter's harms.

<sup>2</sup> glade.

<sup>3</sup> where.]

### SONG.—MY PEGGY'S CHARMS.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,  
The frost of hermit Age might warm ;  
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,  
Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,  
Her face so truly heavenly fair,  
Her native grace, so void of art,  
But I adore my Peggy's heart.



## THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

*Tune.*—"Morag."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,  
 The snaws the mountains cover ;  
 Like winter on me seizes,  
 Since my young Highland rover  
 Far wanders nations over.  
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,  
 May Heaven be his warden ;  
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonie Castle-Gordon !

The trees now naked groaning,  
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,  
 The birdies dowie moaning,  
 Shall a' be blythely singing,  
 And every flower be springing ;  
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,  
 When (by his mighty Warden)  
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,  
 And bonie Castle-Gordon.

[At page 100, the reader has seen Burns's first effort to celebrate Castle Gordon in verses intended for the Gaelic air "Morag." Here he returns to the theme after becoming master of the tune, and throws a sprinkling of Scotch over the words to remove the objection the Duchess had to the former piece. This fits the beautiful air perfectly ; but the poet lived to compose another song, "O wha is she that lo'es me," which better suits the sentiment of the music.

Who the "Young Highland Rover" of this song is, does not clearly appear. The mourner is in the character of a parent lamenting a son's absence while engaged in foreign warfare ; but Stenhouse says that the allusion is to the misfortunes of the "Young Chevalier," who, before the disasters of Culloden, was warmly entertained at Castle-Gordon.]

## BIRTHDAY ODE FOR 31ST DECEMBER, 1787.

(BRIGHT'S GLENRIDDELL MSS., 1874.)

AFAR the illustrious Exile roams,  
 Whom kingdoms on this day should hail ;  
 An inmate in the casual shed,  
 On transient pity's bounty fed,  
 Haunted by busy memory's bitter tale !  
 Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,  
 But He, who should imperial purple wear,  
 Owns not the lap of earth where rests his royal head !  
 His wretched refuge, dark despair,  
 While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,  
 And distant far the faithful few  
 Who would his sorrows share.

False flatterer, Hope, away !  
 Nor think to lure us as in days of yore :  
 We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,\*  
 To prove our loyal truth—we can no more,  
 And owning Heaven's mysterious sway,  
 Submissive, low adore.  
 Ye honored, mighty Dead,  
 Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,  
 Your KING, your Country, and her laws,  
 From great DUNDEE, who smiling Victory led,  
 And fell a Martyr in her arms,  
 (What breast of northern ice but warms !)  
 To bold BALMERINO'S undying name,  
 Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame,  
 Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim :

\* Precisely one month after this Jubilee meeting, the Prince died at Rome.

Not unrevenged your fate shall lie,  
 It only lags, the fatal hour,  
 Your blood shall, with incessant cry,  
 Awake at last th' unsparing Power ;  
 As from the cliff, with thundering course,  
 The snowy ruin smokes along  
 With doubling speed and gathering force,  
 Till deep it, crushing, whelms the cottage in the vale ;  
 So Vengeance' arm, ensanguin'd, strong,  
 Shall with resistless might assail,  
 Usurping Brunswick's pride shall lay,  
 And STEWART's wrongs and yours, with tenfold weight, repay.

PERDITION, baleful child of night !  
 Rise and revenge the injured right  
 Of STEWART's royal race :  
 Lead on the unmuzzled hounds of hell,  
 Till all the frightened echoes tell  
 The blood-notes of the chase !  
 Full on the quarry point their view,  
 Full on the base usurping crew,  
 The tools of faction, and the nation's curse !  
 Hark how the cry grows on the wind ;  
 They leave the lagging gale behind,  
 Their savage fury, pityless, they pour ;  
 With murdering eyes already they devour ;  
 See Brunswick spent, a wretched prey,  
 His life one poor despairing day,  
 Where each avenging hour still ushers in a worse !  
 Such havock, howling all abroad,  
 Their utter ruin bring ;  
 The base apostates to their GOD,  
 Or rebels to their KING.

[In the earlier part of December, Burns was preparing to go home to Ayrshire, and, while waiting for some settlement with his bookseller,

Mr Creech, had the misfortune to get himself severely lamed by a fall from a coach which a drunken driver had upset. This accident happened on Saturday the 8th of the month, and was the means of detaining him in Edinburgh till the 18th day of February following. It appears that a select club of Jacobites in and around the city were in the practice of celebrating the anniversary of Charles Edward Stewart's birthday, on the 31st of each December. Burns had been applied to by some of its members to favour the meeting with a birth-day Ode for the approaching festival, and, although he had no hope, perhaps no desire, to be present, he complied with the request. We may assume that the piece in the text was read or recited by some red-hot Jacobite of the period, and had the applause of a sympathetic audience. Currie thinks it might, "on a fair competition, where energy of feelings and expression were alone in question, have won the butt of Malmsey from the real poet-laureate of that day." He printed only the second of the three paragraphs of which the Ode is composed, breaking off at the word "Vengeance," in the fourth line from its close. He excused himself from printing the entire poem on the ground of its want of originality and interest. "A considerable part of it (he adds) is a kind of rant, for which indeed precedent may be cited in various other birth-day odes, but with which it is impossible to go along."]

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ. OF  
ARNISTON,

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

"I have two or three times in my life composed from the wish rather than from the impulse, but I never succeeded to any purpose. One of these times I shall ever remember with gnashing of teeth. 'Twas on the death of the late Lord President Dundas. My very worthy and respected friend, Mr Alex. Wood, surgeon, urged me to pay a compliment in the way of my trade to his lordship's memory. Well, to work I went, and produced a copy of elegiac verses, some of them I own rather common-place, and others rather hide-bound, but on the whole, though they were far from being in my best manner, they were tolerable, and would, by some, have been thought very clever. I wrote a letter which, however, was in my very best manner, and enclosing my poem: Mr Wood carried all together to Mr Solicitor Dundas, that then was, and not finding him at home, left the parcel for him. His Solicitorship never took the smallest notice of the letter, the poem, or

the poet. From that time, highly as I respect the talents of their family, I never see the name *Dundas* in the column of a newspaper, but my heart seems straitened for room in my bosom ; and if I am obliged to read aloud a paragraph relating to one of them, I feel my forehead flush, and my nether lip quiver."—*Letter to Alex. Cunningham, 11th March, 1791.*

LONE on the bleaky hills the straying flocks  
 Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks ;  
 Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,  
 The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains ;  
 Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan ;  
 The hollow caves return a hollow moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,  
 Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves !  
 Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,  
 Sad to your sympathetic glooms<sup>1</sup> I fly ;  
 Where, to the whistling blast and water's roar,  
 Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.

O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear !  
 A loss these evil days can ne'er repair !  
 Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,  
 Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod :  
 Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,  
 She sank, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,  
 Now, gay in hope, explore the paths of men :  
 See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,  
 And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes ;  
 Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,  
 And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry :

Mark Ruifian Violence, distained with crimes,  
 Rousing clate in these degenerate times,  
 View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,  
 As guileful Fraud points out the erring way :  
 While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue  
 The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong :  
 Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,  
 And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail !

Ye dark, waste hills, ye brown unsightly plains,  
 Congenial scenes, ye soothe my mournful strains :<sup>2</sup>  
 Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll !  
 Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.  
 Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign ;  
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,  
 To mourn the woes my country must endure—  
 That wound degenerate ages cannot cure.

[The personage whose death was the innocent cause of so much trouble and vexation to Burns, was the elder brother of Viscount Melville. He was born in 1713, appointed Lord President in 1760, and died, after a very short illness, on 13th December 1787. The "Mr Solicitor Dundas" referred to by the poet in our introductory quotation, was the son of the deceased, and afterwards became Lord Advocate and Lord Chief-Baron. Besides being urged by Dr Wood to write this Elegy, it appears from a published note from Burns to Mr Charles Hay, advocate, afterwards Lord Newton, that the latter gentleman had warmly seconded Dr Wood's suggestion.

In the "Clarinda" correspondence we find that "Sylvander" sent her a copy of this poem before the close of December 1787, and he cautions her against giving away copies to others. Her criticism is—"The lines are very pretty. I like the idea of personifying the Vices rising in the absence of Justice."

The bard copied this, along with several other unpublished pieces, into an interleaved copy of his poems possessed by Bishop John Geddes of Edinburgh, and the following note is subjoined to the Elegy :—"The foregoing poem has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct or even peruse it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the haud, too,

of one of the noblest men in God's world, Alexander Wood, surgeon, when behold, his Solicitorship took no more notice of my poem, or me, than I had been a strolling fiddler, who had made free with his lady's name over the head of a silly new reel! Did the gentleman think I looked for any dirty gratuity?" Burns seems to have remembered this matter when, in January 1796, a Tory majority ousted the Hon. Harry Erskine, and elected Dundas to be Dean of Faculty. See the poem, "Dire was the hate at old Harlaw."

This Elegy was first printed in the Edinburgh Magazine for June 1818. We take our text from the poet's holograph in the British Museum.

Var.—<sup>1</sup> scenes.      <sup>2</sup>—and brown, unsightly plains,  
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains.]

### SYLVANDER TO CLARINDA.

EXTEMPORE REPLY TO VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR  
BY A LADY, UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF "CLARINDA."

(BRIGHT'S GLENRIDDELL MSS., 1874.)

"Almighty love still reigns and revels in my bosom, and I am at this moment ready to hang myself for a young Edinburgh widow, who has wit and wisdom more murderously fatal than the assassinating stiletto of the Sicilian bandit, or the poisoned arrow of the African savage. You may guess of her wit by the following verses which she sent me the other day."—*Letter to Richard Brown, Dec. 30th, 1787.*

#### ON BURNS SAYING HE 'HAD NOTHING ELSE TO DO.'

When first you saw *Clarinda's* charms,  
What rapture in your bosom grew!  
Her heart was shut to Love's alarms,  
But then—you'd nothing else to do.

Apollo oft had lent his harp,  
But now 'twas strung from Cupid's bow;  
You sung—it reached *Clarinda's* heart—  
She wish'd you'd nothing else to do.

Fair Venus smil'd, Minerva frown'd,  
Cupid observed, the arrow flew:  
Indifference (ero a week went round)  
Show'd you had nothing else to do.

\*  
CHRISTMAS EVE.

\*  
(Signed)

\*  
CLARINDA.

WHEN dear Clarinda, matchless fair,  
First struck Sylvander's raptur'd view,  
He gaz'd, he listened to despair,  
Alas ! 'twas all he dared to do.

Love, from Clarinda's heavenly eyes,  
Transfix'd his bosom thro' and thro' ;  
But still in Friendship's guarded guise,  
For more the demon fear'd to do.

That heart, already more than lost,  
The imp beleagu'er'd all *perdue* ;  
For frowning Honor kept his post—  
To meet that frown he shrunk to do.

His pangs the Bard refused to own,  
Tho' half he wish'd Clarinda knew ;  
But Anguish wrung the unweeting groan—  
Who blames what frantic Pain must do ?

That heart, where motley follies blend,  
Was sternly still to Honor true :  
To prove Clarinda's fondest friend,  
Was what a lover sure might do.

The Muse his ready quill employed,  
No nearer bliss he could pursue ;  
That bliss Clarinda cold deny'd—  
"Send word by Charles how you do !"

The chill behest disarm'd his muse,  
Till passion, all impatient grew :  
He wrote, and hinted for excuse,  
'Twas, 'cause "he'd nothing else to do."

But by those hopes I have above !  
 And by those faults I dearly rue !  
 The deed, the boldest mark of love,  
 For thee, that deed I dare to do !

O could the Fates but name the price  
 Would bless me with your charms and you !  
 With frantic joy I'd pay it thrice,  
 If human art and power could do !

Then take, Clarinda, friendship's hand,  
 (Friendship, at least, I may avow ;) )  
 And lay no more your chill command,—  
 I'll write, whatever I've to do.

SYLVANDER.

[All the world knows that the lady who corresponded for some time with Burns under the Arcadian name of "Clarinda" was Mrs Agnes (or Nancy) Craig, or M'Lehose, wife of Mr James M'Lehose, a writer in Glasgow, who forsook her after three years' cohabitation, and went to reside in the West Indies. She was born in the same year with the poet, (1759), was married in 1776, deserted by her husband in 1780, and removed to Edinburgh in 1782. Her only certain means of support was a small annuity left by her father, who was uncle of Depute-Advocate Craig, raised to the bench in 1792. When Burns formed her acquaintance, she had two surviving children, William, six years old, and Andrew, two years older. In person she was handsome, but heavy, cultivated the Muses a little, and was very religious. Her minister was the Rev. John Kemp, D.D., of Tolbooth Church, with whom she consulted in every emergency of her affairs, spiritual or secular.

About the 4th of December 1787, Burns first met her at the house of an elderly lady residing in Alison Square—a Miss Nimmo, an intimate friend of the poet's heroine, Peggy Chalmers. Mrs M'Lehose resided about a hundred yards from that locality, in General's Entry, Potterrow. She made the admission that she had long pressed Miss Nimmo to make her acquainted with Burns—"I had a presentiment (she said) that we would derive pleasure from the society of each other." The poet had fixed to leave for Ayrshire on Thursday 13th of December, and had accepted an invitation to take tea at the house of Mrs M'Lehose

on Saturday the 8th ; but on the Friday night he met with the accident we have already referred to, which detained him two months longer in the city. After several letters had passed between Burns and Mrs M<sup>c</sup>Lehose, in their own names, the lady, on Christmas Eve, addressed to him the verses contained in our head-note, signed Clarinda ; and from that date onward, a copious correspondence followed under the signatures, Sylvander and Clarinda.

The letter sent to her by the poet immediately before Christmas Eve, contains the expression—"I have written you this scrawl because I have nothing else to do," and, after receiving her verses, he writes to her as his dear "*Clarinda*," using inverted commas at the name, and tells her that he had shown the verses to Dr Gregory, who commended them. They extended to six stanzas ; but Burns deemed the first three to be all that were worth preserving. The lady closes her letter of 28th December, with these words :—"Good night ; for Clarinda's 'heavenly eyes' need the earthly aid of sleep." The words in inverted commas refer to the poem which forms our text.]

## LOVE IN THE GUISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

Your friendship much can make me blest,  
 O why that bliss destroy !  
 Why urge the only,<sup>1</sup> one request  
 You know I will<sup>2</sup> deny !

Your thought, if Love must harbour there,  
 Conceal it in that thought ;  
 Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
 The very friend I sought.

[These two stanzas were written by Burns to supplement or complete a pretty canzonette composed and sent to him by Clarinda on 3d January, 1788. She thus wrote to him :—"You have put me in a rhyming humour. The moment I read yours I wrote the following lines :—

Talk not of Love ! it gives me pain,  
 For Love has been my foe :  
 He bound me in an iron chain,  
 And plung'd me deep in woe.

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys,  
 My heart was form'd to prove ;  
 The worthy object be of those,<sup>3</sup>  
 But never talk of Love.

The hand of Friendship I accept,  
 May Honor be our guard,  
 Virtue our intercourse direct,  
 Her smiles our dear reward."

The poet replied on the following day, saying—"Your last verses have so delighted me that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the 'Scots Musical Museum.' I want four stanzas ; you gave me three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter ; so I have taken your first two verses, with a slight alteration in the second, and have added a third. The change in the second stanza,

(<sup>3</sup>) There, welcome, win and wear the prize,

is no improvement ; but there was a slight inaccuracy in your rhyme.

"The latter half of your first stanza would have been worthy of Sappho. I am in raptures with it. . . . What would you think of this for a fourth stanza ?

Your thought, if Love must harbour there," &c.

VAR.—<sup>1</sup> odious.                    <sup>2</sup> must.]

## GO ON, SWEET BIRD, AND SOOTHE MY CARE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

For thee is laughing Nature gay,  
 For thee she pours the vernal day ;  
 For me in vain is Nature drest,  
 While Joy's a stranger to my breast.

[These lines were written by Burns about the end of January 1788, to supplement a little song by Clarinda, which he sent to Johnson to fit an old melody called "The Banks of Spey." Clarinda in forwarding it to Burns, calls it "the first fruits" of her muse, and says, "It was written to soothe an aching heart. I then laboured under a cruel anguish of soul, which I cannot now tell you of." Her pretty composition is as follows :

“ON HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING AT HEAD OF BRUNTSFIELD LINKS,  
EDINBURGH.”

‘Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,  
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair ;  
Thy tuneful warblings, void of art,  
Thrill sweetly through my aching heart.

Now choose thy mate, and fondly love,  
And all the charming transport prove ;  
Whilst I, a love-lorn exile, live,  
And rapture nor receive, nor give.

Those sweet emotions all enjoy,  
Let Love and Song thy hours employ :  
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,  
Thy cheerful notes will hush despair.”]

CLARINDA, MISTRESS OF MY SOUL.

(JOHNSON’S MUSEUM, 1788.)

CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,  
The measur’d time is run !  
The wretch beneath the dreary pole  
So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night  
Shall poor Sylvander hie ;  
Depriv’d of thee, his life and light,  
The sun of all his joy.

We part—but by these precious drops,  
That fill thy lovely eyes,  
No other light shall guide my steps,  
Till thy bright beams arise !

She, the fair sun of all her sex,  
 Has blest my glorious day ;  
 And shall a glimmering planet fix  
 My worship to its ray ?

[These elegant stanzas were composed before the end of January 1788, in anticipation of the author's approaching departure from Edinburgh. His injured limb was sufficiently restored to admit of his visiting Clarinda in a chair, or coach, during the first week of that month ; but the parting visit was deferred till past the middle of February. He had formed some intimacy with Mr J. G. C. Schetky, a distinguished violoncellist from Germany, and the above verses were sent to him to be set to music, which appeared along with the words in Johnson's second volume. The melody, however, never became popular, and Mr Stephen Clarke afterwards composed an air for the same song, which was equally unsuccessful. The latter appeared in George Thomson's collection, with the opening words altered to "Farewell, dear mistress of my heart." The second line of the succeeding stanza was also subjected to a similar alteration, thus:—"Shall your poor wand'rer hie." Of course, these changes had not been sanctioned by Burns, after whose death the new version appeared.]

### I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

*Chorus.*—I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,  
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;  
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,  
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir ;  
 And lying in a strange bed,  
 I'm fley'd it mak me eerie, sir.  
 I'm o'er young, &c.

Hallowmass is come and gane,  
 The nights are lang in winter, sir,  
 And you an' I in æ bed,  
 In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.  
 I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud an' shill the frosty wind  
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;  
 But if ye come this gate again,  
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.  
 I'm o'er young, &c.

[The reader will understand that Johnson's second volume was fast progressing towards publication, while the poet was laid up with his bruised limb in Mr Cruikshank's house. The Clarinda correspondence, voluminous as it is, formed but one item of his daily occupation. He had collected during his northern tour several Highland airs which he desired to clothe with suitable words, and these he wished to include in that volume.

The above song, of course, required no effort on Burns's part. In this instance, as in several others, he merely rattled off a few stanzas to serve as a vehicle for presenting the tune in his friend's publication. The melody as popularised within the past half-century is a current favourite, whether used as a reel or a song, and is a manifest improvement on the set printed in the Museum, from R. Bremner's collection (*circa* 1758). We can imagine Burns listening to the effect of his song, as performed by his little "Rosebud," seated by his side at the harpsichord.]

## TO THE WEAVER'S GIN YE GO.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

My heart was ance as blythe and free  
 As simmer days were lang;  
 But a bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Has gart me change my sang.

*Chorus.*—To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids,  
 To the weaver's gin ye go ;  
 I rede you right, gang ne'er at night,  
 To the weaver's gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,  
 To warp a plaiden wab ;  
 But the weary, weary warpin' o't  
 Has gart me sigh and sab.  
 To the weaver's, &c.

A bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Sat working at his loom ;  
 He took my heart as wi' a net,  
 In every knot and thrum.  
 To the weaver's, &c.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,  
 And ay I ca'd it roun' ;  
 But every shot and every knock,  
 My heart it gae a stoun.  
 To the weaver's, &c.

The moon was sinking in the west,  
 Wi' visage pale and wan,  
 As my bonie, westlin weaver lad  
 Convoy'd me thro' the glen.  
 To the weaver's, &c.

But what was said, or what was done,  
 Shame fa' me gin I tell ;  
 But Oh ! I fear the kintra soon  
 Will ken as weel's mysel !  
 To the weaver's, &c.

[The poet admits the authorship of this song, with the exception of the old chorus. Perhaps he has here a sly allusion to certain reports

that reached him in the early summer of 1786 concerning his Jean. She had been sent off to Paisley to keep her out of the poet's road, and he was occasionally fed with rumours that she had been dancing at balls with a certain Robie Wilson, a weaver in that town.

The tune is very peculiar, and little known : we therefore append it from the second volume of Aird's collection, (*circa* 1784), whence it was transferred to the Museum.]

My heart was anee as blythe and free As sim mer days were lang, But a  
bo - nie, west - lin wea - ver lad Has gart me change my sang. To the  
wea - ver's gin ye go, fair maids, To the wea - ver's gin ye go; I  
rede ye right, gang neer at night, To the wea - vers gin ye go.

### M'PERSON'S FAREWELL.

*Tune*—"M'Pherson's Rant."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,  
The wretch's destinie !  
M'Pherson's time will not be long  
On yonder gallows-tree.

*Chorus*.—Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,  
Sae dauntingly gaed he ;  
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,  
Below the gallows-tree.\*

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\* He is said to have played the tune on his fiddle just before ascending the ladder which led him into eternity, and to have broken the instrument in contempt, because no sympathisers came to rescue him.

O what is death but parting breath ?  
 On many a bloody plain  
 I've dared his face, and in this place  
 I scorn him yet again !  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,  
 And bring to me my sword ;  
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,  
 But I'll brave him at a word.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;  
 I die by treacherie :  
 It burns my heart I must depart,  
 And not avengéd be.  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,  
 And all beneath the sky !  
 May coward shame distain his name,  
 The wretch that dare<sup>1</sup> not die !  
 Sae rantingly, &c.

[The above "grand lyric," as Lockhart has termed it, was one of the fruits of the poet's Highland Tour. That biographer says, "It is from this time that we must date Burns's ambition to transmit his own poetry to posterity, in eternal association with those exquisite airs which had hitherto, in far too many instances, been married to verses that did not deserve to be immortal." In the closing line the word is <sup>1</sup>dare in the MS., not "dares," as in all printed copies.

David Herd (v. i. p. 99,) has preserved the original ballad concerning the execution of the daring freebooter into whose lips our poet has put these magnificent sentiments ; but nothing whatever has been borrowed by Burns from that old "dying speech." M'Pherson was condemned and hanged at Banff on the 16th of November 1700 ; and he is credited with having been an excellent performer on the violin, and composer of the "Rant," which bears his name. We annex the

melody as given in the *Museum*, and invite the musical reader to note how favourably it compares with the version of George Thomson, or even with that of R. A. Smith.]



Fare - well, ye dun-geon's dark and strong, The wretch's des - ti - nie!



M' - Pher-son's time will not be long On yon-der gal - lows-tree.



Chorus—Sae rant - ing - ly, sae want - on - ly, Sae daunt - on ly gaed he; He



play'd a spring, and dane'd it round Be low the gal - lows - tree.

### STAY MY CHARMER.

*Gaelic Air.*—"The Black-haired Lad."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

STAY my charmer, can you leave me !  
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me ;  
 Well you know how much you grieve me ;  
     Cruel charmer, can you go !  
     Cruel charmer, can you go !

By my love so ill-requited,  
 By the faith you fondly plighted,  
 By the pangs of lovers slighted,  
     Do not, do not leave me so !  
     Do not, do not leave me so !

[These lines were composed to suit a celebrated Gaelic melody with which the poet was smitten on hearing it sung in the course

of his Highland excursion. The set of the tune, however, which was transmitted to him from the North is much inferior to that contained in R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," which we here adapt to Burns's little song, with the explanation that the words used in Smith's collection are written in a measure slightly different from those in the text.

Stenhouse remarks that "this simple pathetic air was probably composed by one of those ancient minstrels whose names are now lost in oblivion." He complains, however, of the way in which many Highland airs are spoiled by transcribers devoid of musical taste, and instances Captain Fraser's Gaelic Airs in which a set of this tune appears extended into two strains, "loaded with trills, crescendos, diminuendos, cadences ad libitum, and other modern Italian graces." This too by one who "professes to give the airs in their ancient and native purity—but *ex uno disce omnes!*"

Stay, my charm-er, can you leave me! O cru - el, cru - el to  
 de-ceive me! Well you know how much you grieve me, O cru - el  
 charm-er, can you go, O cru - el charm - er, can you go!

### SONG.—MY HOGGIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

WHAT will I do gin my Hoggie<sup>a</sup> die?  
 My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!  
 My only beast, I had nae mae,  
 And vow but I was vogie!<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> a young sheep before it has lost its first fleece.

<sup>b</sup> vain.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,  
 Me and my faithfu' doggie ;  
 We heard nocht but the roaring linn,  
 Among the braes sae scroggie.<sup>e</sup>

But the houlet<sup>d</sup> cry'd frae the castle wa',  
 The blitter<sup>e</sup> frae the boggie ;  
 The tod<sup>f</sup> reply'd upon the hill,  
 I trembled for my Hoggie.  
 When day did daw, and cocks did craw,  
 The morning it was foggie ;  
 An unco tyke,<sup>g</sup> lap o'er the dyke,  
 And maist has kill'd my Hoggie !

[Cromek in his "Select Scottish Songs," 1810, remarked of this production—"It is a silly subject treated sublimely. It has much of the fervour of the *Vision*." The poet's own note in the Glenriddell MSS. refers entirely to the tune. Mr Stenhouse, who made the severe comments quoted in our last note against Highland transcribers of their native music, might have seen something in this air, (as given in the *Museum*) to make him attack Lowland recorders of music on similar grounds. Burns's note is as follows :—"Dr Walker, who was minister of Moffat in 1772, and is now (1791) Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, told Mr Riddell the following anecdote concerning this air. He said that some gentlemen, riding a few years ago through Liddisdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Moss-paul ; when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock at her door, was singing. All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called 'What will I do gin my Hoggie die?' No person, except a few females at Moss-paul, knew this fine old tune, which in all probability would have been lost, had not one of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down."

Stenhouse, jealous of the reputation of southern collectors of music, tells us that the gentleman who took down the tune was the late Stephen Clarke ; but he had no occasion for a flute to assist him as stated by Dr Walker.

Now, if any of our musical readers will take the trouble to examine

<sup>c</sup> rough with stunted bushes.

<sup>d</sup> owl.

<sup>e</sup> mire-snipe.

<sup>f</sup> fox.

<sup>g</sup> dog.

the fine "old air" referred to, he will be satisfied that no old woman by a roadside ever crooned such a medley of fiddle-string gymnastics as that tune in four parts, given in the *Museum*. We shall not cumber our pages with it; but to shew the aim of the melody, we have clipped away its extravagances, and made it somewhat presentable.]

*Slow.*

What will I do gin my Hog-gie die? My joy, my pride, my Hog-gie; My  
 on - ly beast, I had nae mae, And vow but I was vo - gie! The  
 lee - lang night we watch'd the fauld, Me and my faith - fu' dog - gie; We  
 heard nocht but the roar - ing linn, A - mang the braes sae scrog - gie.

## RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

*Tune.*—"M'Grigor of Roro's Lament."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

I composed these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudoun, who shot himself out of sheer heart-break at some mortifications he suffered, owing to the deranged state of his finances.—*R. B.*, 1791.\*

RAVING winds around her blowing,  
 Yellow leaves the woodlands stowing,  
 By a river hoarsely roaring,  
 Isabella stray'd deploring—

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\* The poet might have also referred to her father's recent death: "Dec. 16, 1786.—At Rasay, John M'Leod, Esq. of Rasay, aged 69;" and her brother's death: "July 20, 1787.—At Edinburgh, John M'Leod, Esq. youngest son of the late John M'Leod, of Rasay, Esq."—*Scots Mag.*

“Farewell, hours that late did measure  
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;  
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,  
Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

“O'er the past too fondly wandering,  
On the hopeless future pondering ;  
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,  
Fell despair my fancy seizes.

“Life, thou soul of every blessing,  
Load to misery most distressing,  
Gladly how would I resign thee,  
And to dark oblivion join thee !”

[The reader is referred to p. 82 *supra*, for some account of the family of M'Leod of Raasay. This composition appears to have been suggested by a well-known song of Gay's, beginning—

“'Twas when the seas were roaring with hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploring, all on a rock reclined.”

The Gaelic air, “M'Grigor a Ruora,” seems to have been a great favourite about the time Burns visited the North. Some rather elegant English verses appeared about the close of last century, professing to be a translation of the words that originally belonged to the melody. The opening stanza will shew that Burns's words are in a somewhat different measure ; hence there must exist various sets of the music.

“From the chace on the mountain  
As I was returning,  
By the side of a fountain  
Malvina sat mourning ;  
To the winds that loud whistled  
She told her sad story,  
And the vallies re-echoed, ‘M'Grigor a Ruora.’”

Burns's opinion of the verses which form the text may be gathered from the following passage in one of his letters to Mrs Dunlop, shortly after he commenced farming at Ellisland :—“I was yesterday at Mr Miller's house to dinner for the first time. My reception was quite to my mind ; from the lady of the house quite flattering . . . In the course of conversation, ‘Johnson's Musical Museum’ was talked of. We got a song on the harpsichord beginning ‘Raving winds around her blowing. The air was much admired : the lady of the house asked me whose

were the words.—‘Mine, Madam—they are indeed my very best verses.’ She took not the smallest notice of them! . . . I was going to make a New Testament quotation about ‘casting pearls,’ but that would be too virulent, for the lady is actually a woman of sense and taste.”]

*Solemn*

Rav-ing winds a-round her blow-ing, Yel-low leaves the wood-lands strow-ing

By a ri-ver hoarse-ly roar-ing, Is-a-bel-la stray'd de-plor-ing.

Fare-well hours that late did mea-sure Sun-shine days of joy and plea-sure.

Hail thou gloo-my night of sor-row, Cheer-less night that knows no mor-row.

### UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,  
 The drift is driving sairly ;  
 Sae loud and shill 's I hear the blast—  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

*Chorus.*—Up in the morning's no for me,  
 Up in the morning early ;  
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
 A' day they fare but sparely ;  
 And lang's the night frae c'en to morn—  
 I'm sure its winter fairly.

Up in the morning's, &c.

[The beautiful air which belongs to this song is sufficient to recommend very indifferent words ; and yet these lines by Burns are in his

best manner. The only thing to regret is that he did not extend it somewhat, for it is too short to satisfy the ear. Although the tune is truly Scotch, it has been popular in England for more than two hundred years. In 1652, John Hilton published what he called a "Northern Catch" for three voices, and this very tune is there adapted for the third voice. Some forty years thereafter, Henry Purcell borrowed the same idea by composing a Birthday song for Queen Mary (consort of William of Orange), in which this tune was made to serve for the bass part. It appears that the Queen had, in Purcell's hearing, when she grew tired of listening to some of his compositions, yawned, and asked Mrs Arabella Hunt to cheer her with a Scotch song, and accordingly she sung "Cauld and raw the wind doth blaw" to this melody.]

### HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

How long and dreary is the night,

When I am frae my dearie !

I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,

Tho' I were ne'er so weary :

I sleepless lye frae e'eu to morn,

Tho' I were ne'er so weary !

When I think on the happy days

I spent wi' you my dearie :

And now what lands between us lie,

How can I be but eerie !

And now what lands between us lye,

How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,

As ye were wae and weary !

It was na sae—ye glinted by,

When I was wi' my dearie

It was na sae—ye glinted by,

When I was wi' my dearie !

[In October 1794, to gratify a *penchant* which George Thomson had for the air "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," the poet altered the structure of

the above exquisite song, and cumbered it with an unnecessary chorus. We have before had occasion to point out that through defective punctuation of the third line of the closing stanza, the poet's meaning is lost. (The defect occurs in all copies we have examined.) There must be a comma or a dash after the word "sae," to fit the sense of the beautiful word "glinted," in the same line. Unless the reader thus makes a halt,—instead of "glinted," a word signifying *lingered* must be substituted, to make sense of the line.

In the *Museum*, this song is set to an extremely sweet and simple melody, styled "A Gaelick Air." If it be so, it is a very happy imitation of the Lowland style.]

*Slow.*

How long and drear - y is the night, When I am frae my dear -ie!

I sleep - less lye frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er so wea - ry.

I sleep - less lye frae e'en to morn, Tho' I were ne'er so wea ry.

## HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

HEY, the dusty Miller,  
 And his dusty coat,  
 He will win a shilling,  
 Or he spend a groat :  
 Dusty was the coat,  
 Dusty was the colour,  
 Dusty was the kiss  
 That I gat frae the Miller.

Hey, the dusty Miller,  
 And his dusty sack ;  
 Leeze me on the calling  
 Fills the dusty peck :

Fills the dusty peck,  
 Brings the dusty siller ;  
 I wad gae my coatie  
 For the dusty Miller

[It is impossible to say what portions of this song may belong to an older version of the same subject, as the ancient one seems not to exist in print. The poet's manuscript supplied to Johnson is still preserved, and corresponds exactly with the copy given in the *Museum*. The air is very lively, and was in former days frequently played as a single hornpipe in dancing-schools of Scotland. We subjoin the melody.]

The musical notation consists of three staves of music in 8/8 time, with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Hey the dus - ty Mil - ler, And his dus - ty coat, He will win  
 a shil - ling, Or he spend a groat: Dus - ty was the coat, Dus - ty  
 was the col - our, Dus - ty was the 'kiss That I got frae the Mil - ler.

### DUNCAN DAVIDSON.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And she held o'er the moors to spin ;  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.  
 The moor was driegh,<sup>a</sup> and Meg was skeigh,<sup>b</sup>  
 Her favour Duncan could na win ;  
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
 And ay she shook the temper-pin.  
 As o'er the moor they lightly foor,<sup>c</sup>  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,  
 And av she set the wheel between :

<sup>a</sup> wearisome.

<sup>b</sup> saucy.

<sup>c</sup> progressed.

But Duncan swoor a haly aith,  
 That Meg should be a bride the morn ;  
 Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

We will big a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen ;  
 Sae blythe and merry 's we will be,  
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink, and no be drunk ;  
 A man may fight, and no be slain ;  
 A man may kiss a bonie lass,  
 And ay be welcome back again !

[These words to a favourite old dancing-tune called by the name of the hero of the song, were written by Burns, although his name is not attached to them in the *Museum*. That the poet was familiar with the tune of Duncan Davidson in his early years appears from the fact that his beautiful song "Mary Morison" was composed to it. Like most of Scots dancing-tunes, it may, when performed in slow time, be made the vehicle of pathetic words. At p. 27, vol. i., misled by George Thomson, we named "Bide ye yet," as the original air : but the MS. has Duncan Davidson.]

### THE LAD THEY CA' JUMPIN JOHN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

HER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad,  
 Forbidden she wadna be :  
 She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd,  
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

*Chorus.*—The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie,  
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin John  
 Beguil'd the bonie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,  
 And thretty gude shillins and three ;  
 A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,  
 The lass wi' the bonie black e'e.  
 The lang lad, &c.

[The above lines belong to the class of which Burns thus observed :—  
 “ Here let me once for all apologize for many silly compositions of mine  
 in this work. Many of the beautiful airs wanted words. In the hurry  
 of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together any-  
 thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an  
 excellent poet whose every performance is excellent.”

