

T H O U G H T S

ON THE

S E A S O N S, &c.

PARTLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT,

B Y

DAVID DAVIDSON.

“ Verque novum stabat cinclum florente coronâ :

“ Stabat nuda Æstas, et spicea ferta gerebat :

“ Stabat et Autumnus, calcatis sordidus uvis :

“ Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.”—

OVID MET.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R T H E A U T H O R ;

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THE
P R E F A C E.

THOUGH the World should *laugh* in reading the following Sheets, I shall not *weep* because I have written them. But, I presume, it is only from my countrymen that the laugh can come, (for, surely, none will be fool enough to ridicule what he does not *fully* understand) and the satisfaction is but small in one Scotchman fatyrizing another.—The same things please not all men.—'Tis as queer to be dissatisfied with another's way of writing, as it is to challenge him for having a *brown* beard, because

because his is a *black* one.—Every man in his humour—mine is obvious.—The Roman Senators had, their Auditors; the Stoick Philosophers, their Followers; and, why may not a Caledonian Bard be attended by, *his* Admirers? To deny him the privilege (at least the hope) would be barbarous.

While some affect the path of splendid life, others, less pleased with *great* things, love to trace the steps of the cottager; and, among woods, and rocks, and streams, admire the scenes of Nature, undisguised.

That I have expressed my thoughts *partly* in my native dialect, was my inclination.

nation. Let not this inclination condemn the production; for, the *worth* of a story consists not merely in, the language in which it is told.

The chaste, the harmonious Thomson, when his prospect extended but little beyond the walls of Kensington Gardens, could circumvene the skirts of the Grampian Hills—there pursue the vagrant ram, from his fold to the mountain—conduct the bleating lamb from the hill, to its dam in the vale—view the finny race sporting in the purling crystal stream—and, with the 'herd-boy, chase the fly-stung heifer, "low bellowing round the hills."

With

With a prospect, not more extensive than Thomson's, I have circumven'd the hillocks of my natal soil—mark'd the process of the acorn to the oak—attended the bee from the hive to the heathy hill—and followed the duckling from the egg to the ocean.

Throughout the whole, I have endeavoured to copy Nature.—Little, therefore, is farther necessary by way of Preface, in defence of my Book ; or, to keep it in countenance, if the unprejudiced admirers of Nature can find in it only, that the tale is not artful.

S P R I N G.

HA I L, lovely Spring ! thy bonny lyart face,
And head wi' plumrocks deck'd, bespeak the sun's
Return to blefs this isle, and cheer her sprouts.—
Who can wi' safety murmur at his lot,
Or *girn* at Providence, whom Heaven has spar'd
Frae a' the weary wreck o' winter's waste,
To keek at Spring ?—Life lengthen'd is a gift.—
The torrent's fugh is hush'd, the spate is done—
The swelled brook is dwindled to a burn.—
No wreaths o' snow now on the hills are seen,
Nor, ba's like pyramids, upo' the plain.—
Soft-blowing winds dissolve the icy clods,
And cou'ters shine behind the sturdy steers.—
The little feckless bee, wi' pantry toom,
And hinny-crock ev'n wi' the laggin lick'd,

Long looking for black Beltan's wind to blaw,
Drops frae his waxen cell upo' the stane—
The sunny beams peep though his narrow porch,
Wi' sklent in cast—and wi' reviving pow'r
Bestir his feeble joints.—In gladsome frisk
He eyes the bonny day—and, bizzing, tries
To trim his little wings, to walk, to fly.—
Now squintin at the sun, he takes a sten
Wi' ardent bir, and pitches on a straw.
Then risin' hence, he wheels around the skep
To try his pith,—Syne, on the riggin lights—
Proud o' his growing strength he bums on high;
And, skimming round, unto the brae he flies,
And lights upon a gowan—wi' his trunk
He scoops the yellow store—refresh'd at e'en
He, blythe returns wi' forage on his hips.—
His brother bees around him run in troops,
To prie the new-earn'd sweets—and, farley a'
To see sic gaucy thighs, sic yellow bum.—
Industrious race! without or kirk or school,

Ye learn arts, and preach morality!—

Would men but learn frae you, wee winsome elves,

They'd be more frugal—less to knav'ry prone.—

Now frae their cribs the tarry gimmers trot,

And, spread around the faulds, to crop the blade

Of tender grafs, or thriving waly.—Some

Ascend the hill—and, straying far afield,

'Mong scroggy braes, or lonely rocky glens,

Seek out a lamming place.—Upo' the cliff

Within a hallow craig where none dare go,

The eagle has his haunt—a royal nest—

Bequeath'd to him and his, since time unken'd—

There to the beetling rock he hefts his prey,

Of lam or hare, ta'en frae the vale below.

Upo' the brow he fits, and, round him deals,

Unto his unfledg'd sons, the fleshy feast—

Himself wi' penches staw'd, he dights his neb,

And to the sun, in drowsy mood, spreads out

His boozy tail.—Right o'er the steep he leans,

When his well-plenish'd king-hood voiding needs;

And, sploiting, strikes the stane his grany hit,
Wi' pistol screed, shot frae his gorlin doup.—
Now midway in the air the buzzard skims,
The staney dale, fu' gleg upon his prey.—
Wi' hungry maw he scoors frae knowe to knowe,
In hopes of food in mowdy, mouse, or streaw.—
As o'er the birny brae mayhap he wheels,
The linties cour wi' fear—and, frae his branch,
Whereon he sat and sang, the mavis pops
Into the thorny brake—his singing spoil'd.—
If chance upon an ash above the lin,
A hoody has her nest—on seeing the gled
Approach too near her bounds, down on the foe
She darts, wi' wicked skraich—syne, at his tail,
Frae 'mang the scroggs, the yorlins fly in cluds,
Like tykes upon a beggar.—Down the glen,
Far from the tread of any human foot,
Upon a blasted oak, the croaking ra'en,
Fell thief o' gosling brood, has his retreat.—
The cloken hen, when frae the kipple-fit

She breaks her tether, to the midden rins
Wi' a' her burds about her, fyking fain,
To scrape for mauks—and little ducks and geese
Rin todlin on the green, a' free frae fear,
Down in a han-clap comes the corby cock,
Upo' the middin tap, and, wi' a twirl
Snaps frae his mither's hip the fav'rite chick.—
Fast off he flies wi' burdie in his clutch,
Far 'hind unto his nest—and, 'fore his mate,
Lays, the delicious meltit—war's proclaim'd
Against the corby race—and glens and heughs
Are hunted for the cockrel—but in vain.—
Meanwhile twa 'herds upo' the finny brae
Forgathering, straught down on tammocks clap
Their nether ends, and, talk their unco's o'er—
Auld farnyear stories come athwart their minds,
Of bum-bee bykes, pet pyats, doos, and keaws,
An' a' the winsome sports that 'herds are prone to.—
While at their tauk fae thrang, upo' the bank
Just at their feet, alights the corby crow,

And frae his hillan the poor mowdy whups—
They mark the way he takes, when quick as *flint*,
Adown the darksome glen he wheels, and, on
His aerie lights.—Rejoiced at the sight,
They brattle to the brow—whence, they descry
Upon a blighted ash, above a pool,
The sum of present hopes—a plenish'd nest.—
Straight down the steep they slide wi' canny care,
Ilk at the other's en', frae stump to stane,
For fear o' donsy whirl into the stream ;
Syne, up ane speels, and, in the wooly haunt,
Wi' dizzy eyes, he views the spreckled store.—
Forth frae the nest the warm treasure's drawn,
And, in his bonnet slung—hence homeward they
Post, peghing, wi' their spoil.—The pingle-pan
Is on the ingle set—into the flood
Of firey frith the lyart gear is cast,
And addled eggs, and burdies without doups,
Play round, promiscuous, in the boiling pool,
A' stiff'ning to a paste by dint o' flame.—

Hence

Hence in the nest replac'd, the wa'fu ra'en
Must, ere she *clock* them, travel to the east,
Unto the *burn* that through auld Eden rins,
Where Adam and his Wife, as story tells,
Did plant their bow-kail, and the garden delve;
And thence, fetch frae the brook, a yellow stane,
To chip the shell.—The sun, bra honest light!
Now o'er the *lift* a larger circuit takes;
Gets sooner out o' bed, goes later ly,
And, by his kindly pow'r upo' the riggs
Makes briers and dockens grow.—The farmer, ere
The cock had craw'd day, or the ducks had drate,
Upo' the hallan-stane, ca's frae his cot
The drowsy callan—wi' unwilling step
He stalks the bent, wi' scarrow o' the moon,
To tend his *fleecy care*.—Upo' the glebe,
Soon as the day glents ruddy frae the East,
The ploughman strides, and, frae his wauked loof
Flings forth the yellow grain, into the lap
O' th' fallow'd field.—The harrows yok'd, and, now,

Bawfy, reluctant, tears the breckan roots
 Harsh, spaul frae spaul, and shuts the sawing scene.
 Bright, dainty Heaven! “be gracious—now that man
 Has done his part”—ye warm breezes blow!
 Ye drizzling show’rs decend! but frae the fields
 May white fair-farren frosts keep far awa.—
 Thou hot-fac’d sun! who chears the drooping warld,
 And gars the buntlins throftle, by thy pow’r,
 Look laughing frae thy sky—and, with thy heat
 Temper the scatter’d clods, and, foudler all
 Into the perfect year.—Nor gentles a’
 Who live in pancake biggins, rich an’ fine,
 In bonny hinni’d fields, by whose door-stane
 Braid strans o’ butter rin—who ne’er have felt
 The sting o’ empty wyme, nor poverty,
 “Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear.”
 Sic sangs as thae, the *beather headed* bard*
 Of Scotland, ranted, as he trod the glebe;
 And, Caledonia’s taste thought it nae shame
 To croon the o’er-word.—Kings, time ’most forgot,

* Burns.

Themselves delighted wi' their taes to tread,
 The fallow'd fur' behind the bended *share*.—
 Bra healthfu' toil ! well worth the care o' Kings.—
 With thee, Dependance never had a place.—
 Scepter'd hands may a' their power display ;
 And, dorty minds may luxury admire—
 O'er sceptres sock ! thou bearst the gree awa—
 With thee, corruption is a fremmit name.—
 “ *Ye* generous Britons venerate the p!ough !”
 And, let your braes frae, *Ba's* to utmost *Tbule*,
 Wave wi' the *staves* of life, the wheaten stalks ;
 That, every needy pilgrim on his way,
 May find support throughout the staney vale,
 And, get a heezy o'er the sleugh o' *want*.—

Not o'er the corny riggs alone, the sun
 Spreads forth his yellow rays—the benty brow
 Nods wi' luxuriant heather, in whose skirts,
 The churlin moor-cock woes his *valentine*,
 Couring coyish to his fidelin tread.—

Up the meand'ring stream the verdure rins,
 And, lilies spread their foliage to the day.—
 Rankly springs the rush around the pool,
 And, saugh-trees blossom on ilk burn brae—
 Unfolding by degrees their leafy stems,
 The cat-tails whiten through the verdant bog.—
 All-vivifying Nature does her work —
 (Though slow, yet, sure) not like a rickle's coof
 O' prentice wabster lad, who breaks his spool,
 And, wastes the waft upo' a mis-rid purn ;
 But, like a mistress o' her trade, she weaves
 Through stem and leaf, the vegetative pow'r ;
 Till, the fu' flow'ed bank displays a sight
 Of crawfoots, bowing wi' luxuriant nod.—

On banks like thae array'd, oft let me walk,
 And, meditate on *Him* who clead's the year'd
 Wi' sic bra flow'ry drefs—and, who regards,
 Wi' faithfu' care, the work o' faithless man.—
 On banks like thae, amang the rising tribe

O' Sprigs and Walys, *Contemplation* grows.—
There, *Meditation* springs up wi' the elm—
On's airy top aspires to Providence ;
And, with the bri'r, creeps to him on the ground.—
Upo' the juicy bark now insects prey,
And, strive the embryo fruit i'th' bud to kill.—
These to destroy be't now thy watchfu' care.—
The finny rays wide blinking on the wa'
In noon-day height, lead frae their winter cells
The sable race o' *clocks*—and, vernal warmths,
Descending, rouse, the pismires—and, from
His slimy hole entice, the capped snail—
Wight destructive ! by thy eating power
The gard'ner's labor's lost, and, a' the hopes
O' plenty perishes beneath thy wyme.—
Black troops o' midges floating on the breeze,
To some warm nook repair, where calmness reigns ;
And, there, wi' singing din, and frisky shanks,
Dance round the *bayes*, like pipers at a *wake* ;
And, play their gambols in the finny beams.—

Of these beware.—Fast o'er the verdant leaf
 The *sooty bitter* cast, or, midst the throng
 O' insects hiv'd, pour forth the wat'ry death.—

'Twas in this infant season of the year,
 When, ducks a paddock-hunting scour the bog,
 And, powheads spartle in the oofy floss;
 That Donald, tir'd wi' lang-kail in a mun,
 At's ain fire side, long'd for the slipp'ry food,
 And dainty cleading o' some unken'd land.—
 Long had he dream'd o' wealth and, riches bra,
 In unco climes; but, frae his friends had kept
 The winsome secret.—On the hill-top he
 Us'd oft' to walk, and, sighing, take farewell
 O' a' the bonny glens, the finny braes,
 And, nei'brin booricks, where he danc'd and sang—
 Now loofing beauty in his wayward look.—
 Oft downward to the West he'd watch the sun,
 And, think within himsel—" If I could once
 Reach, safe, the southern shore, to Mexico

Or old Peru, among the distant woods,
Where chieftains wi' footy skins, an' yill-caup een,
Hae their abodes—who routh o' riches fin',
Nought knowing of their worth—who for a knife
Or penny whistle, will part wi' their gold
In gopinfu's—or, for a roosty nail
Will swap their fairest gem."—On this he thought,
And, what he thought at day, at night he dream'd—
But, nor his dady nor his mither ken'd
The lad's intent—nor what great store o' wealth,
In speculation, he had hoarded up—
Till ae still e'en', as fast upo' his bed
The lad, in slumber wrap'd, tracing the vein
O' yellow ore through many dreamy scenes,
Upstarting to his centre, mutter'd long,
In broken tone, the subject o' his plan;
Which being o'erheard, his little titta Jean
Cries, "Dad, our Donald dreams!" syne, by his tae
Takes hold—and, plain's my thum' he says, "*Peru.*"

Moorland Willie and his wife

Liv'd bienly near Strathboggy—

Nay ither way did they feed life

Than, frae a timmer coggy—

Contented he, kind hearted she—

Their plans did ever jingle—

And, ^{not} ~~ne'er~~ by any o'er the lea

Were ever seen to pingle,

'Bout straes, that day.—

While hale and fear, wi' his twa han's

He kept the crowdy gawin—

And wad hae kemp'd wi' any man

At dyking, or at mawing.—

Sae snug they liv'd on what they earn'd,

That, nane were e'er mair happy—

And, when great folks at ither girn'd,

They drown'd their care in nappy

Fu' brown, that day.—

A son they had whase name was Gib,

A lad o' muckle gumsheon—

Who cou'd rin o'er the Greek fu' glib,

Or, count pints in a puncheon.—

Nae lad than he mair spruce, in faith,

At either kirk or market—

On's back a coat o' hame-made claith,

And, underneath weel farket

Wi' harn, that day.—

At fairs, aboon the countra lads,

Gib held his head right canty—

Whoe'er did slight him gat a daud,

Whenever he was ranty.—

The lassies a' baith far and near,

Lik'd Gibby o' the clachan—

Wi's bonnet trigg aboon his ear,

An' face for maist part laughin

Wi' joy, that day.—

By moonlight led, upo' the green

The chiels wad meet in daffin,
And warfle for a corkin preen;

Syne, to the yill a' quaffin—
Gib's Dady aft wad claw his loof,

An' pinch, and pu' his jazzy,
To see ilk flegging witlefs coof,
Get o'er his thum' a heezy

In fun, that night.—

Now Gib will leave his native land

In spite o' a' their banter—
What signifis't on stanes to stand

An' round the kail-yard faunter?
Shall I, says Gib, stay here a' hame
Like witlefs Willy Clinted,

Whafe pladdin wascoat o'er his wyme
Shaws, he's in's porritch stinted!

Sae toom, that day.—

Gib's

Gib's now gane for the Western seas,
 Whare felchs an' pellucks whamble,
 And's left his gear a' hame to these,
 Wha for't think worth to scramble.—
 Frae's ain house en' unto the shore,
 He scoor'd wi' a' his mettle,
 An' 's aft as ask'd, Gib's answers were,
 “ To Halifax to fettle”
 In tred, that day.—

As on he trudg'd through Paisley town,
 The wabster lads kept glowrin—
 But, Gibby's *een* were not his own,
 On leaving Meg Maclaurin—
 He ran a wee, and syne, did stan'
 To see the burdies singing;
 And, thought he heard as he was gawn,
 Strathboggy bell a ringing
 Wi' wae, that day.—

But now the lad has ta'en the sea,
 An' weftlin, at a venture,—
 He scuds alang wi' heart as free,
 As 'prentice frae's indenture—
 Although his Maggy on his mind,
 Did sometimes gie a dunner ;
 Yet, hopes that routh o' goud he'd fin'd
 O'er's love did come a lunner

Right fell, that day.—

Auld Scotland soon was out of sight
 Through jaws an' billows roarin—
 The ship, sometimes, jump'd corbacks height,
 O'er whales asleep an' snorin.—
 Now, Gibby, coost ae look behin',
 Wi' eyes wi' fainness blinkin,
 To spae the weather by the *sin*,
 But, coudna stan' for kinkin

Rainbows, that day.—

For twice ten days close to the mast,
 Young Gibby fet his riggin—
 Twa rafters kippled 'boon him fast,
 Serv'd for a better biggin.—
 At length upo' the shore he iten'd,
 And, flegg'd his highland shankies,
 But he by nane there, e'er was ken'd;
 Sae thick amang the Yankies,
 Queer chiels, that day.—

Gib now forgathering wi' the thrang,
 Met wi' his coufin Roger,—
 Wha had na been, frae Glasgow lang,
 Till he became a Soger.—
 Gib, too, enlists—and hoists up high
 A *whin-root* and a myrtle,
 Syne, cluds draw near, with, on their thighs
 Swords made o' timmer spurtles,
 To fight, that day.—

Gib forward moved wi' the fun,

Wi' a' his men in order,

Thinking to fright' wi' wooden guns,

The whigs, frae 'bout their borders,—

But, phiz and crack, upo' the bent

The whigs cam on in cluthers,

Wi' pistols' rair their lugs maist rent,

An' put Gib in a fwither

To rin, that day.—

The Yankies brattled down the brae,

To save themfels a bangin;

And, Gibby skelp'd before the fae,

Like Colly wi' a shangin.—

Maist feck gaed hame, themfels, to tell

The upshot o' the bruilie;

But, some wi' mair than powder smell'd,

Forfairn by the tweelie

I'th breeks, that day.—

For

For cowards some their craigs had racks'd,

And some they got a sneezin—

Gibby on them turn'd his back,

Wi' a' his doup a bleezin *.

