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*Use Manual
Issue*

SAME DAY LOAN

JOHN HEWITT COLLECTION

A COLLECTION
OF
POEMS AND SONGS,
ON RURAL SUBJECTS.

BY
ROBERT HUDDLESTON.

Again, the tenor key we'll touch,
Tho' on us it should bring reproach.

BELFAST:
PRINTED BY J. SMYTH, HIGH-STREET.

1844.

PREFACE.

"THAT there is a fellow full of presumption—nearly jumping stark mad for the want of a sound beating in the far-famed sweet land of Moneyrea, is a plain fact. Up critics and at him! and let the clown rue his audacity beneath your scorpion lashes. But for H——'s sake only tatter the book; don't bite at his corporeal hardies, or faith he'll kick, and there will be a sad hubbub o't. If he is as able as a valliant general to 'deager' with his antagonists, why, he shall live; and deathless shall be his name! If not, why not scuttle his hull and level him with the ground, and immure him swiftly in the murky womb of oblivion; and there let him lie forgotten and gone with many of his luckless lot!"

So sings in my ear some supernatural "wee weel" as I clasp my pen to dedicate my lore; and with its saying, indulgent reader, I should leave you to wait my fate, were it not customary to say a little at the beginning of a New Book; as by littles and by littles, it becomes a muckle, thereby framing the Book itself. Now, for the remainder of my Preface; and as uncle Billy said when he was for kissing aunty Nelly, "we'll do't as we can."

Countrymen, to know what to say to you, I am really at a stand. Though no scholar, I could easily search

dictionaries, and find you a multitude of big words, and plant them here and there; which, when I was reading again, I could scarcely understand myself, did I think it would suit your taste. But, to do this, would only mistify sense; and I believe the easiest way a story can be told is the best: so I proceed to tell you the tale in my own style, as easy as possible.

To begin to write a long introduction to a book, I know requires an able author to perform the task, with aught like credit or approbation. To push a book forward to the world without aught isagogical (though some say that the book is the best Preface in itself): without a syllable for why or for what it comes, is rather an insult on public feelings. Again, on the other hand, it would be but a blunt, or rather audacious action, to begin to tell the old hackneyed story of the many thousands of authors petitioning and imploring for esteem; praying you to balance the many difficulties which they had to encounter, in comparison with the more wealthy, idle, learned, and educated. This, in my humble opinion, would be but a mere waste of time and paper. I supplicate on no such score; neither do I beseech any one of common sense to take pity; the great difference between a highly educated gentleman, and the common-place illiterate school learning of a mere homely peasant, being already weighed in my favour. Any who shall read the productions of the Country Bard, will easily discern to what sect he belongs—*one more to the numerical number of road side ditty singers, rhyming in the broad dialect of his country.* In a word, the Author is but a poor man—and a poor man's son; and he fears he is never to be rich, so long as he has got the Muse for an inheritance.

It can be of no avail, to know how it was that the Author became a man of genius, or rhyme. If *genius* you would mince at, he tells you with candour, that he considers himself not altogether destitute of that sacred gem. If *rhyming*, as perhaps best suits his character; from a very early date he was an ardent and zealous lover of rhyme. His young breast glowing with ardour and fellow-feeling; assuredly before the dawn of reason, he felt as if he were ordained one of the priests of the oracle of rustic poetry. He remembers well the first doggerel ever he in his youthhood formed. It was on a *famous pair*, while roosted in the muddy ditch, with ashovel in his hand—(as we country folks would have it) "scourin' a dyke sheugh", along with his fellow labourer, at the years of early teens. The heroine of connubial felicity after the gallantry of the first night, taking as it were, a disgust at her man-like bedfellow; turning tail to the partner of her life; scarcely letting him come within bay length, without invectives, screeches, and misnomers against his worthlessness; at the same time taking a giddy height, climbing up an old fairy thorn that overhung the roof of her dwelling (while woe bedeen the poor husband,) in her frisky frivolity; proof against his entreaties and remonstrances to come lie a second time with him; calling on her fair haired Tammie, with the rebuke, that an infant was superior to all the charms and abilities with which the paramour was gifted, to whom her destiny had been so lucklessly affixed. This, the hobby on which the Bard first built the powers of music—the harmony of clink—the mamby-pamby of rude burlesque; and displayed the influence of a child working to obtain a Muse. He felt in his breast an

isly thro' of desire, as if he longed to say something on the event. He set about trying the use of words; calling line upon line for his own amusement and gratification; and as the powers of speech swayed him along, he found the clink to come easier than the prose; thereby forming a satirical mean ballad at the shrine of the wedded pair of Ballycroghy; which, however, is long since consigned to the flames by the querulous friend of idiosyncrasy.

Hence, the epoch of Bob's misery having arrived, before scarce his well-doing had being, he ever after gave ear to his principal care-killer (though his care augments), as she learned him her lays; conning as time rolled on through the sable paths of misfortune (a slave to mishap), over the bustle of turmoil; smoothing the hardship of his age, and the woes attendant upon labour as his allotted portion. Unwearying in his exertions, he has composed by degrees rhymes enough, if they be sterling; of which he now presents a sample to the public, by the injunctions of some friends who surrounded him, saying "Bob, you must publish;" and by the assistance of whom, the edition has come to the Press, which never was designed for it. No! never with the mind of ambition that it would be an ornament to literature, or with the paralytic idea that it should shine in the circle of the great. But this is a mere impulse of "clashmaclaver"; a bombastic phrase of every puny fool who trembles to show himself in paper clothing. Shall I too, tread on the beaten path, and plead the same excuse? Yes; but I will reason the case:—

If it was not prepared to meet the public, or the Press, or designed for the company of my neighbours,

why is it dressed in the garb in which it now stands, and thrown forth from the gloomy manuscripts to the beams of light? The question as simply asked, as briefly shall be answered: That the curiosity of my friends might be satisfied, and my vanity flattered; and let me tell you, the tribe has a knowing of it.—I mean those hot-headed, warm-hearted philanthropists called Poets, have a hankering after praise. But who is it that does not love to be flattered?

Fame, the dearest meed of every author, though he were the merest creature of a day; he tells you throwing the mask of hypocrisy aside, and treading underfoot duplicity along with the rest of his kind, that all he aspires at, is to shake hands with the wild, but respectable dame called "fame." If it be denied him, he must only, as is customary, make his bow and retire in silence. If fame be denied him (the girl which he suffers the privations of the world for), he must only lay his wild harp by his side, and sink into the murky shades of obscurity from whence he emerged; no more to obtrude his dissonant trifles on the ear of a discreet and enlightened world; no more to tell the tale in his own boorish style; the Poem in his uncultivated strain; or sing to the glowing morn the anthems of inspiration; or the shades of even the mellow and tender passions of unambitious love.

Then, what shall the fair and flowery maidens of Moneyrea, and its surrounding districts—and its worthy, lively, and sportive swains do? Shall they be buried in oblivion; no more to be noted along with their kindred Bard—Blythe Robin? No; they shall live! though the world may brand him with the epithet of blockhead

or impertinent dolt; nescient of aught that is good; the heart that loves song so dearly shall never cease—till ceases its vibrating pulses—to carol their praise, though consigned solely to the pleasing of a few whom it esteems as friends; since not fitted to shine on the platform of a scientific, and world working community.

To have sank down, without trial, hung headed on the back ground, as perhaps would best suit him; would been, to have lived and died like one Erostratus, who burned the famous temple of Diana at Ephesus, had he not made an effort to obtain a lasting reward in the miserable deed. Such, peradventure, as the said Erostratus, by a deed of worthlessness he shall survive. But no; let them and him first sleep in darkness, forgot and gone.

To the learned and the polite whom this little volume may fall into the hands of; the Author has no apology to give. Certainly, it is wanting almost of the language of the day; neither has he travelled to London for the prevailing and gusted idiom of the sister land, for the more powerfully expressing pathos, sentiment, sublimity, and talent; but with the language which nature brought him to his door, and handed to him at the first dawn of prattle, and bade him wear through life; he slugs with pride the funny drolls—the doleful woes—the loves and pleasures of his native land; convinced, that the learned, worthy, and honourable, if they see aught to commend, will not disparage, because sung in the broad plain dialect of rural simplicity.

Moore and Byron may sing in the first order of poets, along with Shakspeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Cowper, Blair, Young, Addison, and Scott. Ramsay, Fergu-

son, Burns, and Tannahill may tune their wild pipes bonnie; but the bird that is willing to sing, cannot be despised, though his strains be not as melodious as the requiems of the nightingale; the enlivening music of the thrush; or the mellow tones of the linnet, or “wood lark wild.” All must sing as their great patron, Nature, ordains them. Though hoarse and guttural, do me the honour to believe, that I am as willing as ever a bird in the Emerald Isle to sing; and, that my lays are original, if not harmonious.

In Ulster Irish (which some in their unmeaning eccentricity may term Scotch, to tear even the credit of language from its mother home), I sing the most of my songs. Know, that until the 15th century, this was the ancient Scotia, and the now modern Scotland, only the minor plant; and it is a questionable point yet by some, but given in by all men of profound knowledge and erudition, that the inhabitants of Scotland are the descendants of the people of Erin. Then Erin must be the mother land.—To fix up another paragraph in the Preface; this is as true as to say the sun shines. If he is doomed to break his neck, the hearty buck who rejoices at his downfall, cannot brand the simple Author with the pert word “liar”; or have the effrontery to say he is insincere. And surely this must say a good deal to his credit, when all things else fail him—one of the rhyming legion a truth teller!

The Poems in themselves, are the effusions of mere juvenile days. They may have merit, or not; but should any of them please, the Author builds himself up, that he shall yet by more mature consideration (if life be propitious,) engraft himself in the graces of his

countrymen. However, by the public's opinion, they must either stand or fall; as the Author has no spacious grange, lucrative estate, towering castle, nor gothic dome to attract the gaze of the world, or entice esteem. Again, he says, by their own strength they must either live or die. But, detest me not, because I'm poor. Flee, if you have wings, Oh verse! if not, die; and grovelling leave the more powerful and sancy to carol in thy stead.

And, now gentle and indulgent reader, I will shortly have done. I am but young yet; my reading has not been extensive. I feel all the warmer throes of reason and nature fluttering in my bosom; but without a full power of words, or a facility of language to make myself properly known to you. I aspire not to that degree of merit which belongs to the Poets who flourished in former years, at the time poetry was saleable, and by far my superiors in every point; but one more to the number of country Bards, I sing my songs to you. All Poets can only sing in their day; snarl not at the word Poet, though it may here be inadvertently applied. Had I come earlier, perhaps I might have been more esteemed; but the lateness of coming is not my fault. I know a man in this modern age without being an elegant scholar, is unable to carry the bay; and I fear I see the tempest lowering that is to overwhelm me, and capsize the lowly fabric that I have raised. But when you put on your critical spectacles, keep the character in view that you are to criticise. Inundate me not, nor rally invectives against me, if I be not worthy of them. Place not your battery guns on the ramparts of bigotry or prejudice. Abuse me not until you have

with certainty found me the foe. Give not ear to the scoff of the world. Make not your criterion for judgment, the sound of others; nor condemn the Bard without a fair hearing. Open my leaves and read me carefully in person, and if I do credit to myself and my country; let my country esteem me: if not, open your fires and consume me, after you have found me the worthless wretch. Countrymen, then, and not till then, after a judicious perusal, give your decision as you may think fit; for, how oft have we met with the mere mope of senselessness, vulgarity, and ignorance, calling—Burns, Burns; Ramsay, Ramsay; Moore, Moore; Byron, Byron; Goldsmith, Goldsmith, &c.; and decrying all other Authors of celebrity:—asserting the language of a Drummond, a Milton, a Swift, a Pope, a Spencer, a Bloomfield, a Thompson, and a Gray, to be those of the former Authors; relying only on the voice of the public, never having read one single syllable of any, or all of these or those Authors themselves. I ask you reader, is this right or wrong? can a man have a knowledge of a book until he has searched it, and knows what it contains? can we judge on the crow's report, whether the day will be rainy or dry in the vicinity of a rookery? or can we kill the hog that never was in our possession?

Somehow, the Irish nation has never lifted her Bards since the ancient days of the ancient times; though she has produced as fine men as ever the world saw, now sunk to forgetfulness; while other realms have extolled their sons of song to the clouds, and handed them down to posterity. (True, the living Moore has flourished. But what is the immortal Moore—the king of Poets:

could he or Drummond do aught else but survive?) What can be the reason, I cannot imagine; unless that heart-broken Ireland has something of more importance to think about. And until the homes of the people flourish, and the soil of the country be unshackled, it is impossible that her sons or daughters can thrive. Is there nothing that is worthy in Thompson, the Lyle-hill Bard; M'Kenzie, of Dunover; Beggs, of Hightown; Orr, of Ballycurry, &c.? Had these men met the encouragement of the 'Scottish Poets, Hogg or M'Neill; who can tell where they might have landed, or what their exertions might have come to?

A simple question, and I have done. Whether does a poor rational uneducated man deserve higher of his country for his genius, though but mediocrity; or a rich man with all the pleasures of pastime, and the stores of knowledge open to him? Decide the question. Then shift the page; read the book through, and give me fair play for my life.

Fellow Countrymen,

Yours with due deference and respect,

ROBERT HUDDLESTON.

MONTEBELL, March, 1844.

A COLLECTION

OF

POEMS AND SONGS.

DODDERY WILLOWAIM.

A' ye wha's fand o' readin' tales,
 Tho' soothe dull care and ease the notion;
 Here gruesome ills, and grisly deils,
 The Poet rouses to narration.
 But if the critics' glacia' eyes,
 Shall o'er these pages flout an' ogle;
 Then learn, be wise, step in, surprise,
 And point them out the greatest bogle.

The nights get crabbit, dark, an' bleak,
 The days but duncy shortlin' peep;
 While Summer cheers the southern Pole
 And warm the Antartic regions Sol;
 While caul' December's cranreuch breath,
 Does wreaselin freeze the faded heath;
 While active nature's ponderous lock'd,
 Her mad career been instant stopped;
 While south earth's chariot wheels do wend,
 As Sol's bright beams 'gain north extend,

Once more to meliorate the soil,
Of sweet Hibernia's Emerald Isle.

The night mair frightsom' aye do blow,
Whan Luna she forgets tae show ;
Whan stars disdain tae show their form,
By reason o' th' approachin' storm ;
Whan ower the traveller piles the heap,
O' smoorin' snaw, or splashy sleet ;
Whan duck an' goose do ower us squagh,
Tae seek a shelterin' ford or loch ;
Whan Christain folk hing ower th' ingle,
Harkenin' tae the bitter trimmel
O' doors weel steek'd again the win'
That's whis'lin' through the keyhole in.