The melody of this piece was printed in Playford's *Dancing-Master*  
 (1657) under the title of “Joan's Placket.” The famous tune “Lilli-  
 burlero,” which played such a prominent part during the civil wars in  
 England and Ireland prior to the Revolution of 1688, bears a strong  
 resemblance to it. But what will more concern our readers, is the  
 circumstance that the melody which John Wilson, the Scottish vocalist,  
 selected for Nicol's clever song called “The Married Man's Lament,” is  
 almost a repetition of this air. We therefore annex it from Johnson.]

Her dad-die for-bad, her min-nie for-bad, For - bid-den she wad - na be:

She wad - na trow't, the browst she brew'd, Wad taste sae bit - ter - lie.

The lang lad they ca'd Jump-in John Be - guil'd the bo - nie las - sie. The

lang lad they ca'd Jump - in John Be - guil'd the bon - nie las - sie.

### TALK OF HIM THAT'S FAR AWA'.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

MUSING on the roaring ocean,  
 Which divides my love and me ;  
 Wearying heav'n in warm devotion,  
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and Fear's alternate billow  
 Yielding late to Nature's law,  
 Whispering spirits round my pillow,  
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,  
 Ye who never shed a tear,  
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,  
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,  
 Downy sleep, the curtain draw ;  
 Spirits kind, again attend me,  
 Talk of him that's far awa !

[These pathetic stanzas, the poet informs us, were composed "out of compliment to a Mrs M'Lauchlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies." The melody selected was a Gaelic one, termed "Drumion Dubh," which is sufficiently dull. Instead of reproducing it here, we subjoin a melody which seems to breathe a little of sea-atmosphere, and, at the same time, partakes of the expression of the song.]

*Copyright Air.*

Mus-ing on the roar-ing o - cean, Which di - vides my love and me ;

Weary-ing heav'n in warm de - vo - tion, For his weal, wher - e'er he be.

Hope and Fear's al - ter - nate bil - low Yield - ing late to Na - ture's law,

Whisp'-ring spir - its round my pil - low, Talk of him that's far a - wa'.

TO DAUNTON ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,  
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,  
 The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;  
 But an auld man shall never daunton me.

*Refrain.*—To daunton me, to daunton me,  
 An auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,  
 Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,  
 That is the thing you shall never see,  
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,  
 For a' his fresh beef and his saut,  
 For a' his gold and white monie,  
 An auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,  
 His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;  
 But me he shall not buy nor fee,  
 For an auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,  
 Wi' his toothless gab and his auld beld pow,  
 And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e ;  
 That auld man shall never daunton me.  
 To daunton me, &c.

[The word "daunton" in this song signifies to make an impression on, or subdue. In the arrangement of the piece for music, we are

happy to be the means of correcting Johnson, or rather his musical editor, Stephen Clarke, who, by drawing out the short refrain, as in Burns's manuscript, now in the British Museum, to four lines of chorus, has spoiled the character of a familiar old tune. In order to do this, he has cut away the poet's second stanza from the song, and used it as a tiresome chorus, which is not required, and is an innovation on the old style of singing the song.

We annex the music as Burns desired it to be noted down, and to suit which he planned his song. Some of our readers will recognise it as the air of a once very popular song in country districts, entitled "Thee, Johnie Lad," one verse of which ran thus :—

“ When the sheep's in the fauld, and the kye i' the byre,  
 And a' the lave are set round a braw bleezin fire,  
 Then I—glaike't lassie—rin ont as I were mad,  
 Thro' the stooks an' barn-neuks, trickin thee, Johnie lad,  
 Trickin thee, Johnie lad—trickin thee, Johnie lad,  
 Thro' the stooks an' barn-neuks, trickin thee, Johnie lad.

It is strange that Stenhouse did not remark the defective structure of this tune and song in Johnson ; for he tells us that Burns's MS. (the same as that now in the British Museum) was lying before him when he penned his note to the song.]

*Slorish.*

The blude-red rose at Yule may blaw, The sim-mer li - lies bloom in snaw, The  
 frost may freeze the deep - est sea, But an auld man shall ne - ver daun-ton me.  
 To daun-ton me, to daun-ton me. An auld man shall ne - ver daun - ton me.

## THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1788.)

THE winter it is past, and the summer comes at last,  
 And the small birds, they sing on ev'ry tree ;  
 Now ev'ry thing is glad, while I am<sup>1</sup> very sad,  
 Since my true love<sup>2</sup> is parted from me.



## THE BONIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

O HOW can I be blythe and glad,  
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
 When the bonie lad that I lo'e best  
 Is o'er the hills and far awa !

It's no the frosty winter wind,  
 It's no the driving drift and snaw ;  
 But ay the tear comes in my e'e,  
 To think on him that's far awa.\*

My father pat me frae his door,  
 My friends they hae disown'd me a' ;  
 But I hae ane will tak my part,  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' glooves he bought to me.  
 And silken snoods<sup>a</sup> he gae me twa ;  
 And I will wear them for his sake,  
 The bonie lad that's far awa.

O weary Winter soon will pass,  
 And Spring will cleed<sup>b</sup> the birken shaw ;<sup>c</sup>  
 And my young babie will be born,  
 And he'll be hame that's far awa.

[The poet's Arcadian communications with Clarinda were disturbed, during the latter part of January, by certain unpleasant intelligence conveyed to him from some quarter. Allan Cunningham suggests that a rumour throwing doubts on the solvent condition of Mr Creech's exchequer may have reached him : but Chambers, with more probability, thinks that the disturbing element came from Mauchline, in relation to

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<sup>a</sup> ribands for the hair.      <sup>b</sup> clothe.      <sup>c</sup> birch-trees seen from a height.

\* This verse is not in Johnson's copy. It first appeared in Cromek's Reliques, 1808.

the results of Jean Armour's renewed love-intercourse with him. On 22nd January, he thus wrote to Margaret Chalmers:—"I have this moment got a hint . . . I fear I am something like—undone; but I hope for the best. Come stubborn Pride, and unshrinking Resolution, accompany me through this, to me, miserable world! You must not desert me," &c.

On Monday 18th February, Burns left Edinburgh for Ayrshire; and on the following Monday, he set out for Dumfriesshire to inspect the farms offered to him by Mr Miller of Dalswinton. By the 3rd of March, he was back to Mauchline, and on that day he wrote a remarkable letter to his friend Robert Ainslie, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have been through sore tribulation, and under much buffeting of the Wicked One, since I came to this country. Jean I found banished like a Martyr—forlorn, destitute, and friendless, all for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her fate: I have reconciled her to her mother: I have taken her a room: I have taken her to my arms: I have given her a mahogany bed," &c.

Chambers informs us that "when Jean was driven, in the middle of winter, from her parents' dwelling, she was by Burns's request sheltered by his friend Mrs Muir, the wife of the honest miller of Tarbolton alluded to in *Dr Hornbook*. The poet now established her in a lodging in Mauchline, and succeeded in obtaining the benefit of her mother's attendance in her present delicate situation."

On the 10th of March, Burns returned to Edinburgh to execute the lease of *Ellisland* betwixt Mr Miller and him; and while there, he accomplished two other important matters—the obtaining an order from the board of Excise for his formal instructions, and the adjustment of his accounts with Creech. While thus absent in Edinburgh, intelligence must have reached him from home, first of Jean's delivery of twin-children, and secondly, of their death within a few days after birth. Chambers with great probability suggests that Jean Armour's condition above explained formed the pathetic subject of the ballad in the text.]

## VERSES TO CLARINDA,

SENT WITH A PAIR OF WINE-GLASSES.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

FAIR Empress of the poet's soul,  
 And Queen of poetesses;  
 Clarinda, take this little boon,  
 This humble pair of glasses:

And fill them up with generous juice,  
 As generous as your mind ;  
 And pledge them to the generous toast,  
 “The whole of human kind !”

“To those who love us !” second fill ;  
 But not to those whom *we* love ;  
 Lest we love those who love not us—  
 A third—“to thee and me, love !”

[Burns, having arranged the various matters which brought him from Ayrshire to Edinburgh for a fortnight in the month of March, took a long farewell of Clarinda, and left for Glasgow, on Monday the 24th, *en route* for Dumfriesshire. He had some little business to adjust there in relation to his future farm ; but his journey was so speedily executed that he was back to Mossgiel on the last day of the same month. It was on leaving Edinburgh at the period referred to, that he presented Clarinda with the parting gift which occasioned the above verses. In the last letter which he penned to her in Edinburgh (21st March), he says : “Tell me, were you studious to please me last night ! I am sure you did it to transport. . . . To-morrow night, according to your own direction, I shall watch the window : ’tis the star that guides me to paradise.”

About a year after this period, the poet was again in Edinburgh for a brief period on business. He did not see Clarinda, and he stated his reason thus in a subsequent letter to her :—“I would have called on you when I was in town, indeed I could not have resisted it, but that Mr Ainslie told me you were determined to avoid your windows while I was in town, lest even a glance of me should occur in the street.”]

### THE CHEVALIER’S LAMENT.

*Air.*—“Captain O’Kean.”

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,  
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro’ the vale ;  
 The primroses<sup>1</sup> blow in the dews of the morning,  
 And wild scatter’d cowslips bedeck the green dale :  
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,  
 When the lingering moments are numbered wi’ care ?

No birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily springing;<sup>2</sup>  
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd, could it merit their malice?  
A king and a father to place on his throne!  
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,  
Where the wild beasts find shelter, tho'<sup>3</sup> I can find none!  
But 'tis not my suff'rings thus wretched, forlorn;  
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;  
Your faith<sup>4</sup> proved so loyal in hot-bloody trial—  
Alas! can I make it no better<sup>5</sup> return!

[It was during the rapid journey to and from Dumfries, referred to in our last note, that the opening stanza of the above song was composed. The day after his return home, the poet addressed a letter to his musical friend, Mr Robert Cleghorn, of Saughton Mills, Edinburgh, in these terms:—"Yesterday, my dear sir, as I was riding through a track of melancholy, joyless muirs between Galloway and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and your favourite air, *Captain O'Kean*, coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it," &c.

By advice of his Edinburgh friends, he was eventually persuaded to construct his second stanza so as to give a Jacobite turn to that fine pastoral commencement, which he did by putting the language of the song into the lips of Prince Charles Edward. This is to be regretted; for nothing now-a-days can be more "stale, flat, and unprofitable" than a modern Jacobite song. It is far otherwise with the few contemporaneous effusions bearing the lively impress of that romantic period.

VAR.—<sup>1</sup> hawthorn-trees.    <sup>3</sup> but.    <sup>4</sup> deeds.    <sup>5</sup> you no sweeter.

<sup>2</sup> No flow'rs gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing.

## EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,  
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;  
Where words ne'er cross't the Muse's heckles,\*  
Nor limpet in poetic shackles:

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\* Hackles—an instrument for dressing flax.

A land that Prose did never view it,  
 Except when drunk he stacher't<sup>a</sup> thro' it ;  
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla<sup>b</sup> cheek,  
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,<sup>c</sup>  
 I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,<sup>d</sup>  
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk.  
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,  
 Enhuskèd by a fog infernal :  
 Here, for my wonted rhyiming raptures,  
 I sit and count my sins by chapters ;  
 For life and spunk like ither Christians,  
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence,  
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,\*  
 Wi' nae kenn'd face but "Jenny Geddes." †  
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride !  
 Dowie<sup>e</sup> she saunters down Nithside,  
 And ay a westlin leuk she throws,  
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose !  
 Was it for this, wi' canny care,  
 Thou bure the Bard through many a shire ?  
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,  
 And late or early never grumbled ?—  
 O had I power like inclination,  
 I'd heeze<sup>f</sup> thee up a constellation,  
 To canter with the Sagitarre,  
 Or loup the ecliptic like a bar ;  
 Or turn the pole like any arrow ;  
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,  
 Down the zodiac urge the race,  
 And cast dirt on his godship's face ;

---

<sup>a</sup> staggered. <sup>b</sup> chimney. <sup>c</sup> smoke. <sup>d</sup> birr in the corner. <sup>e</sup> sadly. <sup>f</sup> hoist.

\* Ellisland is on the eastern border of Kirkeudbright, or Galloway.

† The poet's favourite mare : her "westlin leuk" was in the direction of Ayrshire. More strictly, it was *north-west*.

For I could lay my bread and kail  
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail. —  
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,  
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,  
And nought but peat reek i' my head,  
How can I write what ye can read?—  
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
Ye'll find me in a better tune ;  
But till we meet and weet our whistle,  
Tak this excuse for nae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

[The foregoing appears to be the earliest result of the bard's poetic musings, after taking possession of his farm in Dumfriesshire. He arrived at Ellisland on 12th June, as we learn from his correspondence, and until a new house could be built for him, he had to put up with the wretched accommodation so humorously described in the text.

Sometime during the preceding month of May, the poet, after having privately adopted Jean Armour as his mate for life, went through some legal formula in the office of Mr Gavin Hamilton, by which she obtained a title to be publicly designated "Mrs Burns." Accordingly, to this month of June 1788, the poet afterwards referred as his "honeymoon" period, although some ten days thereof were spent in solitude by the banks of the Nith at Ellisland.

The gentleman to whom the preceding Epistle was addressed is referred to in one of the poet's letters to Mr Robert Muir of Kilmarnock. On 26th August 1787, he sends his compliments to Messrs W. & H. Parker, and adds, "I hope Hughoc is going on and prospering with God and Miss M'Causlin." We have no means of ascertaining what degree of success attended his courtship of that lady: his brother William, to whom the masonic song given at p. 21 is addressed, succeeded to the estate of Assloss, on the death of his mother's brother, in 1802. According to Allan Cunningham, Hugh Parker died about 1824, and the poem in the text was then found among his papers.]

## OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

*Tune*—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
 I dearly like the west,  
 For there the bonie lassie lives,  
 The lassie I lo'e best :  
 There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row.  
 And mony a hill between :  
 But day and night my fancy's flight  
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
 I see her sweet and fair :  
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
 I hear her charm the air :  
 There's not a bonie flower that springs  
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;  
 There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
 But minds me o' my Jean.

[This is a universal favourite among the lyrics of the author. His note concerning it is simply this:—"The air is by Marshall, the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs Burns. *N.B.*—It was during the honey-moon." The germ of the song, as we noted before, is found in the fragment at page 130, vol. I.

"Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,  
 And oceans roar between, &c."

We must now imagine the poet in his solitude at Ellisland, betwixt the 12th and 22d of June, while his Jean is at Mossgiel—to quote his own words—"regularly, and constantly apprenticed to my mother and sisters in their dairy and other rural business." In the immediately preceding poem, he represents even "Jenny Geddes" as being home-sick--

And ay a westlin leuk she throws,  
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!"

and in this little song, Jenny's master follows her example.

“Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,” &c.

The peculiar style of expression in line fifth has been often criticised: pedants have pronounced it ungrammatical; but it is Burns's own well-considered phraseology, and its simplicity is very musical to a Scotch ear.

“There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between.”

The briefness of the song has tempted some respectable versifiers to make additions to it—for the sixteen lines of the text just go once through the melody. Mr Wm. Reid of Glasgow, produced a supplement to it, commencing

“Upon the banks of flowing Clyde,”

and Mr John Hamilton of Edinburgh, made a still more successful continuation, in two double stanzas, beginning,

“O blaw, ye westlin winds blaw saft.”

These verses by Hamilton are very musical and expressive, but were unfortunately composed under the mistaken idea, that the absence of Jean referred to in Burns's song, was that of Spring 1786, when she removed to Paisley to avoid him. On the poet's own authority, however, the date and the occasion of the song are rendered certain, and at that time, instead of imploring the west winds to “bring the lassie back” to him, he had only to return to *her*; and moreover, she could not come “back” to Ellisland, where she had never yet been.

Notwithstanding these anachronisms, it is no small compliment to Mr Hamilton, that Burns's own sixteen lines are now seldom dissociated from his imitator's supplementary ones. Cunningham boldly tells his readers that the whole thirty-two lines are from Burns's own manuscript; Lockhart quotes the added lines as the poet's own; and Professor Wilson, in his famous “Essay,” adopts Hamilton's addendum as an authentic part of the song. In these circumstances, it seems right to record here the supplementary stanzas:—

“O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft, among the leafy trees;  
Wi' gentle gale, frae muir and dale, bring hame the laden bees;  
And bring the lassie back to me, that's ay sae neat and clean:  
Ae blink o' her wad banish care, sae charming is my Jean.

“What sighs and vows, among the knowes, hae pass'd atween us twa!  
How fain to meet, how wae to part, that day she gaed awa!  
The Powers aboon can only ken (to whom the heart is seen)  
That nane can be sae dear to me as my sweet, lovely Jean.” \*

\* Burns's own parallel couplet, in this connection, runs thus:—

“That, dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love n.y Jean.”

John Hamilton, music-seller in Edinburgh, the author of these lines was born in 1761, and died in 1814. He was much respected in Edinburgh society; and Sir Walter Scott acknowledges his indebtedness to him as a contributor to his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." The *Scots Magazine* thus announces his death:—"Sept. 23, 1814. In the 53rd year of his age, after a lingering and painful illness, John Hamilton, late music-seller in this city, author of many favourite Scots songs, and composer of several melodies of considerable merit."]

SONG.—I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

I HAE a wife o' my ain,  
 I'll partake wi' naebody;  
 I'll take Cuckold frae nane,  
 I'll gie Cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,  
 There—thanks to naebody!  
 I hae naething to lend,  
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,  
 I'll be slave to naebody;  
 I hae a gude braid sword,  
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

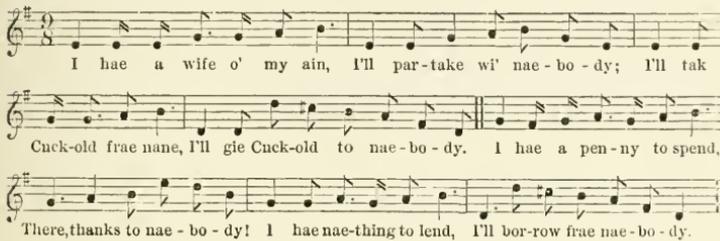
I'll be merry and free,  
 I'll be sad for naebody;  
 Naebody cares for me,  
 I care for naebody.

[This off-hand but characteristic effusion appears to have been produced at Ellisland, about the same time as the preceding song. Burns wrote to Dr Blacklock, and others of his friends (according to his own phrase) "from the field of Matrimony in June," and these verses, in imitation of an old ballad, were in all likelihood dashed off impromptu in one of those letters. Currie's observations in connection with this

production are as follow :—“Pleased with surveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with rearing a building that should give shelter to his wife and children, and (as he fondly hoped) to his own grey hairs, sentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domestic content and peace rose on his imagination ; and a few days passed away, as he himself informs us, the most tranquil, if not the happiest, which he ever experienced.”

The old tune is taken from Oswald's Pocket Companion, here modified in the second part to bring it within the compass of the voice.

The original MS. of the words is in the British Museum ; and Currie on the margin suggests the adoption of the word “share” for “partake,” in the second line of the song.]



I hae a wife o' my ain, I'll par-take wi' nae-bo-dy; I'll tak  
Cuck-old frae nae, I'll gie Cuck-old to nae-bo-dy. I hae a pen-ny to spend,  
There, thanks to nae-bo-dy! I hae nae-thing to lend, I'll bor-row frae nae-bo-dy.

## VERSES IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

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

Life is but a day at most,  
Sprung from night in darkness lost ;<sup>1</sup>  
Hope not sunshine every hour,  
Fear not clouds will always lour.

Happiness is but a name,  
Make content and ease thy aim,  
Ambition is a meteor-gleam ;  
Fame a restless idle<sup>2</sup> dream ;

Peace, th' tend'rest flow'r of spring ;  
 Pleasures, insects on the wing ;<sup>3</sup>  
 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 prepar'd,  
 Guard wherever thou can'st guard ;  
 But thy utmost duly done,  
 Welcome what thou can'st 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.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !  
 Quod the Beadsmán of Nidside.<sup>4</sup>

[Several manuscript copies of this piece are in existence. One of these bearing date, 28th June, 1788, the author transcribed in a letter to Mrs Dunlop of 10th August, in which he tells her that the lines are "almost the only favours the Muses have conferred" since he came to that neighbourhood. In the same letter, he also transcribes fourteen lines of one of his Epistles to Mr Graham of Fintry : it therefore seems evident that he was now trying to act on the advice which Dr Moore had given him a twelvemonth before. A letter from that gentleman, dated 23rd May 1787, has this passage :—"You ought 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 can extend it to all persons of taste who understand the English language ?"]

The visit which the poet paid to Ayrshire about 22nd June was a very short one, for he was back to Ellisland within a week. His

next neighbour, at less than a mile's distance up the Nith, was the proprietor of Friars Carse—Mr Robert Riddell (styled, of Glenriddell)—a gentleman of antiquarian and literary tastes, who kindly welcomed him, and gave him a key to admit him to his grounds at pleasure. In a little hermitage erected there, the poet was fond of spending an occasional musing hour, and the verses in the text are understood to have been composed under its shelter.

VAR.—<sup>1</sup> Two lines are here introduced in some of the copies :—

Day, how rapid in its flight,

Day, how few may see the night !

<sup>2</sup> an idle restless dream.

<sup>3</sup> Pleasures, insects on the wing

Round Peace, the tenderest flower of spring.

<sup>4</sup> Nithside.]

TO ALEX. CUNNINGHAM, ESQ., WRITER,  
EDINBURGH.

(Now first published.)

ELLISLAND, NITHSDALE, *July 27th*, 1788.

MY godlike friend—nay, do not stare,  
You think the phrase is odd-like ;  
But ' God is Love,' the saints declare,  
Then surely thou art god-like.

And is thy ardour still the same ?  
And kindled still at ANNA ?  
Others may boast a partial flame,  
But thou art a volcano !

Ev'n Wedlock asks not love beyond  
Death's tie-dissolving portal ;  
But thou, omnipotently foud,  
May'st promise love immortal !

Thy wounds such healing powers defy,  
 Such symptoms dire attend them,  
 That last great antihectic try—  
 MARRIAGE perhaps may mend them.

Sweet Anna has an air—a grace,  
 Divine, magnetic, touching ;  
 She talks, she charms—but who can trace  
 The process of bewitching ?

\*            \*            \*            \*

My spurr-galled, spavined Pegasus makes so hobbling a progress over the course of *Extempore*, that I must here alight, and try the footpath of plain prose.

[The above lines form the introduction to a letter which will appear in a future volume, among the bard's correspondence. The original MS. is in possession of Mr Cunningham's son—James Cunningham, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, who kindly gave us access to it and several other manuscripts of the poet which will be made use of as we progress. In the letter referred to, Burns says, with respect to his own marriage,—“This was a step of which I had no idea when you and I were together. . . . When I tell you that Mrs Burns was once ‘my Jean,’ you will know the rest . . . She does not come from Ayrshire till my new house be ready, so I am eight or ten days at Mauchline and this place alternately.”

The “Anna” referred to in the verses, of whom Cunningham was so much enamoured, was a celebrated Edinburgh beauty, described by Burns as “an amiable and accomplished young lady with whom I fancy I have the honor of being a little acquainted.” She was Miss Anne Stewart, daughter of John Stewart, Esq., of East Craigs. The “omnipotently fond” lover, however, soon learned that his affections had been misplaced: for within six months after the date of Burns's letter recommending “marriage” to his friend, as the grand cure for the wounds from Cupid's shaft, she became the wife of his rival, Mr Forrest Dewar, Surgeon. We find the name of this gentleman on the list of Town Councillors of Edinburgh who were elected in October 1788, William Creech being then one of the Bailies. Mr Dewar had been in the Council during the two previous years.]

## SONG.—ANNA, THY CHARMS.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,  
 And waste my soul with care ;  
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,  
 When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,  
 To hope may be forgiven ;  
 For sure 'twere impious to despair  
 So much in sight of Heaven.

[This little epigrammatic song has hitherto been a puzzle among the productions of Burns. It occupies a whole page in his editions of 1793 and 1794, and no annotator has ever ventured to throw any light upon it. In short, had the song not appeared under the author's own authority, its authenticity might well have been questioned ; for the language does not seem to flow naturally from his lips, and there is no known incident in his life to which it might refer.

If the reader has paid any attention to our note attached to the preceding piece, he will see that the mystery is now cleared up. The song in the text is simply a vicarious effusion, intended to proceed from the lips of the author's forlorn friend Cunningham.]

## THE FÊTE CHAMPETRE.

*Tune.*—"Killicrankie."

(GILBERT BURNS'S ED., 1820.)

O WHA will to Saint Stephen's House,  
 To do our errands there, man ?  
 O wha will to Saint Stephen's House  
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man ?

Or will we send a man o' law ?  
 Or will we send a sodger ?  
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'  
 The meikle Ursa-Major ? \*

Come, will ye court a noble lord,  
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man ?  
 For worth and honour pawn their word,  
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, † man.  
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
 Anither gies them clatter ;  
 Annbank, ‡ wha guess'd the ladies' taste,  
 He gies a Fête Champetre.

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

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

---

\* James Boswell, who accompanied Dr Johnson on his Scottish tour.

† Sir John Whitefoord, then residing at Cloneaird or "Glencaird."

‡ William Cunninghame, Esq., of Aumbank and Enterkin.

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

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

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

[Writing to an Edinburgh correspondent in September 1788, the poet says—"I am generally about half my time in Ayrshire, with my 'darling Jean,' and then, at lucid intervals, I throw my horny fist across my be-cobwebbed lyre, much in the same manner as an old wife throws her hands across the spokes of her spinning-wheel." It is pleasing to hear him admit that his "lucid intervals" of devotion to the Muse occurred while he was enjoying the society of his wife ; and

\* Adder-stone,—alluding to a superstition, that those curious relics of antiquity, (ignorantly supposed to be formed from the slime of adders operated as charms.

accordingly we may be certain that the above poem was the result of one of those visits. The incident thus celebrated occurred during the summer or autumn of 1788; but Gilbert Burns, in his account of the transaction, does not say how his brother was led to interest himself so much in this local affair. The "Fête Champetre" was an entertainment given by William Cunninghame, Esq. of Annbank and Enterkin, to the gentry of Ayrshire, on the occasion of his attaining his majority and entering on possession of his grandfather's estates. He wished to introduce himself with *éclat* to the county, and hit upon the novelty of an open air festival within his grounds on the banks of the Ayr. The peasantry believed that the real object of the gathering was a political one, with a view to arrange about the candidature at the next parliamentary election. The poet, however, explains that Love and Beauty conspired to exclude politics from the charmed circle.

The entertainer, Mr Cunninghame, was some years afterwards (June 18, 1794) married to Miss Catherine Stewart, eldest daughter of Major General Alexander Stewart of Afton. The only issue of that marriage, William Allason Cunninghame, Esq. of Logan and Afton, is still alive.]

EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq. OF FINTRY,  
REQUESTING A FAVOUR.\*

(CURRIE, 1800.)

WHEN Nature her great master-piece design'd,  
And fram'd her last, best work, the human mind,  
Her eye intent on all the mazy plan,  
She form'd of various parts the various Man.

Then first she calls the useful many<sup>1</sup> forth;  
Plain plodding Industry, and sober Worth:  
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,  
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:  
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,  
And all mechanics' many-apron'd kinds.

---

\* "This is our poet's first epistle to Graham of Fintry. It is not equal to his later one—'Late crippled of an arm,' &c., but it contains too much of the characteristic vigour of its author to be suppressed. A little more knowledge of natural history, or of chemistry was wanted to enable him to execute the original conception correctly."—*Currie*.

Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,  
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net :  
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires  
 Makes a material for mere knights and squires ;  
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,  
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,  
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,  
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines ;  
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,  
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,  
 Nature, well pleas'd, pronounc'd it very good ;  
 But <sup>2</sup> ere she gave creating labour o'er,  
 Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.  
 Some spummy, fiery, *ignis fatuus* matter,  
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;  
 With arch-alacrity and conscious glee,  
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,  
 Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it),  
 She forms the thing and christens it—a Poet :  
 Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow,  
 When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow ;  
 A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,  
 Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage <sup>3</sup> ends ;  
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,  
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life ;  
 Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,  
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live ;  
 Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,  
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own.  
 But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,  
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work :  
 Pitying <sup>4</sup> the propless climber of mankind,  
 She cast about a *standard tree* to find ;

And, to support <sup>5</sup> his helpless woodbine state,  
 Attach'd him to the generous, <sup>6</sup> truly great :  
 A title, and the only one I claim,  
 To lay strong hold for help on bounteous <sup>7</sup> Graham.

Pity the tuneful Muses' hapless train,  
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main !  
 Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,  
 That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough ;  
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,  
 Unlike sage proverb'd Wisdom's hard-wrung boon :  
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend,  
 Ah, that " the friendly e'er should want a friend !"  
 Let Prudence number o'er each sturdy son,  
 Who life and wisdom at one race begun,  
 Who feel by reason and who give by rule,  
 (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool !)  
 Who make poor " will do " wait upon " I should "—  
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good ?  
 Ye wise ones, hence ! ye hurt the social eye !  
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy !  
 But come ye who the godlike pleasure know,  
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow !  
 Whose arms of love would grasp the <sup>8</sup> human race :  
 Come *thou* who giv'st with all a courtier's grace ;  
 FRIEND OF MY LIFE, true patron of my rhymes !  
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.  
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid,  
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?  
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,  
 I crave <sup>9</sup> thy friendship at thy kind command ;  
 But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—  
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !  
 Whose *verse* in manhood's pride sublimely flows,  
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging *prose*.

Mark, how their lofty independent spirit  
 Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit !  
 Seek you<sup>10</sup> the proofs in private life to find ?  
 Pity the best of words should be but wind !  
 So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,  
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends.  
 In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,  
 They dun Benevolence with shameless front ;  
 Oblige them, patronise their tinsel lays—  
 They persecute you all your future days !  
 Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,  
 My horny fist assume the plough again,  
 The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more,  
 On eighteenpence a week I've liv'd before.  
 Tho', thanks to Heaven, I dare even that last shift,  
 I trust, meantime, my boon is in thy gift :  
 That, plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height,  
 Where, man and nature fairer in her sight,  
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

[The date of this production is made certain by the poet's letter to Miss Chalmers, written from Ellisland, 16th September, 1788. He there says—" I very lately—namely, since harvest began—wrote a poem, not in imitation, but in the manner, of Pope's *Moral Epistles*. It is only a short essay, just to try the strength of my Muse's pinion in that way." In the same letter he says, " You will be pleased to hear that I have laid aside idle *éclat*, and bind every day after my reapers. To save me from that horrid situation of at any time going down, in a losing bargain of a farm, to misery, I have taken my excise instructions, and have my commission in my pocket for any emergency of fortune. If I could set all before your view, whatever disrespect, you, in common with the world, have for this business, I know you would approve of my idea."

The favour, therefore, that our poet requested from Mr Graham in a prose letter which accompanied his poetic epistle, was to use his influence to have him appointed Excise officer of the district in proximity to Ellisland. That desire of his was gratified about one year after the date of the above Epistle.

The following variations are the result of a collation of Currie's text with the poet's MS. copy in the British Museum.

<sup>1</sup> The useful many, first she calls them forth.      <sup>2</sup> yet.      <sup>3</sup> wages.  
<sup>4</sup> viewing.      <sup>5</sup> in pity for his.      <sup>6</sup> she clasp'd his tendrils round the.  
<sup>7</sup> generous.      <sup>8</sup> all.      <sup>9</sup> tax.      <sup>10</sup> not]

## SONG.—THE DAY RETURNS.

*Tune.*—"Seventh of November."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

I composed this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq., of Glenriddell, and his lady. At their fireside I have enjoyed more pleasant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life.—*R. B.*, 1791.

THE day returns, my bosom burns,  
 The blissful day we twa did meet :  
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,  
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet,  
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,  
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;  
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,  
 Heav'n gave me more—it made thee mine !

While day and night can bring delight,  
 Or Nature aught of pleasure give ;  
 While joys above my mind can move,  
 For thee, and thee alone I live.  
 When that grim foe of life below  
 Comes in between to make us part,  
 The iron hand that breaks our band,  
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart !

[The date of this song is proved to be prior to 16th September 1788, by the poet's letter of that date to Miss Chalmers, in which the song is transcribed. He remarks thus :—"Johnson's Collection of Scots songs is going on in the third volume; and of consequence finds me a consumpt for a great deal of idle metre. One of the most tolerable things I have done in that way is two stanzas I made to an air a musical gentleman of my acquaintance composed for the anniversary of his wedding-day, which happens on the 7th of November."]

## A M O T H E R ' S L A M E N T

FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,  
 And pierc'd my darling's heart ;  
 And with him all the joys are fled  
 Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,  
 In dust dishonor'd laid ;  
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,  
 My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake  
 Bewails her ravish'd young ;  
 So I, for my lost darling's sake,  
 Lament the live-day long.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,  
 Now, fond, I bare my breast ;  
 O, do thou kindly lay me low  
 With him I love, at rest !

[The date of this pathetic lyric is proved by the poet's letter to Mrs Dunlop of 27th September 1788, in which he says, "I am just arrived at Mauchline from Nithsdale, and will be here a fortnight. I was on horseback this morning by three o'clock ; for between my wife and my farm is just forty-six miles. As I jogged on in the dark I was taken with a poetic fit as follows :"—The above is then transcribed with the explanation that it represents "Mrs Fergusson of Craigdarroch's lamentation for the death of her son, an uncommonly promising youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age." A newspaper obituary gives the date of the youth's death—November 19, 1787. It seems that Mrs Stewart of Stair, an early patron of the poet, lost her only son by death about the same time (5th December, 1787.) Accordingly, it was but natural that Burns should enclose her a copy of this Lament, which applied as closely to her bereavement as to that suffered by Mrs Fergusson.]

## SONG.—O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

O WERE I on Parnassus hill,  
 Or had o' Helicon my fill,  
 That I might catch poetic skill,  
     To sing how dear I love thee !  
 But Nith maun be my Muses' well,  
 My Muse maun be thy bonie sel',  
 On Corsincon I'll glowr and spell,  
     And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !  
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day  
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,  
     How much, how dear, I love thee,  
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,  
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,  
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—  
     By Heaven and Earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,  
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;  
 And ay I muse and sing thy name—  
     I only live to love thee.  
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,  
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,  
 Till my last weary sand was run ;  
     Till then—and then I love thee !

[This is another poetic compliment to Mrs Burns, composed at Nithside during the summer or autumn of 1788, while she still remained in Ayrshire. The "Corsincon" on which the eye of the bard was fixed during his musings, is a high conical hill at the base of which the infant Nith enters Dumfriesshire from New Cumnock in Ayrshire. The latter half of the second stanza of this lyric has been often instanced

as the very perfection of personal description in a love-song. Writing to Miss Chalmers regarding his Jean about the date of this composition, he says :—"I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, the soundest constitution, and the kindest heart in the country . . . And she has (O the partial lover ! you will cry) the finest ' wood-note wild ' I ever heard."

The air in Johnson is by Oswald—"My Love is lost to me."]

## THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,  
 Concealing the course of the dark winding rill ;  
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear !  
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.

The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,  
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :  
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,  
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues !

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain,  
 How little of life's scanty span may remain,  
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn,  
 What ties cruel Fate, in my bosom has torn.

How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !  
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how  
 pain'd !

Life is not worth having with all it can give—  
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

[This grave production, apparently freshly composed, was sent along with "The Mother's Lament" to Dr Blacklock, in the poet's letter to him, dated from Mauchline 15th November 1788. He there says—"I have sent you two melancholy things, and I tremble lest they should too well suit the tone of your present feelings." He adds that he is "to move bag and baggage to Nithsdale in a fortnight," and that he is "more and more pleased with the step he took regarding Jean."]