Sic was the fate o' norland Gib,

Wha tarrow'd at his coggy—

When ither stammacks were fu' glib,

An' guid, about Strathboggy,

For brose, that day.—

* Tar and Feathers,



Now o'er the fields, the yellow goldspinks show
Their blushing *glory* to the warm breeze—
And, now, in dinfu bizzing, through the air
The bees crowd thick, to taste the hinni'd sweets,
Upo' the broomy brae.—Fair to the sight
The whinny hill spreads forth its yellow bloom ;
And, heather-bells upo' the mountain's top
Wag wi' the morning dew.—Athwart the *fell*,
At dawn, fly Reynard sweeps the heathy brae,
Returning to his *bold* wi' reeking snout,
Red in the slaughter o' his pilfer'd spoil.—
Guilt goes not always free.—Frae hill to hill
Heard frae afar, the found of echoing horn
Advancing, speaks th' avenging hand comes on.—
The farmer rising with the soaring lark,
Unto the mountain bends his early way,
To count his fleecy store.—Onward he goes,
Wi' bonnet o'er his haffet sklentín laid,
And, mind contemplative on *Him* who cleads
The yeard wi' verdure, and, kindly bestows

Blessings on him, in fruitfu' goat or yowe.
Far in the silent nook o' bushy glen,
Where none could see, trudging along, he spies
The lustiest wether o' his distant fold,
Bereft of life, and, by the spoiler torn,—
Amaz'd he stan's, an' wi' a waefu e'e
Beholds his *cypher* on his shorn side.—
Meanwhile, upo' the hill, the trusty pack
Loud opens on the track—the hunter's voice
Shrill-urging to the death, pursues amain;
And, down the bushy vale, unto the spot
Of slaughter, *dogs* the foe.—Encourag'd by
The sight o' bloody carcase, hopes arise,
That, the fell murd'rer is not distant far.—
The hunt renew'd—o'er dykes and birny fells
They scour upo' the scent—an', by an' by,
Advancing straight on the expanded plain,
They prefs upo' their prey.—Aroused by
The found of hound and horn, the *village* swarms
Upo' the bent.—Fast frae their spinning-wheels

Ilk hizzy scours the bog—and, luckies, leal,

Rin toddlin to the knowe wi' rock in han',

To lend a lunner at the wily thief.—

Tir'd out wi' toil, at length poor Reynard finks,

Amidst triumphant yells—and, to the bites

O' the devouring pack, without a youl,

Submits—The lovely May now ushers in—

The hauthorn *shoots*, and o'er the bushy dell

Each branch displays existence—on the hills

A' things look canty.—Shepherds, gay, begin

To big their booricks on each finny brae.

Frae hill to hill, through glens and staney dales,

In search o' vagrant tips auld *bawty* rins—

While, up the steep, the 'herd wi' akin shanks

Pursues the fremmit yowe; and, now and then,

Erts on the tir'd tyke with “*sheep awa a a!*”

Now, on the plain the lambs, at setting sun,

Forfake their mithers and together meet,

Intent on mirth—to friendship having sworn—

Ane taks a sten, acrofs the foggy fur',
 Wi' rackless force, syne, at his heels, in troops
 The rest rin brattlin after, kir and crouse
 Like couts an' fillies starting frae a post—
 Upo' a turf-dyke, straught, they take their stan'
 Or, round a tammock wheel, an', fleggin, tofs
 The moudy-hillan to the air in stoor.—
 The mavis now, upo' the bushy bank,
 Unto the trees emits his evening song;
 And, a' around is peacefu' harmony.
 Forth frae the whinny brae the maukin steals,
 Wi' hirplin step, down to the vale below,
 To taste the springing wheat, or barley braird.
 Wi' cautious care pufs doubles on her track,
 An', tents the mavis' whistle at ilk sten.
 Close to the *fur'* she lays her downy wyme,
 An', mumps the verdant blade wi' lonely fear.
 Poor timorous elf! bane o' the farmer's toil!
 In feeding here, thou only tak'st the tythe
 For Nature's vicar—given, so to give—

But

But should some rustic hallion see thee here,
In thy luxuriant pastime, tent him well—
Against thy life he lays the noosing grin,
Of hair, well twisted, frae the filly's tail.
Or, should the guid-man's son, a rackless chiel
As ever fitted fur' ahint the plew,
Come o'er the hill to count his outlar queys,
An', see the hap frae stauk to stauk, thy life's
Not worth a whistle.—Straught out o'er the bent
Hameward he scours, we' a' his spirits up ;
An', frae the flake, aboon the ingle-en',
He whips the carabine.—The motion-hole
Frae rust unspik'd, and flint a flashing set,
Adown the bank he hastens, to the spot
Where a' the treasure o's uplifted hopes
Was seen to hirple—priming as he rins.
Frae bush to bush, asklent the bank he scours ;
(His cutes ilk ither smite 'tween fear and joy)
Advanced near, he flings his bonnet by ;
And, on his knees, creeps softly to the hedge.

Poor hairy-footed thing! undreaming thou
Of this ill-fated hour, dost bienly lie,
And, chew thy cud, among the wheaten store,
Thy murderer undiscover'd is prepar'd!
Now, through the wattled stakes wi' glentin look,
He peeps upo' his prey, tho' dimly seen
Through wat'ry floods of joy,—and, cocking, takes
An enlang aim, to hit baith lugs an' tail,
His piece presented—to the back he draws
The roosty trigger—and, as quick as thought,
In awfu' splutter frae its riftin gab,
He strikes a stane, sax ells ayont his aim.
The hills reverberate the dinsome yell.
Rous'd by the rumblin noise, poor maukin takes
The bent, wi' nimble foot—and, scudding, cocks
Her bun, in rude defiance of his pow'r.
But, vengeance ever *dogs* and follows guilt.
The halloo rais'd—forth frae the ha'-house swarm,
A pack o' yelpin tykes.—The cotter's cur,
At's ain fire-side, rous'd by the glad alarm,

Out o'er the porritch-pingle takes a sten,
 Laying the brosy weans upo' the floor
 Wi' donsy heght, and, rins unto the bent.
 O'er moor an' dale fast flee the yelpin tribe,
 Encourag'd to the scent by long halloos.
 Some this way take the hill, the nearest cut,
 Unto the place where last the hare was seen—
 Upo' the scent some round the valleys run,
 The farthest way—one singles out a sheep,
 Another senseless cur pursues a crow.
 Tir'd wi' the chace—ilk proud o' what he 'as done,
 Now, homeward turns, and, o'er the burn brae
 Streeks out his weary shanks, and, laps his fill.

Far on the South, black swelled clouds appear,
 And, by degrees, athwart the lifted sky
 Spread forth their gloom.—Now, low upo' the hill,
 The mist, recumbent, speaks a wat'ry day,
 And, show'rs, refreshing, to the bladed grain.
 Down fa' the pearly drops, successive; and,

Burns out o'er their banks to rivers swell,
Sweeping the verdant plain.—When ebb'd away,
But, not till then, an' when the billowy foam,
Borne by the stream, wheels round the pebbled pool,
Then is the time, wi' gaudy-winged fly,
“To tempt the trout”—of ash well split and dri'd
Thy rod attach—and, frae the hoary steed
Intwist, in even links, the lengthen'd line.
Thy gear prepar'd, now, up the stream with care,
Trail the delusive insect—sometimes cross
The whirlin eddy, where the stream recoils
In easy circling, to the oofy rock.
Ahint a stane, close by the circling flood,
The moor-burn speckled king has his abode,
To catch what fidelin fa's adown the pool.
For him thy skill exert.—Watch well the time
When floating clouds obscure the glaring sun,
And o'er the stream diffuse a gurly cast ;
That instant, on the pool extend thy line,
Wi' gentle sweep,—and bending by degrees

The pliant rod, flow moving to the wind,
 Lead on the gilded cheat—the well busk'd hook,
 Like animated insect in its pride,
 Stately skimming o'er the liquid flood—
 Crossing his haunt, forth frae his pebbled bed
 The speckled chieftain *draws*.—With eager grasp
 He darts upon his death—syne, on the bank
 The yellow captive's flung, a spartlin fight.
 Be thus thy sport—but, let not on thy hook,
 “ The little captive ever torture meet.”

W hen nw against the shallow, purling, stream,
 The Sa'mon fry, in troops a' bick'rin press,
 And show their silver'd breasties in the glade,
 On them have pity—tempt not, any way,
 That feckless race; it is not worth thy care.
 O! spare the finny infants, when thou may'st
 With equal ease, and, greater pleasure, lure
 Their granam dads.—Now, frae the pebbled rill
 Trace down the winding vale, unto the flood
 Of rolling waters, in whose gurgling streams

The Sa'mon has his haunt.—Forth, at the dawn,
Wi' a' thy tackle trimm'd, take thou thy way
To where the lusty tenant o' the floods
Has, yaupish, ta'en his stan' in quest of food.
Now is the time, when on its silent banks
None has as yet, along the river trod,
To lure the monarch of those larger streams.
T' insure success, mark well the water's hue—
If dark and mossy, of the lighter *cast*
Must be thy fly—if o'er a pebbled bed
The liquid current rolls, serene and clear,
Then, frame thy insect of a darker tinge—
For, tent ye this, light laid on darkness doth,
As darkness does on light, the guile assist.
Athwart the stream now sling the lengthen'd line,
An', mark wi' watchfu' e'e the springing game.
Should now, amidst the purling, foaming pool,
The wakefu' fish espy the glittering fly,
From Nature dress'd, skimming the crystal flood,
Forthwith amain he plunges on his prey,

Wi' eager fwash,—the lucky moment watch,
 An', in his gills engorge the barbed death—
 Syne gie him tether.—From the deep he turns
 An' wi' the current drives—sometimes he springs
 Above the current's surface—and, sometimes,
 Tries to take shelter in the oozy bank—
 Tir'd out with many turnings, to the flood
 He lays his redden'd side, and, gaspin, dies—
 Syne round him flock, in troops, the spirley race—
 And, minnows frisk, now, that their foe is dead,
 And, caper for the kingdom of the pool.

Oft in the streams of Dee, of old, I've seen
 Sic sportive scenes as thae, while on its banks
 I trod, in heedfu' step, whipping the flood
 To lighten care, and, chace the loit'ring sun
 Wi' nimbler stride, adown the Western sky.

Bra Dee! be thou my theme—Black frae the hills
 That circumvene the skirts of Craigenyell,

Thy

Thy waters, in meand'ring currents run,
 'Mong rocks and heather, many a weary mile,
 Till, thou, connecting with thy sister-streams;
 The river Ken, kissing the kindred flood;
 Ye roll, in cudlin purlings to the sea.
 How social on thy banks fits merriment,
 Surrounded by the band o' laughing life!
 Wi' leal rusticity I'd rather dwell
 Above thy braes, than tread the gaudy courts
 Of polish'd knavery, wi' a' the glare,
 And tinsel'd drefs, o' superficial greatness.

How rudely on the sight, seen frae afar,
 Stand the unbatter'd walls of castle Trief!
 Long hast thou, noble biggin! stood the bite
 Of eating time, with harden'd front—and o'er
 Thy nettl'd brow, the howling wind and storm
 In vain keep whizzing.—In discordant times,
 Thou hadst thy basis founded by the stream,
 To guard thy isle, and, keep the thrawart chiefs

Of nee'brin booricks, in submiffive awe.
Justice and Humanity forgathering now,
(Striking the thumbs of friendship, ne'er to part)
An' flogging Tyranny acrofs the fea,
Have render'd thee, wi' a' thy ftately look,
Not worth a flea—thy tow'rs but ferve the turn
Of keaws and hoolets, where to fit and cry.



O fam'd

O fam'd an' celebrated castle!

Before thou wast there was a bustle,

Wha wad be chief, and give the whuffle

In high comman'

An', tak a man's gun by the muffle,

An', gar him stan.

Twa brithers then o' spunky mettle,

At crowdy quarrel'd for, the kettle—

(Their mither beg'd they would it fettle)

Baith wi' a brainge

Sprang, hap an' sten, out o'er a nettle

An', cry'd, revenge.

Ilk faying the ither had affrunted—

Forth frae the house away they runted—

Swearing, their wroth could ne'er be blunted

While liv'd a clan.

That, would wi' gun or braid-sword dunt it,

Wi' man to man.

Wi' back to back on ane anither,
 Towards ilk pole did walk a brither—
 The younger loth to, leave his mither

In wae an' grief,
 Trav'ling along, clap'd in a swither,
 His doup on Trief.

The rumour spreading round the lochan,
 The cause could not be told for laughin,
 How brithers pingled at their brochan,

And made a din—
 Ilk chiel screw'd up his dogskin spleuchan,
 An' aff did rin.

To Trief they march'd fu' blythe an' nimble ;
 Coblers wi' awls, an' wrights wi' wimbles ;
 An' taylors, fain the gear to thrimmle

Of coward coofs,
 Made powder-measures o' their thimbles
 To sca'd their loofs.

They

On Kelton Hill there liv'd twa witches,
 Who, seeing sic wark, out o'er the ditches
 Frisk'd, nimbly, and, within their clutches
 Embrac'd Maclan ;
 An' told him, as he strok'd their mutches,
He was the man.

As round the wa's the kimmers happed,
 The broomsticks on their riggins flapped ;
 An,' now and then, their hurdies tapped,
 To raise the Deil,
 Wha said, he'd noofly crown the tap o't,
 Wi' stanes frae Screel.

The Die'l being naething but a cowan,
 To make him free o' plumb an' trowan,
 They gather a' about a gowan ;
 An', o'er a sword,
 Setting his auld black bum a lowin,
 Gave him the *word.*

Upo'

Upo' the wa's a' han's then munted—

The *luckies* their tobacco lunted—

An' leugh to hear, the *auld boy* grunted

Upo' the road,

As frae the hills he hameward runted,

Wi' knowes o' fod.

In sweat and sun how they did jicker!

The 'prentice lads brought stoups o' licker,

Which, made their han's a' bra an' ficker,

To ply the *mell*—

The De'il had brandy in a bicker,

Out by himsel.'

Now through the air the *auld boy* birl'd,

To fetch mae stanes, wi's apron furl'd;

An', as he hameward with them whirl'd

Frae auld Bengairn,

The string did break, an' down they hurl'd

Into a cairn.

'Twas a misfortune—but, to mend it,
 He to Bentudor quickly sten'd it,
 An' grasp'd the hill, but cou'dna bend it,

It was fae dour,

Then, quoth he, “ I'll wi' brimstone rend it,

As sma as stoor !”

Then down he sat, like ony mumper ;
 His hat threw by, pu'd out his jumper ;
 The kimmers cry'd, “ O sic a thumper,

Without a joint !”

An', as they swigg'd the other bumper,

Praised its point.

But, while he thump'd the hill wi' pestle,
 His brither mafons on the Castle,
 Call'd frae the wa's, wi, muckle bustle,

For lime an' stanes—

There was nane there to fill a muffle—

The De'il was gane !

Like

Like 'prentice boy, that coud na help it,

Hame frae his wark awa he skelped,—

The little *furies* at him yelped,

To see him puff;

And, Cerberus, though but just *wbelped*,

— Did stan' an' yuff.

Nae mair behadden to sic swankies,

As, deil or witches, for their prankies,

The mason lads, wi' nimble shankies

Hap'd frae the roof;

An', up, aloft, the timmer plankies

Hove with their loof.



Now

Now frae the purling flood, an' distant vale,
 Thy eyes ca' back, an,' o'er the verdant mead,
 Behold the blushing prospect.—Who can paint
 A waly-sprig like Nature?—Can the mind,
 Wi' a' its pow'r and cunning, find a plan
 To rival Nature wi' creative art?—
 If wild Imagination cannot brag
 Of hues like her's—if Fancy in the task
 Fails and gives up—“ Ah! tell me where I may
 Find language to express, the varied scene?”
 Behold the garden rich wi' herbs and flow'rs,
 Opens its beauty to the wand'ring eye!
 There, plenty rises at the delver's heels,
 An' speaks industry.—In the cool retreat,
 By saugh an' boortree twining other's arms,
 The humming bee rests on the honied bloom,
 An,' lades his shankies wi' the yellow wax.
 Down frae the scra-built shed the swallows pop,
 Wi' lazy slaughter, on the gutter dub.—
 Ane picks up straes, anither, wi' his neb

Works up the mortar.—On their tasks intent,
Ilk in his office plys, wi' heedfu' care,
Till, to the bauk depends the finish'd house.—
High on the sklent in skew, or thatched eave,
The sparrow, nibbling ravager o' garden pride,
Seeks out a dwelling-place.—A down the grove,
The gouk, returned frae his foreign nest,
Haps, silent wi' his mate, frae tree to tree—
The infant year has not yet gien him strength,
To sing his old song—through his rusty throat.
He, hoarsely, tells the birds that he is come ;
An' hostin, asks their leave to let him stay.

Should you, now, wander through the forest wild,
Amidst the leafy wilderness, there, in the claff
O' branchy oak, far frae the tread o' man,
The ring-dove has her nest—unsocial bird !
To woods and wilds her cooing cry she makes ;
And, rocks, responsive, echo back her moan.
But, should you traverse the fair finny plain,

Where,

Where, now, the pied napple rankly grows,
 An' winnlestraes excel the grov'ling fog ;
 There, to the skies the soaring lark aspires,
 Chants forth his airy notes unto the clouds ;
 While, far beneath his wing, his mate, secure,
 Upo' her tammock sits, and, gayly, fykes
 To feel his neb, an' join his melody.
 The thriving year, all social an' serene,
 Excites the feather'd-nation into love,—
 Nor less, now, does the rougher brutal *world*
 Feel, the enliv'ning power of the Spring.
 The Bull, wi' curled front, and sinews strong,
 Disdaining th' keeper's voice, to pleasure loose,
 Strays frae his herd, regardless o' his food,
 An' scours, wi' furious flame, the distant vale.
 There, should obstruction frae a neighb'ring king
 His fierce desire baulk, against the foe
 Wi' a' the fury o' incensed strength,
 The bellowing war commences.—First, afar
 The rowt is loudly heard, which, by degrees,

Approach-

Approaching nearer, dwindles to a croon.
 The rival now in fight, forth frae the herd
 The foe advances, mutt'ring blood and death.
 " Their eyes flash fury"—fidelin to the fight
 They both come on, and, groaning in their might,
 Make san' ^{an'} pebbles, frae the hollow earth
 Fly, whizzing in the air.—The 'herd-boy seeing,
 Th' impetuous onfet, fearfu' o' the fray,
 Flings plaid, an' luggy by, and, stens the burn
 Unto an aged elm, whence, out o' harm,
 He views the warfle—laughing wi' himsel
 At seeing auld *brawny* glowr, and, shake his nools—
 Dares him in fight, 'gainst any fremmit bill.
 Snuffing and crooning done—the combatants
 Butting in wroth, meet, furious, front to front,
 And, " wi' impetuous force, the battle mix."
 The spanky heifers, breathing balmy round,
 Egg on their fury, and their rage provoke.