'Twas canl' December r'ugh an' drear,
The shortest day closed on a year,—
A farm unlaboured rented prox,
Guid faith's a muzzle for a fox.
The pleugh mann gae for next year's corn ;
The pleughman's brogues are giely worn ;
And tho' the night's baith wild an' dun,
This night they mann be soled by some.

On sic like night as we narrate,
Brave Doddery strowlin' ta'en the gate,
Despisin' a' that blew, no'ght fearin',
Unto a cobbler's shap careerin'.
The cobbler nae less fam'd for drolls,
Than for substantial sheetin' soles.

Now to the tale, and on we start,
The cobbler soon was at the wark
The aul' shoon quickly aff were toss'd ;
Quick they were clean'd and on the last ;
And on the knee were firmly placed,
An' ticht the stirrup ower them laced :
Wi' every clink the aul' book's dirl,
A' roun' like shot the tacks did birl—
The ancient knife now raspin' sharps,
An' through the ox hide wheezelin' starts ;
And now the elson eddyin' bores,
The weel wax'd on' now whizzin' snores ;
While sturdy 'rist wi' tradesman's sough,
Weel nedds't thegother wi' a pegh.

The work on forderin', went the jokin',
The aul' cly hallun shook wi' la'ghin' ;
The cobbler at his drollest cracks,
Fu' weel red up his nibors' fau'ts :—
He tauld o' lovely courtin' joys ;
How scenes o' youth the mind employs ;
How guileless maidens' witchin' smiles,
Are aft disarm'd by nauky guiles ;
How this guidman, and that guidwife,
'Mid wars an' cursin' led their life ;
How aft mislippen'd cheery maids,
Whan ruefa' Hymen's knots engage ;
How pawky Sally trick'd her man,
An' daftly lent young Jock her han' ;
How Jean an' Beck got rantin' waddin's,
Yet unco worthless were their beddin's ;
For tho' six twomonds they were wed,

Their feckless weifs a wean nae bred
 And so, an' so, he rang away,
 Wif a' that he could think or say,
 But here he stapt his blatherin' mood,
 An' started hearsays 'fore the flood;
 And down rotationally he cam',
 Frae Cloots in Eden tae St. John;
 And on his clatterin' tongue mislearned,
 Wif a' particulars 'thout regard:
 At last tae flysome tales he set,
 'Bout haunted ha's, and frightened folk:—
 How Danes did in their flisky sports,
 Build high the lofty mounds an' forts;
 In ancient times how harmless Broonies,
 Held conversation wif our grannies;
 How Fairies honest tiny chieft,
 Aft pay'd our forhears borrowed meals;
 How gruesom Kelpies watch'd the springs,
 An' Banshees wailin' nois'd lane glens;
 How Warlocks, Witches nightly ranged
 The country through, an' mournfu' whinged:
 'Tween tellin' tales o' truth an' lees,
 He tauld o' these, and mair than these:
 Wif mair o' bogles, an' sic craft,
 That gravely owerheed he bro'ght;
 Which nightly through the country lurk'd,
 Tae catch the traveller whan bemirk'd;
 While Doddery gaped wif mooth an' een,
 He feared the night, he h'ard it scream.

But here wif us the tale to fetch,
 An' truth keep good as on we sketch:

The cobler kept a nappy bottle,
 That was baith cheap, an' sturdy mettle;
 Wham Bess, th' third wife, deal'd wif skill,
 And liberal hand each flowing gill.
 The shoes been ment, brave Doddery linked
 The wee pouch out, the siller clinked:
 The hearty cobler fain did see't,
 An' sidgin' wink'd at Bess tae treat:
 Not willin' Bess tae be affronted,
 She link'd them doon twa wanna scrimpit;
 And on the crack mair joyfu' flow'd,
 The cheery crack but now in rogue.

A fig for grief—care might go gite—
 The storm without might blaw as't like,
 Dodds caredna it a single flee,
 His cares an' fears were all aglee.
 Drive on sweet moments of delight,
 And sorrow shake yeir head wif spite:
 Ah! Bacchus, don't yeir drink yet spare,
 But hoise him in a nossac mair;
 Guid knows he soon enough shall wae,
 The night's yet lang an' far aff day:
 Kill time, kill time, as lang's ye can,
 Anither, yet anither dram;
 His pleasure's in the wee broon jug,
 An' gie him o't a hearty slug.

Desire finds a favourite crisis,
 Tae tell tae man her cloyless wishes;
 And lust obtains an ample field,
 When wisdom's set behind the bield:

Man's passions then are not his own,
 When all but jollity is gone;
 Vice then obtains its subtle ends—
 We starve ourselves, to please our friends.

Just so, as plain the tale it shows—
 Now tae the brain the steam bein' rose;
 While fun and frolic, mirth an' glee,
 Flow'd on as blythe as blythe could be;
 And while the potzen stout an' strong,
 The wheels o' life drove lightly on;
 Poor Doddery's heart was nae his ain,
 He heaved a sigh, he fand a pain:
 That wanton jade ca'd love oppress'd,
 And sair him stung about the chest;
 He feel'd his pulse to maddenin' throe,
 And fain a ticklein' fand below.
 Anon th' enamoured clown was glimin',
 Acros niest Bess whare she was chimin',
 As at her wheel she blythely sang
 Out ower some sonnet as she span.

Meanwhile, Bess spied his wanton squint,
 An' she gied him a tenty wisk,
 And Doddery kent the meanin' o't,
 And lang'd t' be at the finnis' o't:
 And up the potion sweet was toom'd,
 And in was call'd anither round;
 And Bess was bade a coge bring wi't,
 Untae hersel', and in't a treat.

Blythe Bess obey'd the leal cosman',
 And kin', was kind tae the guil man;
 Wi' such a crafty housewife's jest,
 That arch suspicion thought her chaste.
 Ev'n hoary Sam sae blythe on seein',
 His youthfu' Bess sae kindly wi' him;
 Ne'er thinkin' that she lack'd o' grace,
 (Tho' Doddery praised her tae his face!)
 Here morals a' were forward shiftin',
 Tho' 'hin' backs she was sair him slightin';—
 And Doddery's la'ghin' till he's crackin'—
 And stupid Sam ne'er spies their geekin';
 While aye the tither bout's in comin',
 And aye the tither cup they're drainin',
 Till bowl on bowl they'd heaped on ither,
 And ower the cobbler 'mang the leather.

Wi' lumps o' joy, love ripe they see,
 What for the lowin' lang'd tae view.
 Tae bed the cobbler aff was bore,
 And back cam' Bess tae bar the door.
 Brave Doddery's arms around her plaited,
 As frae the ben house door she steppit;
 Toit, toit, some wee stool in th' wras'le,
 Sae canily pitch'd them ower tae warsel;
 Awhare the begonqu'd cobbler tum'led,
 There criminal Bess an' Doddery rumb'l'd.

Ah, Sam! ah, Sam! there's great mistakes.
 But thou auld fellow gane wi' aiks;
 (Sae nice, sae han'some, blythe, an' young,
 A vera spunkie fu' o' fun!)

Och! och! tae wed e'en sic a hissy?
 The deil you day was wi' you busy!
 I'm sure ye kent that your aul' bunes
 Sae crazed an' fu' o' age an' pains;
 Could nocht e'en dae to please a lass,
 But e'ght yont twall at Michaelmas.
 Why did you no man let her be,
 Tae some young swank Kircoubrey,
 Like Doddery?—Now wha trys tae lay,
 The mettle o' her flingin' tae;
 An' if that bother comes tae han',
 Lays a' the wyte an' blame on Sam.
 And if thou couldna want a wife,
 Thou aul' doylt bussard for thy life;
 Went wed ane like yeirsel (gray hair),
 'Bout sixty-five, or meby mair;
 Wha'd run the race wi' thee 'thout don't,
 As near as possible it out:
 Wha nae wad tined the nuptial joys,
 Nor dealed amang the foolish boys;
 Wha'd kend the frailties age brings fro,
 Nor spurn'd a hoble in yeir bow.

Ah! youthfu' lasses mind yeir heats,
 Whan youthfu' vigour ower ye creeps—
 Wi' scorn nae jeer a youthfu' lad,
 For gowden eild tae play the hawd;
 For whan that Hymen's robes ye stain,
 O, scant is grace, an' rife defame.
 There's nae pad left you for tae stray,
 But ane, an' that's the waddin' way:

The waddin' day, keep it far aff,
 'Fore onnie aul'men ower ye flaff;
 But brisk young fellows mak yeir ain,
 Or else yeir peace an' rest is gane;
 An' faith like Bess, nae don't ye'll jump
 Intae the mud, up tae the rump!

An' unco malster's black faced want,
 Whan wi' a merry you ye ken't.
 O, wha the wife could wyte, or blame,
 Whan Sam had waur fau'ts than bein' lame;
 Whan aul' men's useless every clout,
 O! wha could blame the lass tae do't?
 Awow! she was a darlin'-chucky,
 Sae sairly wed tae sic a bucky;
 Sae bonnie winsome, douse an' canty,
 An' devil a dou't but was ill doon tae!
 Nae won'er wantonness did glimmer,
 Yet roun' her youthfu' bloomin' simmer,
 The lass was born as weel as onnie,
 An' wi' a thing th' ca'd a ——
 Whisht, modesty! don't say a word,
 The luckless girl was not absurd—
 Stan' back a wee, till trial trys,
 And learn fobearance 'fore despise;
 Pit on the shoe, and say ye'll wear 't—
 Before 'tis doon, I don't ye'll tear't.
 Nane hardship knows till ance tae tied it,
 But plenty's fools 'twould scoff or slight it;
 Necessity urged her to abuse—
 And black faced want pleuds her excuse.

But to the tale again we come,
 For hasty love grows furious soon.
 (My heart gaes thud, my teeth gaes clash,
 O, wha'd nae looe a bonnie lass!)
 As giff-gaff ower each lip there went,
 There dwelt the prizeless gem—content ;
 But Pegasus here strains a lim',
 An' leaves me grovellin' 'mid the fun :
 The Muse she's turned so slyly chaste ;
 Her oily tongue scarce mints the feast,
 To say how went the merry game,
 Athoart, langside, th' clean hearth stane :
 But urges forth discerning sense,
 And spilling love's unconscious mense ;
 Tae guess how groanin' leather's girg'd,
 Till weary grew the rant unnerv'd ;
 Whan Doddery parted wi' his dame,
 The night been set tao meet again.

O, love! thou art th' god of evil,
 The sting o' sin, o' shame—the devil—
 The harbinger of woe an' ill,
 That lures to ruins brink so fell.
 Love grounded such as here appears,
 Tho' got for little aft ower dear's ;
 The pad is strew'd wi' thorns, nay, more—
 And folly's wages aft wounds sore.
 I advise boys when kissin' rife,
 Tae never price anither's wife.

Ah! Doddery, now does come thy wae,
 The scene of pleasure's fled away ;

Ah! what decoy'd thy silly pate,
 Tae st'y wi' rantin' Bess sae late.
 When pleasure's but a fancied dream,
 That foreruns sorrow's swelling stream ;
 That opes the heart to comin' care,
 And fills the bosom fu' o' fear—
 Or like the bird that curious lights
 On birdlime in its giddy flights ;
 Too late it views its former state,
 Then stares repinin' at its fate.

Such is the bird when in the gin—
 Such Doddery was, an' much the same.
 The door is aped, an' Dodds maun gae,
 Feaps crowd his brain, but he can't stay ;
 The wil' win' wheeps baith loud an' shrill,
 As fifers blew on every hill.
 Sam's tales his memory haunt anew—
 But, hark! the cobbler's up e'en noo ;
 " Flee! Doddery, flee! mak speedy hame.
 The night is set ye ken again."

Dodds e'es wi' sad the by-gane chorum,
 Then e'es the dreary road afore 'im ;
 That he through dark an' dub maun boge,
 Ere he can splashin' reach the road.
 Meanwhile, he on his cudgel spits,
 Tho' fear his youthfu' heart besets ;
 An' manlike courage up he's wraslin',
 An' tae the pad he's aff a-whislin'.
 Adoon the hill he fast declines ;
 Weel on his trusty staff he leans ;

Fast shouderin' up against the win',
 He lse's the onset far behin':
 By this he's by no kennin' whar,
 The fairies coblin' Sam did scaur;
 And ower the dyke an' through the scrogs,
 Whar seen hell's-fins in shape o' hogs;
 Gaun doon the lowlan' south the glen,
 Whar witchin' Pegg chang'd tae a hen:
 Now ower the car' know south the green,
 Whar Hainly's ghost was aften seen,
 An' straught fornent the gibbet moat,
 Whar Clooty's tracks stan's in the rock;
 Right left the woe waul in the fen;
 Whar madwife Jinsy had her den.
 But here, he sees he's far gane rang,
 But nae can ken what way tae gang:
 An' starin' wildly he's a' roun' him,
 Yet nocht can see sic darkness droonin'.
 Quack, quack, some swaterin' braid fit crys,
 He jumps trout heaght an' ooward hies:
 And wan'erin' on, he vexin' plumps
 Intae the burn an' ower the rumps,—
 The burn that Willie's mill's* weel feedin',
 Nae ither shift across't he's wadin':—
 But soon the tither side he gains,
 And instant shakes his deldram brains;
 And study'd for a moment clear,
 Then ax'd himsel' what w'y tae steer.
 A lichenin' flaff his dim een aids,
 Tho' sair, mair sair his min' it plagues;
 Again it comes, ay, ance, twice, thrice,
 He sees his error in a trice:

* The Mill of Mr. William Gamble, Solitude.

Nor pad, nor pad but ane discerns,
 Yet he maun tak't, tho' fear alarms;
 He maun it tak', nor langer tarry,
 The thun'er roars wi' dreodfu' fury—
 And on he creeps field side the dyke,
 That's on the foamin' Hubbert's right;
 Whilse brushin' 'gainst its hazely roans,
 Tae catch the aul' road at the Penns.
 Far up the bourn by this he's drove,
 Roun' many a wind an' scaur an' cove;
 Now by the creek whaur grannie Gibb,
 Aft saw by night the strollin' Dog.
 And on, and past the aul' grave yaird,
 Whare howlin' wails were nightly h'ard;
 And straught fornent the ivy trees,
 That aft were seen tae flash an' bleeze;
 And roun' nigh tae the aul' Tuck mill,
 And aul' grey castle on the hill;
 Yet lo! the Haley-know 'fore stands,
 Sae voted for infernal gangs;
 That nightly haud their glamorous routs,
 Throughout its brackeny roans in groups.