## I REIGN IN JEANIE'S BOSOM.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,  
 Or Geordie on his ocean?  
 Dyvor,<sup>a</sup> beggar louns<sup>b</sup> to me,  
 I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,  
 And in her breast enthrone me,  
 Kings and nations—swith awa!  
 Reif<sup>c</sup> randies,<sup>d</sup> I disown ye!

[Such were the poet's sentiments, and such his expressions when he welcomed his wife to Nithsdale in the first week of December 1788. His house at Ellisland was not yet in a seasoned condition for being used with comfort as a dwelling, and he had obtained the temporary use of a picturesque lodging about a mile farther down the Nith, at a place called "The Isle," from which locality his letters were occasionally dated during that winter.

Cunningham has observed regarding the style of this little song:—"It is one of Burns's happy efforts, although the language is perhaps too peculiar to be fully felt by any, save Scotchmen; but to them it comes with a compact vigour of expression not usual in words fitted to music."]

## IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

IT is na, Jean, thy bonie face,  
 Nor shape that I admire;  
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace  
 Might weel awauk desire.

<sup>a</sup> bankrupt.<sup>b</sup> low fellows.<sup>c</sup> plundering.<sup>d</sup> bullies.

Something, in ilka part o' thee,  
 To praise, to love, I find,  
 But dear as is thy form to me,  
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I hae,  
 Nor stronger in my breast,  
 Than, if I canna mak thee sac,  
 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.

[These verses, which read like a calmly affectionate address by Burns to his wife, he informs us himself "were originally English, and that he gave them a Scotch dress." They are set in the Museum to a tune by Oswald, called "The Maid's Complaint," which Stenhouse says is one of the finest Scottish airs that Oswald ever composed ; if so, we must be hard to please, for we can perceive nothing attractive in the melody.

It must be confessed, however, that James Oswald's reputation as a composer stood very high in his day. Prior to 1736, he was a music master and precentor in Dunfermline, which town he then left to practise in Edinburgh. Meeting with much encouragement, he was induced to proceed to London in 1741, where he published his "Caledonian Pocket Companion" and other musical works, and where he seems to have passed the remainder of his life. On the occasion of his leaving Edinburgh, a poetical epistle addressed to him (by Allan Ramsay, as is supposed) was printed in the *Scots Magazine* for October 1741. He is there highly complimented, and is asked when he will

"some tender tune compose again,  
 And cheat the town with David Rizzio's name?"

Among others of his supposed compositions, mention is there made of a newly polished set of "To Daunton Me ;" and the "Braes of Ballandine," the "Banks of Forth," "Alloa House," "Pinky House," "The Northern Lass," "The Cypress Grove," "Miss Stuart," and "The Lass of Inverness," are all enumerated as familiar compositions of his.]

## AULD LANG SYNE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind ?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And auld<sup>1</sup> lang syne !

*Chorus.*—For auld lang syne, my dear,<sup>2</sup>  
 For auld lang syne,  
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld lang syne.

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.<sup>3</sup>  
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 And pou'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt,<sup>4</sup>  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn,  
 Frae morning sun till dine ;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
 Sin' auld lang syne.  
 For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere !<sup>a</sup>  
 And gie's a hand o' thine !

---

<sup>a</sup> companion.

And we'll tak a right gude-willie<sup>b</sup> waught,<sup>c</sup><sup>5</sup>

For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

[Of the two versions of this song, we adopt for our text that supplied to Johnson in preference to the copy made for George Thomson. The arrangement of the verses is more natural: it wants the redundant syllable in the fourth line of stanza first; and the spelling of the Scotch words is more correct. The poet transcribed the song for Mrs Dunlop in his letter to her, dated 17th December 1788, and it is unfortunate that Dr Currie did not print a verbatim copy of it, along with that letter, instead of simply referring his reader to the Thomson correspondence for it. Thomson's closing verse stands *second* in Johnson, where it seems in its proper place, as having manifest reference to the earlier stages of the interview between the long separated friends. Many of our readers must have observed, that when a social company unites in singing the song before dispersing, it is the custom for the singers to join hands in a circle at the words, "And there's a hand," &c. This ought to conclude the song, with the chorus sung rapidly and emphatically thereafter. But how awkwardly, and out-of-place, does the slow singing of *Thomson's* closing verse come in after that excitement! "And surely ye'll be your pint stowp," &c—No, no! The play is over: no more pint stowps!

A silly controversy occasionally arises, is lulled, and rises again, regarding the expression "gude-willie waught." One class—a very thoughtless one surely—contends that the hyphen should be removed from the familiar expression "gude-willie," and used for connecting the latter half of that epithet with "waught"—a substantive that can stand its own ground. In short, "willie-waught" is nonsense; but "gude-willie" or "ill-willie" is a compound adjective in every-day use.

The poet pretended, both to Mrs Dunlop and George Thomson, that this song is the work of some heaven-inspired minstrel of the olden time, and to Thomson he went the length of saying, "it was never in print, nor even in manuscript (how did he know that?) till I took it down from an old man's singing."

The variations are:—<sup>1</sup> days o'. <sup>2</sup> jo. <sup>3</sup> This stanza is shifted to the end, in the Thomson copy. <sup>4</sup> foot. <sup>5</sup> Chambers has "gude willie-waught" at p. 304, vol. ii., and "gude-willie waught," at p. 28, vol. iv., of his last edition. It must also be mentioned that there exists a MS. of the song in the poet's holograph—a kind of parody, intended apparently for "mighty Squire-ships of the quorum," in which the first verse runs thus!—

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never thought upon!  
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,  
For auld lang syne.]

<sup>b</sup> hearty, with good will.

<sup>c</sup> copious drink.

## THE SILVER TASSIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;  
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
 The battle closes deep<sup>1</sup> and bloody ;  
 It's not the roar o' sea or shore,  
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;  
 Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—  
 It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary !

[There are few of Burns's lyrics that are more admired than this, which was first communicated in December 1788, (to Mrs Dunlop) along with his immortal "Auld Lang Syne." These "two old stanzas" as he termed them, he afterwards admitted were his own, with exception of the four opening lines. The only variation is in the fourth line of the second stanza. Instead of the word "deep," we have "thick" in the Dunlop copy. We adhere to the variation in Johnson, as an improvement ; because "thick" has too short a sound to suit the desired expression, both in words and music.

It is said that this song was suggested to Burns on witnessing a love-parting at the pier of Leith, between a young lady and her lover, a military officer who was about to step into the boat which was to convey him to a ship, ready to sail abroad with his Regiment.

With respect to the melody intended by Burns for this song, we find from the original MS. in the British Museum that he directed the words to be set to a tune in Oswald's Collection, called "The Secret Kiss." The air given in Johnson is said by Stenhouse to have been recovered and communicated by the poet, and such being the case, it is

a pity to see that air thrust aside to make way for such unsuitable tunes as the song is now usually sung to. We therefore re-produce the air from Johnson, and to all composers we say—"Go to, make a better if you can!"

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, And fill it in a sil-ver tas-sie; That  
 I may drink, be-fore I go, A ser-vice to my bo-nie las-sie. The  
 boat rocks at the pier o' Leith; Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Fer-ry; The  
 ship rides by the Ber-wick-law, And I maun leave my bo-nie Ma-ry.

### THE PARTING KISS.

(CHAMBERS, 1838.)

HUMID seal of soft affections,  
 Tenderest pledge of future bliss,  
 Dearest tie of young connections,  
 Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss!

Speaking silence, dumb confession,  
 Passion's birth, and infant's play,  
 Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,  
 Glowing dawn of future day!

Sorrowing joy, Adieu's last action,  
 (Lingering lips must now disjoin),  
 What words can ever speak affection  
 So thrilling and sincere as thine!

[No place appears better fitted to introduce this piece, than in connection with the immediately preceding song. All that is known regarding the production is that it appeared upwards of fifty years ago as a poem by Burns, in a periodical paper published at Liverpool.

under the title of "The Kaleidoscope." Chambers remarks that "Burns's authorship of it cannot well be doubted;" but we should like to be told something regarding the manuscript of a piece so different from the author's usual style of composition.]

WRITTEN IN FRIARS CARSE HERMITAGE,  
ON NITHSIDE.

LATER VERSION.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

THOU whom chance may hither lead,  
Be thou clad in russet weed,  
Be thou deckt in silken stole,  
Grave these counsels<sup>1</sup> on thy soul.

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

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,  
Beneath thy morning star<sup>3</sup> 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.

As thy day grows warm and high,  
Life's meridian flaming nigh,  
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?  
Life's proud summits would'st thou scale?  
Check thy climbing step, elate,  
Evils lurk in felon wait:

Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,  
 Soar around each cliffy hold ;  
 While cheerful Peace, with linnet song,  
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the<sup>4</sup> shades of ev'ning close,  
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;  
 As life itself becomes disease,  
 Seek the chimney-rook of ease :  
 There ruminate with sober thought,  
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought,  
 And teach the sportive younkens round,  
 Saws of experience, sage and sound :  
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,<sup>5</sup>  
 The grand criterion of his fate,  
 Is not, art thou high or low ?  
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?<sup>6</sup>  
 Did many talents gild thy span ?  
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?  
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,  
 As thou thyself must shortly find,  
 The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,  
 To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n,  
 Say, to be just, and kind, and wise—  
 There solid self-enjoyment lies ;  
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways  
 Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep  
 To the bed of lasting sleep,—  
 Sleep, whence thou shall 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.

[This altered version of a poem that seems to have cost the author much pains was written in December 1788. He inscribed with his diamond pen, on one of the panes of glass in the grotto, the opening eight and the closing two lines of the poem, and when the hermitage was removed by the proprietor in 1835, an old lady bought the pane for five guineas. The mansion and grounds of Friars Carse have frequently changed owners since Captain Riddell's death in 1794, and they now belong to Thomas Nelson, Esq., by whom the hermitage has been tastefully rebuilt.

The following variations occur in collating manuscripts of this poem :—

<sup>1</sup> maxims.	<sup>2</sup> <i>The following couplet is here introduced:—</i> Day how rapid in its flight ! Day, how few must see the night.
<sup>3</sup> sun.	<sup>4</sup> when they. <sup>5</sup> estimate, Say the criterion of their fate, The important query of their state, Is not, &c. <sup>6</sup> flow ? Wert thou cottager or king, Peer or peasant ? no such thing Tell them, &c.]

## THE POET'S PROGRESS.

A POEM IN EMBRYO.

*(Here first published verbatim.)*

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 ;  
 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, controul, 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,  
 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 thro' 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 h's 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.

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 monkies their grimace improve,  
 Polish their grin—nay, sigh for ladies' love!  
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,  
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

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, unmatched;

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\* This comlet is supplied from another MS. : it may have been inadvertently omitted by the poet in making the copy from which the text is taken. It seems indispensable to the completeness of the passage.

Brochallan came,  
The old cock'd hat, the brown surcoat the same;  
His grisly beard just bristling in its night,  
(It was four long nights & days from shaving-night;  
His ~~too~~ uncombed, hoary locks, wild-staring, thatch'd,  
A head for thought profound & clear unmatch'd:  
Yet, tho' his carotid wit was biting rude,  
His heart was warm, benevolent & good.

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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 tempests 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 heaven, or vaulted hell !

[The concluding twenty lines of the preceding poem are inscribed in the poet's admired letter to Mrs Dunlop of 1st January 1789, the original manuscript of which is now in possession of Mr Robert Clarke, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S. The passage is thus introduced:—"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* ?—" O Dulness," &c. He certainly had been engaged in the composition of this piece when he penned the following sentence to the same lady about a fortnight before:—"My small scale of farming is exceedingly more simple than what you have lately seen at Moreham Mains. But, be that as it may, the heart of *the man*, and the fancy of *the poet*, are the two grand considerations for which I live. If

miry ridges and dirty dunghills, are to engross the best part of the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or a magpie at once, and then I should not have been plagued with any ideas superior to the breaking of clods and picking up grubs; not to mention barn-door cocks and mallards—creatures with which I could almost exchange lives at any time.”

The holograph copy from which the text is printed is in possession of the publisher of this work, and it seems to be the identical MS. which the poet enclosed to Professor Dugald Stewart, from Ellisland on 20th January 1789. His letter of that date thus refers to the poem:—“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 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 pretend to point out the original, please to let it be for your single, sole inspection.” The reader, of course, will understand that the portrait-sketch referred to was intended to depict Mr Creech.

In the poet's letter to Dr Moore, of 4th January 1789, he 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? . . . Perhaps I injure the man in the idea I am sometimes tempted to have of him: God forbid I should!” It is pleasant to add, that Burns wrote to the same correspondent on 23rd March 1789, in this satisfactory manner regarding his publisher:—“I was at Edinburgh lately, and settled finally with Mr Creech; and I must own that at last he has been amicable and fair with me.”

The bulk of the foregoing poem was afterwards moulded into an Epistle to Mr Graham of Fintry, which the poet has dated “5th October, 1791,” and as we shall print it in its proper place, we do not here point out the variations.]

ELEGY ON THE YEAR 1788.

(STEWART, 1801.)

FOR lords or kings I dinna mourn,  
 E'en let them die—for that they're born :  
 But oh ! prodigious to reflect !  
 A *Towmont*,<sup>a</sup> sirs, is gane to wreck !  
 O *Eighty-eight*, in thy sma' space,  
 What dire events hae taken place !  
 Of what enjoyments thou hast reft as !  
 In what a pickle thou hast left us !

The Spanish empire's tint<sup>b</sup> a head,\*  
 And my auld teethless Bawtie's<sup>c</sup> dead :  
 The tulyie's<sup>d</sup> tough<sup>1</sup> 'tween Pitt and Fox,  
 And 'tween our Maggie's twa wee<sup>2</sup> cocks ;  
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,  
 But to the hen-birds unco civil ;  
 The tither's something dour o' treadin,<sup>3</sup>  
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden.

Ye ministers, come mount the poupit,  
 An' cry till ye be hoarse an' roupet,<sup>e</sup>  
 For *Eighty-eight*, he wished you weel,  
 An' gaed ye a' baith gear<sup>f</sup> an meal ;  
 E'en mony a plack,<sup>g</sup> and mony a peck,  
 Ye ken yoursels, for little feck !<sup>h</sup>

Ye bonie lasses, dight<sup>i</sup> your e'en,  
 For some o' you hae tint<sup>k</sup> a frien' ;  
 In *Eighty-eight*, ye ken, was taen  
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again.

<sup>a</sup> twelvemonth.

<sup>b</sup> lost.

<sup>c</sup> dog.

<sup>d</sup> contentious.

<sup>e</sup> voice nearly lost.

<sup>f</sup> wealth.

<sup>g</sup> coin.

<sup>h</sup> exertion.

<sup>i</sup> wipe.

<sup>k</sup> lost.

\* Charles III. of Spain, died 13th December 1788.

Observe the very nowt<sup>h</sup> an' sheep,  
 How dowff<sup>i</sup> an' daviely<sup>j</sup> <sup>4</sup> they creep;  
 Nay, even the yirth itsel does cry,  
 For E'nburgh<sup>5</sup> wells are grutten<sup>k</sup> dry.\*

O *Eighty-nine*, thou's but a bairn,  
 An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn!  
 Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care,  
 Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair;  
 Nae hand-cuff'd, mizl'd,<sup>6</sup> hap-shackl'd<sup>7</sup> *Regent*,†  
 But, like himsel, a full free agent,  
 Be sure ye follow out the plan  
 Nae waur than he did, honest man!  
 As muckle better as you can.

January 1, 1789.

[This off-hand sketch found its way into the newspapers, not long after it was composed. Either from the manuscript, or from these sources, Stewart, in 1801, published a version, which differs in some respects from the one given by Cromek in 1808. A collation of these exhibits the following variations:—

<sup>1</sup> sair.	<sup>2</sup> our gudewife's wee birdie-cocks.
<sup>3</sup> dour, has nae sic breedin.	<sup>4</sup> dowie now.
<sup>5</sup> Embro.	<sup>6</sup> muzzl'd. <sup>7</sup> half-shackled.]

## THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

(STEWART, 1801.)

CURS'D be the man, the poorest wretch in life,  
 The crouching vassal to a tyrant wife!  
 Who has no will but by her high permission,  
 Who has not sixpence but in her possession;

<sup>h</sup> nolt.

<sup>i</sup> dull.

<sup>j</sup> listlessly.

<sup>k</sup> wept.

\* The Edinburgh newspapers in December 1788 refer to the hard frost having frozen up the wells.

† In November 1788, the king shewed symptoms of mental disease, and proposals for a Regent were discussed.

Who must to her his dear friend's secrets 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 b—h.

[We are inclined to consider these powerful lines, as intended to be interwoven in some part of "The Poet's Progress"; but to hazard any conjecture concerning the individuals who suggested this picture of domestic discord—as Cunningham does in his note—would be truly absurd. The following scraps seem to be of the same character.]

### VERSICLES ON SIGN-POSTS.

(ALEX. SMITH'S ED., 1867.)

"The everlasting surliness of a lion, Saracen's head, &c., or the unchanging blandness of the landlord welcoming a traveller, on some sign-posts, would be no bad similes of the constant affected fierceness of a Bully, or the eternal simper of a Frenchman or a Fiddler."—*R. B.*

His face with smile eternal drest,  
 Just like the landlord to his guest,  
 High as they hang with creaking din,  
 To index out the Country Inn.

---

He looked just as your sign-post Lions do,  
 With aspect fierce, and quite as harmless too.

---

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain and soul,  
 The very image of a barber's Poll;  
 It shews a human face, and wears a wig,  
 And looks, when well preserv'd, amazing big.

[These scraps are found in the MS. Book, already referred to (see p. 337, Vol. I.) as having been presented by Burns to Mrs Dunlop, about the year 1788. One of the entries under this heading is the couplet made use of in "The Poet's Progress," lines fifth and sixth from the close. Alexander Smith remarks concerning the present text—"The versicles themselves are of little worth, and are indebted entirely to their paternity for their appearance here."]

## ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1803.)

*Chorus*,—Robin shure in hairst,  
 I shure wi' him ;  
 Fient a heuk had I,  
 Yet I stack by him.

I gaed up to Dunse,  
 To warp a wab o' plaiden,  
 At his daddie's yett,  
 Wha met me but Robin !  
 Robin shure, &c.

Was na Robin bauld,  
 Tho' I was a cottar,  
 Play'd me sic a trick,  
 An' me the Eller's dochter !  
 Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me  
 A' my winter vittle ;  
 Fient haet he had but three  
 Guse-feathers and a whittle !  
 Robin shure, &c.

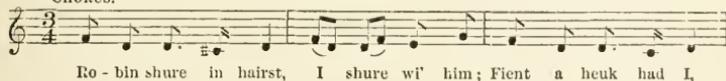
[The identity of "Robin," a part of whose history is sketched in this rattling song, has not heretofore been fixed by any of the poet's annotators. In a letter to Robert Ainslie, dated 6th January 1789, Burns says, "I am still catering for Johnson's publication ; and, among others, I have brushed up the following old favourite song a little, with a view to your worship." That letter, first printed by Cromek, has been included in the bard's correspondence ever since, and Cunningham, Hogg and Chambers, all three, append foot-notes intimating that the

particular song alluded to cannot be now ascertained. We wonder that none of those biographers had the curiosity to make the enquiry at Ainslie himself, who was then alive, and in correspondence with them all. Lockhart, in 1828, remarked thus of Ainslie :—"Among other changes 'which fleeting Time procureth,' this amiable gentleman, whose youthful gaiety made him a chosen associate of Burns, is now chiefly known as the author of some Manuals of Devotion."

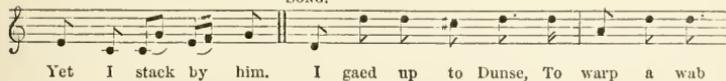
We more than suspect that the penitentially pious author of "Reasons for the hope that is in us" would have shirked the enquiry referred to, had it been put to him; but we are now able to answer the question, after he has been forty years in his grave. Robert Ainslie's paternal home was Berrywell, near Dunse, and the original sketch of the little song in the text was appended to the letter partially quoted above. That it refers to an incident in Ainslie's early history appears evident from the poet's remark—"dressed up with a view to your worship." Burns, however, well knew the character of his friend, and that he would become a very *douce* man after he had "sown his wild oats:" he had told him all this in a former letter—"You will make a noble fellow if once you were married." The "three guse-feathers and a whittle," refer to Ainslie's profession—a writer, or lawyer. In a hitherto suppressed postscript to the poet's letter to Ainslie of 23rd August 1787, he thus specially refers to a child which Ainslie wished to name after Burns :—"Call your boy what you think proper, only interject 'Burns.' What do you say to a Scripture name? for instance Zimri Burns Ainslie, or Ahitophel? &c. Look your Bible for these two heroes," &c. The reader will understand that Robert Ainslie was then a single man. He was married, 22nd December 1798, and died 11th April 1838.

The tune of the words in the text is very short and characteristic, and accordingly we append it.]

## CHORUS.



## SONG.



ODE, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS  
OSWALD OF AUCHENCROUVE.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,  
Hangman of creation ! mark,  
Who in widow-weeds appears,  
Laden with unhonour'd years,  
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 these 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 ! lift thine eyes,  
(A while forbear, ye torturing 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 ava<sup>l</sup>,  
 Ten thousand glittering pounds a-year ?  
 In other worlds can Mammon fa<sup>l</sup>,  
 Omnipotent as he is here !  
 O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier,  
 While down the wretched Vital Part is driven !  
 The cave-lodg'd Beggar, with a conscience clear,  
 Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.

[Auchencruive, as the name indicates, is a holm situated on a remarkable crook of the river, about three miles from the mouth of the Ayr. Within the peninsula formed by the bend, is "Leglen Wood," noted by Harry the minstrel as a favourite hiding place of Wallace the hero. Burns tells us in his autobiography, that while yet a boy, he made a Sabbath-day's journey from Mount Oliphant—a distance of six miles, to pay his respects to the spot where his heroic countryman found shelter.

The lands of Auchencruive 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. At his death, without issue, the estate went to George Oswald, son of his brother James, whose eldest son, Richard Alexander Oswald (born in 1771) became M.P. for Ayrshire, and married the beautiful *Lucy Johnston*, celebrated by Burns in 1795. Thus we see that the dowager widow, who died "unpitied and unblest" on 6th December 1788, was no blood-relation to the grand-nephew whose good-will the poet afterwards cultivated in Dumfries.

Burns enclosed the above Ode to Dr Moore, in a letter where he thus narrates the occasion which caused him to write it,—“You probably knew the lady personally, an honour which I cannot boast ; but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I know that she was detested with the most heartfelt cordiality. However, in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath, she was much less blameable. In January last, in my road to Ayrshire, I had put up at Bailie Whigham's, in Sanquhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind, were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day, and just as my friend the Bailie and I were bidding defiance to the

storm over a smoking bowl, in wheels the funeral pageantry of the late great Mrs Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the horrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened ‘Pegasus’—twelve miles farther on, through the wildest moors and hills of Ayrshire, to new Cumnock, the next inn. The powers of poesy and prose sunk under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say, that when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed Ode.”

The poet's holograph transcript of this Ode, now possessed by A. Ireland, Esq., Bowdon, Cheshire, has been kindly submitted to us for collation with the printed copies, and although there is no verbal difference, we are thereby enabled to give the text more in conformity with the author's manuscript, in his capitals and punctuation.]

### PEGASUS AT WANLOCKHEAD.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1835.)

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

Poor slipshod 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.

To John Taylor, Ramage's, 3 o'clock.

[The explanation of this little production, as given by Allan Cunningham, is somewhat confused ; but it seems that Burns arrived one day at Wanlockhead when the roads were slippery with ice, and felt the necessity of having his horse's shoes sharpened. The Vulcan of the village, having a monopoly of trade, vowed he could not then spare time to attend to the poet's wants ; and from the inn Burns indited these verses to John Taylor, a person who had influence with the smith, and prevailed on him at once to frost the shoes of Pegasus. The poet was thereby enabled to resume his journey with some safety, after having paid Vulcan with the Muse's coin, and a dram at the inn.]

### SAPPHO REDIVIVUS—A FRAGMENT.

(Here first printed connectedly.)

ELLISLAND, 24th January 1789—My dear Cunningham. . . . 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 *crim. 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,  
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 :

---

\* These four lines and introduction are quoted verbatim from the poet's original letter addressed to his friend Alexander Cunningham, writer, Edinburgh, now in possession of that gentleman's son, James Cunningham, Esq., W.S. Unfortunately the latter two pages, containing the remainder of the verses transcribed, and the conclusion of the letter, have disappeared

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 thro' ripen'd corn  
By driving winds the crackling flames are borne ;” ‡  
Now raving-wild, I curse that fatal night,  
Then bless the hour that charm'd 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—stifled 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.

---

\* These six lines, together with the two closing lines of the preceding fragment, are found quoted by the poet in his letter to Mrs M'Lehose (Clarinda) dated 1794, apparently the last communication which passed between them.

† These six lines were first printed by Dr Hatley Waddell in the Appendix, p. lxxxiii., to his Edition of Burns's Works, 1867. He says the lines were communicated to him by George Manners, Esq., Croydon, as part of a poetical expostulation to “Clarinda.” We lately applied to that gentleman on this subject, and are informed that the MS. was borrowed by him from a London bookseller, who has since parted with it. Mr Manners considers “the remainder of the poem as extravagant and unmeet for the public eye.”

‡ Quoted from Pope's “Sappho to Phaon.”

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 !\*

[The lines of which the text is composed have hitherto been surrounded with considerable mystery. Sundry scraps of the effusion found their way into the later portions of the Clarinda correspondence ; but the poet's letter to Alex. Cunningham, partly quoted in our heading, not only fixes its date, but proves that Clarinda was not the subject of it. Indeed, such words could never flow naturally from other than woman's lips ; and the circumstances in the intercommunion betwixt "Sylvander and Clarinda" were never such as to warrant language like that in the text to be used on either side, between the correspondents.

The verses were written in reference to a celebrated Court of Session case, which, in one of its stages, was discussed and decided on, while Burns was present in court, on 7th March 1787. On the following day, he thus wrote to his Ayrshire friend, Mr Gavin Hamilton, concerning it:—"Poor Captain Montgomery is cast. Yesterday it was tried 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 M—— may prosecute for damages directly, and need not divorce his wife at all if he pleases. O all ye powers of love unfortunate, and friendless woe, pour the balm of sympathising pity on the grief-torn, tender heart of the hapless fair one !"

R. Chambers has given the explanation that the lady here referred to was heiress of S——, in Ayrshire, and that, after bearing two children to her husband, she deserted him in June 1783, and cohabited with Captain James Montgomery, of the 93rd regiment of foot. She bore a child to Montgomery in November 1784 ; but, judging from Burns's expressions, there would seem to have been extenuating circumstances in the conduct of the lady. The policy of the husband in abstaining from a process of divorce which would separate him from the lady's estate, was not generally admired.]

---

\* These eighteen lines are preserved in the British Museum, written by Burns on a separate sheet, with no heading or other explanation of their connection. They were printed in the Aldine edition of Burns, 1839, as having been addressed to "Clarinda" in 1788 ; but they are neither included, nor referred to, in the authorised edition of that correspondence, 1843.

## SONG.—SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

SHE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,  
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang ;  
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,  
 And I may e'en gae hang.  
 A coof<sup>a</sup> cam in wi' routh<sup>b</sup> o' gear,<sup>c</sup>  
 And I hae tint<sup>d</sup> my dearest dear ;  
 But Woman is but warld's gear,  
 Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
 To this be never blind ;  
 Nae ferlie<sup>e</sup> 'tis tho' fickle she prove,  
 A woman has't by kind.  
 O Woman lovely, Woman fair !  
 An angel form's faun to thy share,  
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien thee mair—  
 I mean an angel mind.

[The occasion from which this powerful little song emanated will be at once apparent by giving the following extract from the record of Marriages in the Scots Magazine, and a quotation from Burns's letter to his friend Cunningham, in relation thereto :—"13th January 1789. At Edinburgh, Mr Forrest Dewar, Surgeon, to Miss Anne Stewart daughter of John Stewart, Esq., of East Craigs."

"*Ellisland, 24th January 1789.*—My dear Cunningham, when I saw in my last newspaper that a surgeon in Edinburgh was married to a certain amiable and accomplished young lady whose name begins with ANNE; a lady with whom I fancy I have the honor of being a little acquainted, I sincerely felt for a much esteemed friend of mine. As you are the single, only instance that ever came within the sphere of my observation of human nature, of a young fellow, dissipated but not debauched, a circumstance that has ever given me the highest idea of the native qualities of your heart, I am certain that a disappointment in the tender passion must, to you, be a very serious matter. To the hopeful youth, keen on the badger foot of Mammon, or listed under

<sup>a</sup> blockhead.    <sup>b</sup> large stock.    <sup>c</sup> substance, wealth.    <sup>d</sup> lost.    <sup>e</sup> wonder.

the gaudy banners of ambition, a love-disappointment, as such, is an easy business ; nay, perhaps he hugs himself on his escape ; but to your scanty tribe of mankind, whose souls bear—on the richest materials—the most elegant impress of the Great Creator, love enters deeply into their existence : it is entwined with their very thread of life. I myself can affirm, both from bachelor and wedlock experience, that love is the Alpha and Omega of human enjoyment . . . Without it, life, to the poor inmates of the cottage would be a damning gift."

We began this note with an extract from the records of Marriage, and shall bring it to a close in like manner:—"April 10, 1792.—At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Cunningham, writer, to Miss Agnes Moir, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Moir, minister at Auchertoul." This subject will be resumed when we arrive at another of Burns's songs connected with Cunningham's love-disappointment. Meanwhile let us note that, according to Stenhouse, the beautiful melody, "Fair and Fause," was picked up, and communicated by Burns to Johnson. It appears, however, that Oswald had published the same air under the title of "The Lads of Leith." We here annex it.]

She's fair and fause that caus - es my smart, I lo'ed her meik - le and  
 lang, She's brok - en her vow, she's brok - en my heart, And I may e'en gae  
 hang, A coof cam in wi' routh o' gear, And I hae tint my dear-est  
 dear; But Wo-man is but world's gear, Sae let the bo - nie lass gang.

### IMPROMPTU LINES TO CAPTAIN RIDDELL,

ON RETURNING A NEWSPAPER.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

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 !

ELLISLAND, *Monday morning.*

[These lines tell somewhat of the kindly compliments and familiar intercourse that passed current between the poet and his neighbour at Friars Carse, even so early as this, the first year of their acquaintance. About the same date, a prose note addressed to that gentleman still farther exemplifies this intimacy, and shews when Burns began to transcribe for Mr Riddell those poems which now form one volume of what are known as "Burns's Glenriddell MSS." in the Athenæum Library at Liverpool.

Chambers well observes, that the verses in the text "exhibit that wonderful facility of diction which Burns possessed even under the greatest rhyming difficulties." It would seem that the Review sent by Mr Riddell for the bard's perusal contained some strictures on his poetry.]

LINES TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ., OF DRUM-  
 LANRIG.

SENT WITH SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

(CUNNINGHAM'S ED., 1834.)

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.

My Husband

Dear Sir, at any time or tide  
I'd rather sit wi' you than ride,  
Tho' 'twere wi' royal people:  
And trowth your kindness <sup>to late</sup> soon  
Aft' gars me to mysel look blest—  
The Lord in Heaven reward ye!  
R. Burns

---

Dear Dad

To ride this day is fair.  
For it will be a Heehing rain

To come and dit with me

We'll two or three leaves fill up with  
scraps

and whiles fill up the time with

cracks

And spend the day with you

PP

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

[On the 9th of January, 1789, Burns wrote to this gentleman enclosing what he termed "nearly my newest song, one that has cost me some pains, though that is but an equivocal mark of its excellence." And he adds—"two or three others I have by me, which shall do themselves the honour to wait on you at your leisure."]

The poet's intimacy with the neighbouring gentry, commenced shortly after his settlement at Ellisland, and the friendship of Mr M'Murdo and his family he enjoyed till the close of his life.]

### RHYMING REPLY TO A NOTE FROM CAPTAIN RIDDELL.

*(Here first published.)*

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

ELLISLAND.

R. BURNS.

[The Laird of Carse had arranged to ride out with Burns ; but the weather proving unpropitious, he despatched the following to the poet :—

“ Dear Bard, to ride this day is vain,  
 For it will be a steeping rain,  
     So come and sit wi' me ;  
 We'll fill up twa-three leaves wi' scraps,  
 And whyles fill up the time wi' cracks,  
     And spend the day wi' glee.”—R. R.

Riddell's note apparently bears reference to the unpublished scraps of poetry which Burns had undertaken to insert in a bound volume of blank paper that Riddell had, in 1789, procured for the purpose.

The lines in the text are written, in the poet's usual bold hand, on the back of Captain Riddell's lines. The interesting document is now in possession of Sam Bough, Esq., R.S.A., to whom we are indebted for its production here.]

## TO MISS CRUICKSHANK,

A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO  
HER BY THE AUTHOR.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

BEAUTEOUS Rosebud, young and gay,  
Blooming on thy early May,<sup>1</sup>  
Never may'st thou, lovely flower,  
Chilly shrink in sleety shower!  
Never Boreas' hoary path,  
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,  
Never baleful stellar lights,  
Taint thee with untimely blights!  
Never, never reptile thief  
Riot on thy virgin leaf!  
Nor even Sol too fiercely view  
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!<sup>2</sup>

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,  
Richly deck thy native stem;  
Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,  
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,  
While all around the woodland rings,  
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;  
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,  
Shed thy dying honours round,  
And resign to parent Earth  
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

[Burns paid a brief visit to Edinburgh towards the close of February 1789, his main object being to get a final settlement with Mr Creech, in which he succeeded to his satisfaction. We suppose it was at this

time that the above lines of compliment to his favourite little "Rosebud," were composed and inscribed. A copy is inserted near the beginning of the Glenriddell MS. volume of poems, in which the reading of the second line is—

<sup>1</sup> "Blooming on the early day."

The following announcement in the Scots Magazine refers to the marriage of the young lady to whom the lines were addressed ;—"June 1st, 1804—At Jedburgh, James Henderson, writer there, to Miss Jane Cruickshank, daughter of the deceased William Cruickshank, High School, Edinburgh."

Burns, in his letter to Dr Moore, dated 28th February 1791, enclosed this poem, as a specimen of his versification in English. The closing line of the first paragraph might be taken exception to as somewhat unintelligible ; for the parallel between the symbol and the object signified is entirely lost sight of. A blushing rose bathed in dew is a favourite figure in poesy ; but a "blushing bosom wet with dew" is not inviting ! We consequently hail, as a blessed relief, the following variation, and wish it could be adopted in the text :—

<sup>2</sup> Nor Phebus drink with scorching ray  
The freshness of thine early day.]

## BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

YE gallants bright, I rede you right,  
Beware o' bonie 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,  
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 bonie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,  
 But love enslaves the man :  
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',  
 Beware o' bonie Ann !

[This would appear to have been composed during the visit to Edinburgh, referred to in the preceding note. The father of the young lady was Allan Masterton, who professed to teach Music as well as Penmanship. He was appointed teacher of writing in the High School of Edinburgh, in August 1795 ; and, to enable him to attend his other engagements, his brother, Dugald Masterton, and also his nephew, Dugald Masterton, junior, were conjoined with him in the appointment. Allan died in 1799, and Dugald in 1800. The young woman whose charms are celebrated in the text became the husband of a medical man residing at Bath and afterwards in London, named Derbishire. From a Canadian Obituary, we copy the following :—" 27th March 1863. Died at Quebec, Mr Stewart Derbishire, Her Majesty's printer there. He was the son of Dr Derbishire of Bath, and his mother was Miss Ann Masterton, daughter of Allan Masterton, writing-master, High School, Edinburgh."]'