Thus, in the firey steed, whose blood is warm'd
 By spring's impulsive heat—the growing pow'r
Diffusing

Diffusing through his veins, the reign he scorns,
 The thong defies, an' o'er the verdant plain,
 Exulting prances wi' unbridled mane.—

While these, in lusty strength, enjoy their loves,
 The *saig*, poor dowy beast! nae pleasure kens
 Aboon a gowan tap—for sovereignty
 Or pow'r among the herd, he ne'er contends;
 Nor, tweelies for the kingdom of the *loan*.
 Shame fa' the ruthless han' that did thee wrong,
 Or, durst wi' Nature meddle, to deprive
 Thee of her bounty.—'Midst the wanton herd
 Thou grazeest, unsusceptible of passion's pow'r—
 Like poor Italian piper, douf and dry,
 Thou rangeest o'er thy food, among the queys,
 A' fearless o' thy *moo*, or cap'ring tail.
 Unto thy smooth'ning tongue they fainly turn
 Their yeuky rumps, and, sidelin bend their necks,
 To catch thy friendly scart.—Between thy horns,
 The cuddochs, wantonly, the battle feign,

And,

And, ilk yaul-cuted heifer round thee playing,
In merriment, tossing her glaiket head
Beneath thy wyme, licks down thy boozy lisk;
And, rubs thy *courage-bag*, now's toom's a whuffle.
Thus, to the Spring awake, the brutal *world*
Feels the fu' pow'r o' the reviving year.—
Nor, of the chearing months, is human-kind
Less sensible.—The modest, virgin-blush
Diffuses lustre on the beauteous maid—
And, robust youths, whose hearts for joy are form'd,
Now feel the impulse of congenial love.
Unto the social passions form'd, Susanna! come,
Pride of my scanty verse! come, and, hence, view
The winding valley, lavish with its stores.
See how the lily sips the purling stream,
An' o'er the bank in scatter'd beauty, spreads
The gay profusion! Yonder let us walk—
An' as we trace the windings o' the rill,
In blisfu' talk, let passion, leal and pure,
Direct our steps.—Not a' the eastern world

Can boast of beauty, like the blushing face
 Of *Virtue*, shining through the golden beams
 Of *Modesty*—and, breathing gales of *joy*.
 Up' the ravish'd soul, wi' ficker fit,
 Truth treads triumphant—Nature's lovely gifts
 In her improv'd by, undisguis'd art,
 Spread forth their lustre to the rising day;
 And, with her, all is harmony and love.

I.

When fields grew green, and walys spread
 Their blossoms on ilk brae,
 An' toddlin lammies o'er the lawn
 Did, daftly frisk an' play—
 Auld *Brawny* wha in winter's cauld
 Had mourn'd for lack o' hay,
 Seeking the blade of tender grass,
 Far up the burn did stray.

II.

Forgathering wi' the neighb'ring herd,

A crooning, straught, began,

Ilk cuddoch billying o'er the green,

Against auld crummy ran—

The uuco brute much dunching dried,

Frae twa-year-alls and stirks,

But Jock the bill dispers'd the tribe—

He smell'd her moo and smirk'd.

III.

Nae twa were ever seen mair thick

Than brawny an' the bill ;

An' when she hameward took her way,

He saw her o'er the hill—

Now brawny aft wad leave the craft,

An' wander by hersel'

Cropping the blade upo' the stream,

To where she lov'd fae well.—

IV.

The cow was missed at the flap,

At milking time at e'en'—

The guid-dame, rinnin' to the herd,

Spear'd whar she last was seen—

“ Upo' the hill” the callan cries—

She cock'd her gaucy runt,

An' to Strathfallan green burn-brae

Fu' nimble she did strunt.—

V.

The guid-dame she had ance been wed

As weel as weel could be—

Now John forgot!—the beams of love

Again, blink'd in her e'e—

Upon Strathfallan she had cast

Lang time a wishfu' leer,

But, coudna by her looks alone,

The chiel's intention speer.

VI.

Ae day Strathfallen took the bent,
 To hunt the fremmit yowes,
 An' spying an unco, crummet, beast,
 Amang his broomy knowes ;
 He erted colly down the brae,
 An' bade him scour the flats ;
 But when the tyke to brawny came
 Down on his tail he fat.—

VII.

Nae dog Strathfallan could bring out
 Would e'er at brawny girn—
 When ither kye gaed to the loan,
 Auld brawny cross'd the burn.—
 Now weir an' fence o' wattle'd rice,
 The hained fields inclose,
 Poor brawny presses 'gainst the thorn
 But, cannot reach the rose.

VIII.

On this side stood the lonesome she,
 On t'other side her joe;
 An', aye they stood, an', aye they mourn'd
 In dolefu', rowtin woe—
 Lang had the twa at setting sun
 Upo' the fenced doon,
 Their mutual sorrows interchang'd,
 By mony a weary croon.

IX.

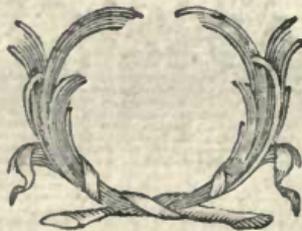
Dame Elspith, wi' attentive ear,
 Lang heard their loving yearn,
 Strathfallan was before her e'e
 Her heart was 'yont the cairn—
 Ilk rowt the twa gave thwart the burn
 Cam o'er her heart a dunt—
 Strathfallan was as douf to love
 As, an auld cabbage runt.

X.

At length, however, o'er his mind
Love took a donsy swirl,
An' the fu' pow'r o' Elspith's charms
Gied his poor faul a skirl—
Strathfallen pitied brawny's croon,
As, Elspith did the bill's—
They brak the fence wi' leal consent,
An' let them hae their fills.



Still while I sing of Nature, let my thoughts
Pervade the wide domain, and, trace the *cause*
That, caused, causes, through the mighty *whole*.
Pure *Serenity* attaches to her side,
The wand'ring thought—and, *Contemplation*, still
Leads on frae work to work, creating, *Love*
An' *Admiration* in th' unbounded soul.
This is the noblest study of the mind—
It warms the bosom wi' the purest heat ;
And, lifts the soul on rapt'rous, blisfu', wings,
To view the beauties of a happier world.



S U M M E R.

SPRING turns away her fonsy, blushing face,
Frae the refulgent glowr o' summer's fun,
Who comes athwart the sky wi' ardent look,
An' scorching pith, o'er burdies, beasts, and men,
Hence frae my auld clay-biggin let me gang,
Far up the woodlands wild, where, scarce a leaf
Bobs wi' the e'ening breeze—where cool retreats,
In caves and, spreading oaks, can shield my Muse
Frae the prevailing fun—where, not a ray
Of ardent heat may, spoil my whistle-pipe,
Or, cause my singing-keg to cast a gird.
There let me sit an' sing the leave-lang day,
An' chant the glories o' the circling year.
Or, let me, rather, on the heathy hill,
Far frae the busy world, whereon ne'er stood
A cottage, walk, an' churm my Lallan lays,

In hamespun cleading, to the hollow rocks:
 Thy top o' Scree! up in the midway air,
 Lifts stately to the fight—thy birny brow
 Majestic, frowns upo' the neighb'ring fells,
 An' grov'ling hillocks o' the vale below—
 Come Muse! thou donsy limmer, who dost laugh
 An' claw thy hough at, bungling Poets—come,
 An' o'er my Genius crack thy knotted thong,
 That my old restive filly may go on
 Wi' nimbler foot.—Brave Caledonians all
 Attend, my rural song; an' if ye're pleas'd
 Wi' what I sing, let me your pleasure see,
 By stooping to my theme.—The morning-star
 Loosing its lustre, by the coming day,
 Now twinkles, faintly, down the western sky—
 An', through the world the gloomy robe of night
 Begins to lose, its, dreary, fable, hue.—

Hail to the Power that, in creative might
 Ordain'd these twinkling orbs at first to shine!
 With what an over-ruling, skilfu', hand,

Were these bright, rolling, planets form'd at first ;
And, in the concave heaven, all glorious, plac'd,
To rule the varied hours !—How great the *Hand*
That cou'd the world's, unweildy, pond'rous, mass,
Create frae nought—and, in the ambient air,
For ages fix, an' bid it therein roll !

Let, now, Reflection view, the amazing whole,
And, tell the glories o' the vast domain.

The silent gloom is by the dawn outdone ;
And, to their haunts the prowling beasts of prey,
Which, other regions breed, an' nourish up,
Scour nimble.—Frae his bed o' ease

And sloth, luxurious *man* has not yet risen,
To bless the coming day.—Few joys can charm
His heart who, to the dead realm o' sleep
Commits the fleeting moments o' his life ;
Or, in distemper'd scenes of vanity,
Extinguishes the powers o' his soul.

The blue ey'd dawn springs frae the eastern clime
Wi' azure mantle ; and, the silent night,

Dusky and gray, sinks 'yond the western main.
Hence, o'er the *lift*, the ruddy morn appears,
Scattering the misty clouds; and, wi' her broom,
Of radiant birch, sweeping the dew away.
Now infant Day, like chuffy-cheeked wean,
Peeps frae Aurora's bed, an' wi' a glowr
Makes hills, an' dales, an' valleys, brighten wide.
The darksome dell, the mountain's low'ring top,
The shady cavern, and, the dripping rock,
Swell, on the sight; and, wi' the early dawn,
Display, their awfu' beauties, blushing, wild.
Far up the winding vale, among the hills,
The mist floats, dusky, o'er the purling stream;
While, through the smoaking zephyr's wide domain,
The current's murm'ring noise is heard afar.
Fair o'er the fields the rising rays diffuse,
Their ruddy pow'r—an', frae the barley field
The maukin hirples, fearfu' o' the blade
Her trembling foot has mov'd—while on the brake
The mavis takes his stan', to hail the morn,

An' chant his gratitude.—The pliant foot
Of early passenger, athwart the vale,
Dunting, oppressive, on the verdant path,
Bestirs the tenants o' the leafy brae.
The chanted matins o' the feather'd choir,
An', native voice of joy throughout the fields,
Provoke to harmony—and, all around
The woodlands wild is, peacefu' humming love.
Stir'd by the wakefu' note o' chanticleer,
The 'herd-boy o'er his shou'der flings his plaid ;
His broach an' luggy danglin by his side ;
An', frae his theeked biggin takes his way,
Unto the wattl'd fold ; whence, to the hill
He drives his fleecy care, to taste the sweets
O' the bedewed morn.—Now on the hills
The scorching king of day, his beard displays
Refulgent, wi' the *birslin* beams o' light.
The fogs affrighted at his burning face,
For refuge, seek the undulating air.
The clouds, light moving o'er the mountain's brow,
Are

Are lessen'd by his pow'r—and, through' the world,
His boundless view smites a' wi' fluid gold.

The ra'en, hoarse-cawing frae the rocky steep,

Mounts to the midway air, wi' active wing—

His croaking speaks fair weather—an' invites

The husbandman to tread the dewy field.

Bent on their toil, the mowers frae their cots

Stump, lustily—an' o'er the flushing mead

Wide spreading, stretch the long keen-biting scythe,

Wi' *strake* an' *stane*, ilk treads the yellow vale,

Unto his daily toil.—Upo' the plain,

Low nodding wi' luxuriant herbage, they,

Well arranged stan', syne, at a signal,

Stoop, eager to the task, an', now, ahint

Them fling the treasure wi' heroic sweep.

Now, up the lifted sky the potent sun

Dissolves to air the close collected mists,

An', steaming clouds that floated on the hills—

Till through the far stretch'd world the bonny day

Spreads

Spreads forth intense.—Who can in silence pass
The visible return of Heaven's esteem!—
The gurgling rill, less murm'ring, o'er its bed
Runs languid.—To the deep the fish repair,
To shield them frae the heat o' the rising day;
An', to the slimy pool the paddocks hap
Wi' hast'ning might, where, underneath the brow
They, silently, defy the ardent noon.—
Frae the low, wat'ry, vale, thy eyes direct
Unto the distant hills.—Wide o'er the *fells*,
The flocks relaxed by the heat of day,
Lay down their languid sides.—Some to the heath
Scud nimbly, where, underneath the shade
O' bushy heather they, concealed, ly,
Till cooler hours arise.—Some on the brow
O' the steep, shady, rock, recumbent, pass
The sultry hours—an' some ahint a craig
Stan' snugly, shaded frae the burning day;
An' rub their yeuky rumples on the turf.—
Meanwhile the shepherd, on the foggy knowe

His weary limbs reclines, in drowsy mood.
 His faithfu' dog, hard by, amusive, stalks
 The benty brae, slow, list'ning to the chirp
 O' wand'ring mouse, or moudy's carkin hoke.
 Now, to the shade, the feather'd tribe repair,
 Wi' feeble wing.—Upo' the aged oak,
 The crow spreads out his feathers to the sun—
 While, hid among its leaves, the gouk sits mute,
 Wi's *wife-horn* dry, waiting the caller tide,
 Wherein, to please his mate by's auld, *cuckoo*.

Thus far, bra Muse! thou'ft sung—but don't disdain
 To let the little, feeble, summer-race,
 Share in thy song, and, flutter in thy lay.
 Mov'd by the potent heat the insect tribe
 Fly frae their secret caves, wi' pow'rfu' wing—
 Frae every darksome chink wherein they slept,
 The wint'ry hours away, the reptiles creep
 In myriads, basking in the sunny ray.
 Far frae his wattled home, th' carefu' bee
 Strays to the flow'ry dale, to cull the wealth

O' the fair spreading broom—the beaming day
 Invites to industry.—Frae bloom to bloom
 The industrious insect plys his little wings;
 While, up the *bowes* the bummles fly in troops,
 Sipping wi' sluggish trunks, the coarser sweets,
 Frae rankly-growing bri'ers an' bluidy-fingers.
 Great is the humming din—but, should a cloud
 Rise in the wat'ry south, an' o'er the field
 Emit its pearly pow'r, the busy world
 Forfak their honied tasks, an', homeward skim
 The wide extended plain.—Quick to his house
 Each hastens, to avoid the wat'ry death—
 An' 'tween their portals, wi' *theatric press*,
 The humming multitude, fast, urging, crowd;
 The clouds dispers'd—again the yellow day
 Shines forth wi' greater force.—The infant tribe
 Maturely wing'd, tir'd wi' their nursery,
 Long to possess a kingdom of their own—
 Hence, frae the crowded skep they wing their way,
 A' bizzing, joyfully, at freedom gain'd.

Adown a glen, close by a wood,
 An honest wabster's cottage stood,
 Whase haffet, a Kilmarnock hood

Kept warm an' snug ;
 Sic as his *fore-bears* sin' the flood,
 Clapt o'er their lugs.

Right bien John liv'd in his possession—
 Nae brither weaver o' profession,
 Wad mair than he scorn, a transgression

By night or day—
 Than he nane e'er in, the Kirk-Session,
 Had mair to fay.

Like ither honest godly folk,
 John wad hae laugh'd, and, told his joke,
 An', wi' his neighbour ta'en a *smoke*,

Or, gien a fang.
 He'd rant till he was like to choke,

At, “ *Jenny dang.*”

His

His tenement it was but sma'—

Aught scrimpit roods, an' that was a'—

An' yet his wife was always bra',

An', unco noof,—

His weans nae duddy signs did shaw,

Nor, poortith proof,

Contented wi' his ain kail yeard,

For greater wealth ne'er fash'd his beard,

His wife did tent the barley breard,

His bairns the bees,

While he, the plaidin knotty sheard,

Just at his ease.

While *luckies* at the hallan tapt

Wi' routh o' wark, John heez'd his cap,

An', gied the claith the ither chap,

Till, spool an' wheel

O'er Poverty cam, sic a whap,

As, made him reel.

John was right mod'rate in his notions ;
 (An upright heart is true devotion)
 An', did despise the outward lotion
 Of haly water,
 As nae mair fit for renovation,
 Than, fowin splatter.

True to his Kirk, he called fools
 A' innovators on her rules—
 At *Mountaineers* that preach on stools,
 He coudna wink—
 Quoth John “ They ply their wily tools
 But for the *chink*.”

The Sun had reach'd his mid-day tow'r,
 Clouds black an' heavy 'gan to low'r—
 John, nothing dreading frae the pow'r
 Of the noon-day,
 Unto the Kirk had, at the hour,
 Gaen forth to pray.

The

The good man's prayers are often mar'd
 Though frae the warld his thoughts be barr'd—
 An', true devotion oft is scar'd

By beast or boggle ;

An' th' heart which has wi' vice just war'd,
 Is fet a goggle.

The clouds dispersing 'fore the *sun*,
 Wha hetly o'er the *lift* did rin,
 The bees wi' awfu' *casting* din,
 Rose wi' a wheel,
 An', in a han-clap cross'd the lin
 Straught aff to screele.

Fast to the Kirk the callan birl'd,
 An', the door snack he quickly twirl'd,
 Syne, at his dady loudly skirl'd,
 " They're out o' fight !"
 Mefs John's twa lugs right fairly dirl'd,
 Stunn'd wi' the fright.

John naething said, but took his bonnet—

As *needfu' work* he look'd upon it—

Let ither people tauk an' drone it,

E'en as they please—

'Twas what few i' the Kirk wad shunned

Were their the bees.

By this his neebor on the lay,

Tam Cleg, his wife, and, twa three mae,

Were got upo' the hawthorn brae

Wi' key an' *girdle*,

An', a white claith weel stuff'd wi' frae,

Upo' a hurdle.

Some this way ran acrofs the dell,

An' that way others scour'd the *fell*—

John sten'd the burnie by himsel,

Wi' eerie brow;

But, of the hive none e'er cou'd tell,

Or where, or how.

'Tis

'Tis ardent noon, an' now, throughout the plain
The languid husbandmen, oppress'd wi' heat,
Lean faintly o'er their toil—The mowers, now,
Half o'er the *cutting* task, supinely ly
Upo' the thorn swaird, regardless for
An hour, of pain or care—in hale enjoyment
O' stout feaming *swats* an' plenteous fare.
Among the springing grain the weeders walk
Dowy an' feeble.—Scarce through the leafy brake
Is heard a murmur.—In yon distant glade,
The Sun, refulgent, strikes the pearly stream,
Dazzling to the sight—Through blooming Nature
Bright blazing day pervades—an' pow'rfu', strikes
The spreading blossom wi' his fervent glow.
The weary traveller through sweat an' sun,
Oppress'd, gladly reclining on the hallan-stane,
Sips, cautiously, his mug o' *tippenny*.
Frae towns an' distant villages thick crowds
Press, thronging, to the Fair, to pass the day

In harmless merriment.—The reaming caups
 Are nimble handed round,—an' social mirth
 Sits, fidging, on ilk turf throughout the hill.

The rising Sun upo' the ^{fells} hills
 Right bonnily was blinkin,
 When Rab an' Jeany by themfels
 Unto the Fair were linkin.—
 Wi' bra white stockings on his legs,
 Rab show'd his knotted garters—
 Sae dainty was his bonny Jean,
 Nae lafs was ever smarter

Or blythe, that day.

Alang

Along the way they walk'd fu' gay,

An' talk'd their loves thegether;

Rab aft wad sing, but, Jean wad say,

“ First let us ask my mither.”—

Wi' han' in han' the plain they scour'd,

Like any partraicks pairing,

Unto the *Hill*, whare, crowds did pour,

A' for to get a fairing

Unseen, that day.