O, dirfu' sorrow here takes place,
 And woe on woe is heap'd, alas!
 The clock the twaltlin' chap has rung,
 The wizard hour is on the wing.
 The night is dark—as dark as dungeon,
 The win' mair sadly mournfu' whingin'.
 Aft house an' ha' the theeck now flees,
 While slate an' tile skip 'fore the breach:

E'en bendin' bushes crashin' root,
 And stacks frae aff their timmer coup;
 And forage tae the hills is tost,
 And sheaves on posts are blawdin' throsh'd:
 The gathered storm begins tae burst,
 That lang wi' wrath was pendant nurst;
 It comes wi' tenfold force at last;
 The hurrying, eddyin', tempest blast.

Brave Doddery's courage here does blant,
 He quakes tae pass this midnight haunt;
 His heart wi' flutterin' pant does beat,
 "The cudgel" in his "nieve" does shake;
 And on alang he stowlin' tramps,
 Ha'f creepin' on his wasublin' shanks;
 But, hark! some rus'lein', he's alarmed,
 And in a holly thicket's darn'd.

Here glimmerin' up fled Doddery spies,
 Three brimstone squadrons soar the skies;
 Before them went like three balloons,
 Three flamin' flambeau's clear as moons;
 That by some dark mysterious power,
 A' roun' poor Dodds the sparks did shower,
 Each outside squad as arn'd for wars,
 Held in their black han's bleedin' bars;
 And round their waists in belts were hung,
 The battle axe, the bow, and sling;
 And on their backs were baggage mounts,
 Wi' a' their ammunition founts;
 And at their heads flew fierce commanders,
 Distinguished for their grousome genders.

The centre corps as neuter stood,
 As on hereafter you shall read:—
 An' Cloots himsel' been fear'd tae sould,
 Wi' partial han' in either side,
 Lest he shou'd loss his regal throne,
 Not knowing what clan the fight shou'd wou;
 He headed on the middle gang,
 An' hois'd a pole like steady wan,
 Commanding homage a huge mace,
 Engraven on't the letters PEACE,
 And shrill wi' force he veh'ment blew,
 A trumpet that still louder grew;
 Till answered were his urgent calls
 Frae a' parts o' the ocean's isles.
 As beagles tend the huntsmân's sounds,
 So cam' the metamorphos'd hounds:—
 Grim wizards, witches, warlocks, hags,
 Thick crowded air on broomstick naiges;
 Fast fairies 'gain the storm did flap,
 In locust flights wi' three cock'd hat;
 Headin' like corbies for the bleeze,
 Wi' sagan yais bound 'tween their theighs;
 While ragweed drolls came mony a race,
 Frae Turkey land, an' land o' Greece;
 An' rush grass funks o' mony a gra,
 Far, far awa, frae lands o' snaw.
 But, last there cam' on nim'le legs,
 In shape o' dogs, rats, bears, an' stags;
 E'en magic sorcerers mony a clout,
 An' he, an' she, in shape o' brute;
 That hadna yet got pro'ec o' wings,
 Tae soar like drakes the whis'lin' win's;

Till mony a wife was chang'd the beast,
 And many an undeservin' priest
 Was rapp'd in robes o' necromancy
 That night, the suit aul' Cloutie's fancy;
 When he frae out his aerial coach,
 As thus'er forth addressed speech:—

“ My faithful subjects, hear my words,
 Let waverin' thoughts your mind not surge;
 This night we're met for legislation,
 We'll weigh your thoughts with meditation!
 A senator in Hell's outcast,
 For disobedience to behest;
 A Whig or Tory here is chose,
 The headers of these different foes,
 Which in the place of him shall act,
 As honest subjects you elect.”

Thus ended Cloots his base harangue,
 An' hats an' bonnets aff were ta'en;
 And bows and curchies roun' they made,
 Wi' treble worship tae their liege:
 Fair fa' auld Cloots was six times cry'd,
 Till aching hills again replied:
 And up they muffled drums did pelt,
 And loud the pipes did rantin' lilt;
 And lo! the tribes on shanks' meeres,
 Cut waltz' an' hornpipes through the br'ers;
 And i' the air the riglin' jades
 Did wrap him wi' their stately plaids.
 At last tae see himsel' sae honour'd,
 “ E'ea Satan” shortly at it scunner'd;

And doon the torches draplin plarted,
 And doon the hellhoun' legions darted
 Before poor Doddery on the green,
 Wi' lengthen'd tails, an' bleesin' een.

Ah! Doddery, but for thee I'm sorry,
 Tae think upon thy by-gane glory;
 When seated by the cobbler's hearth,
 Where loud hurra'd the voice o' mirth;
 Ee'n cuddlein' wi' fair youthfu' Bess,
 Wha cheap renew'd thy cheery glass;
 Till woman's wiles, an' woman's charms
 Nae mair could rouse thy wanton thairms;
 And now tae view thy piteous case,
 Beset by a' the hellhoun' race;
 And a' the black-art contraip tribe,
 That's hell concern'd, in Nick's confide,
 Watchin' wi' eager e'e tae catch
 Some late benighted wau'erin' wratch.

Ah! little did thy mammy think,
 That thou sae late wad st'y'd tae drink;
 Alang wi' lewd decoyin' woman,
 While she sat watchin' for thy comin':
 Bot less did she suspect, far less,
 She ne'er again wad see thy face;
 Thy soney face on earth gain leevin',
 Tae soothe her grief, or ease her grievin'.

But to the business o' the night,
 The Muse does instant wing her flight;
 Auld Horn was in a quarry planted,

That straught line opposite facin' fronted ;
 About three horse spangs frae the thicket,
 Due north whare Dodds was trim'lin' squatted.
 And Dodds did there fu' weel discern,
 Frae whare he lay south side the cairn,
 Some weel ken'd youths I darna name,
 Encored amang the sooty train ;
 Besides some aul' canescent neebours,
 Sae fam'd for vile licentious fibbers ;
 Wham lang since eaul' death has snapp'd hence,
 Tae let them hide the consequence.
 But glimmerin' on, he fixed his eyes
 On ane sae noted, in disguise ;
 'Twas seated close to Satan's left,
 Placed in the crevice o' a cleft ;
 Wha sat as penman for the poll,
 Fast whitin' up a nasty quill ;
 While Will o'-Wisp before them handled
 Twa torches that he ever dandled ;
 That gart poor Doddery for tae frown
 Upon a lint white poopit gown,
 That outside coured a reverent pastor :
 And Doddery saw and ken'd his master,
 Wham lang he'd sair'd for mony a day,
 Wi' doon right faithfu' honesty,
 Carrousin' 'mang th' infernal vermin,
 O' bogle-boos in Sunday's sermon.

The different tribes now drew in files,
 Accordin' to their different styles—
 Again the tenor key we'll touch,
 Tho' on us it should bring reproach.

As here on earth we vanish find,
 The pageant class o' Mammon's kind ;
 All bustlein' 'mid their empty loft,
 While eyed with scorn's the poortith host,
 Blusterin' 'midst the senate's roar,
 Without admission for the poor ;
 Sendin' forth laws with heartless hearts,
 Robbin' th' poor of their deserts :—
 Except some great illustrious wordies,
 This most like all our court-like birdies.

Such, such the frie poor Doddery seen,
 Wi' his twa naked glowerin' een ;
 The imps o' H—l as stately sirs,
 Robed in their senatorial furs,
 A' scatin' roun' the quarry's clints,
 As suited e'en their several ranks ;
 While back the less important devils,
 Were kept outside frae 'mang the nobles.
 Here witches formed a hollow square,
 Wi' broomstick poles hois'd in the air ;
 There warlock craft as grisly formed,
 A solid group wi' bludgeons armed ;
 While tae the left were formless squads,
 An' countless reera clatterin' jades ;
 Wha's kecklin', cursin', boxin' din,
 Show'd they ware aul' acquants wi' sin ;
 But Doddery ken'dna what tae ca' them,
 Therefore, for fear, I'll no misca' them.
 'Gain tae the right were tiny flocks,
 Like social masons—magic knots,

Ca'd fairies, weifs, bo-keeks, an' geogers,
 O' a' descriptions, shapes, an' figures;
 Wi' banners streaming in the storm,
 Wi' sweet harmonious music's charm:
 But loud again the trumpets sound,
 Makes reverence, silence, doep, profound.

O! horrid, hideous, dolefu' tale,
 And yet the daveliest o't tae tell.
 Lang, lang ago, at Nick's comman',
 The out-posts they had ta'en their stan';
 An' tae the uplan' banks had strode,
 And glen, and bore, tae watch in cog.

The infernal byke now busy fykes,
 An's tearin' great trees frae the dykes—
 Strewin' forms an' benches here an' there,
 An' platforms stout e'en mony a where;
 As active preparation makin'
 Tae fit the hustings for the votin':
 But, hark! yon picket's drendfu' yell,
 Yon's tidin's o' some terrible ill.

"Hie, hie," said Satan, "to his help,
 My noblest dog's at bay an' yelp;
 Yon's Rogan, weel I ken his voice,
 Who ne'er yet told his sovereign lies;
 Fly to his aid, see what's his will—
 I wish this night gain a' be weel."

No sooner said, than imps so done,
 A thousand took the wizard run!

Intelligence they soon brocht back,
 Tae grim their liege without mistak':
 And thus the purport o' their din,
 A human fit mark's in the glen.

Soho! the pamphlets o' the glybe—
 Their vengfu' prate soon laid aside.
 Close tae the screen (whare Dodds was) drew,
 Vow! somethin' gied a whillaloo.
 Ha'f mad wi' fear, and reason out,
 Poor Doddery gied a drendfu' shout:
 And cried, "chaste Heaven preserve my life,
 I'll ne'er 'gain kiss the cobbler's wife:
 Alas! alas! an' maun I dee!
 Ah! dinna shake yeir heed at me."

Deils tho' they waur—this Clootie's band,
 Amazed, astonished, put tae stand:
 And momentary silence reigns,
 As Doddery's voice ached through the plains.

"What's yon, what's yon," lisped many a tongue,
 Again, again, ance mair "what's yon?
 Yon canna be nae out-post picket,
 That's this time scirlin' on a track o't;
 The naked truth nae lees can tell,
 Yon's but the track maker himsel'.

"Humph, humph! hech me! an' gain I lieve,
 The Banshee's here frae Granna's cave!
 For what is a' this fyke an' steer?
 Tak' counsel imps, an' dinna fear."

Thus say'd a wee aul' weesen'd creature,
 Wha'd deil en'ugh in every feature;
 Wha's barkin' wasna just the best,
 Since age an' aul' years him posses't.
 " Pit up the light, let us go on,
 The Banshee sure, can't spoil our fun."

" Ha, ha," quo' ane ca'd byster Crone,
 In H—l a noted royalist known—
 Bein' whipper-in for Cloutie's houn's,
 Wha kept the beagles a' in boun's,
 " I fear, I fear 'tis somethin' waur,
 For trifles devils disna scar."

" This, this nae time tae gab or jaw,
 A whimper mair 'll ruin a';
 What does the maister say himself?"
 Lisp'd mony a wee important elf.

" Tush, tush! hush, hush! fu' time tae quat;
 Whist, whist! be silent, lown yeir crack,
 Snuff, snuff," quo' Nick, " I smell a rat!"
 An' whisper'd, " O but it is fat.
 Some foe of most pernicious porte,
 Is here this night an' at our court:
 Nor distant far th' listenin' slave,
 Wha's h'ard the secrets o' the brave—
 Whan ached the Banshee through th' hollow—
 Did ye no voices twa hear bellow?
 As sure as yet lives mortal men,
 Some tattler's lurkin' in the glen;

Wha's h'ard what shu'dna h'ard an' saw,
 Gif tell'd again 'll ruin a'.
 He kens o' mony here nae dou't,
 In wild parade that he'll repute:
 Warlocks an' witches don't ye ken,
 Ye've nae respect 'mang mortal men!
 As little deils; yet deil my care
 The callan snug, he's i' the snare.
 Before that we can raise his tom',
 He manna 'scape, else we're undoon:
 An' favourite crones, an' haggard dames,
 They'll hang or burn ye i' yeir hames.
 Swift doon the glen, nor more delay,
 As bloodhoun's prancin' for your prey:
 Away, away, nor longer dring
 Him deed or lievin', hither bring."

Ah! Dods, poor Dods, what are ye dain' ?
 H—I's brimstone gieds tae catch ye fleein'!
 Ah! why man did ye speak ava,
 I'm sure ye kent 'twould ruin a'.
 Poor heart-broke sowl, 'twere peace tae hang,
 And is the thicket yet yeir stan' ?
 Alas, alas! yet are ye lievin' ?
 Ay, ay, wi' terror, but past grievin' ;
 Sic time as 'tis man, jump an' rin,
 But, ah! 'twere useless sae lock'd in:
 Ance ill, aye waur, yet don't despair,
 Tho' guid knows now en'ugh thy care;
 But wha knows yet, bid Good tae bless ye,
 Wi' a' their fyke but deils may miss ye:

Yet bid the world a last adieu!
For now guid L—d, they're on ye now.

Divided roun' ilk hook an' crook,
Lest he sh'ud gie them a' the juk;
The motely legion o' bokeeks,
Wi' hellish gowls an' hellish shrieks;
The glen they started north an' south,
While lo! poor Dodds despaired o' roth:
They search'd ilk neuk, ilk hole an' bore,
They beat the fern, the scrog, an' scaur,
And tae the summit o' the rocks,
They on pursued the midnight fox:
Nor brush, nor rush but's kick't an' pied—
'Gain wheel'd they doon the river side;
The gripes an' ferns the search renew,
The thunderin' linn they forded too;
Till lo! they'd battered ilka where,
As cannin' pouchers for the hare;
And search'd each bushy thorn an' roan,
Like cocker dogs, an' all but one.
At last unto that one they came,
The one imbosom'd in their game:
Wi' Indian whoop, and savage yell—
Snuff, snuff! "he's here, sae rife's th' smell."
An' Doddery tried, essay'd tae rin;
But Doddery fell sae weak o' lim'.

"Who's here," a voice vociferates fierce,
That Doddery's very soul did pierce?
"Who's here?" again it cried more loud;
"Ah! me, 'tis me," cried Doddery, cowed.