## ODE ON THE DEPARTED REGENCY BILL.

(BRIGHT'S GLENRIDDELL MSS., 1874.)

DAUGHTER of Chaos' doting years,  
 Nurse of ten thousand hopes and fears,  
 Whether thy airy, unsubstantial shade  
 (The rights of sepulture now duly paid)  
 Spread abroad its hideous form  
 On the roaring civil storm,  
 Deafening din and warring rage  
 Factions wild with factions wage ;  
 Or under-ground, deep-sunk, profound,  
 Among the demons of the earth,  
 With groans that make the mountains 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, by all they fear,  
 Hear ! and Appear !

Stare not on me, thou ghastly Power !  
 Nor, grim with chained 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 blind career ;  
 And tell the sore-prest sons of Care,  
     Never, never to despair !

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 num'rous 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 thy moral tale,)  
 Your darkest terrors may be vain,  
     Your brightest hopes may fail.

[In the "Elegy for the year 1788," some reference was made to the King's illness, and consequent excitement regarding the appointment of a Regent. From 17th October 1788, when His Majesty was taken ill,

a daily report of his condition was published. A form of public prayer for the King's recovery was prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and read in the churches from and after 23d November. In the House of Commons on 8th December, Mr Fox, in seconding the government motion for appointing a committee to enquire and report on the constitutional mode of continuing the executive government under existing circumstances, declared his opinion that there could be no suspension of executive government so long as there existed an Heir-apparent of full age and capacity. The Prince of Wales, he considered, "had as indisputable rights to assume the reins of government, and exercise the powers of Sovereignty at present, as in the case of His Majesty having undergone a natural and perfect demise."

Mr Pitt, in reply, said that the doctrine just laid down by the Right Hon. Gentleman was, to the last degree, alarming, and he held that his language was little short of treason to the constitution. Indeed, he considered that the Prince of Wales was, in the present emergency, "no more entitled by right to the administration than any other subject in the kingdom. The right lay with the Parliament alone to appoint a Regent, and if, in its discretion, the Prince of Wales should be selected as the most proper person to represent his Royal Father in the government, the parliament had a right to fetter the appointment with such limitations and restrictions as were necessary for the preservation of its allegiance to the sovereign, and of the people's interests." Out of these conflicting positions arose that "strife of tongues" in the senate, and "turbulent ocean of a nation's commotion" to which the poet refers in the foregoing Ode. The clamour, however, was suddenly checked, and the Regency Bill slaughtered by the king's "Convalescence" being declared about the close of the first week of March 1789. This disappointed the hopes of the Whig party, which calculated on sailing into power during the Regency of the Prince. The "Charles" of the third paragraph is Mr Fox, and the "Portland Band" is the Whig party.

The only known manuscript of this poem is that inscribed in Captain Riddell's volume now preserved at Liverpool, from which the text is taken.]

## EPISTLE TO JAMES TENNANT OF GLENCONNER.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

AULD comrade dear, and brither sinner,  
 How's a' the folk about Glencomer?  
 How do you this blae eastlin wind,  
 That's like to blaw a body blind?

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

My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,  
 The ace an' wale<sup>c</sup> of honest men :  
 When bending down wi' auld grey hairs  
 Beneath the load of years and cares,

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<sup>a</sup> benumbed.

<sup>b</sup> magic.

<sup>c</sup> pick.

May He who made him still support him,  
 An' views beyond the grave comfort him ;  
 His worthy fam'ly far and near,  
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear !

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,  
 The manly tar, my mason-billie,  
 And Auchenbay, I wish him joy ;  
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,  
 May he be *dad*, and Meg the *mither*,  
 Just five-and-forty years thegither !  
 And no forgetting wabster<sup>d</sup> Charlie,  
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.  
 An' Lord, remember singing Sannock,  
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock !  
 And next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy,  
 Since she is fitted to her fancy,  
 An' her kind stars hae airted<sup>e</sup> till her  
 A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller.  
 My kindest, best respects, I sen' it,  
 To cousin Kate, an' sister Janet :  
 Tell them, frae me, wi' chieils<sup>f</sup> be cautious,  
 For, faith, they'll aiblins<sup>g</sup> fin' them fashionable ;<sup>h</sup>  
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,  
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.  
 An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel,  
 May guardian angels tak a spell,  
 An' steer you seven miles south o' hell :  
 But first, before you see heaven's glory,  
 May ye get mony a merry story,  
 Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,  
 And ay eneugh o' needfu' clink.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>d</sup> weaver.<sup>e</sup> directed.<sup>f</sup> lads.<sup>g</sup> perhaps.<sup>h</sup> troublesome.<sup>i</sup> money.

Now fare ye weel, an' 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,  
 Your's, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

[This Epistle seems to have been addressed to the son of "guid auld Glen," to whom the poet refers in his letter to Robert Muir, of 7th March 1788 :—"I took old Glenconner with me to Mr Miller's farm ; and he was so pleased with it that I have wrote an offer to Mr Miller, which, if he accepts, shall make me sit down a plain farmer—the happiest of lives when a man can live by it."

Glenconner is in the parish of Ochiltree. "Auld Glen," whose name was John, was twice married. His son, James, to whom this epistle is addressed, was of the first family, while "Preacher Willie" and "Wabster Charlie" were by the second marriage. *Willie* was subsequently known for his *History of Hindostan*, and *Charlie* became the founder of the famous chemical works of St Rollox, Glasgow. The "manly tar, my mason-billie" was David Tennant, who latterly lived in Swansea, Wales.

The present John Tennant, Esq. of St Rollox (an octogenarian) is the son of "Wabster Charlie," and his son and partner is Charles Tennant, Esq. of The Glen, Peeblesshire. The latter gentleman possesses a book which was presented by Burns to "guid auld Glen" on 20th Dec. 1786, with holograph inscription, thus : "A paltry present from Robert Burns, the Scotch Bard, to his own friend, and his father's friend, John Tennant, in Glenconner."]

## A NEW PSALM FOR THE CHAPEL OF KILMARNOCK,

ON THE THANKSGIVING-DAY FOR HIS MAJESTY'S RECOVERY.

(HATELY WADDELL'S ED., 1867.)

As I am not devoutly attached to a certain monarch, I cannot say that my heart ran any risk of bursting, on Thursday was se'ennight with the struggling emotions of gratitude. God forgive me for speaking evil of dignities ! but 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 23rd.’—*Letter to Mrs Dunlop, 4th May 1789.*

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,  
 The burden-bearing tribe.

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

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

Th' ungodly o'er the just prevail'd,  
 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.\*

Now hear our prayer, accept our song,  
 And fight thy chosen's battle :  
 We seek but little, Lord, from thee ;  
 Thou kens we get as little.

[The letter to Mrs Dunlop, from which the foregoing Psalm and its heading are taken, was, by some mistake on the part of Dr Currie, or perhaps clerical error of the poet himself, set down as "4th April," instead of 4th May 1789. The day of National Thanksgiving for the King's recovery was not appointed till 8th April, on which day His Majesty sent a message to both Houses of Parliament announcing that he had appointed Thursday 23rd April to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the removal of his affliction. And for the greater solemnity of that day, His Majesty had resolved to go to St Paul's Cathedral to return thanks to God for the great mercy which had been extended to him. It was accordingly ordered that both Houses of Parliament should attend His Majesty at St Paul's on said occasion.]

Early in March appeared a series of favourable reports betokening the convalescence of the King, and on the 12th of that month his complete restoration was officially announced. In London the Church bells were set a-ringing, the Park and Tower guns were fired at noon, and

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\* Dr Wm. M'Gill of Ayr, who published in 1784 an essay on the death of Jesus Christ, of a Socinian tendency, which was condemned by the evangelical party as heretical.

there was a grand illumination at night. In Edinburgh, the public rejoicing and illumination were three days earlier.

The procession to and from St Paul's Cathedral on 23rd April, and the service there, were of the most magnificent description. From the reading of the accounts thereof, Burns was led to indite the foregoing parody of one of the Scotch metrical psalms. The "Young Man, great in Issachar" is undoubtedly the Premier, William Pitt, and the "Judge that's mighty in the law" must be the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, with his

"— powers to awe,  
His rhetoric, blasphemy and law."

After transcribing the verses in the text, the poet adds in his letter:—"You must know that the publisher of one of the most blasphemous party London Newspapers is an acquaintance of mine, and as I am a little tinctured with the 'Buff and Blue,' myself, I now and then help him to a stanza."]

### SKETCH IN VERSE,

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

(CURRIE, 1800.)

How Wisdom and Folly meet, mix, and unite,  
How Virtue and Vice blend their black and their white,  
How Genius, th' 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 honor my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits;  
Yet whose parts and acquirements seem just lucky hits;  
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,  
No man with the half of 'em e'er could go<sup>1</sup> wrong;

With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,  
 No man with the half of 'em e'er could go<sup>2</sup> 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 labors,  
 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 shew 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 its 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 called 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.

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-honor'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, out-do him—the task is, out-thieve him !

[The foregoing "Essay on Man," not quite in the manner of Pope, was partially transcribed to Mrs Dunlop in the same letter of 4th May 1789, in which he gave her the preceding "Stanzas of new Psalmody." In reference to this poem he writes :—"I have another poetic whim in my head, which I at present dedicate, or rather inscribe, to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox ; but how long that fancy may hold I cannot say."

The closing sixteen lines of this piece were first published from the poet's MS. in the Aldine Edition 1839. This production seems to exemplify the correctness of Professor Walker's opinion that Burns was incapable of applying himself to any long-sustained effort on one subject ; otherwise we might have expected from him a continuation of his "Poet's Progress," instead of the above discursive flight.

The variations—<sup>1</sup>went far, and <sup>2</sup>went quite—seem to have been liberties taken by Currie with the poet's text. They certainly are not improvements.

The London Newspaper referred to by the poet in connection with this and the preceding piece, of which the Editor was his own acquaintance, could be none other than "The Evening Star," edited by Peter Stuart, who had corresponded with Burns in 1787, on the subject of his head-stone to Ferguson the poet.]

## THE WOUNDED HARE.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

"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

name 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."—*Letter to Alex. Cunningham, 4th May, 1789.*

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,  
 And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;  
 May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,  
 Nor never<sup>2</sup> 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<sup>2</sup> verdant plains  
 To thee a 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.<sup>3</sup>

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!<sup>4</sup>

Off 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 arm,<sup>5</sup> and mourn thy hapless fate.

[The author submitted this little poem to the critical judgment of his friend Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, and from the remarks of that accomplished scholar, he was induced to make a few emendations which will appear from the variations hereto subjoined. Dr Currie has remarked that "the criticism is not more distinguished by its good sense, than by its freedom from ceremony." Burns was, however, rather

“taken aback” by it, for in a letter he wrote soon after he says—“Dr Gregory is a good man, but he crucifies me. I believe in his iron justice; but, like the devils, I believe and tremble.”

One of the advices given by Gregory was to change the structure of the stanza, “as the measure does not flow well; the rhyme of the fourth line being almost lost by its distance from the first.” Burns seems to have been of a different opinion in that respect; for he afterwards composed several pieces on the same model, in particular, the Sonnet on his own Birthday, 1793, and the Sonnet on the death of Riddell of Glenriddell, 1794. Tennyson has now made this form of stanza very popular.

The variations are as follow :—

<sup>1</sup> ever.

<sup>2</sup> or

<sup>3</sup> *This whole stanza differs thus—*

Seek, mangl'd 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-stain'd bosom warm.

<sup>4</sup> *This whole stanza was suppressed in the Author's edition, and perhaps it is the best in the poem.*

<sup>5</sup> *ruthless wretch.]*

## DELIA, AN ODE.

(LIVES OF SCOTTISH POETS, 1822.)

“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.”*

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

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 laps  
 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.

[This poem, so very unlike a composition of Burns, with the letter to the Printer of the *Star* which accompanies it, is surrounded with great suspicion. It first appeared in a Memoir of Burns, produced in London by or for "The Society of Ancient Scots," whatever that may mean. The editor of Wm. Clark's edition of Burns, 1831, omits the verses on the ground that they are not by Burns, but "a translation of an anonymous Latin poem." Cunningham gives a place in his edition to both the letter and the verses; but nevertheless expresses his "suspicion that they are not by Burns." Chambers accepts them as genuine, and repeats a tradition to the effect that the poem was produced almost impromptu at Brownhill inn, in answer to a challenge of his power to compose effeminate verses.]

### THE GARD'NER WI' HIS PAIDLE.

*Tune*—"The Gardener's March."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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

The crystal waters gently fa',  
 The merry bards are lovers a',  
 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 dew he maun repair—  
     The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day, expiring in the west,  
 The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,  
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best,  
     The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

[The engraving of the music-plates for volume third of the *Museum* was going on apace, and Burns never lost an opportunity of supplying the proposed airs with suitable words. A few years after this time, he deprived the Gardeners of the honour of this song by altering it to suit the air "Dainty Davie" for George Thomson's collection. This was done by adding a chorus, and changing the closing line of each stanza ; but in other respects the two songs are nearly identical.]

### ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

ON a bank of flowers in a summer day,  
 For summer lightly drest.  
 The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,  
     With love and sleep opprest ;  
 When Willie, 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 she fragrant breath'd,  
     It richer dyed the rose ;

The springing lilies, sweetly prest,  
 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,  
 So Nelly starting, half-awake,  
     Away affrighted springs ;  
 But Willie, 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.

[This is merely a new versification of an old song by Mr Theobald, set to a beautiful air by a German musician (John E. Gaillard) which became so popular in Scotland, as to find its way into the list of Scotch tunes. Burns has compressed the older version, and rendered the lyric much more modest. The original may be found in Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany."]

## YOUNG JOCKIE WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

YOUNG Jockie 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 bonie blue,  
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;  
 An' ay my heart cam to my mou,  
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockie toils upon the plain,  
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw ;  
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,  
 When Jockie's owsen hameward ca'.

An' ay the night comes round again,  
 When in his arms he taks me a' ;  
 An' ay he vows he'll be my ain,  
 As lang as he has breath to draw.

[This fine love-song was composed to suit an air in Oswald's Pocket Companion, having the same title ; and Stenhouse informs us that, with exception of three or four lines, the words in the text are entirely new.]

## THE BANKS OF NITH.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,  
 Where royal cities stately stand ;  
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,  
 Where Comyns ance had high command.

When shall I see that honor'd land,  
 That winding stream I love so dear !  
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand  
 For ever, ever keep me here !

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,  
 Where bounding hawthorns gayly bloom ;  
 And sweetly spread thy sloping dales,  
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom  
 Tho' wandering now must be my doom,  
 Far from thy bonie banks and braes,  
 May there my latest hours consume,  
 Among the friends of early days !

[This song, intended to depict the feelings of a native of Nithsdale resident in London, reflecting on his youthful associations of "Auld Langsyne," was composed to fit a melody by Captain Riddell, in the measure of "Goodnight and joy be wi' ye a'"—"You will see"—he afterwards wrote to his friend the Colonel of Crochallan—"by looking into the third volume of Johnson, that I have contributed my mite there."]

### JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

*Chorus.*—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.

[These simple stanzas are set in the Museum to a melody by Oswald, which, when tested, is found to be merely a violin variation of the tender old Scottish air, "I'll never leave thee." It is so much beyond the compass of ordinary voices, that we do not wonder at this little song failing to become popular. We therefore annex the ancient melody referred to, and appeal to the musical reader to try the effect of it with the words in the text.]

*Tune*—"I'll never leave thee."

Ja-mie, come try me, Ja-mie, come try me, If thou would win my  
 love, Ja - mie, come try me. If thou should ask my love, Could I de-  
 ny thee! If thou would win my love, Ja - mie, come try me.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN SECRET.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

MY Sandy gied to me a ring,  
 Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine ;  
 But I gied him a far better thing,  
 I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

*Chorus.*—My Sandy O, my Sandy O,  
 My bonie, bonie Sandy O ;  
 Tho' the love that I owe  
 To thee I dare na show,  
 Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O.

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd,  
 While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd ;  
 He took a hauf, and gied it to me,  
 And I'll keep it till the hour I die.  
 My Sandy O, &c.

[Although this snatch reads little better than doggrel, the hand of Burns is visible in it. The old words were very impure, and it was necessary to preserve the sprightly air. The last stanza records a very interesting old custom between lovers when fated to undergo a temporary separation—the breaking of a piece of gold or silver, one half of which was retained by each party until sundered hands and hearts could permanently join. The old song of “Logie o' Buchan,” refers to the same practice—

“ He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,  
 An' gae me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.”]

### SWEET TIBBIE DUNBAR.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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,  
 I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly ;  
 But say that thou'lt hae me for better or waur,  
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

[This is entirely by Burns, written with a view to preserve an air he much admired, called “Johnie M'Gill,” after its supposed composer,

John McGill, a Girvan fiddler. Perhaps, however, it was so named through some local fame it had acquired by his excellent performance of it on the violin. It has been claimed as an Irish air. Since Burns's days the melody has become widely known, in consequence of Hector Macneill's words to it, "Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa'."]

## THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

*Chorus.*—O mount and go, mount and make you ready,  
O mount and go, and be the Captain's Lady.

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

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

[Stenhouse, who had an opportunity of inspecting Johnson's manuscripts, informs us that these words are by Burns, and we can well believe it, for they evince his usual force. The following will give an idea of the old words :—

*Chorus.*—I will away, and I will not tarry,  
I will away, and be a Captain's lady.

A Captain's lady fair, she is a dame of honour,  
And she has got her maids ay to wait upon her :  
Ay to wait upon her, and get a' things ready,  
So I will away and be a Captain's lady.  
I will away, &c.

The song was very popular during the Duke of Marlborough's time, and the incessant warfare of that period. In Oswald's "Pocket Com-

panion" the air is called "Mount your Baggage." As the air is very curious and expressive we here annex it.]

## CHORUS.



O mount and go, mount and make you ready, O mount and go, and be the

## SONG.



Cap-tain's Lady. When the drums do beat, and the can-nons rat-tle, Thou shalt



sit in state, and see thy love in bat-tle: When the drums do beat, and the



can-non rat-tle, Thou shalt sit in state, and see thy love in bat-tle.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent ;  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonie brow was brent ;<sup>a</sup>  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw ;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,<sup>b</sup>  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither ;  
 And mony a cantie<sup>c</sup> day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither :

<sup>a</sup> smooth.

<sup>b</sup> head.

<sup>c</sup> cheerful.

Now we maun totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

[This perfect little gem has been sadly abused by admiring versifiers, who, in the vain hope to render it more complete by adding stanzas of their own, have only set up a foil to increase the brightness of Burns's classic production. Dr Currie, in 1800, raised his protest against a so-called "Improved" version of this song which had been given in the first volume of a collection entitled "Poetry, original and selected," printed by Brash and Reid, of Glasgow. With respect to the additional verses, he remarks that "every reader of discernment will see they are by an inferior hand; and the real author of them ought neither to have given them, nor suffered them to be given to the world, as the production of Burns."

In the *Scots Magazine* for 1797, the version thus complained of by Currie, is given as "John Anderson, my Jo, Improved—by Robert Burns," and consists in all of eight double stanzas, including the two in our text, marred by unhappy alterations. Dr Waddell, in his recent edition of Burns's Works, mentions that the version in question was the production of Mr William Reid, one of the partners of the printing firm of Brash and Reid; and he adds the astounding intelligence that "Burns honoured Mr Reid, not only with his correspondence, but with *permission* to make additional verses to some of his own songs!" The world will be slow to credit that assertion; and if it has been made on the authority of Mr Reid's son, still alive in Glasgow, that gentleman ought to recall the statement, unless he can produce evidence for it under Burns's own hand.]

## MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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 hauf sae saucy yet;

I rue the day I sought her O !  
 I rue the day I sought her O !  
 Wha gets her need na say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he has 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 whare ye will,  
 But here I never miss'd it yet,  
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't,  
 We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't ;  
 The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife ;  
 He could na preach for thinkin o't.

[Stenhouse claims the title and the four concluding lines of this remarkable ditty as ancient ; and the remainder, he assures us, is the composition of Burns. The melody is a favourite dancing-tune, and was anciently known as "Lady Badinscoth's Reel." It was, nevertheless, used as a song so early as 1641, in scorn of the Lords of the congregation and the covenanters. A pamphlet of that period gives the following sample of the words.

Put up thy dagger, Jamie,  
 It never was intended  
 That Bishops fall, no, not at all,  
 When Parliament is ended.  
 'Twas only for to flam thee  
 That all things should be mended ;  
 But we've got the game, and we'll keep the same,  
 When Parliament is ended.]

### SONG,—TAM GLEN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,  
 In poortith I might mak a fen' ;  
 What care I in riches to wallow,  
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen !

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller—  
 "Gude day to you"—brute ! he comes ben :  
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,  
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen !

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

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,  
 He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten ;  
 But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,  
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen !

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

The last Halloween I was waukin  
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,  
 His likeness came up the house staukin,  
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen !

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry ;  
 I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,  
 Gif ye will advise me to marry  
 The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

[This has, from the day of its first publication, been considered one of the happiest of its author's humorous songs. Dr Waddell well observes

that "feminine love and logic were never more admirably combined, and the *moral* elevated for ever above the base *commercial* idea of matrimony."

In the *Museum*, it is set to an old tune, called "Tam Glen," consisting of one part only, which has some arch character in it; but that air has long been laid aside for the two-part melody, called "The muckin' o' Geordie's byre," which suits it admirably.]

### CARLE, AN THE KING COME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

*Chorus*.—Carle,<sup>a</sup> an the King come,  
 Carle, an the King come,  
 Thou shalt dance and I will sing,  
 Carle, an the King come.

An somebody were come again,  
 Then somebody maun cross the main,  
 And every man shall hae his ain,  
 Carle, an the King come,  
 Carle, an the King come, &c.

I trow we swappet<sup>b</sup> for the warse,  
 We gae the boot<sup>c</sup> and better horse;  
 An that we'll tell them at the cross,  
 Carle, an the King come,  
 Carle an the King come, &c.

Coggie,<sup>d</sup> an the King come,  
 Coggie, an the King come,  
 I'se be fou,<sup>e</sup> an' thou'se be toom,<sup>f</sup>  
 Coggie, an the King come.  
 Coggie, an the King come, &c.

[This is an old song, dating from the period of the Cromwell Interregnum, dressed up by Burns, whose improvements are very apparent

<sup>a</sup> old man.

<sup>b</sup> exchanged.

<sup>c</sup> something added.

<sup>d</sup> drinking-cup.

<sup>e</sup> well-filled.

<sup>f</sup> empty.

on comparing it with any version of the song printed before the year 1789. The last verse, addressed to the "Coggie" of the singer, is very characteristic. The poet introduced a similar stanza at the close of "Hey tuttie taitie," thus:—

"Cog, an ye were ay fou,  
Cog, an ye were ay fou,  
I wad sit an' sing to you,  
An ye were ay fou!"

### THE LADDIE'S DEAR SEL'.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
That he from our lasses should wander awa';  
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha',  
An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a.

His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,  
His fecket <sup>a</sup> is white as the new-driven snaw;  
His hose they are blae,<sup>b</sup> and his shoon like the slae,  
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin';  
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd,<sup>c</sup> weel-mounted an' braw;  
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,  
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

There's Meg wi' the mailen <sup>d</sup> that fain wad a haen him,  
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha';  
There's lang-tocher'd <sup>e</sup> Nancy maist fetters his fancy,  
But the laddie's dear sel, he loes dearest of a'.

[The poet's note to Glenriddell's copy says—"The first half-stanza of the song is old, and the rest is mine. The air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it the Lament for his brother." There is nothing so attractive in the tune as to justify its repetition here.]

---

<sup>a</sup> an under-vest of white wool.    <sup>b</sup> pale-blue.    <sup>c</sup> dowered.    <sup>d</sup> farm.

## WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

FIRST when Maggie was my care,  
 Heav'n, I thought, was in her air,  
 Now we're married—speir <sup>a</sup> nae mair,

    But whistle o'er the lave <sup>b</sup> o't!  
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Sweet and harmless as a child—<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd;  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't!

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

[This favourite song was written by Burns as a substitute for some witty but indelicate verses preserved in Herd's Collection. The air, which is very popular, has been claimed as the composition of John Bruce, a musician who resided in Dumfries about 1720. There can be little doubt, however, that the air was known under the name of "Dance Katie Bairdie," long antecedent to that date. The following variation is found in some manuscripts:—

<sup>1</sup> Bonnie Meg was Nature's child.

<sup>a</sup> enquire.

<sup>b</sup> remainder.

MY EPPIE ADAIR.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

*Chorus.*—AN' O my Eppie, my jewel, my Eppie,  
Wha wad na be happy wi' Eppie Adair ?

By love, and by beauty, by law, and by duty,  
I swear to be true to my 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, &c.

A' pleasure exile me, dishonor defile me,  
If e'er I beguile ye, my Eppie Adair !  
A' pleasure exile me, dishonor defile me,  
If e'er I beguile thee, my Eppie Adair !  
And O my Eppie, &c.

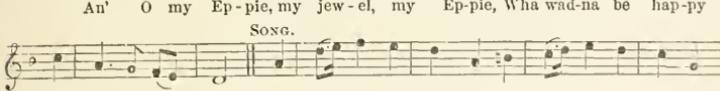
[These words were supplied to fit a very beautiful melody by Oswald, which appears in his "Pocket Companion," Book xii., under the title of "My Eppie." As the air is little known, we here supply it.]

CHORUS.

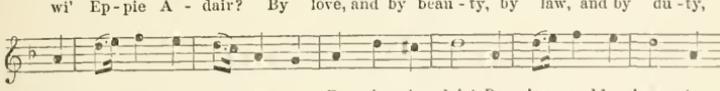


An' O my Ep-pie, my jew-el, my Ep-pie, Wha wad-na be hap-py

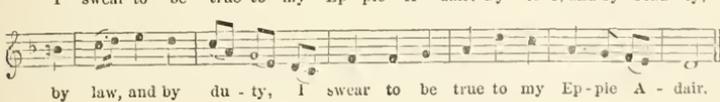
SONG.



wi' Ep-pie A - dair? By love, and by beau - ty, by law, and by du - ty,



I swear to be true to my Ep-pie A - dair! By love, and by beau - ty,



by law, and by du - ty, I swear to be true to my Ep-pie A - dair.

## EPIGRAM ON FRANCIS GROSE THE ANTIQUARY.

(STEWART, 1801.)

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 burthen a-groaning,  
Astonish'd, confounded, cries Satan—' By G—,  
I'll want him ere take such a damnable load !'

[This Epigram was published in the *Scots Magazine* for June 1791, in connection with a brief memoir of Grose, who died suddenly in Dublin on the 12th of the preceding month. He seems to have been born in 1740, as his age at his death is stated to have been fifty-one. His father was a wealthy jeweller, resident at Richmond, and died in 1769. In early life, Grose held a commission as Captain in the Surrey Militia, of which he became Adjutant and Paymaster. His personal extravagance and careless bookkeeping caused him to resign that post, and his pecuniary difficulties having roused his latent talents for antiquarian research, his after-life was devoted to literature of that kind. He married, and had his head-quarters at Canterbury, where he obtained a great reputation for wit and sociality ; and it is pleasing to be told by his biographer, that "when he set the table in a roar, it was never at the expense of virtue or good manners."

Such was the gentleman who was introduced to Burns at the board of Mr Riddell of Carse in the summer of 1789. It is stated in the magazine notice above referred to, that the Epigram in the text "was so much relished by Grose, that he made it serve as an excuse for prolonging the convivial occasion which gave it birth to a very late hour."]

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

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,  
Frae Maidenkirk\* to Johnie Groat's;—  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede<sup>a</sup> you tent<sup>b</sup> it :  
A chield's amang you takin notes,  
And faith he'll prent it :

If in your bounds ye chance to light  
Upon a fine, fat, fodge<sup>c</sup> e wight,  
O' stature short, but genius bright,  
That's he, mark weel ;  
And wow ! he has an unco sleight<sup>d</sup>  
O' cauk and keel.<sup>e</sup>

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,<sup>f</sup> †  
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,<sup>g</sup>  
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in  
Some eldritch<sup>h</sup> part,  
Wi' deils, they say, L—d save 's ! colleaguin  
At some black art.

<sup>a</sup> advise.    <sup>b</sup> pay attention to.    <sup>c</sup> squat, thick-set.    <sup>d</sup> uncommon skill.

<sup>e</sup> white and red chalk for drawing.    <sup>f</sup> owl-haunted structure.

<sup>g</sup> roof.    <sup>h</sup> fear-inspiring.

\* Kirkmaiden, in Wigtonshire, the most southerly parish in Scotland.

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

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,  
 Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamour,<sup>a</sup>  
 And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,  
   Warlocks and witches ;  
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,  
   Ye midnight bitches.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,  
 And ane wad rather fa'n<sup>b</sup> than fled ;  
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,<sup>c</sup>  
   And dog-skin wallet,  
 And taen the—Antiquarian trade,  
   I think they call it.

He has a fouth<sup>d</sup> o' auld nick-nackets :  
 Rusty airn<sup>e</sup> caps and jinglin jackets,\*  
 Wad haud<sup>f</sup> the Lothians three in tackets,<sup>g</sup>  
   A towmont<sup>h</sup> gude ;  
 And parritch-pats and auld saut-backets,<sup>i</sup> <sup>1</sup>  
   Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder ;  
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool<sup>j</sup> and fender ;  
 That which distinguishèd the gender  
   O' Balaam's ass :  
 A broomstick o' the witch of Endor.  
   Weel shod<sup>k</sup> wi' brass.<sup>2</sup>

Forbye,<sup>l</sup> <sup>3</sup> he'll shape you aff fu' gleg<sup>m</sup>  
 The cut of Adam's philibeg ;<sup>n</sup>

---

<sup>a</sup> witchcraft.    <sup>b</sup> fallen.    <sup>c</sup> quitted the sword.    <sup>d</sup> large quantity.  
<sup>e</sup> iron.    <sup>f</sup> keep.    <sup>g</sup> shoe nails.    <sup>h</sup> twelvemonth.  
<sup>i</sup> salt-boxes.    <sup>j</sup> fire-shovel.    <sup>k</sup> mounted with brass.  
<sup>l</sup> Besides.    <sup>m</sup> cleverly.    <sup>n</sup> kilt.

\* *Vide* his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.—*R. B.*, 1793.

The knife that nicket<sup>4</sup> Abel's craig  
   He'll prove you fully,  
 It was a faulding jocteleg,\*  
   Or lang-kail gullie.

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

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

[This poem, with a few verbal variations, and curtailed of one stanza, appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for November, 1791. We have also been assured that it had been printed so early as 4th September, 1789, in the columns of the *Kelso Chronicle*, with the signature "Thomas A. Linn" attached.

Grose's method of publishing his works was to issue them in numbers, with four plates and letterpress in each, at 3s. 6d. ; and again in volumes as these were completed. His work on the "Antiquities of England and Wales" was commenced in 1773, and the fourth volume appeared in 1776. He supplemented these by two additional volumes embracing subjects in Guernsey and Jersey ; and in 1787, the entire work was reprinted in eight volumes. He also produced several subsidiary works, such as his "Military Antiquities," and "A Treatise on Ancient Armour," prior to his labours in Scotland, from 1789 to 1791. He commenced his operations in Dumfries-shire, as is proved by the dates engraved upon his earlier plates. "Sweetheart Abbey" is marked "June 1789," and "Lincluden Abbey," is dated "August 1789." A young

\* The etymology of this word was unknown till recently, when an old knife was found with the cutler's name marked 'Jacques de Liege.' Thus it is in exact analogy with, 'Andrea di Ferrara.'—*Lord Hailes*.

man travelled along with him who made himself very handy in many respects, and not least in etching the copperplates for his work. The Captain termed him his "Guinea-pig." His work on the "Antiquities of Scotland" was completed in 1791, in two volumes, comprising 190 views with letterpress. In May of that year, he arrived in Dublin with the object of executing a similar antiquarian work for Ireland; but, shortly after his arrival, he was seized with an apoplectic fit which carried him off on the 12th of that month. He left several sons and daughters behind him. His son Daniel Grose, F.A.S., Captain of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, was, after serving through several campaigns in America, appointed Deputy-Governor of the new settlement of Botany Bay in 1790.

The variations in the *Scots Magazine* are these:—

- |   |                                    |
|---|------------------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> pitcher-pots, and auld sand-buckets. | <sup>2</sup> this stanza omitted.  |
| <sup>3</sup> besides.                             | <sup>4</sup> cuttit Abel's craig.] |

## THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND'S ALARM.

A BALLAD.

*Tune*—"Come rouse, Brother Sportsmen!"

(STEWART, 1801.)

ORTHODOX! orthodox,<sup>1</sup> who believe in John Knox,  
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience:  
 A<sup>2</sup> heretic blast has been blown in the West,  
 That "what is no sense must be nonsense,"  
 Orthodox! That "what is no sense must be nonsense."

Doctor Mac! Doctor Mac, you should streek<sup>3</sup> on a rack,  
 To strike evil-doers<sup>4</sup> wi' terror:  
 To join Faith and Sense, upon any pretence,  
 Was heretic, damnable error,  
 Doctor Mac! \* 'Twas heretic, damnable error.

---

\* Dr M'Gill, Ayr.—*R. B.*

Town of Ayr ! town of Ayr, it was rash, I declare,  
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing,\*  
 Provost John † is still deaf to the Church's relief,  
 And Orator Bob ‡ is its ruin,  
 Town of Ayr ! Yes, Orator Bob is its ruin.

D'rymple mild ! D'rymple mild, tho' your heart's like a child's,  
 And your life like the new-driven snaw,  
 Yet that winna save you, auld Satan must have you,  
 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 a storehouse o' lead,  
 Calvin's sons ! Your skulls are a storehouse o' lead. <sup>5</sup>

Rumble John ! rumble John, mount the steps with a groan,  
 Cry, " the Book is with heresy cramm'd ;"  
 Then out wi' <sup>6</sup> your ladle, deal brimstone like aidle,  
 And roar ev'ry note of the D—'d,  
 Rumble John ! || And roar ev'ry note of the D—'d.

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

\* See the advertisement.—*R. B.* † John Ballantine.—*R. B.*

‡ Robert Aiken.—*R. B.*

§ Dr Dalrymple, Ayr.—*R. B.*

|| John Russell, Kilmarnock.—*R. B.* ¶ James Mackinlay, Kilmarnock.—*R. B.*

Singet<sup>a</sup> Sawnie ! singet Sawnie, are ye huirdin<sup>b</sup> the penny,  
 Unconscious what danger awaits ?<sup>7</sup>  
 With a jump, yell, and howl, alarm ev'ry soul,  
 For Hannibal's just at your gates,  
 Singet Sawnie !\* For Hannibal's just at your gates.<sup>8</sup>

Poet Willie ! 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<sup>9</sup> he sh-t,  
 Poet Willie ! † Ye but smelt, man, the place where he sh-t.

Barr Steenie ! Barr Steenie, what mean ye ? what mean ye ?  
 If ye meddle nae mair wi' the matter,  
 Ye may hae some pretence, man, to havins and sense, man,  
 Wi' people that ken ye nae better,  
 Barr Steenie ! ‡ Wi' people that ken ye nae better.

Jamie Goose ! Jamie Goose,<sup>10</sup> ye made but toom roose,<sup>c</sup>  
 In hunting the wicked Lieutenant ;  
 But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's holy ark,  
 He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't,  
 Jamie Goose ! § He has cooper'd an' ca'd a wrang pin in't.