An' sic a sight fure ne'er was seen,

O' lads an' ruddy lasses,

Some thither went to show their shoon,

An' some to tak their glasses.

Upo' the *Hill*, nags, men, an' boys

A' through ither fast did bicker—

Some *here* sat felling Tunbridge toys,

An' *there* some sat wi' licker

In kaigs, that day.

An', there was ginger-faced Moll,

Wi' *sweeties* frae Kirk***bree—

An' Ca'f-reed carrier Samuel Noll,

Nae better than he should be.—

An', there was nimble-finger'd Ben,

Wha frae the whins cam jum^hkin,—

An', beggars frae the auld Brig-en',

Amang the croud cam limp

To thieve, that day.

An' there was pluke-fac'd Willie Kell,

Wi' brandy in a barrel,—

An' Jemmy Neal an' Geordy Fell,

Wha baith cam there to quarrel—

An' there fat leering Lilly Scot

Upo' a green truff laughin—

Wha sold at tippence-plack the pot

The best yill i' the clachan,

Sae brisk, that day.

Great was the noise of chapman lads—

An' muckle was the buffle;

Wi' girls wi' gingerbread in dauds,

An' boys wi' baubee whuffles.—

Some tippling chiels gaed to the tent,

To hanfel Leezy Waldron;

An', drank until their wymes were stent,

Like any drum or cauldron,

Wi' punch, that day.

The lasses, now, in twas an' threes,

Cam sweating up the entry;

Nell, Jean, an' Sue, frae Ba***ghie

An' sic *misca'ed* gentry.—

Their sweethearts met them at the gate;

Just at the hour expected—

But squintin Susy took the pet,

Because, she was neglected,

An' scorn'd that day.

Ned Toozy frae the “Cock an’ Breeks,”

A noble tent erected,—

He screw’d his tongue within his cheeks,

An’ said he much expected—

Ned’s sign upo’ the riggin *flaff’d*,

While he within was chearin,—

The lassies ’tween their fingers laugh’d,

An’ said it was a queer ane,

An’ strange, that day.

Wi’ feaming fwats upo’ a fod,

Sat highland Andrew Tamson,

An’ in a quarry by the road,

Sat winsome Willie Samson.

Willie was a rackless chiel,

An’ that the neebors ken’d ay,—

An’ be the tweelie what it will,

Bra Willie wad defend ay

Himself, that day.

Upo’

Upo' the hill-tap by himsel

Tam Tapster fix'd his staning—

Sic was the pow'r o' Tapster's yill,

It fet ilk heart a langing.—

Peg Pharis had, to quench her drouth,

But pri'd it—an' amazing!—

Its vertue spread about her mouth,

An', fet her bluid a blazing

Elsewhere, that day.

Up cam twa spanky countra lairds,

Upo' their fillies mounted—

Ane might discern by their beards,

How mony years they'ad counted.

Now up an' down throughout the fair,

They crack'd their eel-skin lashes ;

An' gayly show'd their raploch gear,

An', bridles made o' rashes,

Weel twin'd, that day.

Now

Now, through the crowd cam Jocky Day,

The laird o' Allanbankie—

Wi's lac'd cravat he look'd right gay ;

In troth his nae sheep-shankie—

As Jocky pass'd through the *slap*,

Rab Sinkler loud did hollow—

Ilk las cock'd up her filken cap,

Saying, daikins ! here's the fellow

For *them*, that day.

Young Andrew Mar o' Brechan-howe

Cam there to sell his filly,

An' having little in his pow,

Took up wi' racer Nelly—

Poor Andrew ta'en wi' Nelly's charms,

Coft her gillore of raifins,

But, Nelly fled frae 'tween his arms,

An' aff wi' Gib the Mafon

Flegg'd fast, that day.

Up cam Tam Tell an' Sutor Sam,
 High cap'ring, frae the vennal,
 As tent upo' the *aftergame*,
 As, hounds loos'd frae a kennel—
 Sam, glowrin, stumped through the thrang
 To meet his las' Meg Michan,—
 Her presence gi'd his heart a bang,
 An', fet it a' a pechan
 Wi' joy that day.

The laird of Crae, an' twa three drones,
 Cam sliding through the dockens,
 An', lap the dyke, straught up to S***n's
 Their morning drouth to flocken—
 The laird, a sheep's-e'e coost on Jean,
 Auld mantin Michael's daughter,
 His heart to kifs her fair did *green*,
 Yet, coudna speer wha aught her,
 Sae blate, that day.

But

But now the glomin coming on,
 The chiels began to pingle,—
 An' drunken carls coupin down,
 Made mugs an yill-caups jingle—
 The Widow Broddy by the flap,
 Wha fold the tartan preen-cods,
 By Whisky mauld, lay *but* her cap,
 Her head upon a green fod,
Right fick, that day.

A hurly burly now began,
 An' cudgels loud were thumpin—
 The gazing crowd together ran
 O'er cranes o' nackets jumpin—
 Then cam a batch o' wabfter lads
 Frae “Rodney's Head” careerin,
 Wha gied them mony a donsy blaad
 Without the caufes speerin
O' the fray, that day.

Up Watty Bodkin wi' a rung,

Cam like a lion rampin—

An' 'tween his teeth his flav'rin tongue

Fu' fast he kept a champin—

Now Watty, tho' a taylor bred,

Was ane o' rackless mettle—

He lap the *flans* to Willie Gled

An' soon the tweelie fettl'd

But bluid that day.



Such was the issue of the jovial day.
Now swarm the rustics o'er the blushing vale,
Intent to reap the bounty, o' the mead.—
Now, hand in hand, in social chat, walk forth,
Both men an' maidens, youthfu', to the toil.—
Behind the mowers, some, wi' carefu' hands
Disperse the swairded herbage to the sun.
Hence, through the breathing harvest, row on row,
Appears the tedded grain.—Unto the day
Some spread the humid locks—while some wi' rakes,
The balmy ruffet hay, mellow an' sweet,
Thick o'er the shorn plain in cocks collect.
Sic blifsfu' scenes of labor and of love,
Of social glee and merriment, the sons of health,
In their retirement, happily enjoy.—
Such scenes of rural mirth, and rural peace,
Are much unken'd to the voluptuous cit,
Whose pleasure is confin'd within the walls
Of, throng commercial life—whose only joy
Is hoarded in his scrip aboon his gold.

Now

Now to the hills the ruddy band break forth,
Joyfu' an' strong, an' in the wattled fold
The harmless flocks convene.—Frae hill to hill
The bleating din is heard, doleful an' wae—
Lambs for their mothers mourning, an' the yowes
Dreading a separation, to the hills
Cast o'er their shou'ders many a wishfu' glance,
Frae eyes fu' swell'd wi' true maternal love.
Into the *pen* the timid flocks are hurl'd—
An', now, upo' their panting, tawdry, sides,
The shears ply nimbly, wi' incessant twang.
Ye harmless race! it is for needy *man*
Ye're of your fleeces rob'd—Be not afraid—
'Tis not the slaught'rous gully 'bove your heads
That's lifted—'Tis the gently moving hand
Of tender-hearted swain, which o'er your sides
Guides the keen *cowing* shears.—When meekly to
The all-bereaving hand ye've laid your hips,
Ye shall again your former freedom find;
An', leave, to wander on your well-known hills.

Nature now pants beneath the potent fun—
 The parched clod, expos'd to the day,
 Is of its vegetation nip'd.—The cleaving fields
 And wide extended plains gape, wi' the pow'r
 O' the all-conq'ring noon.—The purling stream
 Scarce murmurs o'er its pebbles—and, the hills,
 Seen thro' the floating blaze, appear to smoke.
 Thrice blest'd the swain, who, in the *caller side*
 O' th' tow'ring hill, can stretch his weary limbs,
 Regardless o' the heat—or, in the shade
 O' th' leafy forest can supinely ly,
 An' whistle every forrowing care awa.
 Retire my Muse! into the middle gloom
 Of yonder distant wood, where grows the oak,
 Tallest an' broadest to the blushing year,
 On whose fair top, the culver, sitting, coos
 His woodlan' notes, expressive, to his mate.
 There, in the awfu' shade sits solemn Peace.
 There is the place where Meditation dwells!
 Far frae the *world* retir'd, the honest soul

Sits ruminating on the ways of men ;
An' thro' the gloom of thick embow'ring trees,
Aspires the brightness of a world unknown.

Black o'er the sky the rolling clouds pervade ;
An', 'fore the sun their fable mantle spread.
Frae pole to pole, the lengthen'd gloom is stretch'd,
Creative of dismay.—Aloud the peals
Of thunder now athwart the *lift* is heard,
Tremendous to the ear—an', cloud on cloud,
Compelled by the rending light'ning's rage,
Rush on, “ in furious elemental war.”—
Hence wi' conflictive storm, upo' the plains
Down fa' the pearly drops o' nipping hail.
Disolv'd in liquid streams, the torrent swells
High o'er its banks, an' lays the verdant vale
In one continued deluge.—Often on
The wide distended plain, the farmer casts
His woefu' eye, while, down the rolling stream
He views the labors o' his carefu' hands,

Borne on the wave, an' in the ocean lost.
Frac the gray bank, where willows intertwine
Wi' sedge an' rushes, o'er the limpid pool,
The wild-duck, roused by the fowler's tread,
Fast slaughters, quacking, to the farther shore ;
While to the lake, her little gorlin brood
Pieping distress, pop headlong in the flood,
An' dive for safety.—On the humid bank
The fisherman pursues his lonely trade ;
An' to the flood flings forth his luring bait,
To tempt the *ged*.—Where now the swelled tide
Enskirts the borders o' the bushy bank,
And in the corners o' the thorn mead
Encircles in a pool, there, with the breeze,
Fling forth thy hook, deck'd with the peacock gem.
Should now the hungry chieftain o' the deep
Espy the well-deck'd fly, askance he views't
Wi' wishfu' eye, an' as it skims the flood
Around his head, wi' ardent wheel he turns,
An' plunges, eager, on the busked death.

To tread the verdant bank in summer-heat—
Wi' pliant rod to lash the crystal flood ;
An', drag the finny captives to the shore—
Is exercise right fondly to be wish'd.

As frae the face of the obscured heaven
The scatter'd clouds disperse, the azure sky
Appears, expressive, of a bonny day.
All Nature, cheared by the bright'ning sun,
Shines forth wi' greater lustre, calm an' pure,
Diffusing through the universe her gifts—
An', o'er the fields in yellow robes of joy,
Displays the beauties o' the plenteous year—
'Tis glorious all, an' beautifu' around—
Through verdant vales the pleasing sound is heard,
Of lowing herds—while bleating flocks, upo'
The hills, thick spreading, join the gratefu' song
To charm the list'ning ear—An' shall not man,
Whose joys are more exalted, an' whose blifs
Is of a purer *cast*—who o'er the world

Perceives the tempest ceas'd, an' peace restor'd,—
 Shall he, unthankfu', sit, an' unconcern'd,
 Neglect to chant the wonders of that *band*,
 Which, chang'd the storm into an azure calm;
 And, hush'd the thunder into milder day!

The sun, now downward on the western main
 Lets fall his yellow rays, shot, mildly, o'er
 The distant hills, wi' animating warmth—
 The fleeting clouds, in beauteous robes bedeck'd,
 Incessant roll athwart the sky serene—

While o'er the verdant fields, the idle *world*
 Slow moving walk, to taste the vital breeze;
 An' pass, in social chat, the ev'ning-hour—
 Some, now, upo' the mountains, lonely, love
 To walk, an' meditate on Nature's Works—

There in the rugged wilderness, where, in
 The mountain daisy, or the creeping bri'r,
 They may behold, to harmonize the heart;
 An' raise their gratefu' praises up to heav'n.

Some o'er the fertile valley chuse to walk

Amidst the richer fragrance—while, some love
Upo' the river's winding bank to stray ;
An', breathe their meditations o'er the stream.
At this cool hour of day, the *village* swarms
Exulting, on the green,—ilk on his play
An' fav'rite pleasure bent.—Some *ban'* to *nieve*,
Wi' manly pith o' arm, beyond the mark,
Far fling the pond'rous *mell*.—Less valid, some,
Though not less dext'rous, on the *padder'd* green,
Frae *doon* to *doon*, shoot forth the penny-stane.
Thus, on his sport intent, each honest heart
Exulting, bids the gladsome streams of joy,
An', social mirth, diffuse upo' the plain.
Unto the shaded grove the nymphs an' swains
Wi' a' the rural train in troops repair,
To play at *buff*.—The shaded, cool, retreat,
Invites to social sport.—The mirthfu' choir
Around the *hood-wink'd* swain a' hooting run,
Ilk striving to escape his wily catch.—

Ane plucks his sleeve, another, dauntless, stands
 Within an arm's-length o's blin'-folded face—
 His fav'rite nymph, wi' glad, uplifted, heart,
 Stands *chirtin*, in a corner, longing much
 To feel his lov'd embrace—Quick foughted he
 In love, led by the laugh, fast to his breast
 Enclasps the willing maid.—Thus pass the hours
 In joyous play, an' leal familiarity.



“ Right winsome was the simmer e’en’ ”

“ When lads and lasses pingle ”

“ An’ coupin carls on the green ”

“ An’ dancing round the ingle— ”

“ The laird o’ Mumfield merry grew, ”

“ An’ Maggy Blythe was fairer— ”

“ An’ Michael wi’ a mather fu’ ”

“ Crys “ Welcome to the manor.” ”

“ They whisk’d about the good brown ale, ”

“ An’ bumper’d round the claret— ”

“ The whisky ran frae reaming pails— ”

“ Some lasses got their skair o’t— ”

“ The cook-maid she was wond’rous spruce, ”

“ An’ bobbed in the entry— ”

“ She wadna taste it *butt* the house, ”

“ But pried it in the pantry.

An’

- “ An’ now, the glomin comin on
 “ The lasses turned skiegh, man,—
 “ They hid themfels amang the corn,
 “ To keep the lads abeigh, man—
 “ But Maggy, wha fu’ well did ken,
 “ The lurking Latherins’ meaning,
 “ Put a’ the lads upo’ the scent,
 “ An’ bade them stanch their *greening*.

- “ Weel kilted frae a breckan bufs
 “ Up started Rosy Dougan,
 “ As tent as, if she had been a pufs,
 “ An’ ilk yaul chiel a grewhun—
 “ So ho! they cry’d—away they went,
 “ She led them sic a string, man—
 “ Syne turn’d about, an’ hameward sten’d,
 “ A’ pechan in a ring man.

“ Sue Cumberlaw an’ Helen Don

“ In jumping o’er a dyke, man,—

“ Fell, belly-flaught, on Doctor John

“ Wha cur’d the rumple-fyke, man—

“ Poor Helen she fell in a trance—

“ The Doctor twice did stumble,—

“ He skilfully pu’d out his lance

“ An’ cur’d her o’ the tumble.

“ Upon a truff fat Leezy Card,—

“ The Landlord he fat niest her,—

“ He on her sleely stroak’d his beard,

“ While mantin Michael mist her—

“ O doughty Landlord ! Ilay cries,

“ My titta ye will ruin—

“ Ne’er fash your beard, the dame replies—

“ There is no harm a doing.”

The sun has lost his pow'r, and now, apace
 Sinks 'yond the western hills.—The shade of night
 O'erspreads the wide domain.—The lowing herds
 Unto the *loans* repair—And, in the brake
 The feather'd tribes pop, quietly, to rest.
 Now silence o'er the world prevails.—And, now,
 All Nature soaks refreshment from the dew
 O' the cool, nightly hours.—Man to his home
 Wi' weary limbs repairs—and, in his cot
 Reclining, till the dawn, in easefu' sleep,
 Contented, hails the day;—and, joyfully,
 Renews the labor of his humble lot.

A U T U M N.

A U T U M N.

FAIR to the fight, across the yellow plain,
Rich Autumn comes in, bounty-bearing dress.
Rank-spreading Summer's vegetative green,
Now ripens into dusky plenteousness.
Led on to gratefu' praise, my reed I tune,
Wi' merry heart.—Whate'er the mellowing frost,
In Winter's cold, purgative, had prepar'd,
And Summer's fun had caus'd to blossom forth,
Low-bending now, luxuriant to the view,
Excites my rustic Muse, and swells her song.

When equal are the hours of night and day,
And, *Ceres* balances the circling year,
Departed Summer, o'er the lifted sky,
Leaves a serener hue.—Sweet beams arise,
Of lucid, pleasing light—while, o'er the glebe,

By

By kind attemp'ring *suns*, the ripen'd corn
Spreads forth its ears, extensive. Richly they
Stand in the early dawn—and, to the eye
Afford a plenteous sight—exciting praise.

'Tis morn—filent and thick the bending store
Leans o'er the yellow field—and, not a stalk
Is seen to wag, save, by the bunting-lark,
Or hungry sparrow. To the golden light,
Th' bounteous harvest lends the heavy head ;
And, dew-drop'd fields wide glitter with the day.
“ A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
“ Falls from its poise, and, lets the zephyrs blow”
The fanning west-wind rends the darken'd *list* ;
And, dusky clouds, along the sky obscur'd,
Fly scatter'd.—To the softly-sweeping breeze,
The fleecy mantle yields, born gently on,
Like downy flakes, athwart the thistly field.
The day advancing, shines upo' the plain ;
And, gilds the flushing harvest.—To the eye,

As far as the extended prospect shoots,
 The waving world displays its chequer'd face ;
 Rolling luxurious in a flood of grain.

Red frae the east the sun begins to peep—
 The reapers, drowsy, and, wi' ropy eyes,
 Start frae their thatched cots, and, to the bent
 Swarm forth, accoutred for the lab'rous toil.
 The *born* is out—loud *blasts* the valleys fill ;
 And, *morning calls* spread through each neighb'ring
 field.

The master's voice bestirs the lazy las,
 With rankled thumb, and, weary *worked* wrist ;
 And, at a word, all hands in toil unite.

“ This morning bodes us ill,” an auld wife cries—

“ For see ! the sun is *setting* ere he *rise*.”

“ 'Tis true forfooth,” another straightway/ says—

“ For, the gray crow flew o'er our midden tap,

“ An,' croak'd his hollow notes before the ra'en.”