"And what are you irreverent wretch,
That here our midnight revels watch?"
"I didna watch ye, ah!" quo' Dodds,
"Is only on my hameward trodge;
An' frae aul' coblin' M'Leod's,
Fae gettin' new soles on my broges;
An' here, 'twas here, ye me waylaid,
I wish'dna tae see sic a squad:
Ev'n thousan' devils as ye swarm,
Sae crept in here tae 'void the harm."

Thus spak the clown, but ah! astern
He stared the roan a muckle arm—
An' frae its touch Ohone! sae fell,
Poor Doddery shrunk within himself.
It drag'd him forth wi' iron grasp,
And in its clutch it held him fast;
While Doddery roared wi' might an' main,
"O for the L—d's sake let me gang;
And if ye wish tae know my name,
They ca' me Doddery Willowaim."

But O, alas! his prayers were vain,
Sin' he by devil's han's was ta'en.
Auld surly Hangie vehement cries,
"Thy life thou'lt forfeit for thy joys:
Pshaw! my joke tae feast yeir oen,
Ye've scrambled here this night bedeen;
Tae see an' hear what you could tell,
Ye've lap't in here a curious belle;
But in the net ye're sang my kaira,
Ye'll no tell tidin's o't the morn:"

Come, bind him fast, an' gag him swith,
 Wi' thong, an' chain, an' cruel withe;
 An' cast him in his den again,
 And there a time let him remain;
 When all is o'er an' set tae right,
 We'll make hawks meat o' him this night."

"O Mr. Chairman, in your wraith,
 O dinna doom poor Doddery death;
 O'ght, o'ght, ava, an' what ye will,
 Before sae barbarous me ye kill;
 Allegiance I will swear tae Nick,
 And tak' the necromancy cloak:
 Och, och, alas! alack, anee!
 O am I, am I, doom'd tae die?"

O whiskey, whiskey, thou'rt the cure,
 Care baffles in a needfu' hour;
 Thou art the spirit keeps the spell,
 That mak's us bauld ower a' our ill.
 The ills o' earth can nae us tease,
 Whan fu' o' thee sure sorrow flees;
 An' joy an' pleasure han' in han',
 Wi' them we briskly link along;
 We fear nae sad, nor care for evil,
 Whan a' is joy, fun, mirth, an' revel.
 E'en sapp'd wi' thee my pretty potion,
 Sure courage "kittles up our notion";
 Beneath thy influence sae grand,
 What mischief's wad we nae withstand?
 The goblin hour brings nae sic fear,
 As whan we're sober tae mislead;

A troop o' h—'d nae bring disgrace,
 What deils wad we no fight or face?
 Nor terror brings the wildest night,
 What terror wild cou'd us affright?

Through a' this time o' terror gane,
 Nor Dodds sae ill as we let on.
 The stout mant did the strength retain,
 The stuff yet steamin' in his brain;
 Nor terror e'er right tarr'd his britches,
 Till he was in the devil's clutches;
 Wi' fear en'ugh a woefu' doon,
 Tied in the glen tae wait his doom.

Bah, bah! the trumpet's sound alarm'd,
 The drumhead 'gain to order warn'd;
 The sable tribes in all obeyed,
 Each to their post 'gain separate stray'd;
 Exulting in the fallen swain,
 As if reserved for hellish pain.
 And Doddery's left tae weep an' moan
 Without a guard, and all alone.

The scene of action long gave o'er,
 Tae mourn wi' Doddery and deplore—
 Lang-syne the poll had started brisk,
 Had Doddery no set a' adrift:
 But to the task, an' it tae tell,
 Nae mair digressive for tae stroll;
 Now on the election goes careerin',
 Wi' lumps o' bribery, an' stout swearin'.

The pole begond, t'ugh was the twistie,
 Hive after hive, did inward bus'le;
 Squad, after squad, did fill the quarry;
 Vote, after vote, did different vary;
 Tribe, after tribe, e'en Satan call'd;
 Name, after name, the clergy scroll'd;
 Ane, after ane, did mount the table;
 Oath, after oath, solemnized the raible;
 Cheer, after cheer, loud ecchoin' roll'd;
 Shout, after shout, the victors hall'd;
 At last th' infernal contest's o'er—
 Except the central neuter corps;
 Who stood as voteless in the fray,
 Ne'er caring who should win the bay.

“After a storm aye comes a calm,”
 So, anxious they did silent reign;
 Till up the poll was summ'd wi' speed,
 And longin' declaration made.
 Foremost were Whigs, victorious one,
 And envy filled the Tory clan:
 “But yet the victory's to decide,”
 Satan wi' downcast look replied;
 And quite forsook his gentler aim,
 And back'd the Tory tribe again.
 Again by one the Whigs were beat,
 (A monarch's power claims double weight.)
 And aff tae Hell the base ane flappit,
 He ken'd an' fear'd the comin' racket.

“Ah, Cloots! ah, Cloots! thou'lt rue thy folly,
 In Hell thou'lt hang'd be like a collie:

Ah, soon! ah, soon, thou'lt breathless gurn,
 Doon danglin' frae a sturdy thairn;
 The time is come, now come at last,
 No longer you'll usurpin' boast;
 Come, pay thy imps a last farewell,
 Before ye coward flit tae Hell:
 For first we'll bruise thy haughty lords,
 Then swith return you such rewards.
 Must trophied freedom be the slave?
 Must tyrants trample on the brave?
 The wretch he's worthless of a home,
 That would the regal despot own.
 Ah, Cloots! ye'll get it sweet an' pretty,
 Ye needna flee tyrannic Clooty.”

“Fly, fly,” rejoind'd the neuter corps,
 “Let us blockade the cavern door;
 And stand a wall of fire around,
 Our king and sovereign under ground.
 What servitude to wear a crown,
 When all are kings and equals roun';
 Wha says 'gain Nick is no our frien',
 We'll ever faithfu' serve our king;
 As lions fierce, we'll face the foe
 That comes to prove our monarch's woe.
 And up like kites they clusterin' sprattled,
 Wi' lang snake tails that hin' them wattled;
 An' aff tae guard aul' Cloots at hame,
 Wi' whirrin' rout they orie taen.

By this the quarry clean was cleared,
 O' a' the sooty grimace herd;

And up the ensigns colors hoised,
 And loud the martial timbrels nois'd ;
 As darin' ither for the banter,
 Tune after tune they ower did chanter ;
 And out the battle ranks were drew
 In one connected line each crew,
 Battalion, phalanx, an' square,
 Wi' pike men studded here an' there ;
 While archers wi' their strong yew bows,
 And infantry the front did close.
 Fair east an' west their wings were borne,
 Frae Willie's howe tae Ebby's thorn—
 That whaur the Tory chieftian fell,
 Wi' eldritch squagh, an' hollow yell.

Prepared an' for the dismal fray,
 The hellish imps in war array ;
 As proud in attitude they stand—
 They flutter for the word command.
 But cuirassiers wi' sword an' lance,
 Soon got the word tae charge, adrance :
 The charge was gawe, hurra! hurra!
 " Go on wi' power brave boys an' slay ;"
 And imps 'gain' imps contending pour'd,
 And battle fury rag'd an' lo'er'd.

So met the foes of torrid Hell,
 On broad plain'd earth wi' howl an' yell ;
 Each phalanx brave with power good,
 Unmatched in might and unsubdued.

When, when in Hell the bellows snore,
 To furnace or to molten ore ;
 When Mammon's thousand hammers ring
 On bleezin' bars and anvils sing ;
 When Heaven's artillery wi' fire
 Is fraught, an' rage, an' wrath, an' ire ;
 And in the air the dark clouds meet,
 Wi' tradewin', rain, an' heat replete ;
 To chorus sing the battling storm,
 And the proud heart for to alarm ;
 Such is the battle field, the fierce,
 The semblance of the dismal verse.

But still more dreadful was the scene,
 O' devils in their stygian spleen—
 The tumult ten times worse an' more,
 Of fiends that thrust to glut in gore ;
 Confusion, fire, an' smoke an' fume,
 And hawlin' guns roared through the gloom ;
 Wi' roars an' reprecussive brays,
 Wi' shrieks, an' groans, an' loud hussaes ;
 Wi' rowlin' drums an' martial joys ;
 Wi' prancin' Warfiend's neigh an' noise ;
 And still more harsh the infernal strife,
 Unmatch'd, unpar'd in human life ;
 But Heckla's sonorous shuddering roars,
 That trembling shakes the distant shores ;
 As faint a semblence to the noise,
 As is to Etna, human sighs.

Thick through the gloom frae host tae host,
 Were fiery balls in myriads toss'd ;

And rockets hissin' through the air,
 As atoms o' their wrath an' care.
 And ho! sae fightin' hard 'fore death,
 Untho'ght o' in their miscreant wraith,
 Frae some wee deil sae monstrous wicket,
 A brimstone shall lit in the thicket;
 Which set tae lowe the holly green,
 The roan whare Doddery had his screen.

More wild the scene that speeds the Muse,
 The conflagration wild ensues.—
 Tho' smash'd their riven corps amain,
 Once more they rallied on the plain;
 Once more they fought, loud bumn'd the sling,
 The bow the taper arrows fling;
 Heart, after heart, 'gain gored ilk shaft;
 Corpse, after corpse, did wallowin' gasp;
 Shower, after shower, on ither rained;
 An' stanes fu' mony, mony brained.
 More hideous still the squeaks assaid,
 The butchering battle axes flail'd;
 The droopin' sabres wheezlin' bowed;
 And heads the plain like black balls strewed;
 While pike, an' lance, an' bayonet true,
 Downed mony a valliant o' the crew:
 While javelin an' dirks flew quick,
 An' crack aff skulls fu' many a stick;
 While barbarous, fierce, as Spaniards roid,
 Some vixen's play'd the blood houn' tribe,
 And worried ither roan' in scores,
 Till collops a' they hung an' sores.

The contest long, the carnage great,
 As long despair'd victorious fate;
 Till lo, did meet each grisly chief,
 Wī bosom flutterin' fu' o' wraith:—
 Wī warlike hearts filled fu' o' fire,
 Regardless of each other's ire;
 Each gallant heroe waved his blade,
 And right an' left to other laid:
 In art o' arms both been well trained,
 More gory still the conflict turned;
 Each fearless heart wī hardness steel'd,
 Each foeman captain spur'd to yield,
 Till panting both astonish'd stands—
 One slap the blades flew both their hands.
 But on again determin'd death,
 Their ha'f spear dirks they did unsheath—
 Hush'd Wellington an' Bony's fuss
 O' war, their wars were no'ght tae this—
 Drew on again more dexterous skill'd,
 Their points did often hack'd the shield;
 And long the advantage different varied,
 Wī numerous stabs, an' thrusts, as parried:
 While lo! to back the monstrous bizz,
 And right to crown the murder fix;
 The weeimps stood baith tugh an' dour,
 An' tae their maister's aid like stoure;
 And victory yell'd wud through the air,
 Nor knew tae pitch her standard where;
 Till drew a dash wī foul intent,
 An' through the Tory chieftain went—
 When aff the southern tyrants danced;
 And after them cruel Whiggery pranced;

Wi' pell an' mell till near was slain,
The scanty few that did remain ;
Except the preacher wha did lurk,
Frae them a dunghill in the mirk.

'Tis said the Banshee lang ago,
Was harbinger o' death an' woe ;
'Tis also said, for fun an' mirth,
She loved tae prank an' wander forth.
Alas ! poor Doddery in a plight
We left him last, poor hapless wight—
" A friend in need's a friend indeed,"
And wha think ye poor Doddery free'd ?
While wild the battle raged, an' high,
And fast in durance he did lie ;
While fancyin' deils did for him gape,
Awaitin' on his destin'd fate ;
The withe's were cut by an unknown hand,
Ungag'd, unbound, at fate's command ;
And by some supernatural frien',
Just at the time took lowe the screen.
And O ! wi' look no much for odds,
O' wildest devil there poor Dodds ;
Wi' starin' look, an' wild eye swollen,
He crept out frae the lurkin' hollan ;
(Yet no before poor wratch o' tease,
His bare a—e scamed was wi' th' bleeze ;)
And canily skulk'd frae bush tae bush,
As aye the flame pursued him flush :
Yet, had the wit till now, Oh ! now,
Tae never 'pear tae devil's view.

Fraught with the strength near of a bull,
He from the thickest burst in full ;
An' turn'd his tail clean wud tae hame,
And bilty-skilty ta'en the plain ;
While at his heels gaed mony a tou,
Wi' claps o' han's an' whillaloo.

The battle o'er : while aff they're cheerin'
Tae gie an' gimie Cloots his ferran ;
Forth comes a rear troop through the glen,
Tae drag the culprit frae the den ;
But lo ! the glen's a waste by fire,
Whare's Doddery floun ? ah, wow ! their ire ;
They've got begonque—they see he's gone—
They're on the trail, an' fast they're on ;
But stap, my sooth they're at the licks,
Some capon craws they're i' a fix ;
And Doddery's on, he's on like fun,
A speedin' courser on the run.
Ne'er fearin' sheughs, or dykes, or gaps,
Wi' best clait foremost on he slaps :
But here the clergy on his way,
As hame the skulkin' wratch did stray ;
What hell bout devils, ane, twa, three,
He crack'd his fists, ah, gramachree !
An' gied three stout cheers for the Whigs,
An' pevel'd on his lugs the digs ;
An' 'gain went on as hard as could plod,
While lair'd the ruffian on the sod ;
Throughout douce Archy's clo'er sawn craft,
An' cross'd the burn at Dempster's raft ;

And by frien' Jock's great apple tree,
 He plungin' stamped the danky lea,
 An' left behin' the Groanin'-gap,
 The Witch-bush-bog, an' a' sae black:
 But Oh! guid L—d, sic fearfu' treadin',
 Now leugh the Rose-hill bravely scuddin':
 Ance ill, aye worse—ah! now 'twas waur,
 "Who comes?" billore, billore, billore!
 An' whoop, awhoo! the sang, the race,
 An' ane, an' a', took tae the chace,
 A hydra squadron at his a—e,
 Wi' mony a bellow, scribe, an' curse.