<sup>a</sup> puny, shrivelled.

<sup>b</sup> hoarding, saving.

<sup>c</sup> empty boast.

\* Alexander Moodie of Riccarton.—*R. B.*

† William Peebles, in Newton-upon-Ayr, a poetaster, who, among many other things, published an ode on the Centenary of the Revolution, in which was the line,

“ And bound in Liberty's endearing chain.”—*R. B.*

‡ Stephen Young, of Barr.—*R. B.*

§ James Young, in New Cumnock, who had lately been foiled in an ecclesiastical prosecution against a Lieutenant Mitchel.—*R. B.*

Davie Bluster ! Davie Bluster, for a saint if ye muster,  
 The core is <sup>11</sup> no nice o' 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.

Cessnock-side ! Cessnock-side, <sup>12</sup> wi' your turkey-cock pride,  
 Of manhood but sma' is your share :  
 Ye've the figure, 'tis true, ev'n your foes maun <sup>13</sup> allow,  
 And your friends dare na say ye hae mair,  
 Cessnock-side ! † And your friends dare na say ye hae <sup>14</sup> mair.

Muirland Jock ! muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a  
 rock,  
 To crush common-sense for her sins ; <sup>15</sup>  
 If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit  
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance,  
 Muirland Jock ! ‡ To confound the poor Doctor at ance. <sup>16</sup>

Andro Gowk ! Andro Gowk, ye may slander the Book,  
 An' the Book nought the waur, let me tell ye ;  
 Tho' ye're rich, an' look big, yet, lay by hat an' wig,  
 An' ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value,  
 Andro Gowk ! § Ye'll hae a calf's-head o' sma' value.

Daddy Auld ! daddie Auld, there's a tod <sup>a</sup> in the fauld,  
 A tod meikle waur than the clerk ;  
 Tho' ye do little skaith, <sup>b</sup> ye'll be in at the death, <sup>17</sup>  
 For gif ye canna bite, ye may bark,  
 Daddy Auld ! || Gif ye canna bite, ye may bark.

\* David Grant, Ochiltree.—*R. B.* † George Smith, Galston.—*R. B.*

‡ John Shepherd, Muirkirk.—*R. B.* § Dr Andrew Mitchel, Monkton.—*R. B.*

|| William Auld, Mauchline ; for the Clerk, see "Holy Willie's Prayer."  
 —*R. B.*

<sup>a</sup> fox.

<sup>b</sup> hurt.

Holy Will ! holy Will, there was wit in your skull,  
 When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;  
 The timmer is scant when ye're taen for a saunt,  
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour,  
 Holy Will !\* Ye should swing in a rape for an hour.

Poet Burns ! poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelpin turns,  
 Why desert ye your auld native shire ?  
 Your muse is a gipsy, yet were she e'en tipsy, <sup>18</sup>  
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are,  
 Poet Burns ! She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

---

PRESENTATION STANZAS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Factor John ! Factor John, whom the L—d made alone,  
 And ne'er made anither, thy peer,  
 Thy poor servant, the Bard, in respectful regard,  
 He presents thee this token sincere,  
 Factor John ! He presents thee this token sincere.

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

[The history of the foregoing satire may be briefly stated thus :—  
 Dr William M'Gill, one of the two ministers of the parochial charge of  
 Ayr, had published, in 1786, an Essay on the Death of Christ, the  
 doctrines of which were reckoned unscriptural by the evangelical party  
 in the Church. It provoked much severe criticism ; but its author  
 remained silent, till a neighbouring minister, Dr William Peebles, in  
 preaching a centenary sermon on the Revolution, on 5th November,

---

\* *Vide* the "Prayer" of this saint.—*R. B.*

1788, denounced the essay as heretical, and its author as one who received the privileges of the church with one hand, and stabbed her with the other. M'Gill published a defence; but on 15th April, 1789, a complaint of his non-orthodoxy was lodged with the Synod. The case came before the General Assembly in May following; and by a deliverance of that Court, a remit was ordered to be made to a committee of fifteen ministers and ten elders to draw up an abstract of objectionable passages from Dr M'Gill's publication, and to lay the same before the presbytery within two months. William Fisher—the "Holy Willie" whom the poet had already so severely scourged—was one of the elders chosen, and the ministers satirized in this poem (commencing at stanza sixth) were all against the accused. On 15th July, 1789, the committee was formed, and began its work; and at this stage the aid of Burns's pen was lent in favour of M'Gill.

We first hear of this satire in the poet's letter to Mr John Logan of Knockshinnoch, of date 7th August, 1789. He had picked up acquaintance with that gentleman in course of his frequent journeys between Ellisland and Mauchline, during the previous twelve months. He thus proceeds:—"I dare not write you a long letter, as I am going to intrude on your time with a long ballad. 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 that 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. If I could be of any service to Dr M'Gill, I would do it, though it should be at a much greater expense than irritating a few bigoted priests; but I am afraid that serving him in his present *embarras* is a task too hard for me. I have enemies enow, God knows, though I do not wantonly add to the number. Still, as I think there is some merit in two or three of the thoughts, I send it to you as a small, but sincere testimony how much, and with what respectful esteem I am," &c. Mr Logan's residence was at Laight; but the custom then was to name small lairds and farmers, after the title of their crofts and lease-holdings, and Logan was styled "of Knockshinnoch," and sometimes "laird of Afton."

Burns would seem to have gathered quite a little troop of friends in the vale of Afton, near New Cunnock. From some inspiration connected with this district must have sprung the bard's exquisite pastoral song, "Afton Water," which we conjecture to have been composed in 1791. Sanquhar also was a favourite resting-place of the poet in his journeys between Ellisland and Ayrshire; and a constant intercourse was kept up between "Crichton Peel" and the vale of Afton. A curious memorandum in Burns's handwriting addressed to Provost Edward

Whigham of Sanquhar has recently turned up, which evinces that fact. It is as follows: "Mem.—To get from John French his sets of the following old Scots airs—(1) The auld yowe jump't o'er the tether. (2) Nine nights awa, welcome hame my dearie. (3) A' the nights o' the year, the chapman drinks nae water. If Mr Whigham will, either of himself, or through the medium of that hearty veteran of original wit, and social iniquity—Clackleith—procure these airs, it will be extremely obliging to—R. B."

One of the supplementary "presentation stanzas" in the text refers to a neighbouring laird, Mr Johnston of Clackleith, who was to have the privilege of a copy of this satire. The words in the supplementary stanza, about giving Clackleith a copy of this poem

"On the same sicker score as I mentioned before,"

evidently refers to the "express provision and request" embodied in the letter above quoted.

The "factor John" of the other "presentation stanza" was, in all likelihood, John Kennedy, factor to the last Earl of Dumfries, who is noticed at p. 262, vol. I., and to whom the "Mountain Daisy" was enclosed in April, 1786. It has also been suggested that John Macmurdo, Chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry, at Drumlanrig, may be the person to whom that copy was sent. Burns had been introduced to that gentleman by his neighbour of Friars Carse, and was now on visiting terms at Drumlanrig. The same expression is made use of here, which he adopted three years after this date, in the song "O saw ye bonie Lesley"—"Nature made her what she is, and never made anither." George Thomson, who could not apprehend the poetic idea of perfection contained in that expression, took upon him to alter the line to "and ne'er made sic anither."

Burns enclosed a copy of "The Kirk's Alarm" to Mr Graham of Fintry some months after it was composed, and, in the letter which accompanied it, says, "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." The issue of this prosecution was not very satisfactory to Burns, and other lovers of free enquiry; for M'Gill, after enduring the brow-beating of his censors for two years, was harassed into the humbling necessity of apologizing to the offended majority in the church courts, and of declaring his adherence to the Kirk's Confession of Faith in all points.

The poet's notes to his own text are chiefly taken from the Glenriddell MS. In farther explanation of verse third—"Town of Ayr," &c., it is necessary to state that when Dr M'Gill's case first came before

the Synod, the Magistrates of that town published an advertisement in the newspapers, bearing a warm testimony to the excellence of the defender's character, and their appreciation of his services as a pastor.

The manuscripts of this satire are very numerous, and very dissimilar in the arrangement of the stanzas. The copies having the fullest number of verses, contain eighteen, exclusive of a supplementary or presentation stanza.

A very fine holograph copy, to which we are much beholden, is the one preserved in the Poet's Monument at Edinburgh. It has seventeen verses, and the supplementary one, addressed to "Factor John." The stanza omitted is the one dedicated to "Holy Will;" and that concerning "Muirland Jock" differs very much from, but is no improvement on, the one in our text. Allan Cunningham gives a variation of this verse which we suspect is not genuine:—"Muirland George, whom the L—d made a scourge." This does not tally with the author's note which marks "John Shepherd, of Muirkirk" as the person hit at.

The Glenriddell version is headed, "A ballad on the heresy of Dr M'Gill, Ayr," and contains fifteen stanzas, those omitted being "Holy Will," "Singet Sawnie," and "Town of Ayr;" and the verse on "Davie Bluster" is a new formation, beginning "Davie Rant."

There are two holograph copies in the British Museum, from one of which we take our heading, while the name of the tune to which the ballad is to be sung is from the Edinburgh MS. There are eleven stanzas in one of the Museum copies, and only nine in the other. The latter is the one which was transcribed for Mr Graham of Fintry, where, instead of "Orthodox," we have "Brother Scots" for the opening words. The other verses are (2) Dr Mac, (3) Town of Ayr, (4) D'rymple mild, (5) Calvin's sons, (6) Rumble John, (7) Daddie Auld, (8) Singet Sawnie, (9) Poet Willie. The verses wanting in the other copy of eleven stanzas are "Holy Will," "Poet Burns," "Muirland Jock," "Cessnock-side," "Barr Steenie," "Andro Gowk," and "Davie Bluster." In that copy, the stanza on "Jamie Goose" is changed to "Billy Goose."

The variations indicated in the reference figures are the following:—

- |   |  |  |                              |
|---|--|--|------------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> Brother Scots.                       | <sup>2</sup> there's a.                    | <sup>3</sup> stretch.                          | <sup>4</sup> wicked writers. |
| <sup>5</sup> storehouses o' lead.                 |  | <sup>6</sup> lug out.                          | <sup>7</sup> evils await.    |
| <sup>8</sup> the foul thief is just at your gate. |  | <sup>9</sup> only stood by.                    |                              |
| <sup>10</sup> Billy Goose.                        | <sup>11</sup> it's a sign they're.         | <sup>12</sup> Irvine side.                     |                              |
| <sup>13</sup> will.                               | <sup>14</sup> they daur grant ye nae mair. |  |                              |
| <sup>15</sup> ——— gives a stock                   |  | <sup>16</sup> to prove the poor Doctor an Ass. |                              |
| Wad set up a Tinkler in brass.                    |  | <sup>17</sup> Douglas Heron and Co.            |                              |
| <sup>18</sup> E'en tho' she were tipsy.           |  | Had e'en laid you fu' low,                     |                              |
|   |  | Yet if, &c.                                    |                              |

The remodelled verse in the Glenriddell MS. reads thus:—

Davie Rant, Davie Rant, in a face like a saunt,  
 And a heart that would poison a hog,  
 Raise an impudent roar, like a breaker lee-shore,  
 Or the Kirk will be tint in a bog.]

## SONNET ON RECEIVING A FAVOUR.

10 AUG., 1789.

*Addressed to ROBERT GRAHAM, Esq. of Fintry.*

(CURRIE, 1800.)

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 ye many 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 wand'ring 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.

[At page 164, the reader has seen the poet's epistle, soliciting the favour which, now, after a year's waiting, had been granted. That favour consisted in a formal appointment to exercise the duties of an exciseman in the rural district where the poet's farm was situated. However, he does not appear to have entered upon these avocations till the month of November following. The earliest reference to this in his correspondence occurs on the first of that month, when he merely informs Ainslie of the appointment. Writing to Mr Graham on 9th December, he says, "I have found the Excise business go on a great deal smoother with me than I expected, owing a good deal to the generous friendship of Mr Mitchell, my collector, and the kind assistance of Mr Findlater, my supervisor. I dare to be honest, and I fear no labour. Nor do I find my hurried life greatly inimical to my correspondence with the Muses. I take the liberty to enclose you a few bagatelles, all of them the productions of my leisure thoughts in my Excise rides."

The original MS. of the text, with postmark of date, is in the possession of James T. Gibson-Craig, Esq., Edinburgh, which contains the concluding couplet, omitted by Currie, and which does not usually form a part of the text of this poem.]

## EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSION

ON BEING APPOINTED TO AN EXCISE DIVISION.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,  
 Ochon, the day !  
 That clarty barm should stain my laurels ;  
 But—what 'll ye say ?  
 These movin' things ca'd wives an' weans,  
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

[Eight days after the preceding sonnet to Mr Graham was composed, the poet's wife brought him a son who was named Francis Wallace, in compliment to the family name of his patron, Mrs Dunlop. In his epistle to Dr Blacklock in the following October, he refers to this subject in similar terms to those in the text :—

“ I'm turn'd a gauger—Peace be here !  
 Parnassian queans, I fear, I fear,  
                                   Ye'd now disdain me,  
 And then my fifty pounds a year  
                                   Will little gain me.

To his friend Ainslie he says, on 1st November :—“ Without ever having been an expectant, as they call their journeymen excisemen, I was directly planted down to all intents and purposes an officer of Excise, there to flourish and bring forth fruits—worthy of repentance. I know how the word “ exciseman,” or still more opprobrious “ gauger” will sound in your ears. I too have seen the day when my auditory nerves would have felt very delicately on this subject ; but a wife and children are things that have a wonderful power in blunting these kind of sensations. Fifty pounds a year for life, and a provision for widows and orphans, you will allow, is no bad settlement for a *poet*.”

But the best sentiment he uttered on the subject was to the mother of his patron Glencairn, “ I would much rather have it said that my profession borrowed credit from me, than that I borrowed credit from my profession.”]

## SONG.—WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT'.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

The air is Masterton's, 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. (*R. B., Glenriddell notes.*)

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
 And Rob and Allan cam to see;  
 Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
 Ye wad na found in Christendie.

*Chorus.*—We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our ee;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 And ay we'll taste the barley breè.

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.

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

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!

Wha first\* beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the King amang us three.  
 We are na fou, &c.

[Carolina Oliphant (Baroness Nairne), who greatly assisted in the literary department of R. A. Smith's "Scottish Minstrel," in 1824, wrote to Mr Purdie, its publisher, in these words:—"If Mr Purdie will in some way obliterate that drinking song of Burns's, the work will do credit to all the parties." Her appeal took effect: the engraved plate was cancelled, and a fresh one was executed containing some harmless effusion, and this world-famous piece is not to be found in that collection. How would an edition of Burns's songs look without the one in the text? As well might "Auld Langsyne" be withheld. Lady Nairne did not exclude "Auld Langsyne" from that work; but she kept out every allusion to drinking, except the "cup of kindness," which, of course, would be tea, or toast and water.

The High School vacation-period extended from about the 12th of August to the close of September. Nicol's lodging, in the vicinity of Moffat, had been selected as a central spot in what is now the omnibus road between Moffat and "Tibbie Shiel's" Inn. The place was called "Willie's Mill," and a drawing of it, by James Ferrier, is now in the poet's monument at Edinburgh. In the neighbourhood was Craigmurn, where Miss Jean Lorimer, one of the poet's later heroines, was born and brought up. Her parents afterwards removed to Kemmis-Ha', at no great distance from Ellisland, where, besides having a small farm, they traded in grocery goods and exciseable commodities.

Dr Currie, writing in 1799—just ten years after the incident narrated in the above song—says, "These three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents—are now all under the turf." In 1821, John Struthers, author of some good verses, produced a very telling sequel to this song, based on that remark of Dr Currie. Its last stanza thus powerfully moralises,—

"Nae mair in learning Willie toils, nor Allan wakes the melting lay,  
 Nor Rab, wi' fancy-witching wiles, beguiles the hour o' dawning-day;  
 For tho' they were na very fou, that wicked 'wee drap in the c'e'  
 Has done its turn; untimely now the green grass waves o'er a' the three.]"

\* So it distinctly stands in Johnson, and also in Currie, although, in the interests of decency, some have wished that the poet had written "last," instead of "first." Such a change, however, would not serve the cause of Temperance; for the Crown would be awarded, in either case, to Bacchanalian pre-eminence.

The earliest alteration of the text from "first" to *last*, that we have observed, is in the reprint of Currie, 1813. Gilbert Burns (1820) has also made the same change, without remark.

## CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

This beautiful song is in the true Scotch taste ; yet I do not know that either air or words were in print before.—*R.B.*,—*Glenriddell notes.*

*Chorus.*—Ca' the yowes to the knowes,  
 Ca' them where the heather grows,  
 Ca' them where the burnie rowes,  
 My bonie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,  
 There I met my shepherd lad :  
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,  
 An ca'd me his dearie.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,  
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide  
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,  
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,  
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,  
 And in my arms thou'lt lie and sleep,  
 An' ay sall be my dearie.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

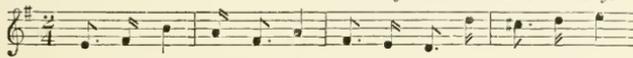
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,  
 I'se gang wi' thee, my shepherd lad,  
 And ye may row me in your plaid,  
 And I sall be your dearie.  
 Ca' the yowes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,  
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie,  
 Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,  
 Ye sall be my dearie.  
 Ca' the knowes, &c.

[We think that the above song was one of the fruits of the poet's visit, at this period, to the pastoral district around Moffat. Mrs Burns used to point out that the second and also the closing stanza of the song are entirely Burns's own, the remainder having been only mended by him. He afterwards furnished for George Thomson a highly finished lyric for the same air, preserving the old chorus. The melody is wild and simple, having only one part; and as it will occupy but very small space, we annex it.

It may be worthy of mention that while Haydn singled out the "Bra' lads o' Gala Water" as his favourite among the Scottish airs, our Queen Victoria has indicated her partiality for "Ca' the Yowes."]

*Song and Chorus alike in melody.*



Ca' the yowes to the knowes, Ca' them where the hea-ther grows.



Ca' them where the bur-nie rowes, My bo-nie dear-ie.

## I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd ;  
 She charm'd my soul I wist na how ;  
 And ay the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.  
 But " spare to speak, and spare to speed ; " <sup>a</sup>  
 She'll aiblins <sup>b</sup> listen to my vow :  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

[Miss Jeanie Jaffrey, a daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jaffrey, minister of Lochmaben, was the blue-eyed charmer who inspired this favourite little song. Dr Currie refers to her, in 1800, as " Mrs R . . . of New York, lately of Liverpool." Her husband's name was Renwick, and her position in the chief city of the United States was one of distinguished respectability. Washington Irving was proud of her friendship and society ; and some years after her death in October, 1850, her memoirs were published, along with a collected volume of her writings. In the correspondence of Burns, a letter addressed by him to Provost Maxwell of Lochmaben makes special reference to her father as ' that worthy old veteran in religion and good-fellowship.' Mrs Renwick, after perusing Allan Cunningham's Life of the Poet, wrote to her sister in 1838, pointing out some errors in fact into which that biographer had fallen, and explained that " It was after dining in company with the poet at the house of Mr Nicol who was then lodging at Moffat for the benefit of his child's health, that Burns sent to me the two songs, ' Willie brewed a peck o' mant,' and ' The blue-eyed lassie.' I was then only fifteen years old." Her son became Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, in Columbia College, New York.

It is remarkable that Mrs Renwick said nothing concerning another song which had been published in " the *New York Mirror*," 1840, as a second compliment paid by Burns to the youthful charms of Jeanie Jaffrey, and which Chambers has reproduced in his edition of the life and works of the poet. As we are by no means satisfied of the authenticity of that production, which had never found a place of record in the " old country," and the poet's manuscript of which was never produced in the new one, we feel bound to consign it to small type. The second stanza deliberately copies the ideas, and almost the words of a portion of Ramsay's " Lass o' Patie's Mill," and there is a want of originality in the song generally.

The manuscript of the song in the text was acquired by Cromeck in

<sup>a</sup> A proverbial expression, signifying " have patience."    <sup>b</sup> perhaps.

1807, either through the "liberality of its possessor, or from the hands of careless indifference, insensible to its value." In 1809, Cromek presented the MS. to Allan Cunningham who, in 1834, inserted a fac-simile of it in his edition of Burns. As for the tune to which the song is set in the *Museum*, it was composed by the poet's friend, Mr Robert Riddell of Glenridell; but it is fitted for instrumental performance only, and the song is usually sung to the air of "The Blathrie o't." In some collections, it is set to a pretty enough air in the minor mode—"My only Jo and dearie O;" but to our taste, that is intolerably dull.]

SONG.—AY SAE BONIE, BLYTHE AND GAY.

WHEN first I saw my Jeanie's face, I could not tell what ail'd me,  
My heart went flutt'ring pit-a-pat, my e'en they almost fail'd me;  
She's ay sae neat, sae trim, sae light, the Graces round her hover,  
Ae look depriv'd me o' my heart, and I became a lover.

She's ay, ay sae blythe, sae gay, she's ay sae blythe and cheerie,  
She's ay sae bonie, blythe and gay, O gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate, or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in,  
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, or humbler bays entwining,  
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, could I but hope to move her,  
And prouder than a belted knight, I'd be my Jeanie's lover.

She's ay, ay sae blythe, sae gay, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain has gain'd sweet Jeanie's favour,  
If so, may every bliss be hers, tho' I maun never have her:  
But gang she east, or gang she west, 'twixt Forth and Tweed all over,  
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, she'll always find a lover.

She's ay, ay sae blythe, sae gay, &c.

HIGHLAND HARRY BACK AGAIN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

The oldest title I ever heard to this air 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.—*R. B.—Glenriddell Notes.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,  
Fu' stately strade<sup>a</sup> he on<sup>1</sup> the plain;  
But now he's banish'd far away,  
I'll never see him back again.

---

<sup>a</sup> strode.

*Chorus.*—O for him back again !  
 O for him back again !  
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land  
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave<sup>b</sup> gae to their bed,  
 I wander dowie<sup>c</sup> up<sup>2</sup> the glen ;  
 I set me down and greet my fill,  
 And ay I wish him back again.<sup>3</sup>  
 O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,  
 And ilka body had their ain !  
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,  
 My Highland Harry back again.<sup>4</sup>  
 O for him, &c.

[The copy of this song in the Hastie Collection at the British Museum is not in Burns's handwriting, and contains two additional stanzas and some variations which we annex for what they are worth. Several Jacobite and Highland subjects are contained in the third volume of Johnson (published on 2nd February 1790,) and it is very probable that the presence of Nicol and Masterton in Nithsdale and Annandale at this period would set the poet a-musing in that direction.

The additional verses referred to are as follow :—

Sad was the day and sad the hour  
 He left me on his native plain,  
 An' rush'd, his sair-wrang'd Prince to join,  
 But oh, he ne'er cam back again !  
 O for him, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in war,  
 Unmatch'd on a' Culloden plain ;  
 But Vengeance mark'd him for his ain,  
 For oh, he ne'er cam back again !  
 O for him back again !  
 The auld Stuarts back again !

---

<sup>b</sup> remainder.

<sup>c</sup> despondingly.

I wad gie a' my faither's land<sup>5</sup>  
To see them a' come back again.

VAR.—<sup>1</sup> o'er.      <sup>2</sup> down.      <sup>3</sup> An' sair I greet and aft I wish  
For Highland Harry back again.

<sup>4</sup> That I wi' joy might welcome hame  
My Prince and Harry back again.

<sup>5</sup> The poet changed this to "Knockhaspie's land," part of Moss-giel farm being so-called.]

### THE BATTLE OF SHERRAMUIR.

*Tune.*—"The Cameron Rant."

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

"O CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?  
Or were ye at the Sherra-moor,  
Or did the battle see, man?"  
I saw the battle, sair and teugh,  
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh;<sup>a</sup>  
My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,<sup>b</sup>  
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds  
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
Wha glaum'd<sup>c</sup> at kingdoms three, man.  
La, la, la, la, &c.

The red-coat lads, wi' black cockauds,  
To meet them were na slaw, man;  
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,  
And mony a bouk<sup>d</sup> did fa', man:  
The great Argyle led on his files,  
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles;  
They hough'd<sup>e</sup> the clans like nine-pin kyles,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> trench or ditch.

<sup>d</sup> body.

<sup>b</sup> throb.

<sup>e</sup> hewed in the sinews.

<sup>c</sup> grasped by anticipation.

They hack'd and hash'd, while braid-swords clash'd,  
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,  
 Till fey<sup>f</sup> men died awa, man.  
 La, la, la, la, &c.

But had ye seen the philibegs,<sup>g</sup>  
 And skyrin<sup>h</sup> tartan trews, man ;  
 When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,  
 And covenant Trueblues, man :  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When baig'nets<sup>i</sup> overpower'd<sup>2</sup> the targe,  
 And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;  
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,  
 They fled like frighted dows, man !  
 La, la, la, la, &c.

“ O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?  
 The chase gaed frae the north, man ;  
 I saw mysel, they did pursue  
 The horseman back to Forth, man ;  
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight :  
 But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut ;  
 And mony a huntit poor red-coat,  
 For fear amaist did swarf,<sup>j</sup> man : ”  
 La, la, la, la, &c.

My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie<sup>k</sup> unto me, man ;  
 She swoor she saw some rebels run  
 To Perth and to Dundee, man ;

<sup>f</sup> doomed.<sup>g</sup> kilts.<sup>h</sup> party-coloured.<sup>i</sup> bayonets.<sup>j</sup> swoon.<sup>k</sup> food, oatmeal porridge.

Their left-hand general had nae skill ;  
 The Angus lads had nae good will  
 That day their neighbors' 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.<sup>3</sup>  
 La, la, la, la, &c.

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.<sup>4</sup>  
 Now wad ye sing this double flight,  
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right ;  
 But mony bade the world gude-night ;  
 Say, pell and mell, wi' muskets' knell  
 How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell  
 Flew off in frichted bands, man !<sup>5</sup>  
 La, la, la, la, &c.

[This song although but a paraphrase of the older ballad by the Rev. John Barclay, who founded a religious sect in Edinburgh, called the "Bereans," is really so well-executed as to deserve to be regarded as an original production. The poet accordingly has affixed his name to it in the *Museum*.

The battle of Dunblane, or Sheriff-muir, was fought on 13th November 1715, between the Earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the Duke of Argyle, for the Government ; both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. Ritson observes, it is very remarkable that the capture of Preston happened on the same day.

Currie's version of this ballad is very imperfect and must have been printed from an unfinished copy. We mark the following variations :—

<sup>1</sup> (This line omitted).                      <sup>2</sup> bayonets opposed.

<sup>3</sup> Their cogs o' brose ; all erylng woes,  
 And so it goes, you see, man.

<sup>4</sup> Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man.

<sup>5</sup> Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,  
 By red claymores and muskets' knell,  
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,  
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

In this closing passage there is a line too much for the music, and the rhyme to "hands" in the fourth line of the stanza is lost.]

### THE BRAES O' KILLIECRANKIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad ?

Whare hae ye been sae brankie,<sup>a</sup> O ?

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad ?

Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O ?

*Chorus.*—An ye had been whare I hae been,  
Ye wad na been sae cantie,<sup>b</sup> O ;  
An ye had seen what I hae seen,  
I' the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

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

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,<sup>c</sup>  
An' Clavers gat a clankie,<sup>d</sup> O ;  
Or I had fed an Athole gled,<sup>e</sup>  
On the Braes o' Killiecrankie, O.  
An ye had been, &c.

[This production speaks for itself, as being the undoubted composition of Burns. His note in the Glenriddell MS. is historical only ; "The battle of Killiecrankie was the last stand made by the Clans for James after his abdication. Here the gallant Lord Dundee fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party. General M'Kay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army said, 'Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage.' A great stone marks the spot where Dundee fell." The stone here referred to is Druidical, and may have stood there thousands of years before Dundee's time.]

<sup>a</sup> smart.

<sup>b</sup> merry.

<sup>c</sup> furrow.

<sup>d</sup> rattling hit.

<sup>e</sup> kite.

## AWA' WHIGS, AWA'.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

*Chorus.*—Awa' Whigs, awa' !  
 Awa' Whigs, awa' !  
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,  
 Ye'll do nae gude at a.'

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
 And bonie bloom'd our roses ;  
 But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,  
 An' wither'd a' our posies.  
 Awa' Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust—  
 Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't !  
 An' write their names in his black beuk,  
 Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.  
 Awa' Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in church and state  
 Surpasses my describing :  
 The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,  
 An' we hae done wi' thriving.  
 Awa' Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
 But we may see him waukin :  
 Gude help the day when Royal heads  
 Are hunted like a maukin !  
 Awa' Whigs, &c.

[These powerful words display their own authorship, although collectors of Jacobite relics, and manufacturers of modern antiques, allege

Burns's song to be merely a dressing up of an older lyric which they are unable to produce in print older than the date of this production.

The melody to which this song is sung is very plaintive, bearing a strong resemblance to that of "My dearie an thou die." We here annex it.]

A - wa' Whigs, a - wa'! A - wa' Whigs, a - wa'! Ye're but a pack o' trait-or  
loons, Ye'll do nae gude at a' Our thris-sles flour-ish'd fresh and fair, And bo-nie  
bloom'd our ros-es; But Whigs cam' like a frost in June, And wi-ther'd a' our po-sies.

### A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

I picked up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale. I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.—*R. B., Glenriddell Notes.*

WHARE are you gaun, my bonie lass,  
Whare are you gaun, my hiney?  
She answered me right saucilie,  
An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bonie lass,  
O whare live ye, my hiney?  
By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,  
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

But I foor<sup>a</sup> up the glen at e'en,  
To see my bonie lassie;  
And lang before the grey morn cam,  
She was na hauf sae saucie.

<sup>a</sup> went forth.

O weary fa' the waukrife <sup>b</sup> cock,  
 And the founart <sup>c</sup> lay his crawin !  
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,  
 A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,  
 And o'er the bed she brocht her ;  
 And wi' a meikle hazle rung <sup>d</sup>  
 She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass,  
 O fare thee weel, my hiney !  
 Thou art a gay an' a bonie lass,  
 But thou hast a waukrife minnie. <sup>e</sup>

[Stenhouse assures us that this song is not to be found in any collection prior to the Museum ; so we may safely conclude that only a very small portion, if any, was taken down from the "country girls'" singing. The air may have been noted down by Masterton, in the way Burns represents in the head-note.]

### THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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 ?

Go, bid the hero who has run  
 Thro' fields of death to gather fame,  
 Go, bid him lay his laurels down,  
 And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim.

---

<sup>b</sup> watchful.

<sup>c</sup> polecat.

<sup>d</sup> stick.

<sup>e</sup> mother.

The ribband shall its freedom lose—  
 Lose all the bliss it had with you,  
 And share the fate I would impose  
 On thee, wert thou my captive too.

It shall upon my bosom live,  
 Or clasp me in a close embrace ;  
 And at its fortune if you grieve,  
 Retrieve its doom, and take its place.

[Solely on the authority of Mr Stenhouse, the able illustrator of Johnson's Musical Museum, we give the above as a production of Burns. It is not in the Hastie collection of the poet's songs in the British Museum ; but Stenhouse may have seen the poet's manuscript. No remarks regarding Burns ever gave greater and wider offence than some words of Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly Review*, when he spoke of his "plebeian" spirit, and characterized our national poet as devoid of "that spirit of chivalry which, since the feudal times, has pervaded the higher ranks of European society." Sir Walter would surely have qualified his expressions had the above song been placed in his hands as one of the gauger's performances.

The melody to which these verses are set in the Museum, is called "A Gaelic Air" ; but it is a deliberate appropriation of the Lowland tune of "Todlin hame."]

## FAREWELL TO THE HIGHLANDS.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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.

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

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow,  
 Farewell to the straths and green vallies below ;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,  
 Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.  
 My heart's in the Highlands, &c.

[The poet, in his Glenriddell notes, tells us that the words which form the chorus of this song are old, and the rest his own composition. Mr C. K. Sharpe, in his additional notes to the Museum, gives what he terms the old words, taken from a stall copy, headed "The Strong Walls of Derry," and he mentions that they were much in favour with Sir Walter Scott, who used to sing a portion of the ballad when called upon for a song. We can imagine how the prudent Sir Walter would warble forth the following lines at the festive board, when he found that "elder's hours" were approaching :—

"There is many a word spoken, but few of the best,  
 And he that speaks fairest, lives longest at rest ;  
 I speak by experience —my mind serves me so,  
 But my heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

*Chorus.*—We'll drink and gae hame, boys, we'll drink and gae hame,  
 If we stay ony langer we'll get a bad name,  
 We'll get a bad name, sirs ! we'll fill ourselfs fou ;  
 And the strong walls of Derry are ill to win through."

The melody to which Burns composed his verses is a Gaelic one, called "Faihte na miosg," or *The Musket Salute*, which seems to go well with the sentiment of the song. We here annex it, omitting the higher strain, which is merely an instrumental variation.]

Fare-well to the High-lands, fare-well to the north, The birth-place of  
 Va-lour, the coun-try of Worth; Where ev-er I wan-der, where  
 ev-er I rove, The hills of the High-lands for ev-er I love.  
 CHORUS.  
 My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the  
 High-lands, a-chas-ing the deer; A-chas-ing the wild-deer, and  
 fol-low-ing the roe, My heart's in the High-lands where ev-er I go.

## THE WHISTLE.—A BALLAD.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

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 curious ebony ca' or 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 acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name: who, after three days and nights' hard contest,<sup>1</sup> 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 Riddel of Glenriddell, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Laurie; Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.—*R. B.*

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.

Old Loda,\* still ruing 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!”

---

\* See Ossian's 'Caric-thura.'—*R. B.*

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 Scaur,  
 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.

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

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw ;  
 Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law ;  
 And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd<sup>2</sup> in old coins ;  
 And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,  
 Desiring Glenriddel 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 !” Glenriddel replies,  
 “ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
 I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,\*  
 And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.”

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 ere he'd yield.

---

\* See Johnson's 'Tour in the Hebrides.'—*R. B.*

To the board of Glenriddel 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 is <sup>3</sup> 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 witness'd so joyous a core,  
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 Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
No longer the warfare ungodly would wage ;  
A high Ruling Elder 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 uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next uprose 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 !”

[Besides the explanation given by the Bard himself in his copious headnote, the following interesting document, which had been recovered by Cromek in 1807, and is now in possession of his representatives, will throw light on the incident narrated in the ballad. Captain Patrick Miller, younger of Dalswinton, had in 1793, made application to Mr Ferguson of Craigdarroch (the victor in the contest) for some information concerning the affair, and the annexed memoranda, in the handwriting of Mr M’Murdo, were forwarded in reply :—

*Doquet.*

“ The original Bett between Sir Robert Laurie and Craigdarroch, for the noted Whistle, which is so much celebrated by Robert Burns’s Poem—in which Bett I was named Judge—1789.

The Bett decided at Carse—16th Oct. 1789.

Won by Craigdarroch—he drank upds. of 5 Bottles of Claret.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE WHISTLE.

The Whistle gained by Sir Robert Laurie, (now) in possession of Mr Riddell of Glenriddell, is to be ascertained to the heirs of the said Sir Robert now existing, being Sir R. L., Mr R. of G., and Mr F. of C.—to be settled under the arbitration of Mr Jn. M’Murdo: the business to be decided at Carse, the 16th of October, 1789.

(Signed)

ALEX. FERGUSON.

R. LAURIE.

ROBT. RIDDELL.

COWHILL, 10th October, 1789.

Jno. M’Murdo accepts as Judge—

Geo. Johnston witness, to be present—

Patrick Miller witness, to be pre. if possible.