“ But hear ye me,” crys *lucky*, on the *beel*—

“ The

“ The stars yestreen, shot westlin down the lift ;
 “ And, fell like *fumert's spuing*, on the bog.”—
 'Tis a' o'er true—their bodings, and, their spells,
 Raise up the De'il, and hence, the wind and storm.
 Black frae the South, a hurricane is seen
 To sweep the heathy fells, and, scroggy braes—
 Its face fraught with destruction.—Through the
 band
 'Tis wild concern, and, dire amazement all.
 The scene is chang'd—each flings his fickle by.
 Some bind up sheaves, and some in heaps them cast—
 One forms the *stook* wi' nice-directing eye,
 Another following after, crowns with *hoods*—
 Thus, through the field, in a tumult'ous throng,
 Their pliant hands, work nimbly out their task.
 Now labor's hush'd.—The pearly drops fa' thick ;
 An', furly blasts invigorate their force.
 To 'scape the storm, some to the hedge repair—
 Others unto the *stooks* for shelter, flee.
 Ane seours the plain, well kilted to the *baw*,

Striving, wi' hafty strides t'outrun the storm—
While others, in defiance of the day,
Chuckle together, underneath the straw.
Faster and faster falls the pearly storm ;
And, shuts the master's hopes in clouds of rain.
A fruitless day ! Now, hameward all return,
Wi' each his fickle on his collar fix'd ;
And, round the warm hearth, in haste repair—
A dripping crowd.—Some parched fuel bring—
One flings on turf—another stirs the coals.
All now are wet, and, all would fain be dry—
Meanwhile, the cau'dron-pot, brimful of *roots*,
Is from the ingle ta'en, and straight again,
The active part commences.—Thud on thud,
The sonorous *beetle* on the metal clangs ;
And, champs, destructive.—Now the signal giv'n,
Each plays his part, wi' shining morning face ;
And great's the noise of boys, and spoons, and dogs.
Wi' paunch well stuff'd, all pensive care's forgot ;
And, “ *swaggering, roaring Willy* ” crowns the day.

Far in the corner of a shelt'ring wood,
 Remote frae care, the young Maria, on
 Whose face, the bloom of beauty spread, did with
 Her aged Mother dwell.—Maria's charms
 Shone like the radiance o' a summer's morn'
 Upo' the balmy rose.—Unspotted *worth*,
 And, modest *virtue*, on her lovely brow
 Sat gracefu'—Frae the power o' selfish pride,
 An', giddy passion, free—content, she past
 The joyfu' minutes of, her blushing years.
 Upon her mother, *eild*, and *poortith* had,
 Usurp'd their rudest sway.—In solitude
 They liv'd, retir'd, amidst surrounding shades,
 Unthought of, as unseen, save by the heart
 Of Colin, wha, among the neighb'ring hills,
 Did tend, a wee when sheep.—The honest swain,
 Whose heart was innocent, no passions knew.
 Who nought of Fortune could with others brag,
 Save, health and sweet content—wad often gang
 Among the spreading broom, and, to the winds
 Effuse his plaintive tale.—Maria's charms

The live-lang-day he'd sing—and, when at eve',
 Driving his wethers to the wattled fold,
 Stumping along, he'd whistle what he sang,
 Oft' as, among the bushy birny braes,
 Young Colin plodded wi', his strayed tips,
 He'd cast a look up' the lonely cot,
 Wi' wishfu' een—and, in pretended haste,
 Wad *tap* the hallan wi' his hazle kent;
 And, speer gin they had seen his bawfant ram.
 Respect long shewn, had ripen'd into love—
 Maria's heart was Colin's—Colin's her's—
 And, nor the smiles nor frowns of Fortune, could
 Disjoin the just alliance.—Who can count
 The number of their charms—or, who can tell
 The greatness of their blifs, whom love unites?
 Maria's virtue shone in, ilka deed;
 And, Colin sang her beauty, on his reed.
 The happy twa, fae blifsfu', fae content,
 Had ta'en each other's oath, ay to prove true.—
 Entwin'd in love, Maria had nae fear.—
 Beneath the spreading boortree's cooling shade,

She turn'd her spinning-wheel, while, Colin, on
 The foggy fells, pursu'd his *fleecy care*.
 Ay heartsome baith, they pass'd the day, in hope,
 To close the e'ening in, each other's arms.
 But who can tell the scenes o' good or ill,
 That, may befa' the best?—The ways of Heav'n
 Are intricate, e'en to a *shepherd's tread*;
 And Providence oft gets into *one scale*,
 To keep the proper poise, when, easu' bliss,
 Into the *other*, sosses, overpond'rous.

Five Moons (it was nae mair) had scarce renew'd,
 Their weather-blunted horns, till Colin felt,
 His treasure lessen, and, his cares increase.
 His little crop, the spate had borne away—
 His cattle died—his sheep their hills forsook;
 And, roaming wildly wide, mix'd with the flocks
 Of distant fremmit folds.—By need compell'd,
 (For sheer Necessity's commands are strong)
 Colin and Maria their cottage left;

And,

And, both wi' looks direct on *better* days,
Went forth to labor, in Glenalvon's fields.
The pride of Dec, and, of the neighb'ring swains,
Glenalvon was—the friendly, and, the good—
Whose heart, frae selfish passion, ay was free;
And, relish'd rural life in a' its joy.
As here and there, pleas'd wi' his yellow riggs,
The swain behind his jovial *band* did walk,
Praising the *snoddest cut frae point to beel*—
The fair Maria drew his love-struck eye—
He saw, and lov'd her—but, nor could his heart,
Nor philosophic confidence avow,
The chaste desire, which, in his bosom rose.
He view'd her, lovely, and, he strove to hide
The sparklings o' his passion—but, the more
He tri'd to smother what her charms had fir'd,
The more it rose in, an all-spreading blaze.
With downcast modesty, Maria turn'd
Her face, frae the glad gazings o' the swain;
Who, walk'd unconscious of a rival pow'r;

And, look'd, and lov'd, the lang autumnal day.
 Colin, who never dream'd of jealousy,
 Wi' unsuspecting heart, and, pliant hands,
 Close by his fair Maria work'd an' sang;
 Who, now forgetting trouble in their joy,
 Did chafe in mirth, the tedious hours away.
 Glenalvon's heart being with the beauteous *fair*,
 His passion's pow'r no longer could conceal—
 Hence, in a firm defiance o' the scorn,
 And, the dread laugh the world and selfish life,
 Might scatter on his choice—thus, musing, said—
 “ What muckle pity! sic a lovely form,
 By beauty model'd, and, by virtuous sense
 Enliven'd, 'bove the vulgar of thy sex,
 Should be the partner of some rustic clown;
 And, to a lab'rous task, in sweat and sun,
 Expos'd, for which, thy hands were never meet.
 For thee, sweet maid! I could my lot demean,
 To share the office of the broiling day—
 For thee, lay down my every claim to wealth;

And,

And, count thy *love* alone, a dowry good.
For thee, for thou'rt the pride of goodness' self,
I could, unmurm'ring, live—with pleasure die."
Thus did the swain ejaculate—and, still
On's raxed heart Maria's lovely charms,
And, fair bewitching form, impulsive, came.
But who can paint the lover, when he found
By strict enquiry, from herself, that she
Had pledg'd her troth, her love, her all, to Colin.
A cruel search! Sad on his love-swell'd soul
Was the intelligence.—“ Who can declare
The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
And, through his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran?”
Then wild despair took place of soothing hope;
And, sad desponding fear o'erspread, his love.
Yet now, ev'n now, he ey'd the beauteous maid,
Wi' a' the fortitude a generous soul,
Beset with disappointment, could exert—
And, as he view'd her, wishfu', to his sight,
Her blushing beauty rose in, higher bloom.

A fruitless glare! Glenalvon's heart which, knew
 Not aught that was untrue, with goodness fraught,
 Kind, rapturous, and just, to Colin pour'd
 The friendly, fair, effusions of his soul.

“Thrice happy swain—blest'd with thy nymph so
 fair—

If *envy* be not *criminal*, I envy *thee*.
 Long may your loves harmoniously entwine,
 Around the palm of peace.—Like ivy, may
 Your ev'ry leal intent, ay upwards creep,
 Along the branches of still-blooming truth;
 A pleasing evergreen in winter's cold,
 When, fruit and leaves fall off dishonesty.
 Too long remote from my attention, have
 Maria's charms been hid.—Too long, indeed,
 Within the covert of yon cot, obscure,
 Has that fair image of much honest worth,
 Liv'd on penurious fare!—But, let me, now,
 Frae the sequester'd wild, and, winter-side
 Of a bleak desert, lead the living sprout,

Into

Into a richer soil.—These fields which ye
Now labor in, in servile state, are mine.
The flocks of yonder mountains, which, you see
Among the walys browsing, all are mine—
A bount'ous favour of all-gracious Heav'n.
Though poverty's cold blast, and, biting storm,
Have nip'd the beauty of, your budding charms—
Transplanted safe into a warmer clime,
The bloom shall shoot again—and, happiness,
By renovating *suns* resume her seat.
Then, fling the sickle by, from that fair hand,
But ill befitted for such rugged toil.
Here acres fifty, henceforth, shall be yours ;
And, all within *that fold*—take that yours is ;
And, ne'er by recompence, nor favor, think
Ye to requite the gift.—As Heav'n on me
Has lavish'd much its bounty, so, should I
Exert the pow'r of doing others good.
The hungry rook upon my corn preys—
Among my flocks the ra'en, his maw does fill—

A' on ilk ither trust—and, a' are fed—
Heav'n's blessings are bestow'd to blefs withal."

The storm is o'er.—No more the stream is seen
To swell, above its banks.—No more the fields
Around, "lie sunk, and flatted in the wave."
No more the deluge deepens, nor, the falls
Of deep-descending waters, from the hills,
Shall dales, an' valleys terrify, afar,
Wi' the tumultuous roar.—The shepherd, now,
Unto their native hills collects, his flocks,
Wide scatter'd by the floods.—The husbandman
Stalks o'er his fields, all desolate, forlorn ;
And, views, relenting, the dire havock, which
Bleak winds and waves have of his treasure made—
And, the poor cottager, by whose rough hand,
These treasures were collected, mindful of,
The pinching winter unprovided for,
Views, sad, his wheaten labors scatter'd round ;
Or, by involving currents, swept away.

Now

Now, on the sounding world, the morning sun,
His radiant pow'r diffuses.—With the day,
The sportsman traverses the heathy hill,
Fu' bent on slaughter.—Here his faithfu' dog
Scours nimbly o'er the plain, and, warily,
With open nostrils, snuffs the *chuckling* brood.
Wi' earnest look upo' the covey cast,
Firm to his post, he well-instructed, stands,
And, waits the signal.—Liss'ning in the breeze,
His master's tread, the wish'd for sign' he hears;
And, forth, amain, upo' the latent prey
He, gladly, springs.—The thund'ring gun up to
The eye is lifted, eagerly, and, as
The circling covey mounts on birring wings,
The silent surges of the liquid air,
Anon, the clam'rous *charge* emits its force;
And, from its tow'ring station brings the bird,
A speckled treasure, plump, upo' the plain.

While some delight to brush the heathy fells
At early dawn, among the churring *pouts*,

Some

Some, less inclining the rude hills to tread,
 Chuse, rather, through the stubble rough an' rank,
 Around their habitations, to surprize,
 The couring partridge.—O'er the timid hare,
 Poor, harmless beast! without or cause, or need,
 Some love to show their triumph.—Frae the corn,
 Bestir'd by clang of sickles, to the *bent*
 Scar'd maukin trots, and, now to some lone haunt
 Scuds, trembling, fast.—The way she takes is
 mark'd ;
 And, frae their kennel, the mad, rav'ning pack,
 Are, *gowling*, led.—The thick, impearled dew,
 Betrays her cunning tread—and, sad and strong,
 In echoing yelpins, far behind, she hears
 The onward hast'ning death.—In vain she tries,
 By frequent mazes, to elude the storm,
 Th' unfriendly breeze reports.—Down frae the hill,
 Unto the wat'ry flats, she nimbly scours—
 Wi' weary labyrinths among the fens,
 And, many turnings tir'd—afraid to stop,

She to the whins repairs, where, 'mong the broad
An' thick entangling bushes, to the sun
She heaves her sweaty sides.—The fanning gale
Brings the dread sound of sad destruction on.
Nearer and nearer still, is heard the voice
Of horns, and murd'ring hounds.—Now frae the
thick
Embow'ring broom, and rank bespreading heath,
She slips, unseen—and o'er the dusky ground,
Wi' wither'd breckans strewed, stens, weary.
Across the thiftly plain she takes her way—
Still doubling on her steps, and list'ning, stops,
And, stopping, listens to the coming sound;
And, list'ning, stens again.—Her best effort
Is vain.—The eager pack full-opening, load
The air wi' exclamations—and, the crowd
Exulting to the death, pres on with speed,
By toot of horn conducted.—Close upon
The hirpling victim, the loud neighing steed,
Prances, triumphant—and, the hunter's voice,

Tumultuous rais'd, with lash of whips according,
 Loud frae the hills the skraiching death resounds.
 'Tis savage pleasure this.—But, let not in
 The deadly trap, the harmless creature pine ;
 Nor, in the well-known seat, where, flat, conceal'd,
 Wi' wide unsleeping een, secure, she lies,
 Deprive her o' her life—'tis Nature's right,
 Which life *confers*, as much as man's to *take* it.



WILLY CLEG'S ELEGY.

O F armour, and the man I sing—

His *gun* well charg'd the truth will ring—

Who best of a' could downward bring,

The birring cock.

Who could whip up, as wi' a string,

The diving duck.

Bengairn may mourn, and weep, and grane,

The day that Willy 'neath the stane

Was laid, out-strecked, skin and bane,

A lifeless lump—

Nae mair to see the partraicks rin

Nor maukins mump.

Last time I saw him on the *bent*,
 A maukin rose before his kent—
 He cock'd his piece—the *charge* was lent

————— Frae th' horn o' *time*—

But, ah! his *powder* was a' *spent*,

He coudna *prime*.

When sportsmen on the hills were thrang,
 Unto his breeks like drift he'd bang;
 And, crave their pardon that, fae lang

He'd been a fitting—

Syne, straught unto the bent he'd gang,

To find *her* fitting.

After ilk shot he'd tak a drap,
 An', bann wi' birr the geezen'd cap,
 That, in his wyme left sic a flap

For want o' licker—

Then, aff the ither cann he'd tap,

To mak him sicker.

How

How first he learn'd to shoot ye'll hear—

The shank-bane ^{o'} an auld dead mare,

He frae the houghs an' cutes did tear;

An' in a stock

He firmly fix'd it wi' a *ware*,

But pan or lock.

It was in Winter bleak an' snell,

An', wreaths o' sna' upo' the fell,

When guns did crack, an', pistols knell,

Adown the glens,

That, Willy dottart by himsel,

Among the hens.

His gun o' *bane* close by the hallan,

Place did the wild mischievous callan—

The blow was ettled at a tall ane,

A bra *ware* cock—

Then, thud! I trow it was a bawl ane;

It made him rock.

He wi' a lowan stick did steal,

Among the burdies i' the biel—

His gun he level'd o'er a creel,

Upo' his doup,—

Then, pop! poor *Rabin* on his keel,

Did, over coup.

Frae sma' to great atchievements, men

Right fast to rise, we often ken—

Now Willy frae his ain house en'

A wagtail shooter,

Wi' *pointers* on the hills did sten,

The prince o' pouters.

O Johnny Burd! poor dowy chiel,

What loss, what sorrow dost thou feel!

Left now, among the braes to speel,

The live-lang day,—

Without thy Willy's mirth to steal,

The hours away!

Hear me ye fells an' every cleugh !
 Ye stubble fields, an' scroggy heughs !
 An', echo a' 'tween Dee an' Deugh,
 — The waefu' maen !

For Willy that was ance fae tough,
 But now is gane.

In thund'ring thuds frae's rifle bore,
 Among the hills nae mair he'll roar ;
 Nor, o'er a bicker cry—gillore !
 His *piece* is muffl'd—

Soon as he saw the *smoke* was o'er,
 Awa he shuffl'd.

His *charge* being driv'n, the rammer *bame*,
 Along he trudg'd, in hopes o' game ;
 But, Death, wha maks e'en swallows tame,
 Gied him a pat ;

An', now he lies without a name,
 Amaist forgot.

Now ducks may quaik an' partricks chur,

An' maukins hirple in ilk fur' ;

Whifkin their fuds wi' muckle stur,

But fear or dread—

There is nae man to make demur

Since Cleg is dead.

Could our fa't tears rin down like Dee,

Out o'er our cheeks, great hills o' Cree,

That a' the warld may hear an' see

The dreadful fa'!

He was the choice o' company

That's now awa.

O Willy Cleg! 'tis hard to dree

The weary lack an' losf o' thee ;

Yet, shall thy *name* for ages be

Remember'd weel,

While breckans grow, or blooms a tree,

In fight o' Screel.

Long

Long has the gouk forfook, the spreading wood—
 (Perhaps acrofs the *ocean* ta'en his way)
 His *mate* fits dowy 'mong the bufky firs,
 Stroaking her fpreckled breast.—No more till Spring
 Renews the fields wi' verdure, and, the trees
 Wi' lovely foliage, fhall the mufic hear;
 Nor, pleasure find, among thefe lonesome fprigs.
 Behold! afar, the fcroggy braes display
 The ripen'd nuts, in wild luxuriance—
 Ye jovial fwains, hafte to the hazle brow
 Of yonder funny hill.—Bra virgins a'
 Engir'd your claiths about ye, trig an' clofe,
 “Fit for the thicket, an' the tangling fhrub,”
 And hie awa.—With mirth drown care a wee.
 Down in yon glen, aboon the winding brook,
 Where fa's the water in, hoarfe gurgling fstreams,
 The cluster'd, brown-hool'd treasure, hangs. For you,
 Fair nymphs, the woodlands wild retune their fong;
 An', a' the treasure o' the ruffet lin,
 For you, droops, bount'ous, in the filent fhade.

'Twas in the bonny harvest-moon,
 Right fair an' dry the day,
 When, lads an' lasses frae the toon,
 Fu' bent on sport an' play,
 Did to the hazle bank repair,
 The husky nits to pu'
 Wi' ilk his raploch, stowing, gear,
 O' poaks, baith auld an' new,
 Weel strung, that day.

Let's a' start fair, cries Rabin Rae,
 That ilk alike may forder—
 But, Tibby stening on her tae,
 Pat a' into disorder.
 Now, to the wood they skelp wi' might—
 The lasses wi' their aprons—
 An', some wi' wallets, some wi' weghts,
 An', some wi' hoshens caprin,
 Right heigh, that day.

Of a' the lasses o' the thrang,

Nane was fae trig as Nelly—

E'en ony rose her cheeks did bang—

Her leuks were like a lilly—

Right bonny bonny was her mow—

Her een were slee an' pauky,

Wi' her gley'd Tammy wad' gae pu'

Nits—and wi' her wad' wauk ay,

Fu' glad, that day.

Nell scorned Tam, an' geck'd her head;

An', boder'd him wi' mocking,—

Syne, sleely glanc'd on Willy Read,

Wha, lang'd to fill her *stocking*.

Willy was a winsome chiel—

He ken'd the lass's mind, ay;

An', when the trees she coudna speel,

Wi's *click* he came behind ay,

T' assist, that day.

Ben Blutter was their leader stout—

Amang the spreading trees,

Whenever he his horn did toot,

It set their hearts at ease.

Beneath the lofty boughs they walk'd,

A' scatter'd here an' there ;

Still answering each other's taük,

To keep their minds frae fear,

O' ghaists, that day.

Great was the rustlin din—an' fast

The lads their hoshens pang'd—

Frae bough to bough they nimbly past,

A merry brushing thrang.

Ned Shuter, wi' his crabtree kent,

Fell'd down for Leezy Drew,

Until her apron was fae stent,

The strings in *targets*, flew,

About, that day.