Ah! Doddery flee, or else yeir catch'd,
 Flee, flee, like h—l, or faith yeir witch'd;
 The outposts yet are no dispers'd,
 An' Doddery ah! shall they thee worst?
 'Gain if ye fa' their savage han's,
 Death in a moment you trepan;
 It's naethin' in your favour ken,
 Yeir 'scapin' frae them in the glen;
 Ha'en dear already py'd thy brogues,
 Ah! show their soles now tae the rogues:
 Lift, lift man lift—oh! sic a batch,
 An' shall they yet poor Doddery catch?
 Swith, speedy haste, an' nimble follow't,
 An' gie them up a genuine gallop.
 But what for need I lade him dae't,
 See as he flew at sic a rate!
 Ae bound, twa, three, fower, five, six, seven.
 Bedam't he was ane afore them pavin'—

An' roun' the knowe, 'gaun through the hollow,
 Before the flock sae grim an' sallow:
 Ae spang, twa, three, mair, Dodds yeir safe,
 As brave a lad as e'er wore claiith:
 Bravo, bravo! he cross'd the burn,
 The glauvery squad was far as turn:
 Tae cross the burn they hadna po'er,
 'Twas then lang past the midnight hour.
 And on ne'er fearin' moor or stank,
 The affrighted clown did onward lamp:
 And left the Alexander's lonnie,
 At whaur aul' Mettleton hang'd his grannie:
 (A noted place whaur dread hobgoblins
 Aft haud their anniversary squabblins.)
 But yet unsa' through scrog an' whin,
 He up the Pagan Cl'ylan' ran;
 Ae lamp or twa bro'ght through the moss,
 Again the saft lan' he's across:
 An' by the Dabby rocks he hurries,
 Straught heedn' for the apothecaries:
 And here tae picture out the scene,
 He gain'd the heights of Lisnabreen—
 There silent stapp'd, an' breathless harkin',
 Some whiddin' puss was by him startin':
 Some whin bush totterin', rus'lein', noddin',
 He lucked, he lucked, 'twas nearer waggin':
 A stalwart ghaist he tho'ght he seen,
 Wi' that the screech owl gied a scream;
 'Gain burst th' ligtenin' frae the cloud,
 'Gain roared the thunder lang and loud:
 And 'gain he aff took tae the pad,
 And lo! wi' tenfold horror clad:

Again resounds more dismal fears,
 His patting hoofs he echoin' bears;
 And down through Castlereagh wil' gleens,
 He like a stag houn' onward stens;
 And through the Craigeugh by the lair,
 Where fand the murdered mourned M'Nair;
 An' ta'en wi' speed the cushat grove,
 Till nigh tan Shuttle-ally hove,
 Whan there hell's flames sae roun' him bleesing,
 His frantie brain clean tint o' reason;
 Some paidlin' collie on the trodge,
 A rakin' after some Miss Fudge;
 Bow-wow! bow-wow! guid L—d what's that,
 He's ower the dyke, and in a crack;
 And on through bosky wilds an' bores,
 He blawdin' thump'd his gory sores;
 Till 'thout a staggerin' fit or faggin',
 He gain'd the danky banked Lagan—
 When at the brink he spring an' tantrum,
 Clean out o' Down launched him in Antrim;
 And onward yet he coursin' hastit,
 And up the st'est brae he faced it;
 And didna stap, ye may believe us,
 Till clim't the heaghlmost peak o' Devis;
 When there his clatterin' heart grew faint,
 And doon he chash'd behind a clint.

Night sped, night sped, Aurora gay,
 Comes 'fore the peep o' apenin' day;
 The morn haes dawn'd, an' won'erous bright,
 Sol's clearin' up the eastern lift,
 The mouns o' misery aching rowed,

Along the bleak muir wild an' loud;
 A poucher fand him on the hill,
 Led by his dog an' groans theretil:
 And tae the tale, what h'ard an' saw,
 Poor Doddery tald him o' it a':
 And after ten lang miles weel raced,
 He bowed his head, gien up the ghaist!
 Cryin', och, alas! a gramachree,
 The Haley know haes doon for me,
 The devil an' a' the cursed gree.

Ilk rantin' lad that nightly roam,
 Wha read this ver'ly won'erous poem,
 Tak' rede, an' dinna headstrong rin
 On stormy nights tae seek for fun—
 Tae smiddy hearths or cobblein' shaps,
 Tae hear o' witty tales or cracks;
 Nor yet on thrieveless erran's wait,
 Roun' sheeben bars whan it is late;
 Wi' guilefu' faunts o' ill plac'd love,
 'Twill on your conscience hankerin' move,
 Whan lang dark nights wi' surly hum,
 Shoot early ower the ragged loam;
 But st'y in-doors, an' learn aright,
 That ugly squads are on their flight;
 An' cast yeir min' on Doddery's care,
 And ponder ower his sad despair;
 An' think that ye may rue yeir rant,
 The same's poor Doddery did his jaunt.

MAN'S A PREY TO CARE.

The Autumn sun had kissed the wave,
The hollow wind was shrill,
And down the Hubbert banks I stray'd,
To wander at my will.

Fall sore I wept misfortune's child,
(Woes many round me were ;)
And mourned my despicable lot
In anguish deep and care.

I found that I to life 'd been brought,
All friendless and forlorn ;
My heavy days depressed with woe—
My heart with torture torn.
This world inhospitable turn'd,

* * * * *

Thus brought to light, and life, and spurn'd,
A wretch so doom'd to care.

Poor Tannahill, I thought of him,
How anxious death he wooed ;
Alike of many a sire and son,
Who'd found the water good !
And thus emboldened by my grief,
My sad heart doth aver,
I to the pool where Bangor* died,
To end my days in care.

* A faithful Dog, a favourite of the Author's, caused to be drowned by the lovers of cruelty, on a false and malicious report of a glaring nature.

When on the fatal brink I stood,
My ponderous life to close ;
A sprite-like vision from the flood,
In time to save arose.
It seem'd with age and time as bleached,
With features stern and spare ;
And on the further bank it stood,
And thus addressed me CARE :—

" My name is CARE, be not afraid,
Till I the truth unfold ;
Attentive hark, my sacred facts
More precious are than gold.
Since first the earth's umbrageous mass
Did float upon the air,
By fruitful Nature I've been formed,
And styled my name is CARE.

When discord raged, and battle flew
'Tween kings of Heaven and Hell,
I sponed the cause of Satan's crew,
But Pride's proud cohorts fell.
Yet Satan still th' Almighty's foe,
He thralls mankind to err ;
To vex the God that laid him low,
And I'm his servant CARE.

Burns sang that ' Man was made to mourn'—
Orr, ' Man was made to laugh ;'
That Orr was right, and Burns was wrong
I own, but, not with scoff.

'Twas man's for to be happy still,
 And spotless late and air—
 But 'fore the good, he chose the ill,
 And so shook hands with Care.

Then why so downcast in thy look,
 When I with thee remain?
 When I of endless ages am,
 Why thus of me complain?
 I came to tune thy tuneful harp,
 To sorrows mournful air,
 That thou might sing the song of truth,
 That man's a prey to Care.

Though goeglers some may mock my lays,
 And jeerers some may laugh;
 The man who holds religion, says,
 The cup of life to quaff:
 Although a transient joy may come,
 T' alternat grief deter;
 Scarce is it come, till 'gain 'tis gone,
 And man's a prey to Care.

When sinless Adam first did prank,
 Through Eden's beauteous grove;
 He heard the birds to sing their songs,
 Of kindred and of love:
 And in-remorse then gnawed his soul,
 He longed a bride-like fair,
 Companion-like to share his joy,
 Which was the root of Care.

The woes then center'd in man's frame,
 Had passions wild and strong;
 But listening now to witching Eve,
 He felt more deep the wrong.
 And day, to day, in pleasure gone,
 And night, to night, to err;
 Alas! alas! too late he found
 Man was a prey to Care.

If in oppression's lawless hand
 An iron rod is reared;
 If vice before sweet virtue's crown'd,
 And vanity revered,
 Can you call that God's act, O! man,
 When folly you prefer?
 And all the woes that spring from guilt,
 Show man's a prey to Care.

See splendid courts oppressed with grief,
 With all their pomp and pride;
 While o'er earth's vast expanse I sweep,
 Their pleasing projects wide.
 Their gaudy sports by day and night—
 Their banqueting so rare;
 Are oft disturb'd to learn aright
 That man's a prey to Care.

The Potentate who fills a throne,
 With all his ore train;
 And nobles all of high degree,
 Do own my power supreme:

They wailing pine beneath their lot,
 That troubles they must share ;
 That life is but a passing beam,
 And man's a prey to Care.

Yon cruel lord of base alloy,
 Who bends to trash and state ;
 He feels corruptions levelling sword,
 Regret, and shame, and hate.
 Then where's ambition's haughty mock,
 Or where does pride refer ?
 To say she finds the rich man great,
 And not a prey to Care.

Behold yon reverend godly sire,
 Who spends his life in good ;
 And watch what crosses him disturb,
 And see his sorrowing mood.
 Go ask the grief that's at his heart,
 And learn the dictates there ;
 How oft he mourns the woeful smart,
 That man's a prey to Care.

The miser with his yellow hoard—
 Yet chill'd with pinching cold—
 Vexation wrecks his peevish mind,
 Though coffers heaped with gold.
 Aspiring still's his greedy thought,
 He grieves more wealth to heir ;
 And nothing good or needful sought,
 Show he's a prey to Care.

The patriot of his country's boast,
 Whose ardent breast's for fame ;
 The poet 'midst his fancied host,
 Who studious seeks the same.
 Both still their lives with hardship run,
 Nor joy, nor pleasure share ;
 And how it comes, 'tis easy seen,
 Because they're born to Care.

The warrior on the slaughter hill,
 With valliant heart so proud ;
 The sailor on the billowy seas,
 High topping in the cloud.
 What's all their boast of treasure won,
 When death and wild despair
 Stern looks them in the face amain ?
 Sure both's a prey to Care.

Celestial beauties crowd my brain,
 Of all that Heaven approve—
 The tender hearts are doom'd to groan,
 Of ecstasy and love.
 Lascivious nature feeds the strife,
 And all's born to beware ;
 A married and a single life
 Are both a prey to Care.

View in their spheres connubial mates,
 Then sound their happiness ;
 What numerous cares, and hopes, and fears,
 Alternate blight their bliss :

And lovers' mark amidst alarms,
 How many woes ensnare;
 What jealousies affection warms,
 And they're a prey to Care.

The heartbroke father in his grief,
 Who rear'd the blooming girl;
 And Jessy now to woman grown,
 The very country's pearl.

The thoughtless swain with treacherous art,
 The action done unfair—
 Beside the maid and mother's teen,
 Does father never Care?

The amorous clown in fulgent bloom,
 By love and honour bound;
 The nuptial day been set apart,
 The lucious revel found.

How oft he mourns my wayward plan,
 'Neath lessons right severe;
 When grieving 'neath frustration's lash,
 That man's a prey to Care.

Ah! see you tottering pallid man,
 With wretched cloathing clad;
 Who labours hard each endless day,
 To gain his offspring bread.

His hopes of wealth all flush'd and flown,
 When keen eyed want does stare;
 Ah! where's the doubt that's left behind,
 But he's a prey to Care.

Too, mark yon labouring toiling hind,
 Yon hireling forfairn,
 Who tills the hardy stranger's glebe,
 And stubbling reaps the corn.
 What comfort can his soul express,
 Ah! where's his solace, where?
 So heartless mourning e'er he's born,
 To be a prey to Care.

The anxious farmer of the land,
 Throughout the varying year;
 Too, let us count o'er all demands,
 What terrors him cashier.
 With him this world's scarce worth the toil,
 It costs him late and air;
 His every day's tumult and broil,
 Shows he's a prey to Care.

Hope springs exulting on the wing,
 The full grown blade in ear;
 But storms they blight his joyful spring,
 And Autumn's mildew's here.
 What giddy whirls now crowd his brain,
 His rents and cesses where?
 When but one day's dire hurricane
 Him marks a prey to Care.

The tempest it begins to roar—
 The eddying whirls come fast;
 See, as the grain it falls before,
 The keen edged sickle, thrash'd.

And man, Oh! man, what's now thy heart,
 But motto of despair?
 Thy expectations all a blank,
 Art thou no prey to Care?

Alas! the wretch that's doom'd to weep,
 In dungeons damp and low;
 He feels the sting of sin and shame,
 And sure does wade in woe.
 Ah! where the joys that he can claim,
 When chain'd a slave to wear;
 His feeble trunk while life remains,
 In never ending Care.

Thus age and youth in every clime,
 My onerous presence feel—
 The infant's cry, the schoolboy's whine,
 My sad embrace reveal.
 My power extends from pole to pole,
 Ubiquous every where;
 Throughout the realms of earth and life,
 They own to know me Care.

Oh! man of woman framed in sin,
 In trouble thou wast born;
 In anguish thou shalt live and die,
 With sorrow fill the urn:
 For Oh! what pleasure can'st thou feel,
 When all thy acts declare;
 That silly man's a helpless plant,
 That lives and dies in Care.

No happiness this side the grave,
 True comfort, none in time;
 Nor human but's to care a slave,
 Nor mortal here divine:
 Sure transient recreation's dull,
 And short lived pleasure's spare;
 There's none can laugh at other's thrall,
 For all's a prey to Care.

Many the torments of man's breast,
 That here his peace annoy;
 Many the sharp and numerous ills,
 That's sent man here to try.
 And couldst thou search each anxious heart—
 And Oh, the truth rever—
 How many still more wretched are
 Than thee a prey to Care.

Adversity comes in its turn
 You see, alike to all;
 As well the wealthy as the poor
 Do sorrow sup and thrall.
 But still to make the most of life,
 And state of things that are,
 If, sue the good, and chace the ill,
 You cannot still have Care.

'Tis selfishness, and pride, and guilt,
 In creatures make them grieve;
 God loves from dire distress and wrong
 All creatures to relieve.

Since man's no lasting home on earth,
 There's nought should fret him here ;
 'Tis me, and only me should grieve
 The ever Care of care.

Then Oh, my sou! nor seek thy life,
 Know all the world's the same ;
 There's none 'thout crosses here on earth,
 'Thout sorrow, grief, and pain.
 All, all, have troubles in their kind,
 Then shun the flagrant err ;
 Commit thyself to God, my friend,
 And patient bear with Care.

Take Piety—and hand in hand,
 As jog along life's way,
 With fair wing'd virtue for thy friend,
 Thou'rt more than kings so gay :
 Nor seek to strew thy couch with flowers,
 Make Pity's buds thy lair ;
 And gone a few dull weary hours,
 Thou'rt blythe o'er grief and Care.