Minute of Bett between Sir Robert Laurie and Craigdarroch. 1789.”

It thus appears that although Burns, in his capacity of poet laureate of the “ mighty claret-shed ” at the Carse, describes himself as being present as witness and umpire, these offices were, by formal pre-arrangement, assigned to certain neighbouring squires, who doubtless kept to their engagements. The dramatic element is essential to the success of a

ballad, and Burns—a master of his art—adopted this necessary poetical licence to give graphic reality to his picture; and he has succeeded marvellously:—

Next arose our Bard, like a prophet in drink," &c.

Besides the original minute of the bet between the competitors, Cromek also recovered a letter sent by the poet to Mr Riddell on the morning of the day of contest, which confirms the conclusion suggested by the preceding document, that Burns, although present in spirit, was absent in body from the scene he has so well described. He forwarded two letters to be franked by Sir Robert Laurie for the day following, and in that letter he says, "I shall send a servant again for them in the evening." All which is positive proof that Burns had not been "selected to witness the fray," although the letter also leads to the inference that he had been commissioned

"To tell future ages the feats of the day."

It is a matter of small concern indeed to determine whether the poet was present at that drinking-bout or not; nevertheless a crazy kind of controversy, dating from about 1840, has been kept up till now by the Bard's biographers and annotators on that very immaterial question. The first who stirred in it seems to have been Sir J. S. Menteith of Closeburn, in consequence of seeing in Professor John Wilson's *Essay on Burns*, the following passage:—"Why, you see that this *Letter* and 'The Whistle'—perhaps an improper poem in priggish eyes, but in the eyes of Bacchus the best of triumphal odes,—makes up the whole of Burns's share in this transaction. He was not at the Carse."

A drivelling old blacksmith in the neighbourhood of Closeburn, had been heard to make the lying boast that when he was a boy he had been in the service of Mr Riddell of Glenriddell, and actually did duty as waiter throughout the whole contest, by drawing the corks, and by untying the neckcloths of his master and of Sir Robert Laurie, as each in succession fell overpowered with liquor under the table. He said moreover that the whole company consisted of the three combatants, Burns, and himself; that the poet sat in a corner through the whole night, drinking whisky and brandy-toddy, and writing his song of the Whistle, which he completed before leaving; and that the poet assisted him in carrying the two defeated champions to bed, just at sunrise (past seven in the morning), and that Craigdarroch continued to blow the whistle, and marched off to bed on his own feet. The simple-minded Baronet got a formal declaration or affidavit of the blacksmith's narrative drawn up, which the old man put his name to. A copy of that document was duly despatched to Professor Wilson with an exhortation to recant his heretical opinion on the subject; but, as might be expected, Christopher pitched the papers into his waste-basket, and made no reply.

Robert Chambers, in his edition of the *Life and Works of Burns*

(1851-52) unaware of the existence of the "Memorandum of Bett" above quoted, revived the controversy, and sided with those who believed in the "Real Presence" of Burns at the claret-contest. In that edition, p. 68, vol. iii., Chambers printed the poet's letter of 16th October, 1789, without a word of comment, or attempt to explain the difficulty which it suggests; but in his second edition of the same work (1856) at p. 59, vol. iii., he inserts *there* a paragraph, as follows.—"It appears that, after this letter had been received by Glenriddel, a note was sent to Burns, inviting him to join the party at the Carse. He immediately replied in characteristic fashion:—

' The King's poor blackguard slave am I,  
And scarce dow spare a minute;  
But I'll be with you by and by,  
Or else the devil's in it.—*R.B.*'"

Chambers explains in a foot-note that this versicle in the poet's handwriting "was lately found at Craigdarroch House," with an endorsement therein by some other hand, stating that it was "wrote by Mr Burns in October 1789" on receiving a card of invitation to join "the meeting of drinking for the Dane's Whistle."

Some wag, in the interests of the "real-presence" party, had certainly manufactured this little scrap which so opportunely "was lately found at Craigdarroch House." Chambers had already given these four lines in their proper connection,—a Dumfries incident of later date. Thankful for the aid it lent in propping his favourite theory, he did not "look the gift-horse in the mouth" by asking a sight of the poet's manuscript so fortunately recovered. We may add that Burns had not commenced his Excise duties at this date.

We regret to fill so much space in discussing this trivial matter; but if we were to give the subject the go-by, others will not. The reader will observe that the poet, in his introductory note to this poem, has set down, "1790" for 1789—a mistake which he also made in his head-note to the poem on Captain Grose's peregrination, which he dates "1790" instead of 1789. We have now to note the following variations:—

<sup>1</sup> claret-shed.                    <sup>2</sup> vers'd.                    <sup>3</sup> was.

W. F. Watson, Esq., Edinburgh, possesses the author's first rough sketch of the six opening stanzas of "The Whistle," showing some curious readings. The holograph copies of the finished Ballad appear to have been liberally distributed by the poet. One of the finest of these that we have seen is now possessed by John Adam, Esq., Town Chamberlain, Greenock. It is written on Excise paper, and has the following presentation-stanza appended to it:—

" But one sorry quill, and that worn to the core,  
No paper—but such as I shew it;  
But such as is it, will the good Laird of Torr,  
Accept, and excuse the poor Poet?" ]

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN,

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1790.)

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<sup>1</sup> 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 hallow'd grove,  
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,  
 To live one day of parting love !  
 Eternity can<sup>2</sup> not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past,  
 Thy image at our last embrace,  
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

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

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser-care ;  
 Time but th' impression stronger<sup>3</sup> makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear,

My Mary ! dear departed shade !  
 Where is thy place of blissful<sup>4</sup> rest ?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

[In glancing over the correspondence of Burns, year after year from 1786 onwards, it seems as if a cloud had settled down over his soul about the end of each autumn. In his letter to Aiken of that season in 1786, he says—"Even in the hour of social mirth, my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner." Towards the close of 1787 he tells Miss Chalmers that the tints of his mind are "vying with the livid horror preceding a midnight thunder-storm : misfortune, bodily constitution, hell, and myself, have formed a quadruple alliance to guarantee" such horrors. About the same period in 1788, he is gloomy again, and thus writes to Mrs Dunlop after his first six months' farming at Ellisland :—"If miry ridges and dirty dunghills are to engross the best part of the functions of my soul immortal, I had better been a rook or magpie at once, and then I should not have been plagued with any ideas superior to breaking clods and picking up grubs ; not to mention barn-cocks and mallards—creatures with which I could almost exchange lives at any time." In the year following, just after the solemn verses in the text had been composed, we find him in a letter, which quotes one of its stanzas, complaining to Mrs Dunlop that he is "groaning under the miseries of a diseased nervous system . . . For now near three weeks I have been obliged for a time to give up my Excise books, being scarce able to lift my head, much less to ride once a week over ten muir parishes." Finally, at the same season, three years thereafter, when he had just composed his last saddening reminiscence of *Highland Mary*, he thus writes to the same lady—"Alas ! who would wish for many years ? What is it but to drag existence until our joys gradually expire and leave us in a night of misery, like the gloom which blots out the stars, one by one from the face of heaven, and leaves us without a ray of comfort in the howling waste !"

In some such mood as the above quotations indicate, did Burns at this time, on the evening before the anniversary of Mary's death, "grow sad about something, and wander solitary on the banks of the Nith and about his farmyard in the extremest agitation of mind nearly the whole night." It was Cromek, in 1808, who first narrated the incident, and published the surname of the "dear departed shade," which the poet's musico-soul then addressed. On the lee-side of a cornstack he screened him self from the cutting edge of the night wind, and lingered till approaching dawn wiped out the stars, one by one, from the firmament.

Cromek has mentioned that he derived his information concerning such private matters from "several persons, some of them most nearly

connected by the ties of relationship with the poet." Poor Mrs Burns, in later life, was most unmercifully "interviewed" on such dark points in the history of her illustrious husband, and although her knowledge concerning these was nearly as limited as that of her persevering questioners, she could not otherwise than politely give some response. Her information to Cromek has a truth-like aspect, and the facts need not be questioned; but the embellishments engrafted on the story in the course of twenty years thereafter, first given by Lockhart in 1828, belong to the atmosphere of mythology. The following details, also communicated by Cromek, which refer to the parting interview between Burns and Mary, so fondly painted in the text, have since been strongly confirmed by recovery of the pocket-bible presented to her by the poet on the occasion:—"This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions, and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!"

The variations in the author's manuscripts of this poem are very trifling. In quoting part of the opening stanza to Mrs Dunlop, he writes "heavenly" for (1) blissful; and Currie in repeating the same four lines at the close of the poem reads "blissful place of rest" for (4) "place of blissful rest." In the authorised edition (Chalmers, 1804) we read "will" for can (2) in stanza second; and "deeper" for stronger (3) in the closing verse.

The words are set in the *Museum* to a melody by Miss Johnson of Hilton, called "Captain Cooke's Death." We have heard these attempted to be sung to the tune of "Mary's Dream;" but it seems profanation to make them vocal to other melody than that of the poet's own words.]

## EPISTLE TO DR BLACKLOCK.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

*Ellisland, 21st Oct., 1789.*

Wow, but your letter made me vauntie !<sup>a</sup>  
 And are ye hale, and weel and cantie ?<sup>b</sup>  
 I ken'd it still, your wee bit jauntie <sup>c</sup>  
                   Wad bring ye to :  
 Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye !  
 And then ye'll do.

<sup>a</sup> elated.

<sup>b</sup> merry.

<sup>c</sup> tour.

The ill-thief<sup>d</sup> blaw the Heron \* south !  
 And never drink be near his drouth !  
 He tauld myself by word o' mouth,  
   He'd tak my letter ;  
 I lippen'd<sup>e</sup> to the chiel in trouth,  
   And bade<sup>f</sup> nac better.

But aiblins,<sup>g</sup> honest Master Heron  
 Had, at the time, some dainty fair one  
 To ware<sup>h</sup> his theologic care on,  
   And holy study ;  
 And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,  
   E'en tried the body.†

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

Ye glaiket,<sup>j</sup> gleesome dainty damies,  
 Wha, by Castalia's wimplin<sup>k</sup> streamies,  
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,  
   Ye ken, ye ken,  
 That strang necessity supreme is  
   'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies ;  
 They maun hae brose and brats<sup>l</sup> o' duddies :<sup>m</sup>

---

<sup>d</sup> the devil.    <sup>e</sup> trusted.    <sup>f</sup> desired.    <sup>g</sup> perhaps.    <sup>h</sup> spend.    <sup>i</sup> friend.  
<sup>j</sup> giddy-headed.    <sup>k</sup> winding.    <sup>l</sup> coverings.    <sup>m</sup> worn-out clothing.

\* Robert Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and of a Life of Burns

† "He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body."—*Jolly Beggars*.

Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is —  
                                   I need na vaunt—  
 But I'll sned besoms,<sup>n</sup> thraw saugh woodies,<sup>o</sup>  
                                   Before they want.

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 ?

Come, Firm Resolve, take thou the van,  
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp<sup>p</sup> in man !  
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan  
                                   A lady fair :  
 Wha does the utmost that he can,  
                                   Will whyles<sup>q</sup> do mair.

But to conclude my silly rhyme  
 (I'm scant o' verse and scant o' time),  
 To make a happy fireside 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 wat she is a daintie chuckie,<sup>r</sup>  
                                   As e'er tread clay ;  
 And gratefully, my gude auld cockie,  
                                   I'm yours for ay.

ROBERT BURNS.

[Dr Blacklock had addressed a versified epistle to Burns from Edinburgh on 24th August of this year, which the poet had replied to,

<sup>n</sup> cut broom besoms.   <sup>o</sup> weave willow-baskets.   <sup>p</sup> male-hemp which bears seed.  
<sup>q</sup> sometimes.           <sup>r</sup> matronly hen.

entrusting the conveyance of his letter to a private hand, Mr Robert Heron, a young licentiate of the Church, who proved a faithless messenger. This fact is referred to in the second and third stanzas of the text. The Rev. Thomas Blacklock, D.D., was born in Annan, in 1721, of poor parents who came originally from England. When about six months old, he lost his eyesight through small-pox. His father dying when the son was nineteen years old, Dr Stevenson of Edinburgh, who admired his early genius, brought him to that city, where he was educated for the Church at the University. He published a small volume of poetry so early as 1746, and in 1754 was brought into further public notice by Prof. Joseph Spence of Oxford, who published a memoir of him, and some fresh specimens of his poetry. He is styled "the Rev. Mr Blacklock" in a volume containing several of his poems, produced in 1760; and in 1766 the degree of D.D. was conferred on him. A situation within the University was provided for him, and the remainder of his life was spent in circumstances of comfort. Dr Johnson sought him out when he visited Edinburgh in 1773, and "looked on him with reverence." The same Robert Heron who is censured by Burns in the text, speaks of Dr Blacklock, as an "angel upon earth," and Lockhart in his life of our poet finely remarks that although "the writings of Blacklock are forgotten, the memory of his virtues will not pass away till mankind shall have ceased to sympathise with the misfortunes of genius, and to appreciate the poetry of Burns."

Blacklock showed his filial piety by erecting in St Michael's Church-yard, Dumfries, a tombstone to the memory of his father, there buried. He was crushed to death in 1740, by the fall of a malt-kiln, and the tablet bears a poetical inscription which is included in Dr Blacklock's works. This friend and correspondent of Burns died on 7th July 1791, and was buried in the ground attached to the old chapel-of-ease in Buccleuch Street, Edinburgh.]

## ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

MY curse upon your venom'd stang,  
 That shoots my tortur'd gums along,  
 An' thro' my lug gies sic<sup>1</sup> a twang,  
     Wi' gnawing vengeance,  
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,  
     Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or agues freeze us,<sup>2</sup>  
 Rheumatics gnaw, or colics squeeze us,<sup>3</sup>  
 Our neibors sympathy can<sup>4</sup> ease us,  
     Wi' pitying moan ;  
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases—  
     They mock<sup>5</sup> our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle,  
 I throw \* the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
 While<sup>6</sup> round the fire the giglets<sup>a</sup> keckle,<sup>b</sup>  
     To see me loup,  
 An',<sup>7</sup> raving mad, I wish a heckle  
     Were in their doup !

In<sup>8</sup> a' the numerous human dools,<sup>c</sup>  
 Ill-hairsts,<sup>d</sup> daft bargains, cutty-stools,  
 Or worthy frien's rak'd i' the mools,<sup>e</sup>—  
     Sad sight to see !  
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash<sup>f</sup> o' fools,  
     Thou bear'st the gree !<sup>g</sup>

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,  
 Where<sup>9</sup> a' the tones o' misery yell,  
 An rankèt plagues their numbers tell,  
     In dreadfu' raw,  
 Thou, TOOTHACHE surely bear'st the bell,  
     Amang them a' !

O thou grim, mischief-making chiel,  
 That gars the notes o'<sup>10</sup> discord squeel,

---

<sup>a</sup> young wantons.

<sup>b</sup> laugh aloud.

<sup>c</sup> sorrows.

<sup>d</sup> harvests.

<sup>e</sup> mould, earth.

<sup>f</sup> annoyance.

<sup>g</sup> pre-eminence.

\* Cunningham, followed by Chambers, has "kick" instead of "throw."

Till daft mankind aft dance a reel  
 In gore, a shoe-thick,  
 Gie a' the faes o' SCOTLAND's weal  
 A towmond's toothache !

[The date of this poem has hitherto been very widely mistaken. A letter of the poet, addressed to Mr Creech, enclosing a lately composed song and some epigrams, incidentally mentions that the author was then suffering from an attack of toothache ; and his editors, Cunningham, Chambers, &c., have accordingly jumped to the conclusion that the letter to Creech and the present poem were written about the same date. The letter referred to is, in the original, dated simply "May 30th," neither address nor year being given. Cromek, however, who first published it, supplies "Ellisland, 1789," on conjecture merely. We have been favoured with an inspection of the original manuscript, now in the hands of Mr Creech's representatives, and find that the song transcribed in the letter was composed for George Thomson in November, 1794 ; consequently the proper date of the communication is "Dumfries, 30th May, 1795." What, then, is the date of the poem ?

We have just ascertained, but unfortunately too late to record this "Address to the Toothache" in its proper place in these volumes, that it was composed prior to the publication of the author's Edinburgh edition of April, 1787. Colonel Campbell of Blythswood having intimated to our publisher that he possesses a copy of the Kilmarnock edition (1786), with certain pieces inscribed in Burns's handwriting on its fly-leaves, we were lately favoured with an inspection of the rare volume. It is in the most perfect condition ; and although there is no presentation inscription on it, we conclude that it must have been presented by the bard to one of his distinguished patrons, because he has copied into it an early version of his farewell song, "The gloomy night is gathering fast," the variations in which exactly correspond with the Stair MS. (see note, p. 19). On the other fly-leaves he has inscribed the poem which forms the text, and the handwriting quite corresponds with that of the farewell song ; hence we must conclude that this is a production of the same period. It is not at all likely that he would have so copied the "Farewell" after its publication in the Edinburgh edition, where it is given in a much improved form.

The following are the variations shewn by comparing this with the version supplied by Dr Currie :—

<sup>1</sup> lug gies mony.    <sup>2</sup> ague freezes.    <sup>3</sup> eholie squeezes.    <sup>4</sup> may.    <sup>5</sup> Ay mocks.  
<sup>6</sup> As.    <sup>7</sup> While.    <sup>8</sup> O'.    <sup>9</sup> Whence.    <sup>10</sup> Of.

## THE FIVE CARLINS,\*

AN ELECTION BALLAD.

*Tune.*—"Chevy Chase."

(LOCKHART'S LIFE OF BURNS, 1828.)

THERE was † five Carlins<sup>a</sup> in the South,  
 They fell upon a scheme,  
 To send a lad ‡ to London town,  
 To bring them tidings hame.

Nor only bring them tidings hame,  
 But do their errands there,  
 And aiblins<sup>b</sup> gowd and honor baith  
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith, §  
 A dame wi' pride enugh ;  
 And Marjory o' the mony Lochs, ||  
 A Carlin auld and teugh.

And blinkin Bess of Annandale,  
 That dwelt near Solway-side ; ¶  
 And whisky<sup>1</sup> Jean, that took her gill,  
 In Galloway sae wide. \*\*

And black Joan, frae Crichton Peel, ††  
 O' gipsy kith an' kin ;  
 Five wighter<sup>c</sup> Carlins were na found  
 The South countrie within.

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<sup>a</sup> old wives. Carline is the female of "earle," an old man.

<sup>b</sup> possibly.

<sup>c</sup> more powerful.

\* The Five Dumfries Boroughs.

† Lockhart and others print "were;" but "was" is the author's word.

‡ A member of Parliament.

§ Dumfries.

|| Lochmaben.

¶ Annan.

\*\* Kirkcudbright.

†† Sanquhar.

To send a lad to London town,  
 They met upon a day ;  
 And mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
 This <sup>2</sup> errand fain wad gae.

O mony a knight, and mony a laird,  
 This <sup>2</sup> errand fain wad gae ;  
 But nae ane could their fancy please,  
 O ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,  
 Bred of a Border band ; <sup>3</sup> \*  
 And he wad gae to London town,  
 Might nae man him withstand. <sup>4</sup>

And he wad do their errands weel,  
 And meikle he wad say ;  
 And ilka ane about the <sup>5</sup> court  
 Wad bid to him gude-day.

The neist cam in a Soger youth, <sup>6</sup> †  
 Who <sup>7</sup> spak wi' modest grace,  
 And he wad gae to London Town,  
 If sae their pleasure was.

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

<sup>d</sup> promise.

\* Sir James Johnston of Westerhall.

† Captain Patrick Miller of Dalswinton.

Then, wham to chuse, and wham refuse,  
 At strife thir Carlins fell ;  
 For some had Gentlefolks to please,  
 And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak mim-mou'd<sup>e</sup> Meg o' Nith,  
 And she spak up wi' pride,  
 And she wad send the Soger youth,<sup>8</sup>  
 Whatever might betide.

For the auld Gudeman o' London court<sup>\*</sup>  
 She didna care a pin ;  
 But she wad send the Soger youth,  
 To greet his eldest son.<sup>†</sup>

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale,  
 And a deadly aith she's ta'en,  
 That she wad vote the Border Knight,  
 Though she should vote her lane.<sup>9</sup>

For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,  
 And fools o' change are fain ;  
 But I hae tried the Border Knight,  
 And I'll try him yet again.

Says black Joan frae<sup>10</sup> Crichton Peel,  
 A Carlin stoor<sup>f</sup> and grim,  
 The auld Gudeman, and the young Gudeman,  
 For me may sink or swim ;

For fools will prate<sup>11</sup> o' right or wrang,  
 While knaves laugh them to scorn ;  
 But the Soger's friends hae blawn the best,  
 So he shall bear the horn.

---

<sup>e</sup> prim-mouthed.

<sup>f</sup> austere.

\* The King.

† The Prince of Wales.

Then whisky<sup>1</sup> Jean spak owre her drink,  
 Ye weel ken, kimmers a',  
 The auld Gudeman o' London court,  
 His back's been at the wa' ;

And mony a friend that kiss'd his caup<sup>12</sup>  
 Is now a fremit<sup>g</sup> wight ;  
 But it's ne'er be said o' <sup>13</sup> whisky<sup>1</sup> Jean,—  
 We'll <sup>14</sup> send the Border Knight.

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

There's some great folk set light by me,  
 I set as light by them ;  
 But I will send to London town  
 Wham I like <sup>15</sup> best at hame.<sup>16</sup>

Sae<sup>17</sup> how this weighty plea may end,  
 Nae mortal wight can tell ;  
 God grant the King and ilka man  
 May look weel to himsel.

[A contest for the representation in Parliament of the Dumfries group of boroughs commenced in September 1789, which more or less commanded the interest of these districts until its close in the month of July following. The candidates were Sir James Johnston of Westerhall, the previous member, and Captain Patrick Miller, Younger of Dalswinton, son of the poet's landlord. The great bulk of Burns's friends and patrons belonged to the Whig party ; but his detestation of the Duke of Queensberry seems to have biassed his inclinations towards the Tory side in this election, although in the above ballad he affects neutrality. On 9th December 1789 he inclosed it to Mr Graham of Fintry with the following remarks :—" I am too little a man to have any political attachments. I am deeply indebted to, and

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<sup>g</sup> estranged.

have the warmest veneration for, individuals of both parties; but a man who has it in his power to be the father of a country, and who is only known to that country by the mischiefs he does in it, is a character that one cannot speak of with patience. Sir James Johnston does 'what man can do,' but yet I doubt his fate. Of the burgh of Annan he is secure; Kirkendbright is dubious. He has the provost; but Lord Daer, who does the honours of great man to the place, makes every effort in his power for the opposite interest. Dumfries and Sanquhar are decidedly the Duke's, 'to let or sell;' so Lochmaben, a city containing upwards of fourscore living souls that cannot discern between their right hand and their left (for drunkenness), has at present the balance of power in her hands. The provost is devoted to Sir James; but his Grace thinks he has a majority of the council, though I, who have the honour to be a burghess of the town, and know somewhat behind the curtain, could tell him a different story."

The version of this ballad given in Cunningham's edition was printed from a holograph copy in his possession. That copy is now in the British Museum, and its chief peculiarity is that it varies very considerably from that published by Lockhart, in the arrangement of its stanzas towards the close. We consider the latter more picturesque and effective, and what is of some importance, it was the version which Sir Walter Scott expressed his high admiration of; and the concluding stanzas where Marjory gives her dictum, he was fond of reciting for their characteristic force. It will be remembered that on the occasion of Mr Scott of Harden (afterwards Lord Polwarth) being for the third time elected Member for the county of Roxburgh, in 1830, Sir Walter made a telling speech at the dinner thereafter given to the electors at Jedburgh. His peroration closed with a quotation from this ballad, thus:—

"Far away fowls hae feathers fair,  
And fools o' change are fain;"—

then pressing his hands upon the shoulder of Mr Scott, he continued:—

"But we hae tried the Border Knight,  
And we'll try him yet again."

A copy of the ballad which the poet sent to Mrs Stewart of Afton Lodge, corresponds in arrangement with that of Lockhart.

The following variations are the result of a collation of the numerous versions:

- |                           |                            |   |                                       |                         |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|---|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> brandy Jean. | <sup>2</sup> That.         | <sup>3</sup> clan.                              | <sup>4</sup> withstan'.               | <sup>5</sup> at London. |
| <sup>6</sup> boy.         | <sup>7</sup> and.          | <sup>8</sup> lad.                               | <sup>9</sup> And swore a deadly aith, |                         |
| <sup>10</sup> o'          | <sup>11</sup> freit, chat. |   | Says "I will send the border Knight   |                         |
| <sup>12</sup> cup.        | <sup>13</sup> be sae wi'.  |   | Spite o' you Carlins baith."          |                         |
| <sup>14</sup> I'll.       | <sup>15</sup> loe.         | <sup>16</sup> The London court set light by me, |                                       |                         |
| <sup>17</sup> then.       |                            | I set as light by them;                         |                                       |                         |
|                           |                            | And I will send the Soger lad,                  |                                       |                         |
|                           |                            | To shaw that court the same.]                   |                                       |                         |

## ELECTION BALLAD FOR WESTERHA'.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

THE Laddies by the banks o' Nith  
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie ;  
 But he'll sair<sup>a</sup> them, as he sair'd<sup>a</sup> the King—  
 Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie.

*Chorus.*—Up and waur them a', Jamie,  
 Up and waur them a' ;  
 The Johnstones hae the guidin o't,  
 Ye turncoat Whigs awa !

The day he stude his country's friend,  
 Or gied her faes<sup>b</sup> a claw,<sup>c</sup> Jamie,  
 Or frae puir man a blessin wan,  
 That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie.  
 Up and waur them, &c.

But wha is he, his country's boast ?  
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie ;  
 There's no a callant<sup>d</sup> tents<sup>e</sup> the kye,  
 But kens o' Westerha,' Jamie.  
 Up and waur them, &c.

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

[Here the poet deliberately sides with the Tory candidate, and contrasts his character with that of the Duke of Queensberry. No mention is made of the opposite candidate, who is treated as a mere instrument in

<sup>a</sup> serve.<sup>b</sup> foes.<sup>c</sup> stroke.<sup>d</sup> boy.<sup>e</sup> herds.

the Duke's hands. His Grace was considered as having proved something like a traitor to the king on the late occasion of the Regency Bill, when he led the minority who voted for the surrender of unrestricted royal power into the hands of the Prince of Wales. The poet thus remarks regarding the Whig candidate in his letter to Mr Graham, partly quoted above:—"My landlord's son is, *entre nous*, a youth by no means above mediocrity in his abilities, and is said to have a huckster-lust for shillings, pence, and farthings."

The reference in the closing verse is to Alexander Birtwhistle, provost of Kirkeudbright, a wealthy merchant of much influence, and in politics a Tory.]

PROLOGUE SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE OF  
DUMFRIES,

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING, 1790.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

"ELLISLAND, Thursday morning.—Sir, Jogging home yesternight, it occurred to me that as your next night is the first night of the New Year, a few lines allusive to the season, by way of Prologue, Interlude, or what you please, might take pretty well. The enclosed verses are very incorrect, because they are almost the first crude suggestions of my Muse, by way of bearing me company in my darkling journey . . . but if they can be of any service to Mr Sutherland and his friends, I shall kiss my hands to my Lady Muse, and own myself much her debtor.—I am, &c.,

ROBERT BURNS."

*Inedited letter to Mr George Sutherland, Player, Dumfries.*

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 bye, abroad why will you 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,  
 Said—"Sutherland, in one word, bid them THINK!"<sup>1</sup>

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.

[A letter written by Burns to Lady Glencairn in December, 1789, informs her that he had been turning his thoughts to the drama. "I do not mean (he adds) 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 Scottish growth, than manner, which by far the greatest part of the audience can only know at second-hand?"

To his brother Gilbert, he enclosed a copy of the above Prologue, on

11th January, 1790, which he says was spouted by Mr Sutherland, on New Year's Day evening to his audience with applause. He complains of his unfitness for exertion in writing, in his present state of mind. "My nerves," he says, "are in a d— state. I feel that horrid hypochondria pervading every atom of both body and soul. This farm has undone my enjoyment of myself. It is a ruinous affair on all hands. But let it go to —! I'll fight it out, and be off with it."

The original manuscript of this Prologue, as well as the letter which enclosed it is now possessed by J. B. Greenshields, Esq. of Kerse, Lesmahagow, to whom our obligations are due for correct copies supplied. The closing line of the first paragraph, in Currie's copy reads,

<sup>1</sup> He bade me on you press this one word—"THINK."

### SKETCH—NEW YEAR'S DAY [1790].

TO MRS DUNLOP.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

THIS day, Time winds th' exhausted chain ;  
 To run the twelvemonths' 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's with the hounds,  
 The happy tenants share his rounds ;  
 Colia's fair Rachel's care to-day,  
 And blooming Keith's 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 has 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 woeful night.

Since then, my honor'd first of friends,  
 On this poor being all depends ;  
 Let us th' important *now* employ,  
 And live as those who 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.

[Burns seldom allowed a New-year's Day to pass without something from his pen being addressed to Mrs Dunlop. We are not expressly

assured that 1790 is the proper date of these lines; but the family likeness between it and the Prologue to Sutherland, just given, renders this almost certain. The "Major" referred to in the second paragraph, may have been either Andrew, the fourth, or James, the fifth son of Mrs Dunlop, as both of them attained that rank in the American War. The former died, unmarried, in 1804, and the latter, from some unexplained reason, passed over Andrew and succeeded to the estate of Dunlop, on the resignation of his father in 1784, (an elder brother, Thomas, having succeeded to the estate and title of Wallace of Craigie.) James, as Captain of the 79th regiment, served in India, and afterwards, as Major-General, in the Peninsular War. He died in 1832, and was succeeded by his son John, who was created a Baronet, but survived only till 1839, when he was succeeded by his son, Sir James Dunlop of Dunlop, Bart.

The "fair Rachel," and the "blooming Keith" of the text were daughters respectively of the patroness of Burns, the one being then engaged with a drawing, or piece of sampler-work, representing "Coila," from *The Vision*, and the other being similarly occupied with a subject from Gray's *Elegy*. Mrs Dunlop was apparently a widow when Burns attracted her notice in 1786, and survived, as Dowager Mrs Dunlop of Dunlop to May 24th, 1815.]

## SCOTS PROLOGUE FOR MR SUTHERLAND,

ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE, DUMFRIES.

(STEWART, 1801.)

"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 the combustion of his own raising'—I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon. In the greatest hurry, &c.—*R. B.—Monday Morning.*"

WHAT needs this din <sup>a</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> when imported ?

---

<sup>a</sup> noise.

Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,  
 Will try to gie us sangs and <sup>2</sup> 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 or Greece,  
 To gather matter for a serious piece;  
 There's themes enow <sup>3</sup> in Caledonian story,  
 Would shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory.—

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell  
 How glorious Wallace stood, how—hapless fell?  
 Where are the Muses fled that could produce  
 A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce?  
 How here, even here,<sup>4</sup> he first unsheath'd 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 <sup>5</sup> th' omnipotence of female charms  
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms:  
 She fell but fell with spirit truly Roman,  
 To glut that direst foe—a vengeful <sup>6</sup> woman;  
 A woman, (tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,)  
 As able and as wicked <sup>7</sup> 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!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land  
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;

Not only hear, but patronize, befriend them,  
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them ;  
 And aiblins<sup>b</sup> 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 caition,<sup>c</sup> <sup>8</sup>  
 Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation  
 Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack,  
 And warsle<sup>d</sup> Time, an' lay him on his back !

For us and for our Stage, should ony spier,<sup>e</sup>  
 "Whase aught thae chiels<sup>f</sup> maks a' this bustle here ?"  
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow—  
 We have the honor to belong to you !  
 We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like,  
 But like good mithers, shore<sup>g</sup> before ye strike ;  
 And gratefu' still, I trust<sup>9</sup> ye'll ever find us,  
 For gen'rous<sup>10</sup> patronage, and meikle kindness  
 We've got frae a' professions, sorts<sup>11</sup> and ranks :  
 God help us ! we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks.

[In a letter to Wm. Nicol, dated 9th Feb. 1789, the poet refers to this Prologue, and its predecessor, thus:—"For these two or three months, on an average, I have not ridden less than 200 miles per week. I have done little in the poetic way ; but I have given Mr Sutherland two Prologues, one of which was delivered last week. Mr Sutherland, the manager, was introduced to me by a friend from Ayr ; and a worthier or cleverer fellow I have rarely met with."

The sentiments, so well expressed in the text, correspond with those contained in the poet's letter to the Countess of Glencairn, already partly quoted, and if farther proof were wanting that Burns was at this time really turning his thoughts on the Drama, we need only point to his letter to Peter Hill, Bookseller, of 2nd March 1790, in which he orders for his own use, copies of "Otway's Plays, Ben Jonson's, Dryden's, Congreve's, Wycherley's, Vanbrugh's, Cibber's, and the more modern dramatic works of Macklin, Garrick, Foote, Colman and Sheridan."—At same time he says, "A good copy of Molière in

<sup>b</sup> perhaps.<sup>c</sup> security.<sup>d</sup> wrestle with.<sup>e</sup> inquire.<sup>f</sup> young fellows.<sup>g</sup> give warning.

French, I also much want. Any other good dramatic authors in that language I want also ; but comic authors chiefly, though I should wish to have Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire too."

The six concluding lines of the second paragraph of the text are wanting in the original MS. transmitted to Sutherland, and were afterwards added in a copy from which Cromek supplied these lines in the *Reliques*. The following variations appear in comparing the two versions :—

- |                      |  |                       |                            |
|----------------------|--|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> whisky. | <sup>2</sup> bauldly trig to gie us.   | <sup>3</sup> enough.  | <sup>4</sup> on this spot. |
| <sup>5</sup> ev'n.   | <sup>6</sup> the vengeance of a rival. | <sup>7</sup> cruel.   | <sup>8</sup> caution.      |
| <sup>9</sup> hope.   | <sup>10</sup> a' the.                  | <sup>11</sup> setts.] |                            |

LINES TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO HAD SENT THE POET A NEWSPAPER, AND OFFERED TO  
CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

KIND Sir, I've read your paper through,  
And faith, to me, 'twas really new !  
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted ?  
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,<sup>a</sup>  
To ken what French mischief was brewin ;  
Or what the drumlie <sup>b</sup> Dutch were doin ;  
That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,  
If Venus yet had got his nose off ;  
Or how the collieshangie <sup>c</sup> 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 <sup>d</sup> o't ;

<sup>a</sup> yawned.

<sup>b</sup> muddy.

<sup>c</sup> contention.

<sup>d</sup> lease.

\* In 1789, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was giving some trouble to Russia.

How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin ;  
 How libbet<sup>e</sup> 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 !  
 Was managing St Stephens' quorum ;  
 If sleekit<sup>f</sup> Chatham Will was livin,  
 Or glaikit<sup>g</sup> Charlie got his nieve<sup>h</sup> in ;  
 How daddie Burke the plea was cookin,  
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin ;<sup>i</sup>  
 How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd,  
 Or if bare a—— yet were tax'd ;  
 The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,  
 Pimps, sharpers, bawds, and opera-girls ;  
 If that daft buckie,<sup>j</sup> Geordie Wales,  
 Was threshin still at hizzies' tails ;  
 Or if he was grown oughtlins douser,<sup>k</sup>  
 And no a perfect kintra cooser :<sup>l</sup>  
 A' this and mair I never heard of ;  
 And, but for you, I might despair'd of.  
 So, gratefu', back your news I send you,  
 And pray a' gude things may attend you !