Steen Tanner sten'd upo' a stane,
 To view the woody plain;
 An', coupin, let an' awfu' grane;
 Maest feck thought he was slain.
 Ilk ran unto the place, to len'
 The lad, a rifan list—
 He hosted stoutly at *ae* en',
 At tither en' did rift,
 Right loud, that day.

Wi' that a friend near han' cry'd, hoot!
 Syne, at the chiel fast tugged—
 The lasses bawl'd “ wae worth yere snoot!”
 An', frae the stane him rugged—
 Meanwhile, beneath them i' the howe,
 Was heard an eldritch cry,
 Of, “ *plunner plunner bide ye now!*”
 Then aff they a' did hie,
 Wi' fright, that day.

The lasses coost their shoon, an' scour'd
 Through gutters, an' through bogs—
 Some got ahint a dyke, an' scour'd,
 An', some amang the scroggs.
 The worrycow gid sic a yell,
 That rair'd frae dale to doon—
 He got the spuilie to himsel'
 As *they* fled hame to toon,
 Like drift, that day.



Frae rustic mirth, amang the distant fields,
 Now let us tread, the plenteous path of harvest,
 Rich, balmy, and untainted, round the wa's
 O' the low-bending orchard, to the sun
 The rosy apples, sweet, profusely hang ;
 An', the ripe mellow pears, frae loaded boughs,
 Fa' in incessant show'rs before the breeze.
 Kind Nature's liberal, all-bounteous hand,
 Is ever planting, ever tempering,
 The vegetable warld, that earth an' air,
 Wi' a' the elemental composition mix'd,
 May best afford great routh o' fragrant stores,
 For the proud taste of, still ungratefu' *man*.
 Though rich the prospect this,—yet rather, let
 Us walk the summit of the distant hills,
 Far in the wild uprear'd—an', therefrom, view,
 In this glad time, the wide extended plains,
 Wi' sun-beams mild adorn'd, which Autumn sheds
 In equal power, o'er the beauteous day.

Upo'

Upo' the ruffet top o' tow'ring Screele,
 To breathe the vital air serene, an' clear,
 O! let me ever stray.—There, Nature dwell
 In the grand drefs of mild simplicity—
 Unchang'd by tide or time—an' every view
 Frae the aspiring top, diffusive, spreads
 The chequer'd warld in an unbounded scene.
 On yonder wood-shagg'd hill, the hazle, spreads
 Its fructifying branches to the day ;
 An', the rich harvest, in the vale below,
 Sends forth its bounteous treasure.—*Here* the flocks
 In uncheck'd freedom stray, frae hill to hill ;
 An', cull the sav'ry blade amang the birns.
 An', *there*, the silent herds wi' pleasure roam ;
 An', share a kingdom, rich with artless joys.
 Here, on the fight, the troubled ocean swells
 Wi' storm an' tempest strong.—The briny waves
 Ilk ither chafing frae the utmost Thule,
 In sonorous succession, 'gainst the shore,
 High shelving to the skies in awfu' roar,

Their foamy thunder scatter.—In the deep,
Perceiv'd afar, the weather-beaten bark
Rolls, lonely, high encompass'd wi' the tide
Of troubled waters.—On the pebbled shore,
The fishermen, drench'd wi' their wat'ry toil,
Wi' sea-weed clad, unto the noon-day sun,
Spread out their tangled nets.—Rough Industry!
Thou bringest blessings, by thy steady hand.
With *thee* in many lab'rous hardships earn'd,
In sun an' sweaty pain, the streams o' wealth,
An' every sweetner o' soft, social life,
Rin unconceal'd.—Thou source of useful arts!
By thee, the wild, rude, barb'rous spirit's taught,
To rise frae savage cruelty, whereon
It rudely fed, mix'd with the beasts of prey;
An' to employ its weel-bestowed powers,
In deeds far less inhuman.—Rous'd by Thee,
Wi' faculties unfolded, Man aspires
Unto the point, which Nature show'd afar
To be attained through the path of art.

Man now by industry is taught, to raise
Deep hidden treasure, frae the earth's dark womb.
How in the ardent furnace to dissolve,
The lumps o' yellow ore—and, how to form,
By strength o' clam'rous *forge*, the current coin—
By *her* he's taught, to turn the torrent's course—
To fell the oak, an' chip the stately pine—
To sow the grain, to sparkle on his board,
In rich o'erflowing nectar poured out—
To cheer th' aspiring soul of decent mirth;
An', raise the soaring mind to things sublime.

Chang'd are the looks o' the declining year;
An', frae the fields, collecting harvest sweeps
The last fair handful.—On ilk rustic brow,
Pleasure diffusive sheds a chearfu' glance;
An', now the Master's hopes being safe at home,
Within his well-theek'd barn—strait i' the thrang
He mixes, an' wi' great good humor joins
The sportive pleasures o' the jovial *kirn*.

'Tis Nature's holy-day! The fields now clear'd
O' a' their bount'ous store, th' extended warld,
At rest a wee; speaks glad maternal joy,
In the provision she has amply made;
An', given gratuitously unto her sons.
Within the ha'-house, now, the strains of joy
Are chanted by ilk heart—an', round the furms
In stoups an' caups brimfu', the reaming yill
Is handed nimble.—Here, baith auld an' young,
Baith men an' maidens, canty carls an' clowns,
Join in the general joy.—The voice of mirth
Unbounded, echoes frae ilk chimla tap;
An', bauks an' kipples ring, wi' festive glee.
A token, this, of gratitude, unfeign'd—
Which, nor the pillar'd dome, nor ample roof
O' luxury, and rich magnificence,
Wherein the heaving heaps o' glitt'ring wealth
Is highly plac'd, can more sincerely give.
An', weel may sic a season, sic a day
Of social mirth beget—since all, whate'er

Exalts an' chears the heart, that renders life
 Delightful in enjoyment, therefrom hangs.
 Industry by Autumn is matur'd—
 Its fruits are ripen'd with the yellow grain,
 That overspread, an' deck, the sunny field—
 By it, the face o' winter, bare an' bleak,
 Is rendered less awfu'—and, old *Care*,
 Chear'd by the look o' *Plenty*, social, sits,
 Securely seated by his fire-side;
 An', hears the whizzing tempest rave along.

Forewarned now of Winter's quick approach,
 The swallow-tribe, on Autumn's dusky garb,
 Casts the last look—across the sky serene,
 In many turnings, tossing wide around,
 The floating nation sports—glad that the day,
 Calm an' temp'rate, gives them leave to make
 The gen'ral muster, ere they do retire
 Into their wint'ry nests.—Wi' flutt'ring speed
 Unto the tiled roof an' chimney-tap,

The journeying multitude in haste repair—
There, to the sun's departing rays they spread
Their little wings, an' *chitter* their farewell.
Hence, to a warmer clime they take their way,
Where, with sic ither kindred birds, they dwell,
Until mild Spring's agreeable return
Invites them back again.—In clusters, some,
Unwilling to forsake their native sheds,
Beneath the shelving banks, where, nor the wind
Nor Winter's frost can enter, dormant rest.

The hills an' dales by Autumn's sweeping hand
Look on the sight all desolate and wild—
Bleak an' forlorn the once rich, yellow fields,
Now to the eye appear.—Where, lately grew,
The waving harvest, yielding to the breeze
Its bending head, is now a dreary waste—
The once well-plenish'd furrow, now becomes
A channel to the spate, an' rushing storm.
The cattle now, athwart the wat'ry mead

Range uncontroll'd, promiscuous and wide;
 An', o'er the stibbly plain, the nibbling rooks,
 In numbers spread—a sable multitude—
 Tugging the scatter'd stalks, and cawing dolorous.
 Scenes prognosticating those of Winter!
 But, see, more ominous than these, the leafy wood
 In many colours cast—The spreading ash,
 Aforetime fair, green, an' umbrageous to
 The weary head o' the way-faring man,
 (A shelter safe an' snug frae sun and storm)
 Now o'er the country round, embrowning, shakes
 Its wither'd robes.—A crowded foliage o'er
 The plain lies thick an' dusky.—With the breeze
 Frae the matured twig, the rustlin leaves
 Of ev'ry hue fa' thrang, an' through the world,
 The awfu' ruling season shows its pow'r,
 In leaf-strown walks of lonely devastation.
 These, to a mind contemplative, afford
 An usfu' lesson.—These the fleeting life

Of vain fond man depict.—Kind Nature shows
 To man, in the fair, vast variety
 Of trees an' flow'rs, an emblem of himself.
 His early infancy, his youth, an' age,
 Are circumscrib'd within the narrow space
 Of a short season—Man, of life no more,
 Comparatively judg'd, enjoys, than do
 The with'ring walys which we tread upon.
 His being by *succession* is preserv'd—
 And, “to be born—to die,” of Nature is,
 With humankind, the same as, in these woods,
 To plant an acorn, hence, to fell an oak.—

The grove is still, an' not a twig is seen
 To quiver with the breeze.—Throughout the world
 A sober calm precides.—Light fleeting clouds,
 Across th' unbounded ether, heave on high,
 Shadowing with thin-wove robe the downward sun,
 Who, through the trem'lous fleece, his milder rays
 Shoots on the distant hills.—The time now is

For those, who love to walk, an' wonder, o'er
The realm of Nature, to divest themselves
Of carkin care ; an' frae the sordid crowd,
To seek to soar above the little scenes
Of little things—to tread the peacefu' path
Of high improving Wisdom—and aspire,
Through a' the mazes of this *lower* walk,
The boundless fields of a superior world.
Thus, contemplative, through the sadden'd vale,
An' weather-beaten brake, aft let me gang,
Where, nor the mavis' nor the woodlark's voice,
Is now melodious heard.—Where, not a strain
Is sung, to cheer the trav'ler on his way ;
Nor artless music chaunted—where the tribes
Of the gay feather'd people, dowy, fit,
Amang the tawny branches.—Where no voice
Awakens echo in the neighb'ring grove,
Save what the culver, shooting frae the tap
O' the gray, airy elm, now utters, to
The dull disrobed wilderness, in plaintive moan.

There

There let me walk, amidst the dusky defart,
Where not a tree outlives the season's stroke—
Or, to the gloomy grotto carry me,
Where ghostly *figures* range—and *spectres* pale,
Tremendous, flow across the dewy plain
Sweep silent—and, with voices low an' deep,
As the arch'd, hollow tomb, sad founding through
The dusky void, strike the reflecting mind
With philosophic force—and bid it look
Beyond mortality's *decaying* season,
Unto the verdure of eternal Spring.

The sun his chariot rolls, adown the sky,
In hurling haste.—The shorten'd day shuts in—
An' fogs, condensing in the gelid air,
Upo' the plains fall hoary—Humid even'
Along the western sky its vapors trails
In chilly train; an' to the pliant foot
O' plodding passenger, the grassy path
Crumps sonorous.—The cattle, now, the fields

Forsake, an' to the warmer *sheds* repair—
 The flocks the cold an' wat'ry *summit* leave,
 An' in the bosom of the silent hills
 Convene, reclining, till the dawn o' day.
 Where, in yon vale, the rushing river spreads—
 Where, in yon marsh, the stagnant waters ooze—
 An' where, in yonder glen, the gurgling rill
 Loud murmurs in the breeze, the rolling mists,
 Wi' a' their noxious matter, swim along,
 An' cloud the atmosphere.—The silver'd moon,
 Wi' shining horns, in fullest circle met,
 Now frae the East, among the scatter'd clouds,
 Holds on her way; an' o'er the silent world
 Bespreads her wat'ry beams.—The distant rocks
 Swell i' the shifting gleam; an' the still flood,
 Compos'd an' calm, far on the sight reflects
 The quiv'ring light.—Unclouded now, she rolls
 Her upward course, in the precarious dress
 Of borrow'd *glory*.—To the sun direct
 She shows her spotted face, whereon are seen,

Dread *fights* of caverns deep, rocks, hills, an' dales,
 An' mountains huge, on other mountains rais'd.
 But soon the sable robes of gloomy night
 O'erspread the sky immense.—Now black an' deep
 The clouds begin to rise, an' heav'n an' earth,
 In the vast shade convolv'd, appear to meet.

'Tis night profound! The wide extended gloom,
 Enwrapping earth an' seas, looks dismal to
 The lonely voyager, afar remov'd
 Frae weel-ken'd shores, upo' the distant waves
 Of a tumultous ocean.—O'er his mind,
 In this dread time of cloud-compelling storm,
 What thoughts may come! His *all* being on the
 flood.

His fears arise wi' every coming surge—
 Deadly despair takes place of terror, and
 Now, heedless of his fate, unto the winds
 He yields the government of his frail bark.

Toss'd wi' the tempest many joyless hours,
 At length the morning-star proclaims the day,
 An' hopes arise, an' brighten on his soul.
 Though to the *mariner* beset wi' storm,
 The shades of night fall dismal, yet, not to
 The nightly *thief* they any terror bring—
 Who rudely ranges thorough darksome scenes,
 An' gleans his *harvest* frae *forbidden* fields.

Oh see! in yonder pit, the carefu' bees,
 In thousands, frae their honied treasures drop;
 An' heave in heaps, amidst the sulph'rous death.
 Ah! tell us, now, what evil have *they* done,
 That they shou'd frae the hand o' lordly *man*,
 Deserve the blow tyrannical? Industrious tribe!
 Ye're not the *only* folk whom luxury,
 An' rude voluptuousness, have prey'd upon!
 Teach us, ye hapless people, by your death,
 So to improve the summer-hours of life,

That,

That, when the gloomy veil upon *our* lot
Is overspread, and our last *Autumn* come,
We may drop frae our cells into the tomb,
Without or dread, or fear, right conscious, that
Unknowing of our end, we had improv'd
The sunny-minutes of our given day.



W I N T E R.

A TALE OF THE
1841

WINTER

I

year

How is it
An verdant mead—In summer's ardent blaze
Among the bulby oaks the far an' lang,
Bel'ended by the shade—Through Autumn's gale,
Fought with the perfume of a p'nteous year,
She d'list with gladsome pace; and now, among
The warty clods, and through the rough domain
Of snows, an' bowing form, she flies to low
To tale her own an' concert with the wind,
An' make her own power with the flood

W I N T E R.

THUS far, my Muse, through the revolving
year,
Has spun her song.—In gay, fresh-blushing Spring,
She wander'd through rich scenes of spreading
flow'rs,
An' verdant meads.—In Summer's ardent blaze,
Among the bushy oaks she sat an' sang,
Befriended by the shade.—Through Autumn's gale,
Fraught with the perfumes of a plenteous year,
She brush'd with gladsome pace; and now, among
The wint'ry clouds, and through the rough domain
Of snows, an' howling storm, she tries to soar—
To raise her notes in concert with the wind;
An' make her cadence quaver with the flood.

He comes! sad Winter, on the winged blast,
Wi' a' his gloomy train, to crown the year.
Upo' his awfu' brow sit clouds an' hail,
In big-swoln gloomy pride—an' frae the skirts
Of his bedewed garment, vapors hang,
Fermenting the deep tempest with their pow'r;
An' glancing, grimly, through the brewing storm.

The sun now faintly o'er the fadden'd warld,
His yellow beams diffuses.—Not a flow'r
Throughout the gelid glebe is seen to show
Its beauty to the day—baith leaf an' stem
Droop wi' the nipping blast; and sink beneath
The rude oppression of the cold-clad year.
Black, broad, and deep, athwart the southern sky
The fogs arise, an' onward spread their force,
In hoary dew, diffusive o'er the plain—
Hence, cloudy storm, in sable robes begirt,
Obscures the visage of the azure heav'n.

Bleak Winter thus steps in, an' wi' a *gloom*
 Frae wan oppressive eyes pervades the whole—
 Shedding his killing pow'r, an' force malign,
 Throughout the warld—Unto the theeked boose
 The cattle, pinched by the furly day,
 In haste repair ; an' o'er fu' cribs o' strae,
 Croon bold defiance to the howling blast.

The flocks, now, frae the snow-cap'd hills with
 speed
 Down to the valleys trot, dowy an' mute ;
 An' round the hay-stack, crowding, pluck the stalks
 O' wither'd *bent*, wi' gustfu' hungry bite.—
 Now by the ingle-side the plowman fits,
 Regardless o' the day, while, in the glebe
 Condens'd, the bended cou'ter shows its fides,
 Bespread with eating rust—an', nor the voice,
 Nor whistle o' contentment, now is heard
 Across the furrowed field.—Among the hills,
 An' down the wat'ry marsh, the coming storm

Sughs awfu'—Up among the shelving cliffs
 An' shaggy-browed mountains, loose an' gray,
 The murm'ring rill sends forth a hollow moan,
 Refounding frae ilk cave an' dreary dell.

Bauld Boreas, wi' his blasts, the dad o' storm,
 Comes forth tempestuous, wrapp'd in dusky drefs.
 Forth frae the bleak Norwegian forests, tall,
 An' Shetland's utmost cliff, the whizzing blast
 Sweeps Southward.—On ilk airy mountain's top
 The benty bushes, an' the breckans, yield
 Unto the bending gust.—First, black an' loud,
 Upo' the steady gale the tempest comes,
 In fleet obscure, an' o'er the mingling skies,
 Vapors an' clouds an' storm convening, dash
 The craggy hills, an' shake the growling woods—
 Congeal'd an' white the whirling tempest spreads
 Its flaky pow'r; an' the unfightly plain
 Groans underneath the deep'ning snowy load.
 The sun no chearfu' ray darts through the gloom

To hearten on his way the drooping swain;
 But, envelop'd in clouds of mirky hue,
 Travels, unseen, the journey of the day.
 The tuneless tenants o' the bushy brae,
 Sit dowy on ilk spray, an' pensive eye
 The branches, whit'ning by the fleecy fall.
 Yet not thus idle a'—In stack-yards some
 Industriously pick up the scatter'd ears,
 That frae the swingin *supple* spread afar.—
 Some o'er the furrowed field hap hastily,
 Chatt'ring doleful to the thick'ning storm;
 An', crowding on the fresh-turn'd hillock, skail,
 Wi' eager nebs, the dusky frozen turf—
 An' some, less heedfu' o' the times, around
 The crystal pond delight to flutter throng.
 Unto her hovel, dropping through, the fow,
 Presagefu' o' the blast, the strae in *tates*
 Right carefully collects.—Beneath the boughs,
 O' the wide-spreading yew, hollow an' dry,
 The dunghill feath'ry people, crowding, press,

Wi' drooping tails, an' churm their pensive moan—
 While by the hallan hid, the plow-boy stands
 Wi' shining brosy visage, keen, to pu'
 The wily string o' the ensnaring trap,
 Or chaff-deceiving *riddle*.—Urg'd by want,
 Should an ill-fated sparrow venture on
 The straw-strew'd guile, wi' heart uplifted, in
 His hands he grasps the little feckless prey ;
 An', laughing, to his fellows rins wi' speed.