The holy heart, though sore oppress'd
 With many a darkling woe ;
 Soon righteous death it comes at best,
 And lays its troubles low.
 No terrors then to frown or gloom,
 But joys for ever more—
 With them that wait a timous tomb,
 And patient bear with Care."

Hail Death! then cried I, with a smile,
 The spectre 'way been fled ;
 Why should I seek thy unjust aid,
 To number with the dead?
 Thy days, Oh, Life! I'll wear with cheer,
 Though wrongs me great impair ;
 And wait the appointed time of God
 To set me free from Care.

THE LAMMAS FAIR,

IN THREE PARTS.

PART FIRST.

Tae sing the day, tae sing the fair,
 That birkies ca' the Lammas;
 In aul' Belfast, that toun sae rare,
 Fu' fain wad try't a gomas.
 Tae think tae please a', it were vain,
 And for a country plain boy;
 Therefore, tae please mysel' alane,
 Thus I begin my ain way;
 Tae sing that day.

Ae Monday morn on Autumn's verge
 To view a scene so gay,
 I took my seat beside a hedge,
 To loiter by the way.
 Lost Phoebus frae the clouds o' night,
 Ance mair did show his face—
 Ance mair the Emerald Isle got light,
 Wi' beauty, joy, an' grace;
 Fu' nice that day.

The laverocks up aloft the lay,
 Did clink their mornin' hymn;
 The petricocks roun' Galloa brae,
 Wi' skirlin' note did chime.

Perch'd on a thorn whose aged tap,
 Was gray, o' grosset plume,
 The rabbin there wi' gladsome chat,
 Many ithers gain'd his room,
 Wi' glee that day.

Tae mark tae a' the day'd be fair,
 An' no be foul an' rainy;
 High on the tapmist branch 'twas bare,
 He tuned his whistle bounie.
 An' still mair leud he sang's they trod,
 On a' the roads aroun' him;
 Tae see sae mony on the pad,
 He brisker sung than common;
 Fu' blythe that day.

Syne, trogger Bell is up 'fore dawn,
 An' doon the road she's carly;
 Yet faith she's feart she'll be ower lang,
 She's skelpin't on sae rarely;
 An' niest in text, comes wabster Jock,
 'Bout grey day in the mornin';
 An' Peg tae sell her tawpen'd cock,
 She strives tae get afore them
 'Bout clear that day.

Lord bliss ye creatures, tak' yeir time,
 An' jog 't yeir leisure crackin';
 'Fore ithers start ye'll 'gain be hame,
 The toun fo'k ye'll 've tae waukin'.
 But divil a haet's like be'n' in time,
 See here comes Pat and Barney;

Faith if ye halt, yeir clean behin',
Cut on, else M'Averney
Is first this day.

In twa's an' three's right on they flock,
The morn's gat up an' clearson',
An' a' the course ae w'y direct:
An' now in droves, see here's some
Wi' bleered e'e, an' dirty face,
Wha couldna sleep to think o't;
Wha's travell'd ten lang miles or this,
An' had a noble rant o't
Sae air this day.

On right they drive, some 'bout their shoes,
And some in jirgin' leather;
Some aul' fo'ks wi' their smoakin' gaes,
The slever times the bleather.
Here gangs a wife sae laden'd doon,
Wi' mony a creashy treasure;
Wha scarce can thraw her neck ha'f roun,
Tae bid guid morn her neighbour,
As pass'd that day.

Yeir basket Kates are skelpin' on,
An' passin' a' they're seein';
Their petticoats weel kilt ahin,
Nor dub or stoure mismay 'em.
An' ho! my grannie snugly slips
Tae mak' her ainie market,
Wi' mantle neat, and dowdy cap,

Made o' a weel bleech'd sark it,
Fu' douce that day.

In clackin' tugs are naigies yock't—
They're hippin' and they're hoyin';
The bleatin' lambs are gaun in flocks—
They're scuddin' loofs an' buyin':
There, asses bound between their creels,
Fill'd fu' o' bra' big herrin';
Here, iiber beece wi' prataes, meals,
Frac a' parts o' aul' Erin,
For sale that day.

Boac! here's the merchant for the ca'ves,
At crack wi' Jemmy Keenan;
While turkey Peter's on his claff,
See chicken Pat is leanin'.
"O will ye buy the *bill* the day?"
"What want ye for yeir ducks man?"
An' see the bargains' strucks th' gae,
An' sucky's tae the fox gane,
Doom'd death that day.

While Antrim grandees on the birk—
Aff mountain craigs sae fenny;
Ho! Jock scours on his year aul' stirk,
Fast whackin' 't through the many.
"Haloo boy, stap," the toll bellow'd,
But Jone tae scence the calter;
S—I see a cheevy they tak' fur't,
And on they're helter-skelter,
Like wud that day.

But stap, the toll man back is cried,
 Anither drove's belin' him;
 Tae lift the pence he's now employ'd,
 A' breathless wi' his rinnin'.
 Yet slap an' hoy ower Bowser's hill,
 Jone's whippin' like the devil;
 Till ower he's knocked some aul' wife's stall,
 An' him an' a' for evil
 'S ta'en up that day.

There some are gann for stirks tae buy,
 And some are gann for sellin';
 Here some are drivin' pigs an' kye—
 Some powneys from the Hilan'.
 Yon's uncle Billy fleein' hard,
 Wi' his twa bra' big horses;
 He thinks he'll get a fine reward,
 An' haes prepared twa purses,
 Fu' lang that day.

"Guid mornin' tae ye maister Tam,
 And are ye busy mawin?
 Whan ither fo'k's the fair tae gann,
 A' joyfu' an' gaffawin.
 The grass 'll grow man ower yeir grave,
 A' worthless race they'll heir ye;
 Think shame! awa' come wi' the lave,
 An' tak' yeir sport wi' Larry,
 Yeir frenn the day."

Now farmers' care in snugger seat,
 In cart an' car they're trottin';

While some comes by, thinks they're maist feat,
 Nae miss whan in a phaeton.
 The road was crowded tae degree,
 Tae think on a' but fashes;
 But last they cam' kin' leal an' free,
 The best the bonnie lasses,
 Sae blythe that day.

Sweet scented bags as by they drove,
 Made a' aroun' sae balmous;
 The knowin' chiel was caught in love,
 Pat made the ignoramous.
 Of every grade their shawls an' hue,
 An' up tae fashion deckit;
 Some scarfs they wore, some collars too,
 In satin boots some cockit,
 Sae gran' that day.

Their bonnets trimm'd wi' a' twas new,
 Bro'ght out o' silken Baccel';
 And on the tap o' a' there grew,
 A trig, but muckle tassel.
 The ear strings too, near to mid leg,
 Were lengthen'd like a tether—
 An' fear their lads some ither drag,
 The veil streams in the weather
 Wi' some that day.

Set tho' tae watch their frills an' gowns
 Wi' secret hidden glower,
 Was Rab the Bard a funny clown,
 Wi' rural music's power.

Description fails him—and but true

O' a' that e'er thou sawest ;

Wi' snaw white frocks, an' piebald too,

'Twas wha o' them was brawest,

On sic a day.

My spunkie Nanny 'hint the la'e,

That she might better show it ;

She sidelin' steppit up niest me—

A cherry tae me throwed :

Quo' she, " d'ye ken whare's this ye've been,

Ha'e ye forgot yeir promise ?

I'm sure ye min' on yester e'en,

And won't we aye be cronies,

On every day.

" Gae busk yeirsel', an' come awa',

An' dinna sit here dringin' ;

I'm sure ye see frae every ha'

A lad or lassie swingin'."

The keckle tingled through her brest,

As ower these lines repeated ;

A haverel la'gh the Muse ta'en niest,

A new min' bees created,

In her that day.

" Faith, faith, I'll do't—an tae the fair,

Rab this day forth we'll wing it ;

Och! wishu care; jump wi' yeir dear,

And O how sweet we'll sing it.

O! 'gain the Muse nae tines her tongue,

Or Rab nae tak's the colick ;

Fu' dear, fu' dear shall pay some, some,

An' for their fun an' frolic,

This rantin' day."

Step on, says I, my joyfu' lass,

Whan by yon clachan dally ;

And I'll owertak' ye by the pass,

Comes out yont whare lieves Cully.

And hame I cam mysel' tae dress,

Accompanied by my doggie—

It wasna lang till I did wash,

And on my garbs pat vougey,

Wi' speed that day.

Then in my han', I taen a switch,

'Wee thicker than a roddie ;

And after her I hard did hitch,

Right fast along the roadie.

My ain dear lass she saw me come,

As fast as I was able ;

Tae fix her gartens she did dring,

Or for a sponce did ravel,

Her shoes that day.

Soon up I got, we cuddled near,

Too soon did end our journeyin' ;

We parted then wi' min' sincere.

Tae meet in the returnin'.

Away she went her ainie w'y,

Tae get her mammy's needin's ;

Alike mysel' I aff did str'y,

Tae dae my ain wee diddens,
My lane that day.

PART SECOND.

By this the sun far up the arch,
His fiery steeds be's lashin' ;
Ance mair swift hurryin' on his march,
To kiss with Madam Ocean :
His zenith now he has obtain'd,
A' ower earth he's lookin'—
Hark ! yon'er's mid-day—twall's proclaim'd,
The market clock is chappin'
Right lang that day.

In ae short hour my wants were got,
Trowth th' were thieveless little ;
But fo'k on fairin' days maun trot,
Gif but tae buy a buckle.
I then tae sell a piece o' time,
Trode through the jobbin' bissies ;
Wi' ident e'e tae catch the shine,
An' deal amang the hissies
For fun that day.

By Lang-brig on' I've strolled my way,
As through the toun I'm rakin' ;
How mony people do crowd the quay,
Where freedom's types are waitin'.

Guid keep the grim as weel's th' white,
Got roun' by porter's corner ;
Here's mony a weary coleman wight,
Waitin' a job as or'ner—
“ Any coals th' day.”

Majestic, bold in all their ways,
Of amiable features ;
If aught of art's deserving praise,
'Tis ships, commerce's creatures.
Sing-song ! the jolly tars they go,
How beautiful to hearken ;
This cargo beach'd—the tither ho !
How cheerful they were barquein'
Wi' glee that day.

Guid morrow tae ye Mr. Steam :
Heavens wha e'er tho'ght tae see ye :
A fiery finch on water sweam,
'Gain win' an' tide sae free, ay :
Nae won'er mony at you lack,
The very Ocean's won'er—
And 'way she went, O losh ! a ship
'Thout sail, like snoria' thun'er,
Right fast that day.

While mony a maid to trafficks joys,
Are steerin' aff an' landin' ;
Yon square rigg'd girl deserves our sighs,
Some distant port she's bound on.
Her anchor's weigh'd—her sails are spread—
While on the beach sad some seem ;

How waefu' emigrations brood—
 Tae be nae mair again seen
 Freens part that day.

The distain' ship on speedin' rael,
 The widenin' loch she's bravin' ;
 See kerchiefs streamin' in the gale,
 A last adieu they're wuivin'.
 She for the Atlantic steers,
 The Blak-Head's now her hidin' ;
 Tho' mist, an' hills the gaze obscures,
 Yet lingerin' freens they're bidin',
 Fu' sad that day.

O, Heaven, what heart so proud an' vain,
 'Thout sympathy, or moral ;
 As no tae sigh for those that's gane,
 Tae face the main an' peril :
 But what's their grief tae theirs—dire care—
 The Das, an' Mas't now sun'er ;
 Wha's left behin' heartbroken, mair,
 Tae mourn through life as wan'er,
 Their loss you day.

O, fortune, cruel fiend o' bad,
 And fate, thou imp sae grousome ;
 Could Rab no made a sailer lad,
 Had ye kept aff yeir blows 'im ?
 My denty freens I'd wish tae browse,
 An' kingdoms rove fain wi' ye ;
 Gae whare ye like my jovial boys,

My heart bids guid speed tae ye
 On every day.

A sigh yet rends my bosom wi' !
 But here's the bonnie barges—
 Yet Avarice, yon's your groanin' sail,
 Whose prow's scarce 'bove the surges.
 The scene is chang'd frae sad tae fun,
 The Yatch Club boats are playin' ;
 The wager haes the blue sail won,
 An' now the crowd's hussaein',
 Right loud that day.

As doon the loch we stime away,
 An' wi' the glass sae pretty ;
 Wi' full spread canvas on the sea,
 Gobs ! yon'er's smugglin' Betty ;
 And at her tail fast on they run,
 A rev'nue cutter's cruisin' ;
 The whitenin' billows sheet wi' foam,
 As they divide her bows roun'
 On chace that day.

As through Horse market now we pass,
 'Cept zebras, and 'cept camels,
 There's a' descriptions o' horse flesh,
 And asses, mules, an' donnels ;
 There farmer's horse, an' carter's too,
 An' horse for coach an' saddle ;
 And there, O, wae ! were hacks enew,
 For sugan Pats, that hoble
 For sale that day.

See down the street there comes a fry,
 Just like a dust in simmer;
 Wi' gingert tails up niest the sky,
 As hard as they can binner;
 Their owners arm'd wi' tawny whips,
 Wi' mony a thong comes roun' them;
 Till recked brutes they skip an' loup,
 Wi' bats an' staggers groanin'
 O' abuse that day.

The worse o' wear here spavied yads,
 Wi' weel brush'd hair ower bruises;
 On wham the smith haes spent on shods,
 A week tae fit their hovies.
 Wi' ancient snouts nigh tae the grin,
 They're dreamin' as they travel;
 Wi' boots an' spurs their whipper-in,
 Yet scarce can mak' them kevel,
 Frae sleep that day.

Awow! an' got in poultry square,
 How mony lasses smilin';
 An' see them wi' their butter ware,
 An' eggs an' fowl beguillin'.
 But Rantana the bellman comes,
 The constable's amang them;
 And ha! he's libbin' yon an' rung,
 An' for her doonright rangin'
 For fun that day.

Ding-dong, again haes rung the bell,
 Corn factors don't hae't gratis!—

And Lord preserve yon man does sell
 The poor man's food, the pretaes.
 Ance mair ding-dong: "harrah" the cry,
 Here asses, an' here truckles;
 "Girls what ye like again come buy"—
 By gobs! see yon'er cockles,
 For sale that day.

Success, an' be ye blythe my frien',
 Nae want o' meal wi' you—circe—
 Ah! dandy bucks the cribstane rin,
 Or 'faith ye'se meby't rue sirs:
 'Tis farmer Rab—an' next akin,
 Bravo! here comes the baker;
 Och! tak' the side, or troth as gann
 He'll dust ye wi' his capour,
 Sae vain that day.