ELLISLAND, *Monday Morning*, 1790.

[It seems now to be held certain that Mr Peter Stuart of the London "Star" was the kind friend to whom this good-humoured and clever effusion was addressed. The contents manifest that Burns was not an inattentive reader of political news. About the year 1838, Mr Daniel Stuart, surviving brother of the editor of the *Star*, published some particulars, to the effect that Burns had been offered £50 per annum by Mr Peter Stuart, for a small weekly contribution to the *Star*, either in prose or verse, which the poet did not see his way to accept.

<sup>e</sup> eunuch.

<sup>f</sup> smooth.

<sup>g</sup> thoughtless.

<sup>h</sup> fist.

<sup>i</sup> itchy.

<sup>j</sup> young buck.

<sup>k</sup> anything more sedate.

<sup>l</sup> stallion.

It would appear that, from some cause or other, the delivery of the Star newspaper at Ellisland was irregular, and in order to check that irregularity the poet despatched the following remonstrance to headquarters :—

“ Dear Peter, dear Peter,  
 We poor sons of metre  
 Are often negleekit, 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.*]

### ELEGY ON WILLIE NICOL’S MARE.

(CROMEK, 1808.)

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare,  
 As ever trod on iron ;  
 But now she’s floating down the Nith,  
 And past the mouth o’ Cairn.

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,  
 An’ rode thro’ thick an’ 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 ;  
 But now she’s floating down the Nith,  
 For Solway fish a feast.

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

[These extempore ballad stanzas form the close of a letter from Burns to Nicol, dated February 9th, 1790, announcing the death of the dominie’s mare which had been left at, or sent out to, Ellisland in an unthriving condition, with a view to be recruited a little before being

offered for sale at some neighbouring fair. The poet says :—"I refused fifty-five shillings for her, which was the highest bode I could squeeze for her. I fed her up, and had her in fine order for Dumfries fair ; when, four or five days before the fair, she was seized with an unaccountable disorder in the sinews, or somewhere in the bones of the neck ; with a weakness, or total want of power in her fillets ; and, in short, the whole vertebrae of her spine seemed to be diseased and unhinged ; and in eight-and-forty hours, in spite of the two best farriers in the country, she died, and be d—— to her !"

The expressions "priest-rid," and "the priest he rode her sair," refer to the fact that Nicol, by education, was originally intended for the Church, and had been licensed to preach. The name of the mare was bestowed at Ellisland, in burlesque reference to the insane woman, Margaret Nicholson, who attempted to stab King George III. in 1786. The original manuscript of these verses and relative letter is now in possession of Mrs Warrington, at Worsborough Hall, near Barnsley, the grand-daughter of R. H. Cromek, who kindly gave us an opportunity of collating it with the printed copies.]

### THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

(CROMEK'S SELECT SCOTTISH SONGS, 1810.)

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,  
 A place where body saw na ;  
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine  
 The gowden locks of Anna.

The hungry Jew<sup>1</sup> in wilderness,  
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,  
 Was naething to my hiney bliss  
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, take the East and West,  
 Frae Indus to Savannah ;  
 Gie me, within my straining grasp,  
 The melting<sup>2</sup> form of Anna :

There I'll despise Imperial charms,  
 An Empress or Sultana,  
 While dying raptures,<sup>3</sup> in her arms,  
 I give and take wi'<sup>4</sup> Anna !

Awa, thou flaunting God of Day !  
 Awa, thou pale Diana !  
 I'lk 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 with my Anna !

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POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk an' State may join an' tell,  
 To do sic things I maunna :  
 The Kirk an' State may gae to h—,  
 And I'll gae to my Anna.

She is the sunshine o' my e'e,  
 To live but her I canna ;  
 Had I on earth but wishes three,  
 The first should be my Anna.

[It seems to be an undisputed fact that the heroine of these burning stanzas was Anne Park—a niece of Mrs Hyslop, the landlady of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries. About the close of October 1789 Burns entered on his Excise duties, and the business he required to transact with Collector Mitchell in connection with that work, led him frequently to Dumfries. The election canvas for the Dumfries burghs, which lasted from December 1789 to July 1790, and the attraction of a theatrical company with whom he had enlisted his sympathies, must often have induced him to continue for days and nights together in

Dumfries. He dates a letter to Dr Moore, on 14th July 1790, from "Excise office, Dumfries," and another, addressed to Mr Graham of Fintry, on 4th September 1790, from "Dumfries, Globe Inn." In this last letter, he tells his patron that he had resolved "either to give up or subset" his farm directly. There also the fact is revealed that, through certain perquisites and irregular additions to his salary, his excise-income was more than doubled during his first year's practise. He says:—"As my division consists of ten large parishes (and, I am sorry to say, hitherto very carelessly surveyed), I had a good deal of business for the Justices; and my 'decreet' will amount to between fifty and sixty pounds."

The Globe Tavern, therefore, from an early stage of his excise career, became his place of rendezvous in Dumfries, and continued till the last to be his favourite "howff," when permanently located in that town. Considerable mystery hangs over the after history of the young woman who inspired the song in the text. Cunningham, in his indefinite way, says:—"She was accounted beautiful by the customers at the inn, when wine made them tolerant in matters of taste; and, as may be surmised from the song, had other pretty ways to render herself agreeable to them than the serving of wine." Some years after the poet's death, through the benevolent exertions of Alderman Shaw of London, a sum of four hundred pounds was raised as a provision for two illegitimate daughters of Burns, the one being his "dear bought Bess," referred to at page 74, vol. I, and the other being Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Park, of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, born 31st March 1791. Chambers, in 1852, first published the fact that the infant was not nursed by its own parent, but sent for a short while to be taken care of by the poet's mother and sisters at Mossiel, and thence brought to Ellisland to be fostered by Mrs Burns along with her infant *William Nicol*, who was born just ten days after the other. The girl was carefully reared in the household of the poet, and lived with his widow till her marriage to John Thomson, a soldier, who afterwards followed the trade of a hand-loom weaver at Pollockshaws, and by whom she had a large family. She bore a remarkable likeness to her father, the poet; and her children were objects of great interest in the West country, chiefly on account of the physical resemblance to their ancestor which they possessed. She herself died at Cross-my-loof so recently as June 1873, at the age of 82. Chambers is silent regarding the fate of "Anna of the gowden locks;" who seems to have disappeared after the birth of the poet's child; consequently it has been assumed that she died in child-birth. Mrs Thomson used to say that she was born in Edinburgh, her mother having been sent there to be confined and nursed in the house of a married sister.

Burns himself thought highly of the song in the text. He recorded it in the Glenriddell collection, where it is introduced after the poem on Captain Grose's Peregrinations: it is there comprised in sixteen

lines only, and the other eight lines are inserted a page or two farther on. The "Postscript" was a still later performance, having been appended to the song when he inserted it in his collection for the "Crockhallan Fencibles." The author recommended the song to George Thomson in April 1793, and even took the trouble to transcribe it with several of the warmer expressions cooled down with a view to make it admissible into his collection. Currie prints only four lines to indicate the production, and adds that Mr Thomson "did not approve of the song, even in its altered state." Burns intended the words to be sung to a sentimental Irish air called "The Banks of Banna," which seems in every respect unsuitable. He remarks to Thomson: "It is to me a heavenly air—what would you think of a set of Scots verses to it? I made one a good while ago, which I think is the best love-song I ever composed in my life; but in its original state is not quite a lady's song." Cromek, in printing it in his collection (1810), heads it with the poet's words just quoted:—"I think this is the best love-song I ever composed," and Allan Cunningham has attacked him in this presumptuous style for so doing:—"One of the poet's editors makes him say, 'I think this is one of the best love-songs I ever composed;' but these are not the words of Burns. This contradiction is made openly, lest it be thought that the bard had the bad taste to prefer this strain to dozens of others more simple, more impassioned, and more natural." Dr Currie is to be blamed for Cunningham's blunder, he having omitted the words referred to, in printing the bard's letter to Thomson, and supplied the blank with asterisks.

The variations are--

<sup>1</sup> The Israelite.    <sup>2</sup> lovely.    <sup>3</sup> rapt, encircled.    <sup>4</sup> speechless, gaze on.]

### SONG.—I MURDER HATE.

(KILMARNOCK ED., 1876.)

I MURDER hate by flood or field,  
 Tho' glory's name may screen us;  
 In wars at home I'll spend my blood—  
 Life-giving wars of Venus.  
 The deities that I adore  
 Are social Peace and Plenty;  
 I'm better pleas'd to make one more,  
 Than be the death of twenty.

I would not die like Socrates,  
 For all the fuss of Plato ;  
 Nor would I with Leonidas,  
 Nor yet would I with Cato :  
 The zealots of the Church and State  
 Shall ne'er my mortal foes be ;  
 But let me have bold Zimri's fate,  
 Within the arms of Cozbi ! \*

[The first eight lines of this song were inscribed by Burns with his diamond pen on the window-pane of one of the bedrooms of the Globe Inn, and were published by Stewart in 1801. The complete song the bard inserted in the Glenriddell MS. Book, immediately under the kindred song which precedes this. The sentiments bear a strong affinity to those expressed in the piece called "Nature's Law," (vol. I., p. 340).

"Shame fa' the fun !—wi' sword and gun  
 To slap mankind like lumber ;  
 I sing his name, and nobler fame,  
 Wha multiplies our number."

The Globe Inn, situated in one of the closes of the High Street, marked No. 44, is opposite the head of Assembly Street, and consists of three storeys with about a dozen good apartments. It has undergone little change since the days of Burns, the windows—doors, flooring, panelling, stair-railings, &c., remaining almost unaltered. What is termed "Burns's corner" is a little snuggerly on the ground-floor, which is reached by passing through the kitchen. It measures fourteen feet by twelve, is lined with painted panells, and contains an arm-chair, said to be the very one used by the poet when Stephen Clarke and he sat there together over their music and whisky-punch. Over the fire-place is a pretty fair painting representing Coila casting the inspiring mantle over her adopted son ; and the "rough burr thistle" climbs the wall on each side of the mantle-piece. One of the latest additions to the Burns-relics at "the Globe," is the poet's china punch-bowl acquired by the present landlord in 1877 for £5, at a sale by auction.]

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\* *Vide* Numbers, Chap. xxv. verses 8-15.—*R. B.*

## GUDEWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,  
 But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light ;  
 Gude ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
 And blude-red wine's the rysin sun.

*Chorus.*—Then gudewife, count the lawin,  
           The lawin, the lawin,  
 Then gudewife, count the lawin,  
           And bring a coggie mair.

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.  
           Then gudewife, &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.  
           Then gudewife, &c.

[The original MS. of this song is in the British Museum, where the chorus and title read "Landlady, count the lawin ;" but as a song so commencing had already appeared in Johnson's collection, it was altered to what we have in the text. There can be little doubt that this song was produced about the same period with the two preceding : the amatory element is excluded ; but in the second verse the philosophy of Bacchus is exhibited to perfection, and Anacreon himself never made a better lyric hit than we have here in stanza third. Burns appreciated its value, and inscribed the latter, with his diamond pen, on one of the window-panes of the Globe Inn, Dumfries. It remained long there, a special attraction, among similar scribblings, till a high price offered for the pane induced the owner to part with it.

The lively melody to which this song is set in the *Museum*, was communicated to Johnson by Burns, without intimation whence it was derived : and as it is not generally known, we here annex it. In

sending the production he remarked that the chorus is part of an old song which concluded thus :—

“ My wife she's ay a-tellin me  
That drink will be the dead o' me ;  
But if gude liquoi be my dead,  
This shall be written on my head :—  
Landlady, count the lawin !” &c.]

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night, But we'll ne'er stray for faute e'  
light; Gude ale and bran - dy's stars and moon, And blude - red wine's the  
CHORUS.  
rys - in sun. Then gude-wife, count the law - in, the law - in, the  
law - in, Then gude-wife, count the law - in, And bring a cog - gie mair.

### ELECTION BALLAD,

AT CLOSE OF THE CONTEST FOR REPRESENTING THE  
DUMFRIES BURGHS, 1790.

ADDRESS TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

(CUNNINGHAM, 1834.)

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.

But where shall I go rin a ride,  
That I may splatter name beside ?  
I wad na be uncivil :  
In manhood's various paths and ways  
There's ay some doytin <sup>a</sup> body strays,  
And I ride like the devil.

<sup>a</sup> bewildered.

Thus I break aff wi' a' my birr,<sup>b</sup>  
 An' down yon dark, deep alley spur,  
                   Where Theologies daunder :<sup>c</sup>  
 Alas ! curst wi' eternal fogs,  
 And damn'd in everlasting bogs,  
                   As sure's the creed I'll blunder !

I'll stain a band, or jaup<sup>d</sup> a gown,  
 Or rin my reckless, guilty crown  
                   Against the haly door :  
 Sair do I rue my luckless fate,  
 When, as the Muse an' Deil wad hae't,  
                   I rade that road before.

Suppose I take a spurt, and mix  
 Among the wilds o' Politics—  
                   Elector and elected,  
 Where dogs at Court (sad sons of bitches !)  
 Septennially a madness touches,  
                   Till all the land's infected.

All hail ! Drumlanrig's haughty<sup>1</sup> Grace,\*  
 Discarded remnant of a race  
                   Once godlike—great in story ;  
 Thy forbears'<sup>e</sup> virtues all contrasted,  
 The very name of Douglas blasted,  
                   Thine that inverted glory !

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore,  
 But thou hast superadded more,  
                   And sunk them in contempt ;

<sup>b</sup> energy.<sup>c</sup> saunter.<sup>d</sup> splash.<sup>e</sup> forefathers.

\* William Duke of Queensberry, elevated to Ducal honours in 1778, died in December 1810.

Follies and crimes have stain'd the name,  
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,  
     From aught that's good exempt !

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears,  
 Who left the all-important cares  
     Of princes, and their darlings :<sup>2</sup>  
 And, bent on winning borough towns,  
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons,<sup>f</sup>  
     And kissing barefit carlins.<sup>g</sup><sup>3</sup>

Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,  
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad  
     Of mad unmuzzled lions ;  
 As Queensberry blue and buff \*<sup>4</sup> unfurl'd,  
 And Westerha'† and Hopeton ‡ 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 Cæsarean fight,  
     Or Ciceronian pleading.

O for a throat like huge Mons-Meg,§  
 To muster o'er each ardent Whig  
     Beneath Drumlanrig's banners ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Heroes and heroines commix,  
 All in the field of politics,  
     To win immortal honors.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>f</sup> weaver-scamps.

<sup>g</sup> women.

\* The Fox or Whig livery. † The Tory candidate. ‡ Earl of Hopetoun.  
 § A gigantic piece of ordnance at Edinburgh Castle—20 inches diameter.

M·Murdo \* and his lovely spouse,  
 (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows !)  
     Led on the Loves and Graces :  
 She won each gaping burgess' heart,  
 While he, sub rosa,<sup>7</sup> played his part  
     Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch † led a light-arm'd core,  
 Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,  
     Like Hecla streaming thunder :  
 Glenriddel, ‡ skill'd in rusty coins,  
 Blew up each Tory's dark designs,  
     And bared the treason under.

In either wing two champions fought ;  
 Redoubted Staig, § who set at nought  
     The wildest savage Tory ;  
 And Welsh || who ne'er yet finch'd his ground,  
 High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round  
     With Cyclopeian fury.

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

---

\* John M·Murdo, Esq., the duke's chamberlain, an intimate friend of Burns.

† Fergusson of Graigdarroch, champion of "The Whistle."

‡ Robert Riddell, Esq. of Carse.

§ Provost of Dumfries.

|| Sheriff of the county.

¶ Patrick Miller, Esq., father of the Whig candidate, who had been a banker.

\*\* Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, M.P.

†† Lawson, an eminent wine merchant.

To these what Tory hosts oppos'd,  
 With these what Tory warriors clos'd,  
     Surpasses my describing :<sup>h</sup>  
 Squadrons, extended long and large,  
 With furious speed rush to the charge,  
     Like furious<sup>s</sup> devils driving.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,  
 The butcher deeds of bloody Fate,  
     Amid this mighty tulyie !<sup>i</sup>  
 Grim Horror girn'd, pale Terror roar'd,  
 As Murder<sup>9</sup> at his thrapple<sup>j</sup> shor'd,<sup>k</sup>  
     And Hell mix'd in the brulyie.<sup>l</sup>

As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,  
 When lightnings fire the stormy lift,  
     Hurl down with crashing rattle ;  
 As flames among a hundred woods,  
 As headlong foam a hundred floods,  
     Such is the rage of Battle.

The stubborn Tories dare to die ;  
 As soon the rooted oaks would fly  
     Before th' approaching fellers :  
 The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,  
 When all his wintry billows pour  
     Against the Buchan Bulls.\*

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,  
 Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,  
     And think on former daring :

---

<sup>h</sup> describing. <sup>i</sup> struggle. <sup>j</sup> windpipe. <sup>k</sup> made an effort. <sup>l</sup> melec, embroilment.

\* Remarkable rocky caverns, on the coast near Peterhead.

The muffled murtherer of Charles \*  
 The Magna Charter flag unfurls,  
     All deadly gules its bearing.

Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame ;  
 Bold Scrimgeour † follows gallant Graham ; ‡  
     Auld Covenanters shiver—  
 Forgive ! forgive ! much-wrong'd Montrose !  
 Now 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 !

What Whig but melts for <sup>10</sup> good Sir James,  
 Dear to his country, by the names,  
     Friend, Patron, Benefactor !  
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save ;  
 And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave ;  
     And Stewart, § bold as Hector.

---

\* The executioner of Charles I. was masqued.

† Scrimgeour, Lord Dundee.

‡ Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

§ Stewart of Hillside.—(R. B.)





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.<sup>1</sup>

Ye hills, near neibours o' the starns,  
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns !  
 Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing earns, <sup>f</sup> <sup>2</sup>  
     Where Echo slumbers !  
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,  
     My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat<sup>g</sup> kens !  
 Ye haz'ly shaws and briery dens !  
 Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,  
     Wi' toddlin din,<sup>h</sup>  
 Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,<sup>i</sup>  
     Frae lin to lin.<sup>j</sup><sup>3</sup>

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

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade  
 Droops with a diamond at his head,  
 At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,  
     I' th' rustling gale,  
 Ye maukins, whiddin<sup>k</sup> thro' the glade,  
     Come join my wail.

<sup>f</sup> eagles.<sup>g</sup> wood-pigeon.<sup>h</sup> pacing sound.<sup>i</sup> leaps.<sup>j</sup> fall to fall.<sup>k</sup> hares skipping.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;  
 Ye grouse that crap the heather bud ;  
 Ye curlews, calling <sup>4</sup> thro' a clud ;  
                   Ye whistling plover ; <sup>5</sup>  
 And mourn, ye whirring <sup>6</sup> paitrick brood ;  
                   He's gane for ever !

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 <sup>7</sup> for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks <sup>1</sup> at close o' day,  
 'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover <sup>8</sup> gay ;  
 And when ye wing your annual way  
                   Frae our cauld shore,  
 Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,  
                   Wham <sup>9</sup> we deplore.

Ye houlets, <sup>m</sup> frae your ivy bow'r  
 In some auld tree, or eldritch <sup>n10</sup> tow'r,  
 What time the moon, wi' silent glowr, <sup>o</sup>  
                   Sets up her horn,  
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,  
                   Till waukrife <sup>p</sup> morn !

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains !  
 Oft have ye heard my canty <sup>11</sup> strains :  
 But now, what else for me remains  
                   But tales of woe ;  
 And frae my een the drapping rains  
                   Maun <sup>12</sup> ever flow.

---

<sup>1</sup> corncraiks, or landrails.    <sup>m</sup> owls.    <sup>n</sup> time-worn.    <sup>o</sup> stare.    <sup>p</sup> wakeful

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

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,  
 In grief thy 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 through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,  
     Ne'er to return.

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 around !

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.

---

<sup>a</sup> hold.

## THE EPITAPH.

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.

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 passest by this grave, man ;  
There moulders here a gallant heart,  
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,  
Caust 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.

If thou art staunch, without a stain,  
Like the unchanging blue, man ;  
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,  
For Matthew was a true man.

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

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

But now, his radiant course is run,  
 For Matthew's was a bright one !  
 His soul was like the glorious sun,  
 A matchless, Heav'nly light, man.

[The copy of the foregoing poem, referred to in the headnote, which was kindly lent to us by its owner, Mr Lamb, Dundee, wants the two closing verses, and also the Epitaph, which consequently were added at a later date. On the authority of Allan Cunningham, we have transferred the motto, as printed in the author's editions, to its original place at the end of the Epitaph, which seemed to close abruptly wanting it. The poet's manuscripts of the finished piece, have one line of motto from Shakespeare, instead of these four lines borrowed from the Epitaph. In sending a copy to his friend John M'Murdo of Drumlanrig, he makes reference to that motto, thus :—  
 "You knew Henderson—I have not flattered his memory."

Along with other pieces, he sent this poem to his correspondent, Dr Moore, and concerning it he remarked—"It is a tribute to the memory of a man I much loved. Poets have in this, the same advantage as Roman Catholics ; they can be of service to their friends after they have passed that bourne where all other kindness ceases to be of avail."

It is very singular to find Burns bursting out into the sublime eloquence of this Elegy, on a departed Edinburgh acquaintance whose name had not hitherto been mentioned in his correspondence, or in connection with any incident in his Edinburgh life. Chambers, after many a searching enquiry, could get no intelligence about this highly honoured citizen of Edinburgh, except the fact that he had once existed as a very social soul. A fragment of a contemporaneous letter fell in his way, in which Burns is referred to, in February 1787, as the lion of the day, and Matthew Henderson, and Mr Hagart, the Secretary of the Caledonian Hunt, are spoken of as fit for the office of Master of Ceremonies at the forthcoming Assemblies. "But," says the writer "Would Matthew leave his friend and bottle to go bow at an Assembly?"

Chambers adds that "there is a sad want of documentary or contemporary evidence about Matthew, and that the obituaries have been searched in vain for his death." A more persevering enquirer, however, found by searching the Records at the Sasine Office, that he was owner of a subject at the head of Carrubber's Close, where he lived and died,



Where'er he be, the Lord be near him!—Igo and ago,  
 As for the deil, he daur na steer him,—Iram, coram, dago,  
 But please transmit th' enclosed, letter,—Igo and ago,  
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,—Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,—Igo and ago,  
 The very stanes that Adam bore—Iram, coram, dago,  
 So may ye get in glad possession,—Igo and ago,  
 The coins o' Satan's coronation!—Iram coram dago.

[A letter written by Burns to his patron, Mr Graham of Fintry, from the Globe Inn, Dumfries, on 4th September 1790, contains a paragraph that shews he had recently been in correspondence with Captain Grose. Professor Dugald Stewart had expressed to the poet a desire to be introduced to Grose, and accordingly he wrote to his jolly friend intimating that fact, and letting him know that the Professor's summer residence at Catrine was situated less than a mile from Sorn Castle, which the antiquary had proposed visiting. Not knowing the Captain's address, he enclosed the letter to Mr Cardonnel, a brother antiquary resident in Edinburgh, and within the envelope, the poet inscribed the verses in the text, which are a parody of a familiar old ditty, beginning :—

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

It is very probable that along with the letter of introduction to Dugald Stewart, Burns performed a promise he had made to Grose, to send him certain witch-stories he had heard relating to Alloway Kirk. A few years after the death of Captain Grose, the poet's letter to him, containing three of these stories, was published by Sir Egerton Brydges, in the *Censura Literaria*. It was the second of these stories that Burns chiefly had in his eye, as the groundwork of his immortal tale, “Tam O' Shanter,” which seems to have been composed in October or November of this year.]

## TAM O' SHANTER :

A TALE.

"Of Brownjis and of Bogillis full is this Buke."

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

WHEN chapman billies<sup>a</sup> leave the street,  
 And drouthy neibors, neibors meet ;  
 As market days are wearing late,  
 An' folk begin to tak the gate ;<sup>b</sup>  
 While we sit bowsing at the nappy,  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps,<sup>c</sup> and styles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter :  
 (Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,  
 For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam ! had'st thou but been sae wise,  
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice !  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,<sup>d</sup>  
 A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum ;<sup>e</sup>  
 That frac November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was na sober ;

---

<sup>a</sup> pedlar fellows. <sup>b</sup> road. <sup>c</sup> narrow openings. <sup>d</sup> wiseacre. <sup>e</sup> noisy fellow.

That ilka melder<sup>f</sup> 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 roarin fou on ;  
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi Kirkton\* Jean till Monday.  
 She prophesied, that, late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Aloway's auld, haunted kirk.

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

But to our tale :—Ae market night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right,  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats,<sup>h</sup> that drank divinely ;  
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony :<sup>i</sup>  
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither ;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter ;  
 And ay the ale was growing better :  
 The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' secret favours,<sup>l</sup> 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.

<sup>f</sup> grinding lot.<sup>g</sup> makes me weep.<sup>h</sup> frothing ale.<sup>i</sup> associate.

\* Any little village where a parish church is erected is called "the Kirkton."

Care, mad to see a man sae happy.  
 E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy,<sup>‡</sup>  
 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 !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed ;  
 Or like the snow falls 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 Tam mounts his beast in ;  
 And sic a night he took the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

---

‡ ale.

\* The first line of this admired couplet has not escaped controversy. In the author's editions, and in all the manuscripts, the substantive "snow" stands quite apart from, and governs the verb "falls." Between these words there is an understood ellipse of the relative pronoun *that*, or *which*. Numerous parallel instances of the use of this idiom might be cited. In the *Dusty Miller*, we have—

" Leeze me on the calling fills the dusty sack."

and in the *Address to the Deil*, we have—

" An gied the infant warld a shog maist ruin'd a'."

Chambers prints the couplet in question in a way that is pleasing enough,

" Or like the snowfall in the river, a moment white—then melts for ever ; "

but we suspect that Burns would have preferred "snowflake" to "snow-fall," had he intended this mode of expression.

" Or like the snowflake on the river, a moment white—then melts for ever."

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
 The rattling showers 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.

Weel mounted on his gray meare <sup>2</sup> Meg,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,  
 Whiles crooning<sup>k</sup> o'er an auld Scots sonnet,  
 Whiles glow'ring<sup>l</sup> round wi' prudent <sup>3</sup> cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
 Kirk-Aloway was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists and houlets <sup>m</sup> nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane ;  
 And thro' the whins,<sup>o</sup> and by the cairn,<sup>p</sup>  
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods,  
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,  
 The lightnings flash frae <sup>4</sup> pole to pole,  
 Near and more near the thunders roll,  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Aloway seem'd in a bleeze,  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

<sup>k</sup> humming. <sup>l</sup> staring. <sup>m</sup> owls. <sup>n</sup> smothered. <sup>o</sup> furze. <sup>p</sup> pile of stones.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil ;  
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil !  
 The swats<sup>h</sup> 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 !<sup>5</sup> Tam saw an unco sight !

Warlocks and witches in a dance :  
 Nae cotillon, brent<sup>a</sup> new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-buuker<sup>r</sup> in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;  
 A towzie tyke,<sup>s</sup> black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge :  
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,<sup>t</sup>  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.<sup>u</sup>—  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses ;  
 And (by some devilish cantraip<sup>v</sup> sleight)  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,<sup>6</sup>  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns ;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;  
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted :  
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>a</sup> bright.    <sup>r</sup> window-seat.    <sup>s</sup> shaggy dog.    <sup>t</sup> scream.    <sup>u</sup> vibrate.    <sup>v</sup> magic

A garter, which a babe had strangled :  
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son of life bereft,  
 The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft ;  
 Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',  
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.<sup>s\*</sup>

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,<sup>w</sup>  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,<sup>x</sup>  
 And coost her duddies<sup>y</sup> on<sup>9</sup> the wark,  
 And linket at it in her sark !

Now Tam, O Tam ! had thae been queans,  
 A' plump and strapping in their teens !  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie<sup>z</sup> flainen,  
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen !—†  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !  
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie<sup>a</sup> hags wad spean<sup>b</sup> a foal,  
 Louping an' flinging on a crummock,<sup>c</sup>  
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

---

<sup>w</sup> linked.    <sup>x</sup> perspired and steamed.    <sup>y</sup> cast off her clothing.    <sup>z</sup> greasy.  
 gallows-worthy.    <sup>b</sup> wean.    <sup>c</sup> walking-staff.

\* "Sae, tho' the aith we took was awfu',  
 To keep it now appears unlawfu'."—*Ramsay's "Three Bonnets."*

† The manufacturer's term for very fine linen, woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie :  
 There was ae winsome<sup>d</sup> wench and waulie,<sup>e</sup> \*  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;  
 (For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perish'd mony a bonie boat,  
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
 And held<sup>10</sup> the country-side in fear) ;  
 Her cutty<sup>f</sup> sark, o' Paisley harn,  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
 Ah ! little kent thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft<sup>g</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad<sup>11</sup> ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;  
 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<sup>12</sup> 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.

<sup>d</sup> lovesome.<sup>e</sup> strong.<sup>f</sup> short cut.<sup>g</sup> bought.

\* " She was a winsome wench and waulie  
 An' could put on her claes fu' brawlie."—*Ramsay's "Three Bonnets."*

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>h</sup>  
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;<sup>1</sup>  
 As open pussie's<sup>j</sup> mortal foes,  
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;  
 As cager runs the market-crowd,  
 When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' mony an eldritch<sup>k</sup> skrieach and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! Ah, Tam ! thou'll get thy fairin !  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming !  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane o' the brig ; \*  
 There, at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they dare na 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 ;<sup>1</sup>  
 But little wist<sup>13</sup> she Maggie's mettle !  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain grey tail :  
 The carlin claught her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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<sup>h</sup> fret.    <sup>i</sup> nest.    <sup>j</sup> the hare.    <sup>k</sup> unearthly.    <sup>1</sup> attempt.

\* 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 *bogles*, whatever danger may be in going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.—*R. B.*

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Each man, and mother's son, take heed :  
 Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,  
 Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,  
 Think ! ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's meare.

[The first reference to this poem in the author's printed correspondence, is found in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, dated November 1790. That lady had announced to Burns the birth, at Loudoun Castle, on 15th of that month, of a son and heir to her daughter, Mrs Henrie ; and in his letter of reply, he says, "I was much flattered by your approbation of my *Tam O' Shanter*. . . . I have a copy of it ready to send you by the first opportunity—it is too heavy to send by post." A good deal has been said about the rapid composition of this poem, and no one can doubt that fact ; for Cromek, so early as 1807, had noted it on the authority of Mrs Burns. It is nevertheless obvious that the perfecting of the original draft must have cost him the labour of several weeks ; for when he sent his friend Alexander Cunningham a copy of it on 23rd January, 1791, (three months after its assumed date) he uses these words—"I have just finished a poem—*Tam O' Shanter*—it is my first essay in the way of Tales." By and by, Captain Grose supplied him with a dozen proof-sheets of the printed poem, and thereby saved him the further labour of making manuscript copies for his friends.

Chambers, in presenting his readers with some Kirkoswald theories, regarding the *dramatis personæ* of this wonderful production, remarks that "the people of Ayrshire, contrary to their wont, un-mythicise the narrations of Burns, and point to a real Tam and Souter Johnie, and to a natural occurrence as the basis of the fiction." That a Carrick farmer, who had a scolding wife, and whose names respectively were "Douglas Graham" and "Helen M'Taggart" did live, in Burns's time, at the little farm of Shanter, near Kirkoswald, is quite certain ; and that Graham occasionally rode to Ayr and back, on market days, and when he lost his money, may have imposed on his wife's credulity by telling her he had been waylaid by witches, and robbed near Alloway Kirk, may also be true. It is possible also that when Burns, at the age of sixteen, resided in Kirkoswald for some months, he may have observed the characteristics of Graham and his wife, and even, at Lighthill, conversed with the witching "Kate Steen" and her reverend granny. But all such petty details possess little interest for the readers of *Tam O' Shanter*, the era of whose heroic adventures was far anterior to the existence of any of the poet's contemporaries. The whole interest proceeds from the vivid pictures presented by the narrator of the matchless tale, beginning at the alehouse in Ayr, where

the drouthy cronies meet, and finishing at the south end of the auld Brig of Doon, where Tam in safety scampers through the mirk, with his face towards Maybole and Shanter.

The many hundreds of pilgrims who annually visit Alloway Kirk, must (from the Town of Ayr) approach it by the road leading directly south from the cottage where the poet was born. But in the days when Tam is supposed to have had his memorable encounter with the witches, the road lay considerably to the west of the Kirk. Proceeding southwards by Bridgehouse, the road made a curve eastwards only when it approached the river, and it passed the Kirk on the south side, between that object and the right bank of the Doon, crossing the river at the old Bridge, two or three hundred yards east from the Kirk. The small, roofless Kirk cannot now be viewed from Tam's point of sight on the south-west side, and neither is it accessible in that direction, for the south and the west walls of the kirkyard confine the erection into a corner, and the ground beyond these walls is now the private property of neighbouring land-owners. A visitor to that consecrated spot is impressed with the feeling that the witches must have had a very narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. Neither is it possible to trace the landmarks progressively passed by Tam in his memorable ride; for, with exception of the site of the "ford, where in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd," all the other points of curiosity are enclosed within the private ground referred to.

The Kirkoswald people are rather exacting, when they insist that not only "Tam" and his wife "Kate," and "Cutty-sark," had their prototypes in persons who lived and died in their neighbourhood, but that "Souter Johnie" also belonged to their country-side. The grave of Kate Steen, the witch, is not pointed out in the Kirkoswald kirkyard, although she is said to have been buried there within the present century; but we noted the following inscription from a tablet, which is proudly shewn as marking the last resting-place of the veritable Tam:—"D. C.—H. M.—Erected by Douglas Graham and Helen his wife, in memory of their son John Graham, who died December 10th, 1785, aged 18 years. Also, Helen M'Taggart his spouse, who died 2nd December 1798, aged 56 years. Also, Douglas Graham, who died February 14th, 1811, aged 72 years."

Our attention was directed also to a tablet over the grave of "John Davidson, shoemaker," but we disregarded it, being certain, on the authority of Burns himself, that "Souter Johnie" was a resident in the town of Ayr. We were twitted with the query "How then could Tam and the Souter get fou for weeks thegither?" Alas! we replied, thereby hangs a very tragic portion of the tale! For weeks together that reprobate Tam had been known to absent himself from his home and his farm, under the fascinating fellowship of the Souter, who "tauld the queecrest stories." No wonder, therefore, that Kate opened out so virulently in her description of Tam's delinquencies.

A very fine photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of one of the manuscripts of this poem has been published by Adams & Francis, 59 Fleet Street, London, and the following variations appear on collating it with the author's text :—

<sup>1</sup> favours secret.                   <sup>2</sup> mare.                   <sup>3</sup> anxious.                   <sup>4</sup> from.

<sup>5</sup> The four grand lines commencing "Coffins stood round" appear in the MS. as a marginal substitute for this Common-place couplet deleted :—

"The torches climb around the wa',  
Infernal fires, blue-blazing a'."

<sup>6</sup> Here is introduced the following couplet, also deleted :—

"Seven gallows pins, three hangman's whittles,  
A raw o' weel-seal'd doctor's bottles."

<sup>7</sup> Here are introduced the four lines contained in Grose's printed copy, and omitted by the poet, at the request of Mr Fraser Tytler, afterwards Lord Woodhouselee.

"Three Lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,  
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout,  
Three Priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,  
Lay, stinking, vile, in every neuk."

<sup>8</sup> kept.                   <sup>9</sup> should.                   <sup>10</sup> lost.                   <sup>11</sup> ken'd.]

## ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,  
And ward o' mony a prayer,  
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,  
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

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

May He who gives the rain to pour,  
And wings the blast to blaw,  
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,  
The bitter frost and snaw.

May He, the friend o' Woe and Want,  
 Who heals life's various stounds,  
 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.

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

[“*November 15th*, 1790, (Birth). At Loudoun Castle, Mrs Henry, widow of James Henry, Esq. of Bernadean, of a son.” Such is the announcement which led to the composition of these pathetic stanzas. We copy it from the pages of the *Scots Magazine*; but Mrs Dunlop had intimated the circumstance to Burns in a letter, on reading which, the author himself says :—“ I literally jumped with 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 . . . . the sweet little fellow ! almost extempore, I poured out to him the following verses.”

Susan, one of Mrs Dunlop's daughters, had married a French gentleman, named Henri (or Henry), of good birth and fortune, and the couple rented as a domicile, the castle of the Campbells at Loudoun. On 22nd June 1790, the husband sank under the effects of a severe cold, leaving his wife pregnant. Such are the circumstances referred to in the author's heading of this poem. The “family distress” however did not end there: Mrs Henri was induced to go to France, taking the child with her, to visit her late husband's relatives. She sickened and died. The child was taken care of by the grandfather, and ultimately became proprietor of the family estates.]

ELEGY ON THE LATE MISS BURNET OF  
MONBODDO.

(CURRIE, 1800.)

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 chaunt 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.

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 with <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>2</sup> us, darkling in a world of tears. <sup>3</sup>

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

[“June 17th, 1790, At Braid Farm, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, Miss Burnet of Monboddo.”—*Scots Magazine Obituary*. The estate of Monboddo is in Kincardineshire, and there the father of this lady was born in 1714. By his marriage in 1760, to Miss Farquharson, he had one son and two daughters. The early death of Mrs Burnet soon made Lord Monboddo a widower, and the son did not survive his mother many years. His eldest daughter married Kirkpatrick Williamson, Esq., keeper of the Outer House Rolls. Elizabeth, the youngest daughter, who forms the subject of the foregoing Elegy, was much attached to her father, and continued to keep his house till she died.

On returning to the deserted house in St John Street, after the funeral, which took place from the summer lodging named in the obituary, Mr Williamson, to save the stricken parent's feelings, turned Miss Burnet's portrait with the face to the wall. When Lord Monboddo observed the picture thus reversed, he said, “Right, Williamson, let us now turn to Herodotus.” His devotion to ancient literature kept him from sinking under the bereavement, and he survived his daughter nine years, dying at the age of eighty-five.

The earliest notice of the above tribute to the memory of Miss Burnet is contained in the poet's letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 23rd January 1791. He 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 further than the following fragment, on which, please give me your strictures.” The copy thus forwarded wanted the closing four lines—perhaps the finest stanza in the poem, which was added in a happy revising moment. A still earlier copy, now possessed by Henry Probasco, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio, wants not only the closing stanza, but the two introductory ones which are in the Cunningham copy.

VAR.—<sup>1</sup> in.

<sup>2</sup> left'st.

<sup>3</sup> Here the poem originally closed.]

## LAMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

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

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 thae<sup>1</sup> sweets amang ;  
 But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,  
 Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,  
 Where happy I hae been ;  
 Fu' lightly rase<sup>2</sup> I in the morn,  
 As blythe lay down at e'en :  
 And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,  
 And mony a traitor there ;  
 Yet here I lie in foreign bands,  
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,  
 My sister and my fae,  
 Grim Vengeance yet shall whet a sword  
 That thro' thy soul shall gae :  
 The weeping blood in woman's breast  
 Was never known to thee ;  
 Nor th' balm that drops<sup>3</sup> on wounds of woe  
 Frae woman's pitying e'e.

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 !

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 ?<sup>4</sup>  
 And, in the narrow house of death,  
 Let Winter round me rave ;

And the next flow'rs that deck the Spring,  
Bloom on <sup>5</sup> my peaceful grave !

[Burns was justly proud of these verses, which were composed prior to the close of February 1791. He then enclosed them with some other pieces to Dr Moore, and told him that he *begun* this ballad while he was busy with the *Percy Reliques*. He sent it about the same time to Mrs Graham of Fintry, remarking thus concerning it, "Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, 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 25th April 1791, as we learn from a hitherto inedited portion of a letter the poet then addressed to Lady Winifred Maxwell Constable, he sent her a copy of this ballad. Allan Cunningham, in his reckless way of dealing out fictions for facts, states that the ballad was "written at the request of" that lady, and that she "rewarded the poet with a valuable snuff-box, bearing on the lid a portrait of the unfortunate Queen." Now the facts are that the poet's letter just referred to is one of thanks to that lady for her elegant present, and he concludes with these words, "I enclose your ladyship a poetic compliment I lately paid to the memory of our greatly injured, lovely Scottish Queen. I have the honour to be," &c.

Besides a beautiful *fac-simile* of this ballad which has been published, we have inspected an original manuscript in the British Museum, and the following variations are the result of the collation.

- |  |                    |                     |
|--|--------------------|---------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> these, their.                     | <sup>2</sup> rose. | <sup>3</sup> draps. |
| <sup>4</sup> Nae mair the winds of Autumn wave |                    |                     |
| Across the yellow corn !                       |                    | <sup>5</sup> o'er.] |

### THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

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 doon 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 dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame,—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
 But now I greet round their green beds in the yerd ;  
 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 ;  
 But till my last moments my words are the same,—  
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

[On 11th March 1791, the poet transcribed this song in a letter to his friend Alexander Cunningham of Edinburgh, as one of his recent compositions for Johnson's work, and thus wrote :—" If you like the air and 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."

The melody to which the song is set in the *Museum* seems very clumsily noted down, and Alexander Cunningham must have been a remarkable singer indeed, if he could have charmed any audience by following the notes in their integrity. The second strain is little else than a repetition of the first, an octave higher, and is quite beyond the compass of ordinary vocalization. The air, when stripped of ornamentation and unnatural jumps, is very expressive, and can scarcely be distinguished from the admired melody—"Hey, bonie lassie, blink over the burn."]

By yon cas-tle wa', at the close of the day, I heard a man  
 sing, though his head it was grey; And as he was sing-ing, the  
 tears down came,—There'll ne-ver be peace till Ja-mie comes hame.

## SONG—OUT OVER THE FORTH.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1796.)

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 loe best,  
 The man that is dear to my babie and me.

[In the same letter to Alexander Cunningham, of 11th March 1791, which contains, "There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame," and "The Banks o' Doon," he transcribes the second stanza of this little song, at the conclusion of his epistle, thus :—"Good night to you, and sound be your sleep, and delectable your dreams. 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 words are identical with those in Johnson, although both Currie and Cromek print "lad" for *man*, in the last line. The original MS. sent to Johnson, is in the British Museum.]

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

*(Here first published).*

"ELLISLAND, 11th March 1791.—I have this evening sketched out a song which I have a good mind to send you. . . It is intended to be sung to a Strathspey reel of which I am very fond, called in Cumming's Collection, 'Ballindalloch's Reel,' and in others, 'Camdenmore.' It takes three stanzas of four lines each, to go through the whole tune."—*Excerpt from a letter to Alexander Cunningham, not hitherto printed in extenso.*

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 bonie bird,  
 That sings upon the bough ; \*  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause Luve was true :  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
 That sings beside thy mate ;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
 To see the woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
 And sae did I o' mine :  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Upon its thorny tree ;  
 But my fause Luver staw my rose,  
 And left the thorn wi' me :  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Upon a morn in June ;  
 And sae I flourished on the morn,  
 And sae was pu'd or' noon !

[The letter, partially quoted as a head-note to the above song was placed in the hands of Dr Currie for publication, but he chose to print only a small part of it, commencing abruptly with the words, "If the foregoing piece be worth your strictures, let me have them." That piece was the one in the text, and if he had only indicated the song, he would have saved future editors and annotators a good deal of fruitless speculation. Chambers, on a mere conjecture of Cunningham, supposes that Burns composed the song during his first winter in Edinburgh, and sets it down under the imaginary date, January 1787. He moreover positively tells us that the song referred to the unhappy love adventure between Captain M'Dowall of Logan, and Miss Peggy Kennedy, of Dalgarrock—a statement for which his only authority is the following

\* Although "bough" seems not to rhyme well with the word "true," yet in the melody (p. 335) it is expressed in two syllables, thus—"bow-oo."

random remark of Cunningham:—"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. All the earlier songs of Burns were founded in truth." On this subject, see p. 147, Vol. I.

The recovery at this time, of the poet's letter communicating his earliest draft of this most popular of his songs, establishes the fact that his aim in composing it was to fit a particular tune with suitable words, and also proves that it is not one of "the earlier songs of Burns." The reader will notice a very palpable instance of "the art of sinking" from pathos into bathos, in the closing couplet of this song: a happy improvement was effected by revisal, as the following version will testify. No pathos could be added to the expression "left the thorn wi' me."]

## THE BANKS O' DOON.

### SECOND VERSION.

(CRONK'S RELIQUES, 1808.)

[March 1791], "While here I sit, sad and solitary, by the side of a fire in a little country Inn, and drying my wet clothes, in pops a poor fellow of a soger, and tells me he is going to Ayr. By heavens! say I to myself, with a tide of good spirits which the magic of that sound—'Auld Toon o' Ayr,' conjured up, I will send my last song to Mr Ballantine. Here it is."—*Letter to John Ballantine, Esq., Ayr.*

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
 How can ye blume sae fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care!  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
 That sings upon the bough;  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause Luvè was true.  
 Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
 That sings beside thy mate;  
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
 To see the woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
 And sae did I o' mine.  
 [Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Upon a morn in June ;  
 How like that rose my blooming morn,  
 Sae darkly set ere noon !]  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Upon<sup>1</sup> its thorny tree ;  
 But<sup>2</sup> my fause Luver staw my<sup>3</sup> rose,  
 And<sup>4</sup> left the thorn wi' me.

[The author wrote to Alexander Cunningham, immediately under his first sketch of this song, "If the foregoing piece be worth your strictures, let me have them. For my own part, a thing that I have just composed always appears through a double portion of that partial medium in which an author will ever view his own works. I believe Novelty generally has something in it that inebriates the fancy, and not unfrequently dissipates and fumes away like other intoxications, and leaves the poor patient, as usual, with an aching heart. A striking instance of this might be adduced in the revolution of many a Hymeneal honeymoon."

Cromek has the following note to this song, in the justice of which we fully concur. "The reader will perceive that the measure of this copy of the 'Banks o' bonie Doon,' differs from that which is already published. Burns was obliged to adapt his words to a particular air (different in measure from that they were composed for), and in so doing he lost much of the simplicity and beauty which the song possesses in its present state."

The reader will understand that the melody eventually selected for this song, and which has caused its melting cadences, along with Burns's words, to be familiar in every land, was in the poet's days, known as "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight." It appears however, according to the Thomson correspondence of July 1795, that there was another tune that name—but in a very different measure—for which Burns supplied words that Thomson never made use of. The poet execrates "the d—d peculiarity of the rhythm of that air," and so we shall not stop to enquire after it. The verses in the text were composed to a tune called "Camdelmore," which seems not to have been approved of by Clarke, and consequently this common metre version of "Bonie Doon" has hitherto been without a corresponding melody. To supply that want

is the aim of the following air, which has just been furnished to us by a musical friend. It will be observed that the latter half of each stanza of eight lines is repeated, with a slight variation both in words and music. The four lines here marked off in brackets are omitted by Cromek, but are now restored from the Cunningham copy, with such a transposition and variation as the editor trusts will obviate the objection felt to that portion in the preceding version.

VAR. in Cromek—<sup>1</sup> Frae aff. <sup>2</sup> And. <sup>3</sup> the. <sup>4</sup> But.]

*Original Melody.*

Ye flow'-ry banks o' bo-nie Doon, How can ye blume sae lair? How can  
 ye chant ye lit-tle birds, And I sae fu' o' care! Thou'll break my heart, thou  
 bo-nie bird That sings up-on the bough! Thou minds me o' the hap-py days  
 When my fause Luvè was true. Thou'll break my heart, thou bo-nie bird That sings  
 be-side thy mate! For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate.

### THE BANKS O' DOON.

#### THIRD VERSION.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

YE banks and braes o' bonie 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:  
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
 Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
 And ilka bird sang o' its Luve,  
 And fondly sae did I o' mine ;  
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree !  
 And my fause Luver staw my rose,  
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

[This song, in its earlier form, was transmitted to Johnson to be set to a melody suitable for words in the common ballad-stanza, and Clarke, the musical editor of the *Museum*, having tried the proposed air, suggested the beautiful tune called "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight," as better suiting the sentiment of the words, provided two syllables could be added to every second line. Burns accordingly subjected the words to a slight re-modelling, and again forwarded the song to Johnson, who published it exactly as in the text, allied to the tune which has since become so popular.

Mr James Miller, a clerk in the General Register House at Edinburgh, had the good luck to become the composer of that immortal melody by a mere random effort. Mr Stephen Clarke directed him to touch only the black keys of the harpsichord, preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly produce a Scotch air. This fact is narrated at length by the poet in the Thomson Correspondence. Urbani, the musician, was not a little jealous of the popularity which this air attracted in connection with Burns's words, and he sung the song at several of his concerts to the old melody of "Todlin Hame," but failed to turn the current of popular favour to his innovation.]

### LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,  
 By fits the sun's departing<sup>1</sup> 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.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,  
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;  
 His locks were bleachèd white with time,  
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears !  
 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 o'² the vernal queire !³  
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds  
 The honors o' the aged year !  
 A few short months, and, glad and gay,  
 Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;  
 But nocht in all revolving time  
 Can gladness bring again to me,

“I am a bending aged tree,  
 That long has stood the wind and rain ;  
 But now has come a cruel blast,  
 And my last hold of earth is gane ;  
 Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,  
 Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom ;  
 But I maun lie before the storm,  
 And others⁴ plant them in my room.

“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 :

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.

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

“ Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !  
 The voice of woe and wild despair !  
 “ Awake, resound thy<sup>5</sup> latest lay,  
 Then sleep in silence evermair !  
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,  
 That fillest an untimely tomb,  
 Accept this tribute from the Bard  
 Thou brought from Fortune's mirkest gloom.

“ 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 grey 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  
 That <sup>6</sup> 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 <sup>7</sup>  
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;  
 But I'll remember thee, <sup>8</sup> Glencairn,  
 And a' that thou hast <sup>9</sup> done for me !”

[On 27th January 1791, died at Falmouth, on his return from Lisbon, whither he had gone in the search of health, James Earl of Glencairn, the amiable friend and patron of Burns. The poet put on mourning for the deceased, and designed, if possible, to attend his funeral in the family vault at Kilmaurs. On 19th March, Burns enclosed a rough copy of the poem to his lordship's factor, Mr Alexander Dalziel. In the letter which accompanied it, he says:—“An author, by the time he has composed and corrected his work, has quite pared away all his powers of critical discrimination . . . I had a packet of poetical bagatelles ready to send to Lady Betty, when I saw the fatal tidings in the newspaper. I see by the same channel that the honoured *remains* of my noble patron are designed to be brought to the family burial place. Dare I trouble you to let me know privately before the day of interment, that I may cross the country, and steal among the crowd, to pay a tear to the last sight of my ever-revered benefactor? It will oblige me beyond expression.”

To the sister of his lordship also, he enclosed a copy, and in his letter he says:—“If among my children I have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honor and a family debt, that my dearest existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn !

“I was about to say, my lady, that if you think the poem may venture to see the light, I would, in some way or other, give it to the world.”

By collating the text with an original MS. of this poem in the British Museum, we note the following variations:—

<sup>1</sup> descending.    <sup>2</sup> of.    <sup>3</sup> quire.    <sup>4</sup> ithers.    <sup>5</sup> my.    <sup>6</sup> which.  
<sup>7</sup> bairn.    <sup>8</sup> good.    <sup>9</sup> he has.

In relation to the latter two of these variations, we have been favoured with a most interesting communication from Sir James Coxe, dated Kinnellan, Edinburgh, 14th October, 1876, in which he says:—“In the poem on the Earl of Glencairn, Burns wrote originally—

“I’ll remember gude Glencairn, and a’ that he has done for me,”

but in reading it to the Earl’s sister or sisters, the epithet “Gude” was objected to and “great” proposed in its stead. Burns, however, felt that “great” was altogether inappropriate, and was placed in the dilemma of adhering to “gude,” and giving offence where he wished to give pleasure, or violating his sense of what was right and fitting by adopting “great.” Calling on Miss Leslie Baillie, he mentioned to her the difficulty he was in, when she suggested the dropping of both ‘gude’ and ‘great,’ and addressing the closing words to the Earl:—

“I’ll remember thee, Glencairn, and a’ that thou hast done for me.”

This happy suggestion was at once adopted by Burns. My authority was Lady Coxe, the daughter of *Bonnie Leslie*.”]

### LINES TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART.,

SENT WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

(EDINBURGH ED., 1793.)

THOU, who thy honor 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.<sup>1</sup>  
 The *Friend* thou valued’st, I, the *Patron* lov’d;  
 His worth, his honor, all the world approved:  
 We’ll mourn till we too go as he has gone,  
 And tread the shadowy<sup>2</sup> path to that dark world unknown.

[As the author has printed these lines in connection with the Lament for Glencairn, we do not separate the pieces, although an interval of several months occurred between the compositions.

Sir John, in a letter dated from Maybole on 16th October 1791, acknowledged receipt of a copy of the Lament, and of these complimentary lines to himself. He very orthodoxly observes as follows:—“I have always thought it most natural to suppose (and it is a strong argument for a future existence), that worth and honour, when

neglected here, shall, in a happier state beyond the grave, meet with their just reward, and temporal misfortunes shall receive an eternal recompense. Let us cherish this hope for our departed friend, and moderate our grief for the loss we have sustained, knowing that he cannot come to us, but we may go to him."

The poet's manuscript, originally forwarded to Sir John, is now in the British Museum, where, instead of the third and fourth lines<sup>1</sup> of the author's improved text, we read as follows :

" Witness the ardour of this votive lay,  
With streaming eyes and throbbing heart I pay."

The word *shadowy*<sup>2</sup> in the closing line, is a farther improvement, which occurred to Burns while his poems were at the press. In his MS. the word is "dreary." He ordered the alteration to be made; but unfortunately the correction came too late to be effected in the edition of 1793, and in the next issue that matter was overlooked.

The public is indebted to Dr Carruthers of Inverness for the knowledge of this last circumstance, which he learned through a note from the poet to A. F. Tytler, Esq., now in the hands of Col. Fraser Tytler of Aldourie.]

### CRAIGIEBURN WOOD.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

This song was composed on a passion which a Mr Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards Mrs Whelpdale. The young lady was born at Craigieburn Wood. The chorus is part of an old, foolish ballad.—*R. B., Glenriddell Notes.*

SWEET closes the ev'ning on Craigieburn Wood,  
And blythely awaukens the morrow ;  
But the pride o' the spring on the Craigieburn Wood  
Can yield me nought<sup>1</sup> but sorrow.

*Chorus.*—Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,  
And O to be lying beyond thee !  
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep  
That's<sup>2</sup> 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,  
 While care my heart is wringing.  
 Beyond thee, &c.

I can na tell, I maun na teil,  
 I daur na for your anger ;  
 But secret loove<sup>3</sup> will break my heart,  
 If I conceal it langer.  
 Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,  
 I see thee sweet and bonie ;  
 But oh, what will my torment be,  
 If thou refuse thy Johnie !  
 Beyond thee, &c.

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

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

[Craigieburn is a beautiful locality in the neighbourhood of Moffat, where the parents of Jean Lorimer (afterwards the celebrated "Chloris" of Burns) resided, and where she was born in September 1775. This song is the first of a long series of lyrics which the young woman's charms elicited from the muse of Burns, although, in this instance, it was only a vicarious expression of passion felt by John Gillespie, a brother exciseman of Dumfries. He was smitten by the

fascinations of the fair young beauty, and seems to have requested the poet to plead for him in this fashion ; but the wooing was not destined to be successful. Chambers mentions that the names of Jean Lorimer and John Gillespie were still (in 1856) to be seen inscribed on a pane of the poet's parlour window at Ellisland. The parents of the young woman, at the period when the song was composed, resided at "Kennis Ha'" on the Nith, near Kirkmahoe, and in the course of the poet's Excise avocations, he had frequent occasion to visit the Lorimers, who dealt in excisable commodities. Jean, the eldest daughter, was then but fifteen years old, but tall and womanly at her years.

George Thomson afterwards took a fancy for this song and prevailed on the author to make him an altered, if not amended, version of it, excluding the chorus. The melody seems to have been recovered by Burns, who had it noted down from the singing of a native of the district. This was probably done by Allan Masterton in the autumn of 1789, when he and Nicol spent their vacation in that quarter.

Mr Stephen Clarke, the musical editor of the *Museum*, wrote the following note at the foot of the music-score of this song :—"There is no need to mention the chorus. The man that would attempt to sing a chorus to this beautiful air should have his throat cut to prevent him from doing it again." The air, as given in Johnson, is quite impracticable in the second part. George Thomson tried to modify it, but with no great success. The set hereto annexed has been subjected to still farther adaptation. We rather like the chorus.]

We adopt some variations from the author's MS. in the British Museum.

<sup>1</sup> nothing.      <sup>2</sup> weel wad I sleep were I laid.      <sup>3</sup> love.]

Sweet clos - es the ev'-ning on Craig-ie - burn Wood, And blyth-ly a-wauk-ens the  
mor-row; But the pride of the Spring in the Craig-ie-burn Wood, Can yield me no-thing but  
CHORUS.  
sor-row. Be-yond thee, dear-ie, be - yond thee, dear-ie, And O to be ly - ing be-yond  
thee! O sweet-ly, sound-ly, weel may he sleep, That is laid in the bed be yond thee.

## THE BONIE WEE THING.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

*Chorus.*—Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
 Lest my jewel it\* should tine.

WISHFULLY I look and languish  
 In that bonie face o' thine,  
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.  
 Bonie wee thing, &c.

Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,  
 In ae constellation shine ;  
 To adore thee is my duty,  
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !  
 Bonie wee thing, &c.

[This admired song was, according to the author's own note, composed on his little idol—the 'charming, lovely Davies.' The lady is said to have been of English birth, and a relative of the Glenriddell family. Burns, became acquainted with her during the last year of his residence at Ellisland, and besides making her the subject of another song and an epigram, two letters addressed to her appear in his correspondence.

Allan Cunningham gives some affecting particulars of the private history of Miss Deborah Davies—for such was the lady's name—obtained from the information of her nephew. She was of small stature, but of exquisite form and beauty, and possessed more than an average share of mental graces. A Captain Delany had made himself agreeable to her by his attentions, and by writing verses to and concerning her. At length they came under marriage-engagements to each other ; but delays ensued, and coldness on his part at length

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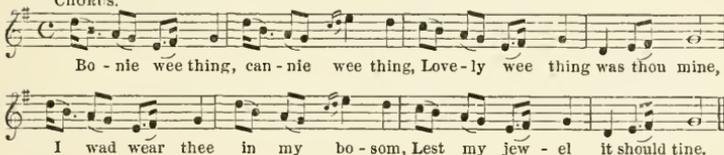
\* Johnson reads "I should tine;" but the original MS. in the British Museum reads as in the text. In line second, Johnson has "was" instead of "wert" in the MS.

became manifest. He joined his regiment abroad, and, with the exception of one formal letter, she never heard from him again. From some expressions in Burns's letters to her, it may be gathered that he had been made acquainted with this part of her story. She did not long survive the cruel blow thus inflicted on her hopes and affections. After her death, some verses that she had composed, and wrapped round her lover's miniature, were found among her papers. The following extract is worthy of preservation :—

“ Next to Thyself, 'tis all on earth, thy ‘ Stella ’ dear doth hold ;  
The glass is clouded with my breath, and, as my bosom, cold :  
That bosom, which so oft has glowed with Love and Friendship's name,  
Where you the seed of Love first sowed, that kindled into flame :  
You there neglected let it burn—it seized the vital part,  
And left my bosom as an urn, to hold a broken heart.”

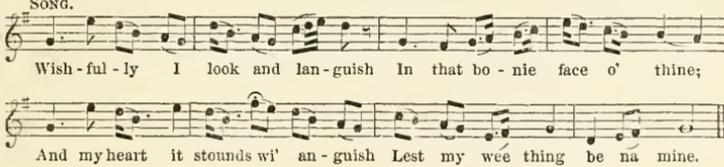
The melody of this song, taken from Oswald's collection, is one of the most charming of the Scottish airs, and we here annex it.]

CHORUS.



Bo - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing was thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bo - som, Lest my jew - el it should tine.

SONG.



Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish In that bo - nie face o' thine;  
And my heart it stounds wi' an - guish Lest my wee thing be na mine.

### EPIGRAM ON MISS DAVIES,

ON BEING ASKED WHY SHE HAD BEEN FORMED SO LITTLE,  
AND MRS A—— SO BIG.

(STEWART, 1801.)

ASK why God made the gem so small ?  
And why so huge the granite ?—  
Because God meant mankind should set  
That higher value on it.

[This is what Allan Cunningham calls “a handsome apology for scrimp stature.” The epigram is said to have been uttered, and then

inscribed on a window-pane of the principal Inn, at Moffat, on observing Miss Davies ride past in company with a lady of portly dimensions. Burns thought so well of it as to record it in the Glenriddell MS. Book, now at Liverpool.

It has been remarked that in this versicle there are two questions asked and only one of these answered. That matter would have been set right had the second line read thus,—

“ While huge He made the granite.”]

### THE CHARMS OF LOVELY DAVIES.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

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  
 Than aught they ever gave us,  
 Ere they rehearse, in equal verse,  
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

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

Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift,  
 That maks us mair than princes ;  
 A sceptred hand, a king's command,  
 Is in her darting glances ;

The man in arms 'gainst female charms,  
 Even he her willing slave is,  
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign  
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse! to dream of such a theme,  
 Thy<sup>1</sup> feeble powers surrender:  
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys  
 The sun's meridian splendor.  
 I wad in vain essay the strain,  
 The deed too daring brave is;  
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire  
 The charms o' lovely Davie:.

[This is a very brilliant effort in the way of playful compliment, but is not to be compared in earnestness to its predecessor, "Bonie Wee Thing." Burns was an adept in the composition of pieces in this style, where the measure is short and the rhymes rapid. Sentiment and pathos are excluded from such productions; but in his hands, wit and "pith o' sense" are never wanting. In sending the lady this piece, he seems to have felt a misgiving that its levity might be jarring to her chastened feelings. "So strongly am I interested," he writes, "in Miss Davies's fate and welfare in the serious business of life, amid its chances and changes, that to make her the subject of a silly ballad is downright mockery of their ardent feelings; 'tis like an impertinent jest to a dying friend."

He closes his letter very finely thus:—"There is a delicacy, a tenderness accompanying every view in which we can place lovely Woman, that are grated and shocked at the rude, capricious distinctions of Fortune. Woman is the blood-royal of life: let there be slight degrees of precedency among them, but let them be All sacred. Whether this last sentiment be right or wrong, I am not accountable: it is an original component feature of my mind." In the letter which enclosed "Bonie Wee Thing," he remarks: "When I meet with a person of my own heart, I positively can no more desist from rhyming on the impulse, than an Æolian harp can refuse its tones to the streaming air."

VAR.—<sup>1</sup> Her, in Johnson. The change to "Thy" being required for sake of the poet's grammar.]

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO  
WI' AN AULD MAN.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

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

He's always compleenin frae mornin to eenin,  
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang ;  
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,—  
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !  
He's doylt and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,  
O dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

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

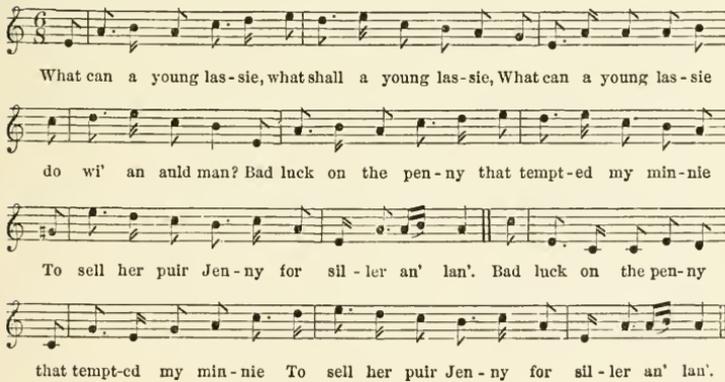
My auld auntie Katie upon me taks pity,  
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;  
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him,  
And then his auld brass 'ill buy me a new pan,  
I'll cross him an' wrack him, until I heartbreak him,  
And then his auld brass 'ill buy me a new pan.

[However much the advice, here given by "auld auntie Katie" to her disconsolate niece, be disapproved of on Christian principles, this

song is certainly in Burns's best manner, and one is apt to wonder why it is never sung by our lyric exponents of the bard. We suspect that this neglect has arisen from the very awkward setting of the music attached to it in the *Museum* and other collections, where it is hopelessly disarranged, and wants that "flow" which is so essential to the popularity of a tune. We suppose it to be of Irish origin, although it is given as a Scots air in Oswald's sixth Book. Its title is quoted in Dufey's "Pills," 1703. The phrase, "his auld brass 'ill buy me a new pan," is taken from the ancient song "Auld Rob Morris."

The Author's MS. of this song is in the British Museum, and below it he has noted the following directions to Johnson—"Dr Blacklock's set of the tune is bad; I here enclose a better. 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."

We invite the attention of the musical reader to the annexed arrangement and set of the melody, as well fitted to give effect to the characteristic words of Burn.]



What can a young las-sie, what shall a young las-sie, What can a young las-sie  
do wi' an auld man? Bad luck on the pen-ny that tempt-ed my min-nie  
To sell her puir Jen-ny for sil-ler an' lan'. Bad luck on the pen-ny  
that tempt-ed my min-nie To sell her puir Jen-ny for sil-ler an' lan'.

## THE POSIE.

(JOHNSON'S MUSEUM, 1792.)

O luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen,  
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance hath been;  
But I will doun yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,  
And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,  
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;  
 For she's 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 Phœbus peeps in view,  
 For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet, bonie mou;  
 The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

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

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

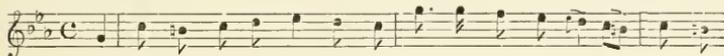
The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,  
 And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae clear;  
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear,  
 And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

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

[In his Glenriddell notes, the poet mentions that he took down the air and the old words of this song from the singing of a country girl. That "country girl," he afterwards explained to George Thomson, was no other than Mrs Burns, who was very fond of giving vocal effect to the present words with her expressive "woodnote wild." It is one of the

loveliest and most everlastingly fresh of all Burns's lyrics ; and yet how seldom is it heard either in the concert room, or at home, when the song goes round the young circle.

The phrase "my ain dear May," means "my ain dear maid;" May, in short, being a contraction of Mysie or Marian, common in ballad poetry as a name for its heroines—hence the "Maid-Marian" of Robin Hood. We have seen a silly attempt (it is one of Brash & Reid's "improvements on Burns," if we mistake not), to alter this song by changing the name of the fair one to "Jean" at the close of each stanza, and to effect this, the third line of every verse is changed so as to rhyme with *Jean*. The melody, taken down from Jean Armour's singing, is very beautiful, and Burns is quite right in holding that it contains within it the outline of the popular air, "Roslin Castle." In the *Museum*, this song is placed on the page opposite "The Banks o' Doon," and it seems now certain that both of these charming lyrics were produced about the same time. We append the music.]



O luvè will ven-ture in where it daur-na well be seen, O luvè will

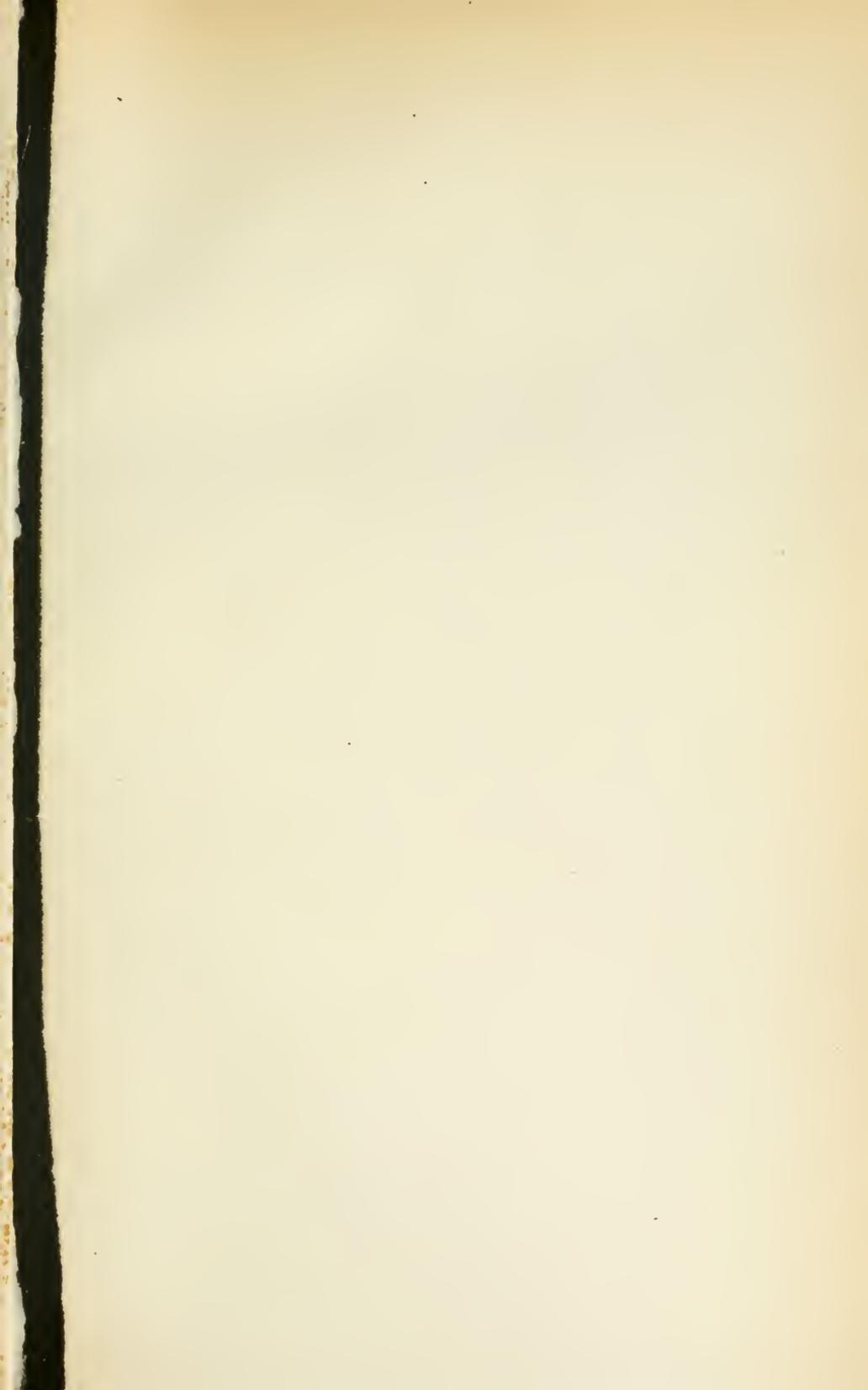


ven-ture in where wis-dom ance has been; But I will doun yon ri-ver rove



a-mang the wood sae green, And a' to pu' a po-sie to my ain dear May.







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