Wide o'er the world, the flaky storm now spreads
 Its pinching pow'r.—The cattle, doom'd to brave
 The Winter's blast, among the distant hills
 Far 'hind frae bush or biel, convening, stand,
 Tail-turned to the tempest, licking, throng,
 The shiv'ring laggins o' their scanty cuds.
 The pensive shepherd, frae his lowly cot,
 Unto the hills walks carefu'.—Up amang
 The lonely mountains, to the wreathed storm,
 He sets his breast, wi' ardent, swashing pith—

Impatient

Impatient to find out his scatter'd flocks.
 His faithfu' dog, the pride of tawdry tykes,
 Between the banks o' Tweed, an' Crawford John,
 O'er heaps o' *tempest* brushing, round the hills,
 An' frae the distant glen, wi' care, compels
 The lonely tip, at whose dun shaggy sides
 The ratt'ling ishogles, depending, skim
 The snowy deluge.—Gather'd on the plain,
 The clam'rous, bleating warld is heard afar.

Ye gen'rous swains, unto that race be kind—
 'Tis worth your care.—Let not the deep'ning *drift*,
 Over your charge prevail.—Draw out now, frae
 Your care-collected store, the balmy hay,
 An' fill their *pens*.—Safe on the airy dale
 The helpless nation lodge; and, ear' an' late,
 Supply their hunger-calls, wi' food at will.
 Below the tempest safe, now, 'tis your care
 To watch them well, lest in the snowy wreath
 They smother'd fall, for, frae the blust'ring North

Fu' aft is seen the tossing storm to come,
 Sweeping the wint'ry bent, an', to the vale,
 Hurling the drifted load, till, with the hills,
 Deep cleughs an' caverns rise, an' i'the air
 High glist'ning, point their summits to the sky.

Keen blows the wind; an' frae the burthen'd fells,
 The powd'ry storm's uplifted.—Through the air,
 The rushing tempest wafts, frae hill to hill;
 (A joyless fight to the wayfaring swain)
 Involving woods an' rivers, beasts an' men,
 In the wild fury of the whirling blast.

'Tis even'—the atmosphere serene an' clear—
 And the rude strength o' the beclouded day
 Now overpast.—Unto far distant climes,
 The snowy tempest has its force withdrawn;
 An', in the warm recesses o' the South,
 Is sunk, the fury o' the fleecy world.—
 The feather'd nation now is hush'd to rest—

Beneath the thatched eave, the sparrow takes
 Her dull *repose*.—The mavis, sad an' mute,
 Close in the brake conceal'd, upon a twig,
 Outfits the dreary night; an' on the top
 O' the high-tow'ring elm, the soaring kite,
 By wint'ry famine tame, now fearless fits;
 An' drooping, dozes till the dawn of day.
 'Tis silence all—e'en not a *voice* is heard,
 Throughout the calm profound, save, what the owl,
 Wailing the wint'ry tide, does frae her bow'r
 Send fadden'd, forth.—The delug'd wilderness,
 Now in the sad an' solemn midnight-hour,
 Emits its wild inhabitants.—Across
 The trackless plain, frae foodless forests led,
 To seek for sustenance, the timid hare,
 Unto the kail-yard stens.—Now bold by want,
 She fearless ranges through the orchards wide,
 Mumping the juicy bark, frae twig to stem.
 Thither she comes to claim her little share,
 Though in the dark bestow'd, of what kind Heav'n

Assigns his creatures.—Let not now thy hand
 Be lifted up to slay; nor, of necessity
 Take the advantage.—When, at early dawn,
 Wi' feeding tir'd, she to the *wild* returns,
 Pursue her to her hill, or ferny haunt;
 An', with thy dog, take of the *sport* thy fill.

In this sad dreary time, when a' the warld,
 Drowsy an' dumb, lies sunk in sleep profound,
 Let me contemplate on the gloomy hour;
 An' secretly associate with the storm.

Hence a' discordant thoughts! a' watchfu' cares!
 Ye busy-meddling senses a' begone!
 An' let pure *Meditation* reign, throughout
 My cogitative pow'rs.—Where in this quiet
 An' silent, sleep-seiz'd hour, are to be found
 The flutt'ring variety of cheating life?
 Where are the train of speculations false,
 Which, with the sun, incessant rise an' set?—

Now wrap'd in death-like slumbers, the vain world,
 Without distinction, rests.—The cares of life,
 In light an' airy visions are dissolv'd ;
 An' brown-fac'd toil, for a short season eas'd,
 Enjoys the comfort of sound sweet repose.

Thou Power Supreme ! whose might no weak-
 nefs knows—

Whose all-observing eye, the great domain
 Of Heav'n an' Earth pervades—whose sight, the
 dark

An' gloomy shades of night cannot obscure—
 Teach me, as I admire thy wond'rous works,
 To know thy goodness.—While the ringing blast,
 Against my casement beats—while fleet an' snaw,
 In wreathed storm, lies thick on ilka hill,
 May I, baith bien an' warm, within my cot,
 Look heedfu' to the times.—May I be taught
 In Summer's heat, an' Winter's nipping cold,
 In *sun* an' *shade*, to know thy works an' Thee !

The dawn looks in, an' to their distant haunts
 The prowling warld retire.—The artfu' tod,
 Wi' hen-roost plunder fraught, unto his *bold*,
 In wild bewild'ring glen, scours fast, sweeping
 The snowy hillock as he bears along
 The fatted capon, o'er his shouther slung.
 Sated wi' herbage sweet, the artless hare
 The kail-yard leaves, an', to the whinny brae,
 Haps, heedfu'.—Now, the voice of chanticleer
 The hamlet wakes; an', frae his lowly bed
 The rustic swain arous'd, unto the bent,
 Through bogs an' bushes flouncing, presses fast,
 The *downy mumper*, eager, to destroy.
 To trace her footsteps more exactly, he
 About his garden walks, eying with care
 Each secret wicket, to his bow-kail stems.
 Great he finds the *warping* to have been,
 Upo' each plat, as if the hirpling race
 Had met in general concourse.—Frae the hedge,
 At length, the fresh-made footsteps he descrys,

To lead unto the hill.—Glad at the fair
 Distinction, wi' his gun, an' sturdy tyke,
 He hurries softly, by the tract conducted,
 Unto the bushy fummit.—Meanwhile, in
 The ferny covert, snug, poor maukin sits,
 Undreaming o' the faithless snaw; chewing
 Her well-replenish'd cud.—Now, close upon
 Her snow-cap'd haunt, the rude pursuer comes,
 Eager, an' watchfu', lest his crumping tread
 Should her untimely rouse.—Wi' heedfu' step
 He rounds ilk bush, cautious, an' starting aft',
 Should at his feet a scared yorlin bir;
 Or icicle drop frae the bended twig,
 Wi' fissing din, amang the leafless bri'rs.
 Led by the tract distinct, upo' his prey,
 Brown, latent 'neath the storm, he casts his eyes—
 His heart's baith fear'd an' fain.—Fast frae his
 lug,
 The thund'ring charge is ettled; and, amain,
 The death-struck victim bounces frae her seat,

By leaden impulse—and, the crufted drift
Besprinkles wi' her mangled crimson life.

Less barb'rous some brush rackles through the brake;
An', frae her secret *form*, the prey bestirs—
Whence, to the hills, by yelping dogs purfu'd,
She nimble stens out o'er the heaps o' snow.

The sun his yellow beams begins to spread,
Upo' the mountain tops.—Now, far an' near,
Frae hill to distant dale, is heard the thud
O' the divulfive flail.—The husbandman,
Arising wi' the day, unto the plain
Fast bears the tedded strae; an', 'fore his *care*,
Dowy, an' rowtin dolesu', lays in heaps
The husky provender.—Frae distant groves,
Black trains of rooks, clam'rous an' hungry, urge
Their morning flight; an' 'mang the crumping herd,
Crowd fearless, picking the thin scatter'd grain.
Urg'd too, by want, the couring partricks, from

The thorny cover steal, an', with the rooks
Tumultuous, quietly mix, an' 'midst the store
Of strae an' chaff dispers'd, promisc'ous, scrape.

The day is risen to meridian height ;
An' the deep-drifted caves, touch'd by the warmth,
Upo' the ragged pavement patter, fast.
The shorten'd day draws downward ; and, unto
Their separate retreats, the feather'd world
Again repair.—Now, through the blue serene,
The forcive pow'r o' the concocting frost
Comes snell an' keen.—The azure arched heav'n,
With stars innumerable, is cover'd o'er ;
Which, twinkling through the aerial void immense,
In fair majestic show, adorn the sky ;
An' ceaseless speak much harmony divine.

Now frae the hill, unto the tufted cot,
The carefu' swain, in straw-boots shod, returns—
His kind officious wife, the ingle stirs ;

His

An' brings him vestments warm.—His children round
 Him toddle, an' contend, wi' bustling might,
 Who shall the happy welcome utter first ;
 Who shall share most of the paternal smile.

“ Keen blows the wind, an' piercing is the cold”
 By potent energy, frae his bleak stores,
Frost sends his arrows forth—his secret pow'r
 Invading all, an' o'er the world immense,
 Diffusing, breathes his close arresting pith ;
 An' water, earth, an' air intensely binds.
 The purling stream less gurgles—an' the film,
 Borne by the boiling eddy, now no more
 Upo the surface wheels, but, to the bank,
 An' round the pointed rocks, firmly cements
 A crystal sheet fast seiz'd throughout the pool.
 Loud rings the frozen glebe—an' to the ear,
 The clogged wheel o' the way-faring wain
 Grates, dismal.—To th' oppressive hasty tread
 O' th' benighted trav'ler the hollow plain

Sounds sadd'ning frae afar—while, frae ilk pole,
 The azure firmament, intensely keen,
 Orbs infinite displays.—Incessant, through
 The lengthen'd night serene, the stiff'ning force
 O' the enclasping cold fa's fast upon
 The whitened warld—till bright *day*, at last
 Starts frae his southern couch, wi' joyless look,
 Upo' the sounding fells.—The morn', again,
 Calls forth the shepherd to his wonted hill;
 An' bids the drooping cottager repair
 Unto his daily toil, to try to earn,
 In snow, an' harden'd storm, his daily food,
 Now, rude the wonders of the *wild* appear,
 Involv'd in drifted tempest, fast congeal'd.
 The various labor o' the night intense,
 In dripping cave, an' murm'ring water-fall,
 Looks rough an' hoary, to the rising day.
 Frae thatched eaves the icicles depend,
 In glitt'ring show—an' the once bick'ring stream,

Imprison'd

Imprison'd by the ice, low-growling, runs,
 Below the crystal pavement.—Wi' the dawn,
 The wild-goose wings her way, frae frozen lakes,
 In search o' sustenance in tepid fens.
 The snipe, rous'd by the early traveller,
 Starts frae the slimy drain; and, to the spring,
 Wide smoking with the sun, now waubles fast.
 The teal, insensate to her hapless fate,
 At setting sun, amidst the loosen'd ice
 Her station takes.—The lapper'd lake, 'ere morn,
 Cementing, firm, frae shore to shore, involves
 Her *lucken* feet, fast frozen in the flood.
 Now to the open springs, amidst the shade
 Of tow'ring speargrass, in the silent marsh,
 The wild-duck bends her flight:—There, frae the
 view
 Of tyrannous man conceal'd, she feeds secure,
 Upo' the grassy blade—her only store
 That may survive the storm.—Be it thy care,
 Fond Sportsman! while the gloomy veil of night

Thy purpose shades, to reach the cover'd bank,
Which over-looks the pool—an' while, at dawn,
The quaiking tribe advances, point your *piece*,
Wi' slug well charg'd; an' rake the wheeling string,
Frae van to rear, wi' the rude rankling death.

The sun, still urging onward in his course,
Again our region blesses.—Now, afar,
Among the snow-clad hills, the village smokes;
An' a' the jovial fons of honest mirth,
Wi' gladsome hearts, bid welcome to the day.

Forth to the frozen lake, on frolic keen,
The youthfu' fwains repair.—A medley *throng*,
On various sports intent, hither resort;
An' mixing in the band of social life,
Fondly conven'd, upo' the river crowd.—
Old age is here an idle *looker-on*,
On revelry, in which it once did join.
E'en infants, here, mix with the multitude,

Utt'ring

Utt'ring their puerile clamour, to the skies.
 Some shoot the icy fragments.—To the goal,
 Some hurl the polish'd pebble.—Some the top,
 Fast whirling frae their thumbs, whip dext'rouly—
 An' some, bold, frae the crushed bank dart on,
 String after string, the sleek well-polish'd *slide*.
 Hither, the manly *youth*, in jovial bands,
 Frae ev'ry hamlet swarm.—Swift as the wind
 Some sweep, on sounding skates, smoothly along,
 In din some clang, circling a thousand ways,
 Till the wide crystal pavement, bending, rairs,
 Frae shore to shore, by th' rush o' madden'd joy.
 On sledges some hurl rapidly along,
 Eager, an' turning oft' to 'scape the flaws,
 An' dang'rous chinks, the wind an' sun have made.
 But, manliest of all! the vig'rous *youth*,
 In bold contention met, the channelstane,
 The bracing engine of a Scottish arm,
 To shoot wi' might an' skill.—Now, to the lake,
 At rising sun, with hopes of conquest flush'd,

The armed heroes meet.—Frae dale to doon
 The salutation echoes—and, amain,
 The baubee tofs'd, wha shall wi' ither fight,
 The cap'ring combatants the war commence—
 Hence, loud, throughout the vale, the noise is
 heard,
 Of thumping rocks, an' loud bravadoes' roar.

God prosper long the hearty friends

Of honest pleasures all;

A mighty *curling* match once did

At C*****w**k befall.

To hurl the channelstane wi' skill,

Lanfloddan took his way;

The child that's yet unborn will sing,

The curling of that day.

The champion of Ullisdale

A broad rash aith did make,

His pleasure, near the Cam'ron isle,

Ae winter's day to take.

Bold Ben o' Tudor sent him word,

He'd match him at the sport.

The Chief o' Ken, on hearing this,

Did to the ice resort.

Wi' channelstanes, baith glib an' strong,

His army did advance—

Their *crampets* o' the trusty steel,

Like bucklers broad did glance,

A band, wi' befoms, high uprear'd,

Weel made o' broom the best,

Before them, like a moving wood,

Unto the combat press'd.

The gallant gamesters briskly mov'd

To meet the daring fae—

On Monday they had reach'd the lake,

By breaking of the day.

The chieftains muster'd on the ice,

Right eager to begin—

Their channelstanes, by special care,

Where a' baith stout an' keen.

Their rocks they hurled up the rink—

Ilk to *bring in* his hand—

An' hill an' valley, dale an' doon,

Rang wi' the ardent band.

Glenbuck upo' the *cockee* stood—

His merry men drew near—

Quoth he, Bentudor promised

This morn' to meet me here.

But if I thought he would not come—

We'd join in social play.

With that, the *leader* of the ice,

Unto Glenbuck did say

Lo, yonder does Bentudor come—

His men wi' crampets bright—

Twelve channelstanes, baith hard an' smooth,

Come rolling in our sight.

All chosen rocks of Mulloch heugh,
 Fast by the tow'ring Scree—
 Then tye your *crampets*, Glenbuck cries—
 Prepare ye for the speal.

And now with me, choice men of Ken,
 Your curling skill display—
 For never was their *curler* yet,
 Of village or of brae,

That e'er wi' channelstane did come,
 But if he would submit
 To *hand to niewe* I'd pledge this crag,
 I should his *winner* hit.

Bentudor, like a warrior bold,
 Came foremost o' them a'—
 A besom on his shouther slung;
 On's hans twa mittens bra.

An' with him forth came Tullochfern;

An' Tom o' Broomyshaw—

Stout Robert o' Heston, Ratcliff, and

Young John o' Fotheringhaw.

An' wi' the laird o' Cairnyhowes,

A *curler* guid an' true,

Good Ralph o' Titherbore, an' Slacks—

Their *marrows* there are few.

Of Fernybank needs must I speak,

As ane of aged skill.

Simon of Shots, the nephew bold

Of Cairny on the hill.

With brave Glenbuck came *curlers* twelve—

All dext'rous men of Dee.

Robin o' Mains, Clim o' the Cleugh,

An' fam'd Montgomery.

Gamewell the brisk, of Napplehowes,

A valiant blade is he.

Harry o' Thorn, Gib o' the Glen,

The stoutest o' the three.

An' the young heir of Birnyholm,

Park, Craigs, Lamb o' the lin-

Allan of Airds, a *sweeper* good;

An' Charley o' Lochfin.

Bentudor a Riscarrel crag,

Twice up the ice hurl'd he,

Good sixty cloth-yards, and a span,

Saying, "so long let it be."

It pleas'd them a'—Ilk then wi' speed,

Unto his weapon flew—

First, Allan o' Airds his whinstane *rock*,

Straight up the *white ice* drew.

“ *A good beginning!*” cries Glenbuck—
 Slacks fidging at the fight,
 Wi’s bra *blue-cap*, lent Airds a smack ;
 Then roared out “ *good night!*”

Next Robin o’ Mains, a *leader* good,
 Close to the witter drew—
 Ratcliff went by, an’ ’cause he miss’d,
 Pronounc’d the ice untrue.

Gib o’ the Glen, a noble *herd*,
 Behind the *winner* laid—
 Then Fotheringhaw, a *sidelin* shot,
 Close to the *circle* play’d.

Montgom’ry, *mettlefu’*, an’ *fain*,
 A *rackless* stroke did draw ;
 But miss’d his aim, an’ ’gainst the *herd*,
 Dang frae his *clint* a flaw.

With that stepp'd forward Tullochfern,
An' (saying to hit, he'd try)
A leal shot ettled at the cock,
Which shov'd the *winner* by.

Clim o' the Cleugh, on seeing that,
Sten'd forth, an' frae his knee,
A flow shot drew, wi' muckle care,
Which settled on the *tee*.

Ralph, vexed at the fruitless play,
The cockee butted fast—
His stane being glib, to the loch-en',
Close by the witter past.

Stout Robert o' Heston, wi' his broom,
Came stepping up wi' might—
Quoth he, " my *Abbey-burn-fit*
Shall win the *speal* this night.

With that brisk Gamewell, up the rink,
 His well *mill'd* rock did hurl—
 Which rubbing Ratcliff on the *cheek*,
 Around the cock did twirl.

Now stepp'd a noted gamester forth,
 Fernybank was his name—
 Wha said, he would not have it told
 At C*****w**k, for shame;

That e'er the chief o' Ken should bear
 The palm of victory—
 Then heezing his Kilmarnock hood,
 Unto the *cock* drew he.

The *stones* wi' muckle martial din,
 Rebouncing frae ilk shore,
 Now thick, thick, thick, each other chas'd,
 An' up the rink did roar.

They

They clos'd fast on every side—

A *port* could scarce be found—

An' many a broken channelstane

Lay scatter'd up an' down.

“ Show me the winner,” crys Glenbuck ;

“ An' a' behind stan' aff ;”

Then rattled up the rocking crag,

An' ran the *port* wi' *life*.

Bentudor flung his bonnet by,

An' took his stane wi' speed—

Quoth he, “ my lads, the day is ours”—

Their chance is past remead.

Syne hurlin through the crags o'Ken,

Wi' *inrings*, nice an' fair,

He struck the *winner* frae the cock,

A lang clath-yard, an' mair.

The speal did last frae nine forenoon,

Till setting o' the sun—

For when the hern sraich'd to her tree,

The combat scarce was done.

Thus did Bentudor an' Glenbuck,

Their curling contest end.