Here's broker's lane, whaur tags supply
 Fu' mony a gash wi' clathin';
 Sae thrang this day, ye'll scarce win by,
 Wi' geather'd totterys leasin'.
 Wi' eiks, an' en's, an' holes, an' paws,
 The sul' clouts worse o' wear—circe—
 They've cast them aff, an' for the brows,
 They're prankin' in their bare a—e,
 Like wud that day.

You birky lo! behold! him dress'd,
 Some sprigtall frae the clarkin';
 Wi' cut an' capor see how spruak'd,
 Sae bra' new out he's startin'.

He's thruppens left yet for the shine,
 Wi' velvet collar glitterin';
 Och! girls beware, he'll tak' ye in,
 A gentleman's the slattern
 Sae trim this day.

Here Tweedledee stracks up a lilt,
 Hear Shan'boy how he tortures;
 An' in yon guttery neuk they're till't,
 Amang th' dungy quarters.
 See, see, how many geeglers roun',
 An' w—s o' ilk dimension;
 But stap, even noo he chang'd his tune,
 Tae yon lad aliped the pense in,
 Right brisk that day.

In Smithfiel' as I toddled through,
 The dread uproar was deavin';
 Wi' tinsel'd frock, an' painted brow,
 The pappit show seemed lievin'.
 A bulk o' fo'k aroun' was clad,
 O' a' kin's you could mention;
 Tae see an' Jerry wi' the wig,
 An' miter'd frocks a' dancin',
 For pense that day.

Syne, sic a sight, a painted gra,
 'Tis circus Joes let loose;
 Hech me! sae tinsel'd ane an' a,
 An' lad an' lass sae crouse.
 Nor water tae yeir teeth boys draw,
 For sicin' seemly dandys;

No'er heed them honest fo'k ava,
 They're but a pack o' randies,
 Out right this day.

Wi' tasseld caps an' gleamin' blades,
 Wi' fifein' an' wi' drummin';
 The red coat boys now on parade,
 They shake the grun they're gaun on:
 An' clout the sheepskin yet extends,
 An' wheeper's louder blawin';
 Till after them fu' mony wend,
 An' some's up tae them jawin'
 Right glib that day.

The music quats—the serjeant cries,
 Big bounty don't resist it;
 A jug o' punch boys, don't despise,
 A soger's life's the best o't.
 An' see how many blackguard rogues,
 An' strappin' billies listenin';
 Wi' courage bauld charm'd ower their sads,
 An' cagy shillin's fistin',
 Wha'll rue't some day.

But faith you fellow 'mang the rest,
 Haes taen them in, an' sairly;
 Sae droll been by the crowd roun' press'd,
 He's ponch'd the curls, an' fairly.
 Och, och! ye na'er saw cowdler men,
 As loud the gapes were cheerin';
 While frae the thrang out braul'd Sam,

Reelfited wi' them stearin',
Tae the yill that day.

There sits a tinker wi' his tins,
A turner w' his ladles ;
A gleg tongu'd spankie's cryin' spoons,
Anither's at her fables.
Billowre ! a singer's come tae han',
The crowd is geather'd roun' her ;
A pick-pocket them slips amang,
His booty there to plun'er
Wi' craft that day.

Here sits a graven'd faced sweep,
He's cursin' an' he's swearin' ;
That a' the ministerial group,
Tae H—l they will gang tearin'.
He swore the clergy had him rogued
O' his dear earned wages ;
Tho' he hale morn in sout had boged—
He curses and he rages,
Sae wild that day.

Alas ! quo' he, baith een an' ears,
I've stow'd gat in their funnels ;
Tho' ither tribes I've swept for years,
I'd ne'er sic room for grum'les.
But ah ! in Satan's lan' they'll fin',
A hotter fiery chimney ;
Than e'er I've crept in my bare skin,
Tae earn an honest pennie,
On some ane day.

Yeir Chaeny-mem is dinglin' loud,
Her bonnie cup an' saucer ;
But presently there tak's her lug,
A fist that is a fasher.
" Wad ye sell a' the day yeirsel',
An' no gie me a share o't ?"
Whan turns about aul' fisty Nell,
The offender's ower wi' bare hip,
Clean felt that day.

By steppin' on our aul' ern Jacks,
Are skirlin' loud as onnie ;
Beside them hung in cages pets—
Mahogany roun' sat bonnie ;
Auld plenishen out by was strow'd,
Guid L—d but it was limmer ;
Some creepy stools, an' shelves weel scower'd,
Tae hide the worm pict tim'er,
Tae sell that day.

Some honest men wi' guid kail yirds,
That day pay'd weel the ransom ;
The cars are set like teeth o' cards,
And every ane there's plants on.
Aul' hats an' leather comes in sight,
The affcasts o' the nation ;
The crazy stall black'd up wi' slight,
Fits ilk denomination,
In size that day.

On this side sits a ging'-bread Joe,
The tither a grozet barrow ;

The plumb are here—ilk blacks a sloe,
 Melts in yeir mouth like marrow.
 This way sit barley-sugar Jones,
 Across there apple factors ;
 The cutler wi' his wheel an' hone's,
 Beside the man an' pictures ;
 At wark that day.

Here's yellow-man, an' tuffy sweet,
 Girls will ye taste or pree it ;
 An' aul' wife crys gaun through the street,
 " Boys treat yeir sweethearts tao it."
 " Och, here's the better stuff for them,
 Teetotal sure's the cordial"—
 Na, na, quo' Frank, a glass o' rum
 'Fore soda water's preferable
 On onnie day.

Yeir pedlar catches mak' their crum's,
 The shamy duds they're playin' ;
 Some sair niest morn they'll eat their thun's,
 For what th' day they're payin'.
 Yon fellow's buyin' twa gash games,
 For his wee Jeuny's fairin' ;
 Anither's at the gilt brass rings—
 They're gowd the pimp's declarin',
 Tae him that day.

Hark ! you'er stan's M'Sturdy voice,
 Fast chappin' doon the aul' claise ;
 An' aul' wife's keepin' terrible noise,
 About a pair o' holed stays.

But hark ! big Jaffers how he bawls,
 His voice is far aboon them ;
 Some scabbit tip he three times calls,
 The hammer then cracks doon wi' 'im,
 Wi' a clink that day.

Gaun on, here's pitch-an'-toss, an' games—
 Oh ! horrid, how they're cursin' ;
 See yon great gumph the wee ane rangs,
 And roguishly he's pursin'.
 Crack-whack my hearts, they're at it noo,
 An' backin's baith got plenty ;
 By curse ! big Gullifer's no true blue,
 My cocks haes won the banty,
 Right staunch that day.

Amang yon horny bearded clan,
 Hark ! jobbers at Nick's scriptures ;
 And Nick an' Barney's i' the thrang,
 By h—l in apen ruptures.
 But forth comes Dick, an honest blade,
 He reds them right an' left for't ;
 He swares he'll walk the beast to Strade,
 An' buck or doe he bo'ght it,
 A goat that day.

As paidelin' on frae street tae street,
 I'm now got 'mang the entrys ;
 But L—d knows little tae my quate,
 Sic soun' attracts my gantrys.
 While some skirls haddock, some flat fish,
 Brays whitins some, an' pullins ;

An' here's the water for the broth,
 'Gain we'd the groats an' scallions,
 At screech that day.

Ho! maister Danny tripes haes bo'ght,
 He's green wi' sharn sae clarty;
 An' Mistress Mall haes pickt a waught,
 Twa cooes heeds an' a h'arty:
 While Tam o' Rea wi' bull beef comes,
 Comes tinkler Bet wi' pairin's;
 Rin, lasses rin, or 'faith' yeir grams,
 Sic claty rungs mak' wearin's
 As pass this day.

The fo'k are gaun on every side,
 I'm gaun tae see what nils them;
 So, follow'd on ahint the crowd,
 Till I arriv'd at raildem.
 As luckin' a' for somethin' strange,
 On tiptoe a' they're sprawlin';
 As if some ane wi' lousy mange,
 Was a' out ower crawlin',
 They stare that day.

Halloo! ahead there comes a shout—
 "Come, clear the w'y, be hasty;
 Soon, soon, ye'll see a flysome brute,
 Wi' fire that wad roast ye.
 Swith, red the road my gentle chaps,
 Respect's name here tae persons':
 And on the stick it whizzin' slaps,

Alike on rich an' poor shins,
 Fu' sair that day.

O horrid, Peter's aff wi' yells,
 He hears the steam wark sabbin';
 An' Dick by this too's by the mills,
 Ha'f wil' an' doon the Logan.
 But forth it comes a rowtin' ill,
 Fleet as the win' careerin':
 "Soho! avaunt! keep clear the rail,"
 The "deil ma care" wha's fearin'
 It cam' that day.

While now confusion crowns the noise,
 An' expectation's waiter;
 While presently a' 's in surprise,
 The reek attracts an' vapour.
 I'm staitin' through like onnie stoge,
 Amang yeir great big nobles;
 Remarkin' no'ght as being odd,
 Tho' a' astonish'd gowls
 Tae see't that day.

Ohone! 'tis nul' Nick chain'd on wheels,
 Wi' reekin' fiery furnace;
 Wha's targin' on a train o' bells,
 Back, forret tae Lisburnes.
 An' how now Michael can ye la'gh,
 At lang o' a the witches—
 A wee bit in, again it's aff,
 This time before't the coaches,
 Like mad that day.

O let them ride for fun an' sport,
 Poor Rabin's frae the country;
 His purse is low, he disna court
 The company o' the gentry.
 An' they wha ride, tae just hae't said
 (Thus pounded up like asses),
 They got a ride—O, sma's their brag—
 On H—l's infernal graphus
 On onnie day.

Wae tae the batch protects the scheme,
 Or sets sic plagues a gangin';
 The farmer clan may weep amain,
 The horse trade's a' clean done ane.
 Foul fa' the byke, deil sen' them cash,
 I'll gae an' luck my Nannie;
 Fu' time 'tis noo tae see my lass,
 An' treat her tae a jonnie
 On sic a day.

By Charity corner soon I'm doon,
 Again I meet wi' Nannie;
 My bonnie girl yeir drouth tae droon,
 The day since e'er ye saw me.
 Nae dou't wi' mony joyfu' chaps,
 Did mony goblets toom ye;
 The day sae warm an' tae tak' draps,
 No Rab himsel' could blame ye,
 This gran' fair day.

"Na, Rab my lad ower dear I looe,
 I've waited a' the day through;

Tho' many treats I could got vow!
 No ane, feint ane I'd prae trow!
 Ye impeach me rang—yeirsel I wait,
 What ye'd nae dae for me man;
 Whist, whist, then Nan, come 'wa' we'll hae't,
 Oursel's in here awce Mam;
 We'll step this day.

'Twere easy for me to enlarge,
 While bouzin' ower my drammie;
 An' forth yet mony pictures urge,
 As through the fair ye saw me.
 But fun, a sample o' th' day,
 Ye maun hae mid my bleatherin';
 So, 'bout the grog shaps hence we'll stay,
 As noo they're busy geatherin'
 That unco day.

Mark, afternoon is wearin' on,
 The streets are thin an' quater;
 Now every ale shap's gettin' thrang,
 Loud rowlin' for the waiter.
 By this blythe lads wi' eager e'e,
 Are luckin' for their lasses;
 Wham shorten'd words mak' to agree,
 And aff tae taste the glasses
 They're gane that day.

Mind, up the lane there goes a squad
 O' gentlemen's companions;
 Their blackguard leuks wad pit ye mad,
 Wi' hatred at their banions.

Twa merry cheils droll wiskin' treats,
 Twa o' th'ir perfumigators;
 Whan sairly they may mourn their states,
 An' curse weel their defeators
 Some ither day.

In lads an' lasses raw by raw,
 They roun' the forms are ranged;
 Till near the street they've left in a',
 But Curry-combs to range it.
 See every winnock deck'd sae bra',
 They're 'boon the cribstanes smilin';
 An' list! the keckle rings gaffa,
 As lads they in are rowlin'
 Mair drink that day.

Nae drouthy thrap need langer thirst,
 Ower tum'lers a' are gapin';
 Some jovial lads near like tae burst,
 The tither bout are droopin'.
 But in yet droves anither set,
 As fast as they can hurry;
 Here comes our neebors, Jock an' Beck,
 Ye'd think he wad her worry,
 Wi' fand this day.

Some worthless grandas hearts 'twere hard,
 The whiskey did them saften;
 Oh! how the la'gh did stride their beards,
 Wi' every roun', as quaffin'.
 A' through their ain the youngsters ran,
 Tae ax them for their fairins;

And every Dad did meet his son,
 Wi' cheer an' apen arms,
 Fu' kind that day.

But sair they'd grudge their dowery han',
 Whan the niest morn did tell truth;
 An' curse the luck did them trepan,
 At first into an ale house.
 They'll stoit about wi' cockt up nose,
 An' no a word be speakin';
 Whan but the pa'in' o' a rose,
 Wad set them tae the kickin',
 On the niest day.

Poor drunken Oin has met mishap,
 The bruiser wi' his mellet
 Is layin' thousan's on his back,
 As hard as he can wallop.
 An' what could e'en poor Oiny dae,
 The barrow an' the strap's forth;
 An' doon he's lash'd an' hiz'd away,
 Tae pay the fine for his mirth,
 Upon that day.

Behint me sits a drouthy band,
 The sonnet sinks the liquor;
 They're cursin' now, tho' scarce can stand,
 The waiter to be quicker.
 A lad up jumped frae 'mang the rest,
 Wha tho'ght himsel' nae sheepshank;
 He swore that he wad gang an' fesh't,

Before that he wad wait on't
Sae lang that day.

But toit, some bench prap tak's his tao,
He's ower wi' a rum'le ;
Six glasses, jugs, a bra' new tray,
Below him lies in grumle,
Hevo, plays ane in this back neuk,
Anither straught fornent him ;
Some ane wi' pressin' win' haes brak,
The crack's en'ugh tae rent 'im,
In twa that day.

Ha! watch yon lugan i' the bed,
At tooks o' fuddle-foden ;
By gobs! he's up the steam on Meg,
An' claughtin' at her drodum ;
An' tae yon kittler through the reek,
Tae just be i' the fashion ;
See how he gi'es them a' the deuk,
Gi'es Jean M'Geo across ane,
Unseen that day.