They met baith merry i' the morn'—

At night they parted friends.

The

The sportive *field* is o'er.—Now, friendly, all
 Conveened o'er a bowl of nect'rous juice,
 Recount the fam'd achievements o' the day—
 The song goes round.—Among the jovial sons
 O' health an' peace, true mirth is melody.
 Regardless of, or consonance or voice, the catch, the
 glee,
 The martial tale is sung—an' frae the mouths
 O' the concording company, applause abounds.
 The laugh, the roar, the mirthfu' story, round
 The wakefu' table spread.—The banter too,
 For eminence in curling pow'r an' skill,
 Rings through the lighted dome.—Again, the hard,
 The well-contested *speal* is called up—
 The wide-spread *table* to the rink is turn'd;
 An' bowls an' bottles, implements of *war*.
 Here stands the *winner* by a bottle hid,
 Immoveable, save by a nice *inring*—
 There stands the *tee*—up through this *port* he came,
 Wi' a' his might—on *this* he gently rubb'd—

On *that* he brak an *egg*—from *that* to *this*,
 From *this* to *that*, thump, thump, amidst the
 thrang,
 At length the winner struck, wi' mettled smack ;
 An' sent *him* birling up aboon the *fire*.

Since jovial thus, the social sons of mirth,
 The wint'ry minutes pass—be it *my* lot,
 In some snug corner of my native land,
 Unknowing, or *servility* or *wealth*,
 Far frae the busy world, remote to dwell ;
 Where, loud the founding skate, upo' the lake,
 Re-echoes frae ilk shore—where hurling sledge,
 Upo' the icy pavement, boundeth far ;
 An' where the channelstane loud roaring, makes
 The hamlet hynd depress'd wi' pensive cares,
 Forget his every trouble, in his joy.
 There, in some quiet retirement, would I pass
 The Winter's gloomy days, wi' social friends
 O' sterling wit an' jest.—With them I'd join

In a' the various scenes o' rural mirth,
 An' rural joy.—With them, o' pliant soul,
 I would of Nature's boundless province sing—
 Admiring still the Season's gradual change;
 An' each fair object through the varied year.

The moon, full orb'd, o'er the *lift* serene,
 Slides brightly.—Now the wakefu' *village* swarms
 Upo' the sheeted puddle, sportive, in
 The bond of social merriment, promiscuous, met.
 Some set astride on stools, are push'd along
 Upo' the floored fosh—while some on stanes,
 Frae the smooth top o' the incrust'd brae,
 Adown the slipp'ry surface swiftly glide.
 The rustic swain within his cottage fits;
 An' rousing up the ingle, bids the hand
 Of industry go on.—The *eident* lass
 Draws frae the teasing comb, the *fin'd* fleece—
 The spinner turns the wheel wi' nimble hand—

The chuffy callan in the corner leans,
 Peeling hempen stalks.—The goblin story,
 By hear-say only often handed down,
 Is fondly told, till superstitious fear
 Pervades the fireside, an' horror creeps
 Through ilk alarmed breast, involving e'en
 The *teller* in the terror, by his tale.

 Or frequent in the lighted chamber, they
 In rural mirth, by scrape o' fiddle rous'd,
 Their gambols play.—The *bumpkin* brisk, is up—
 The floor *conducted*; an' wi' nimble heels,
 To the tune *Shawntrews*, the hornpipe is cut.
 Rustic simplicity in pleasing jest,
 Flows frae ilk shepherd's tongue.—The laugh, the
 joke,
 In much good humour, round the circle spread;
 An' frae the dozing maid, guardless, alone,
 Is snatch'd the hasty kifs.—Thus, the dull hours,

O' winter-gloom, glide on, jocund an' gay;
An' love, responsive, crowns the stormy night.

The bauld, keen-biting force of Boreas, by
The blust'ring South is blunted.—Now, the frost,
Resolving to a thaw, through mead an' dale,
Runs trickling to the burn.—The mountains now,
Unto the morning sun, their airy fides
Show spotted.—And, the drizzling heavy clouds,
Adown ilk valley spread.—Soft sleet descends—
An' rain, fast rushing frae the vap'rous *lift*,
Drives through the air; an' 'gainst the snowy cliff,
Dashes wi' drenching pith.—The drifted glens,
Sunk by the soft'ning zephyrs, an' the rills,
Long bound wi' frozen tempest, now begin
To trickle, gurgling, through the loosen'd storm.
The deep'ning rivers o'er their verges swell,
Impetuous, bearing on the madden'd stream
The icy fragments, crashing awfu' o'er
Each rocky fall, unto the briny main.

Now

Now to the risen day, the wat'ry world
 Its delug'd face presents.—The snow-fed streams,
 Though woods an' valleys swell; an' the wide
 plain,

Loud fushing frae afar, a fullen flood
 Sends rushing to the deep, a thousand ways,
 Leaving the grassless braes, a slimy waste.

Stern Winter now, upo' the sadden'd fields,
 His last grim *look* presents.—How dreary 'neath
 His flatt'ning rigid pow'r, the vegetable,
 An' tunefu' warlds lie!—Dread devastation,
 Throughout the wide domain, horror extends,
 An' sweeps triumphant, o'er the vanquish'd year.

The sun, more potent, temperates the clods;
 An' Spring peeps cautious on the biely braes.
 The husbandman walks lightly o'er the glebe,
 The plough-tail glad to touch.—The new-born
 year

Begets

Begets rejoicing in the Shepherd's breast,
While on he plods, his wonted hills among,
Collecting to the fold, his scatter'd flock.

Now frae her storm-bound port, the trading
bark

Forth launches to the deep.—The coming sun
Gladdens ilk heart, wi' his enliv'ning pow'r—
Recruits the waned visage o' the year ;
An' bids the springing world smile again.

F I N I S.

I K E mony mae, wi' what they write,
Unto the *heap* I've cast my *mite*—

But let not any coof, through spite,

Condemn the thing.

For Nature said she wou'd indite,

If I cou'd sing.

My tip-horn syne, I loudly tooted ;

An' ca'd the Muse, that was sure-footed ;

An' bade her gallop, nimble-cooted,

Through thick and thin—

Her *tittas* clap'd their hips an' hooted,

“ Ah hole ahin !”

Yet ne'er a ane o' them she heeded,

But over hills an' dales fast speeded—

She ken'd right well, that what I needed,

Wi' a' that bustle,

Was, what nane o' them ever dreamed—

A boortree whuffle.

The pipe procur'd—an' wi' 't contented—

Fu' fast the side o' Scree I sklent—

My faul wi' verra joy was stented

When, at the summit,

I to my lips the t'ing presented,

That I could *hum* it.

Tir'd wi' the steep, an' something dizzy,

I hunker'd down, sae did the hizzy—

We then began to be sae busy,

As ne'er was like—

As on I wrote, she look'd sae cozy,

It gar'd me fyke—

She bade me look frae pole to pole;

An' sing the wide amazing *whole*—

But, quoth I, lassie, do but thole

My quill a wee—

'Tween John o' Groats, an' Bogle-Hole,

Enough I see.

Well pleased baith, wi' riggs an' bogs,
 Meads, dales, an' braes, an' shady scrogs;
 An' dinfome clang o' boys an' dogs,

I on did scribble—

We gied our pows the tither fhog,

To make it dribble.

Spring in our minds we circumveen'd,

Adorned like a Pathian Queen,

Wi' flow'rets lovely to be seen;

A beauteous train—

With moon-light dancers on the green,

A' friskin fain.

Through Summer's ardent walks we trod,

'Mang burning stanes, an' melting clods—

The brown burn-brae, an' scorched fod,

Our notes rehears'd—

Which made us say, “ 'Tis e'en right odd

To write in verse.”

Through

Through Autumn's walks, o' bushy pines—

O' yellow corn, an' ripen'd vines—

We brush'd our way—yet, laith to tine

Amang the sprouts

Of luscious grapes, an' peaches fine,

The passage out.

'Mang Winter's snaws, turn'd almost doited,

I swagger'd forth—but near han' stoited—

The Muse, at that, grew capernoited ;

— An' ca'd me bumble—

Then on my doup, I straightway cloited,

Saying “ Mifs, your humble.”

E P I S T L E

T O

WILLIAM BURNEY,

A

BROTHER POET.

SEE, Willy! thou poetic wag—
 Booted and spur'd, I'm on my nag—
 Come mount, an' with thee bring the bag
 O' thy *best swatches*—
 Nane that can o' a *new coat* brag,
 Will boast of *patchkes*.

I'm on my *round* to take in *orders*—
 Wha *fastest* rides does aft *least* forder—
 Therefore, ere we shall reach the *border*,
 May be *your Muse*
 Shall see *my poney* out of order,
 For lack o' shoes.

But

but I'll jog on as I've begun

An' speak my queries with the inn—

Though a' the world should o' me think

An' o' the world—

When'er I meet we'll see

'Tis by all good

and good

G L O S S A R Y.

A.

ABOON, *above*
 Aff-loof, *off-hand, extempore*
 Aught, *eight*

B.

Ba's, *balls, heaps*
 Bafs, *a place in the East of Scotland*
 Baith, *both*
 Ban, *curse*
 Beltan, *Whitfuntide*
 Bengairn, *a hill adjoining Screel*
 Bentudor, *a hill adjoining Bengairn*
 Beetle, *a wooden instrument to mash potatoes*
 Bienly, *well, happily*
 Biggin, *building*
 Bill, *bull*
 Birny, *covered with singed heath*
 Birflin, *scorcbing*
 Bluidy-fingers, *fax-glove*
 Bleezing, *blazing, flaming*
 Bonny, *lovely, pretty*
 Booricks, *shepherds' huts*

Boortree, *wild alder*
 Bowkail, *cabbages*
 Brae, *rising ground*
 Brainge, *confused haste*
 Brattle, *run quickly*
 Brekans, *fern*
 Breeks, *breeches*
 Bruilie, *bruising*
 Bumbee-bykes, *wild bees' nests*
 Bum, *backside*
 Bummels, *wild bees*
 Bumble, *blunderer*
 Buntlin, *blackbird*
 Burn, *a rivulet*

C.

Caller, *cool*
 Canny, *heedful*
 Caper, *frisk, dance*
 Capernoited, *angry, impatient*
 Carkin, *scratching*
 Chap, *knock*
 Chirtin, *confining laughter*
 Chink, *money*
 Churm, *tune, sing*
 Clachan, *village*

Claff,

Claff, *cliff*
 Clocks, *beetles*
 Clock, *hatch*
 Cloited, *squatted, sat down*
 Cluds, *clouds, multitudes*
 Cluthers, *heaps, crowds*
 Colly, *a dog*
 Coof, *blockhead*
 Corback, *roof of an house*
 Cour, *ly squat*
 Cowing, *cutting*
 Cowan, *not a free mason*
 Craig, *rock, the neck*
 Croon, *hum, sing*
 Crouse, *courageous*
 Cutes, *anle bones*

D.

Dee. *This river issues from a lake of the same name; and, after a meandring course among the hills, joins the river Ken, a few miles below the town of New Galloway, where it forms a lake, called Loch Ken, above eight miles in length; falling thence, a short space, it forms an island; on the south end of which, stands the celebrated Castle Trief—there, uniting, it takes a S. W. course, and falls into the sea at Kirkcud-bright*

Dights, *wipes*
 Donfy, *unfortunate*
 Doos, *pigeons*

Dorty, *haughty, nice*
 Doup, *bottom, backside*
 Dowy, *lowspirited, melancholy*
 Draps, *falls*
 Duddy, *ragged*
 Dunner, *thundering noise*

E.

Eerie brow, *frightened, wild countenance*
 Eild, *age*
 Erts, *urges, prompts*

F.

Farley, *wonder*
 Fash'd, *troubled, concerned*
 Feckless, *weak*
 Fell, *rocky bill*
 Fit, *foot*
 Flosh, *swamp*
 Foggy, *soft downy grass*
 Forbears, *forefathers*
 Forfairn'd, *fatigued, frightened, confused*
 Frae, *from*
 Fremmit, *stranger, foe*
 Fur, *furrow*
 Fumert, *a pole-cat*
 Fykes, *fidges*

G.

Gab, *mouth, muzzle*
 Gang, *go, walk*
 Gar, *make, oblige*
 Gimmers, *ewes*
 Girn, *grin, to complain*

Glaiket,

Glaiket, *wanton*
 Gled, *kite*
 Gleg, *quicksighted*
 Glens, *dells*
 Glent, *twinkle*
 Glowrin, *gazing, staring*
 Gopinfus, *handfuls*
 Gouk, *cuckoo*
 Gowan, *a flower*
 Gully, *knife*
 Gumsheon, *knowledge, sense*

H.

Haffet, *forehead, the temples*
 Hallan, *door*
 Hallion, *a clown*
 Hayes, *a dance by three persons in the figure 8*
 Heezy, *conveyance*
 Hefts, *lifts up, carries*
 Heght, *heavy fall*
 Hillan, *hillock*
 Hinny-crock, *honey-cup*
 Hirples, *limps*
 Hoke, *dig*
 Hole-ahin, *term of reproach*
 Hoody, *crow*
 Hoolets, *owls*
 Hostin, *coughing*
 Howes, *valleys*
 Hurdies, *posteriors*

I.

Jaws, *waves*
 Jazy, *wig*

O z

Ingle, *fire*
 Jumper, *a boring-iron*

K.

Keaws, *daws*
 Keek, *look*
 Kemp'd, *striven*
 King-hood, *great gut*
 Kinkin, *vomiting*
 Kimmers, *witches*
 Kir, *wanton*
 Kirn, *the feast called Harvest-home*
 Knowe, *little hill, a hillock*

L.

Laggin, *bottom*
 Lapper'd, *encrusted, thickened*
 Leal, *honest, true*
 Lift, *sky, heaven*
 Limmer, *a term of reproach*
 Lin, *glen, or dell*
 Linties, *linnets*
 Lochan, *small lake,*
 Loof, *hollow of the hand*
 Lowin, *blazing*
 Luckies, *old women*
 Lucken, *web-footed*
 Lugs, *ears*
 Lunner, *smart stroke*
 Lyart, *spotted, of various hues*

M.

Mair, *more*
 Mawkin, *bare*
 Mavis, *thrush*

Meltit,

Meltit, *meal, repast*
 Midges, *a kind of flies*
 Miscaed, *nicknamed*
 Mifrid, *revelled*
 Moudy, *mole*
 Muckle, *much, great*
 Mun, *spoon*

N.

Nae, *no*
 Napple, *a sweet wild root*
 Nappy, *nut-brown ale*
 Neb, *bill*
 Noofly, *handsomely*

O.

Ony, *any*

P.

Padder'd, *beaten, trodden*
 Paddock, *frog*
 Peghing, *breathing hastily*
 Pellucks, *porpoises*
 Penches, *entrails*
 Pet piats, *tame magpies*
 Pingle-pan, *tin pot*
 Plodded, *walked at random*
 Plumrocks, *primroses*
 Pows, *heads*
 Powheads, *tadpoles*
 Prie, *taste*
 Purn, *reel of yarn*

R.

Rackless, *regardless*
 Rair, *report*

Reeking, *fmoaking*
 Riddle, *sieve*
 Riggin, *roof, back*
 Rin, *run*
 Routh, *plenty*
 Rowt, *bellow, lowe*

S.

Saig, *bullock*
 Saugh trees, *withies*
 Scarrow, *faint light*
 Scour, *to move swiftly*
 Screel, *This mountain is situated in the Stewarty of Kirkcudbright; from its summit there is an extensve prospect; it commands an uninterrupted view of the Solway Frith, from the Mull of Galloway to the River Nith—and of the English shore, from Carlisle to St. Bee's Head, with the Isle of Man distinctly. To the northward, inland, the view is terminated by the hills of Cree, distant about forty miles.*

Screed, *roar*
 Scrlmpit, *scarce measure*
 Scroggy, *bushy*
 Selchs, *seals*
 Shangin, *a cleft stick put to a dog's tail*
 Shoots, *blossoms*
 Sic, *so, such*
 Sinny, *sunny*

Skep,

Skep, *hive*
 Sklentin, *oblique*
 Skraich, *screech*
 Sleugh, *slough*
 Snoddest, *smoothest*
 Sock, *part of a plough*
 Sod, *turf*
 Sonfy, *well-favoured, sweet, mild*
 Soffes, *falls heavily*
 Spae, *foretell*
 Spartle, *jerk, leap*
 Spate, *heavy rain, a flood*
 Spaul, *limb*
 Speels, *climbs*
 Spleuchan, *pouch*
 Sploiting, *spouting, squirting*
 Spool, *shuttle*
 Spruce, *smart*
 Squintin, *leering*
 Stane, *stone*
 Starved, *satiated*
 Sten, *leap*
 Stoited, *staggered*
 Stoor, *dust*
 Strae, *straw*
 Streaw, *a shrew mouse*
 Sugh, *noise*
 Supple, *flail*
 Swither, *between two opinions, dilemma*
 Syne, *afterwards, next*

T.

Taks, *takes*
 Tammocks, *hillocks*
 Tapt, *knock'd gently*

Tarrow'd, *loathed*
 Tates, *small parcels*
 Tents, *listens, observes, marks*
 Thiggin, *a polite way of begging*
 Thule, ~~of~~ *the Hebrides*
 Timmer spurtles, *pieces of wood*
 Tine, *lofe*
 Tips, *rams*
 Titta, *sister*
 Tod, *fox*
 Toom, *empty*
 Tweelie, *quarrel, battle*

U.

Unco's, *strange stories, news*
 Unken'd, *unknown, forget*

W.

Wast, *woof*
 Wa'fu', *woeful*
 Waly, *a small flower*
 Wa's, *walls*
 Wauble, *to move up and down*
 Weans, *children*
 Wee wheen, *a small parcel*
 Wha, *who*
 Whamble, *tumble*
 Whins, *furze*
 Whups, *carries off suddenly*
 Winsome, *cheerful, agreeable*

Y.

Yaupish, *greedily*
 Yeard, *earth*
 Yorlins, *yellow-ammers*
 Yowe, *ewe*

E R R A T A.

Page 3, line 1, for *learn*, read *practise*.—Ditto l. 10, for *hallow*, r. *bollow*.—P. 5, l. 2, and 4, for *a*, r. *a'*.—P. 10, end of l. 7, dele.—l. 16, r. *cleads*.—P. 14, l. 7, for *ne'er*, r. *nor*.—P. 17, l. 3, for *these*, r. *thofe*.—P. 19, l. 7, r. *as be, nane theré was ever ken'd*.—P. 45, l. 6, for *a*, r. *an'*.—P. 46, l. 1, for *reign*, r. *rein*.—P. 57, l. 4, r. *unweildy*.—P. 63, l. 14, at the end put.—P. 70, l. 4, for *bills*, r. *fills*.—P. 72, l. 6, for *jumkin*, r. *jumpin*.—P. 78, l. 8, for *ber*, r. *wi'r*.—P. 95, l. 16, r. *straightway*.—P. 113, l. 2, for *a'*, r. *o'*.—P. 133, l. 9, r. *bid*.—P. 173, l. 4, r. *seasons'*.—P. 176, l. 3, r. *through*.