Yet Will, my frien' haes't crowd'd up
Wi' sugar an' het water ;
An's drivin' roun' the jocund cup,
Till tongues they're a' playin' clatter.
The whiskey aye begins tae sweet,
Whan heeds begin tae deaver ;
But whiskey mair, let's nae mair wi't,
Fear whiskey plays the shaver,
Outright this day.

As some are bent an' for the shine,
That they'll yet drink an' blouster ;
I wish them luck, but I'll gae hame,
Whiskey shant be my maister.
We've just en'ugh tae help us on,
An' gie us peace an' pleasure ;
Get up my Nan, an' wi' the thrang,
We'll jog along 't our leisure,
Niest hame this day.

Farewell my Joes—and will ye st'y,
Your time an' pence a losein' ;
Ye've drunk as lang, I'm sure, as dry,
And mair's your health abusin' ;
And ye guid fathers, wives wha slight,
'Fore ower lang ye tamper ;
I'd hae ye mind yon dismal night,
And freaks o' " Tam o' Shanter,"
In time this day.

The eric glen lies leagh the brae,
Far up stan's Castle Rabin ;
And walks fu' mony a ghost an' fay,
About the shore and Lagan,
Too, goblins many nightly range,
The howes o' Down and Connor ;
Make haste brave lad, bring me my change,
For I will stay nae langer,
At weel this day.

PART THIRD.

The e'enin sun begoud tae lo'er,
 The day was gettin' later;
 And aff each lassie hamewards bore,
 Weel pleas'd wi' her conceitor.
 Wi' arm in arm they link'd along,
 An' wow! but they were cheery;
 Wi' tho'ghts a' grounded on the sang—
 O' single life I'm weary,
 Sae fain that day.

The smackin' crack it went free will,
 Frae ilk as they were joggin';
 Perhaps but doon wi' cintra skill,
 Yet what's for petty pogin'?
 The honest swains by virtue stayed,
 *Of accents pure and tender;
 Th' accomplish'd maids of beauty's grade,
 Adorn'd the female gender.
 Wi' grace that day.

As careless on they countless jog—
 Some's cuts an' capors throwin';
 The parasol does crown the wag,
 Tho' no a Sun's now showin'.
 But honoured be the rural pairs,
 And much be they respected;
 They trodge wi' no unseemly airs,
 Nor foppish follies acted
 Wi' them that day.

Joyful the ways of rustic life,
 It far surpasses gentles;
 An humble life alone's the life,
 That only true love mantles.
 Happy are they who humbly walks
 Before their God and Maker;
 A blest reward for them there waits,
 Trains after their Creator,
 On some ane day.

Fair Virtue's garbs arrays the man,
 Abhoreth lewd seduction;
 No wicked gins can lead 'im rang,
 He acts with self restriction.
 Bless'd is the lass whose virgin love
 Is placed on such a gallant;
 Without temptation she may rove,
 Along wi' sic a valiant
 By night or day

Cursed is the man by Fate's divide,
 Haes got a wife that's saucy—
 Weel saired's the lad that trips langside
 O' his sweet country lassie.
 Gie me the maid tae be my bride,
 Has center'd in her bosom
 Forbearance, love, a foe to pride,
 She'll mak' the bride that's loesome,
 On onnie day.

But noo by this we've left the Loope,
 And Orangefield ahin us;

Ower Logan's hill we've ta'en our trip,
 By Watson's, an' sweet Jemmy's :
 Too, Merrylan' we're pass'd, and too,
 Backlouter'd is the dram shap ;
 An' Piper's now appears tae view,
 And we're content, we're 'gain back,
 Sae far that day.

While some in haf way houses treat,
 For what en' I'll no metre :
 While some's got hame an' at the meat—
 An' drunk some hameward dotter :
 While weena spoupins by us start,
 Tae meet their Dads an' Mammies :
 The murkenin' sky been growin' dark—
 So ends the Fair o' Lammas,
 Sae late that day.

ON SALTS.

O, Salts ! thy glorious powers tae sing,
 What Muse O, wadna spread her wing,
 An' tightly lace her sweetest string
 Tae gie thee lays ;
 A just reward to thee to bring,
 To chant thy praise.

Ye Doctors 'mid yeir trampin' rife,
 'Mang lad an' lass, an' man an' wife,
 The king o' Doctors in a trice,
 Is guid cleen Salts.
 Gie them the preference—meed o' life,
 An' health results.

Alas ! whan we're wi' sickness groanin',
 O, quat your pills an' po'ders schemin' :
 (But then it's Doctors' interest gloomin,
 Wi' pain'tae tease ;
 An' keep poor humans swallowin' human,
 Wi' mair disease.)

Be honest, men, nor play the rogue,
 Nae mair e'en bruise the snake or toad ;
 (An' for their hearts bluid to corrode,)
 Or poisonous smalts :
 Stan' toughly tae the healin' trade,
 An' order Salts.

Yeir this drug rid, the tither blue,
An' white an' green, an' yellow too;
An' then yeir drawers a mottled vow!

Wi' cunnin' names;

But cannie notes the sleekit crew,
Wi' a' yeir schemes.

But this the plan ye tak' tae sell,
Tae feast the e'e an' please the smell;
A dose ye'd gie's tae mak us weel,

Just, just, for thruppence!

But hand ye there, Salts huns yeir skill,
We're weel for ha'pense.

Salts thou for me, and I for you,
Henceforth I hae a frien' that's true;
Ye'll dine but spare, an' never fu',

Ye paukie scroy,

Dao ye intend that chaps like me,
Yeir brew sud buy!

Ah! what disease wad Salts no cure?
They'd near pit by th' allotted hour;
Tho' feeble nerves, an' blood sae froze,

Wi' filth a rustin'—

Tho' dim we shine; sae clean they scour,
We 'gain do glisten.

Us poets, poor discernin' buddies,
Are aft annoy'd amid our studies;
By ane sae vile, the plague o' caddies,

Ca'd Indigestion:—

Salts are the boys that cleans the haggish,
An' tooms the brustin'.

Whan head or gut ache sair ye bothers,
Or pains in rumps, or stuffin' mothers;
Pit Salts just on the trail my brithers—

Wi' stink an' win';—

Just hiss'n like a bag o' ethers,
Disease is gone.

Whan big my Lord he eats ower much,
Or's got a stappin' in his britch;
Ower roast beef, mutton, wine, or such,

O, thou art physic:

Sweet Salts, thou soon relieves the catch,
An' reds the hash o't.

A wee bit ower, an' time tae trickle,
Oh! hear his tripes as rum'lin' keckle;
Away it goes wi' row't an' rattle,

An' rainbow thun'er;

An' tooms the brute—losh! losh! how muckle,
O' perfect scanner.

Whan toddlin' weanies tak' the dwam,
The cheapest Doctor's aye at han';
Just kilt their coaties up them roun',

Nor fear the ail:

But pour the potent liquid doon,
An' soon they're hale.

The love-sick maiden far apart,
 'Mang wilds tae moan the waefu' smart;
 Tae rouse the canker frae her heart,
 Salts what's like thee?
 Again she's lively as a lark,
 An' brisk's a bee.

Wae worth the silly worthless dug,
 Wha wadna raise his voice to laud—
 A prey to sorrow, worm, or grub,
 Salts thou'rt the devil
 That tans the reptiles, fegs the lad
 Free's us o' evil.

Wee baby-ba, the womb whan 'scapes,
 What, what, preserves it frae th' pox?
 Let mother matron 'mid her jokes
 Now lugh an' say—
 How aft she scour'd it 'mang the crocks,
 Tae keep it free.

Out a' night wi' his w—s an' jades,
 An' rantin wi' his jelly vagues;
 Poor drunken Will a' torn in rags,
 An' new gat hame;
 O, Salts! how mony earthly plagues
 Thou keep'st frae him.

Even the influence to procure,
 That Salts are g'en—that same they'll cure;
 The —— in a needfu' hour,
 Tae speak it plain;

As sure as C——y kept a boar,
 That had it on.

For mental, weel as bodily ill,
 Salts, Salts! the dose 'fore drap or pill—
 Per this drug, that drug, Mr. Phill,
 Yon glype sae buxsom;
 The noblest medicine in your hall,
 Gie him the Epsom.

As suitin' best the silly scarum,
 Wham lust an' laziness is at war in:
 An' too, yon lass wham pride's devo'rin',
 'Thout sense sae fumbled;
 Her wi' the souple —— e'en charm,
 An' faith she's humbled.

The rigid bigot in his cause,
 Despisin' every others laws:
 I carna tho' o' priestcraft's braws,
 I swear 'twere better
 'Fore let him preach his cursed flaws,
 He had the ——

Of Salts's power at reason spier,
 I've mark an' but a sample here,
 An' what need we for waste our lear,
 Or bobble more o't!
 We cudna sing their charms 'n a year,
 An' set us for it.

Drink Salts, drink Salts, my freens, yeir fill,
 An' crystal water frae the rill;
 Ye'll lang respect yeir hale an' weel,
 Nor tine yeir bliss;
 An' fin' my doctorship an' skill
 No far amiss.

Ilk man an' maid wha health reveres,
 Nor care a fig wha at you sneers,
 Come join the corps like flinty fiers,
 An' stoutly back us.
 Hurrae for Salts! let's gie three cheers,
 An' guid black pretaes.

POSTSCRIPT.

I'm much indebted tae ye madam,
 An' for the physic ye sent Rabín,
 May never sorrow bite yeir droddum;
 But happ'ly blest,
 Tae you may still turn fortune's totum,
 A lucky cast.

Waes me! poor sorrows lonely chiel!
 Nae don't but it will gar ye smile,
 Whan I tell ye withoutan' guile,
 Just plain r'ugh Rab;
 Salts, salts for ance in first rate style
 They doon their jab.

Ye'd thoct ae time my guts war churnin',
 Anither time I was a' barmin';

A third, a rowtin ill I's turnin',
 Sae rude in manner:
 While growl'd the win' like Mons Meg stormin',
 Or distant thunder.

But ower my thrap a wee bit doon,
 A wee drap drink my drouth tae droon;
 Och, wishu! Care struck up her tune,
 Ye may gie't credence;
 Savin' yeir presence, at the grun'
 I got a redence.

Now hale and weel, and blythe and flinty,
 Ance mair death bother't, thank ye, thank ye,
 An' for yeir kin'ness dame sae denty
 'Gain ye'd allow't,
 Guid faith I hae a min' tae prent ye
 In my new book.*

*NOTE.—To be original is a rare feature in composition. The origin of Salts and that which brought it before the public, was the borrowing of a physic from a friend, to the benefit of a sick heart, to whom the postscript refers.

POOR MARION'S LAMENT.

" But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.

Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lost the thief far poorer than before."

SHAKESPEARE.

The midnight moon showed full above,
The bonnie hills an' dales o' Down;
The wintry owlet screamed her tune,
And airy floated slowly roun':
As from her down in dire despair,
Her rest been broke, her bloom been cull'd;
Lone wandered forth Grief-driven heir,
In robes of loose an' nightly fold.

And pacing o'er the rimy soil,
Dejected, mourning sore aghast;
Her pale looks were white and wil',
All studious chilled amid the frost.
And as she sabbed wi' plaint sae clear,
And as she tuned her "woe-worn sang,"
Her wild notes echoin' reached my ear—
An' moaning rode the winds along:—

Ye maidens fair whom man adore,
Of subtle art' wiles beware;
Ye virgin nymphs, O, hark my lore,
On innocence award your care.

For ah! the treacherous snare is set,
And wary to th' falcon's ken,
And artless woman in the net,
Ah! when a prey—she knows not when.

Ye pleasing hopes, ye happy thoughts,
That lit my sportive mind when young;
Ye joyful scenes, ye sprightly wits,
That once my early bosom strung.
Farewell! adieu! for all is gloom,
No more my panting breast's to know;
Those blissful scenes of transport gone,
But still to wade in slippery woe.

Ah, youthful days! ah, early years!
How memory back delights to twine—
How fondly gazing through my tears,
I mark your festive sports divine:
When roving through the dewy air,
Or pranking on the sunny green;
With nought but heavenly sweets to share—
With solace fraught, and joy serene.

Light as the morning sun arose,
As lightly did I greet his smile;
As blythe at eve he took repose,
As blythe did I go lie 'bout foil:
And nought to crush or cause my frown—
And from my heart afar stood pain:
O years on years so blissful flown,
Such years I'll never see again.

But ah! has come the doleful day,
 And nought awaits me now but grief;
 O nought on earth to prop or stay,
 Nor pleasure to me brings relief.
 Cold, cold, must be my vigil hour,
 By night's appalling clouds o'erhung;
 T' mourn and weep the ruthless power,
 Seduced me in my virgin bloom.

O! is it so? and I'm debased—
 How can he thus so faithless be,
 Who oft has on me fondly gazed,
 And oft-times sighed for love and me.
 Ah! where his vows? are all distrust
 To her who long his secrets bore?
 Is all his honour now disgust,
 And no remorse his soul to gore?

O, woman, woman, silly thing,
 How vain is all thy wileing art
 How oft thou barb'st the goads that sting,
 And pierce more keen thy tender heart.
 What bane to thee thy coaxing ways,
 Thy flippant, fair, and lovely charms;
 Thy endearing smiles, thy love betrays,
 And heartless man to ruin warms.

Too long, too long, may bliss entice;
 Too long, too long, may joy decoy;
 Too long, too long, may fancy prize
 The thoughtless wiles that peace destroy.

For now no comfort to my breast,
 A wretch to sorrow lone exiled;
 O! nought but hardy cares molest,
 And doubly hem misfortune's child.

O love! O love! thou miscreant vile,
 Where, where thy witching, fairy spell?
 Where, friendship where, thy cheering smile,
 Where, where thy charm? ah, to me tell.
 Thy star is set: ah me, 'tis fled!
 And I must mourn—my fate deplore;
 Where nought but barren wilds outspread,
 And blackening clouds but hover o'er.

And whiskey Oh, thou midnight thief,
 Thou ignoble drink that brought my fall;
 'Twas you that caused the great mischief,
 And raised the brawny arm of thrall.
 Ah me! where'er the parents boast
 Of drunkenness—intemperate one—
 The child may quake for credit lost—
 But still the guilt it was my own!

Alas! no visionary dream,
 Nor transient glow, or rainbow dye;
 No fleeting ray, or soothing beam
 Can ever launch me 'gain in joy.
 The only opening that is left
 To find repose—her peace consumed—
 For her, a maid of pleasure rest,
 And drain her sorrows, is the tomb.

O why did time me not forget?
 O that I'd lifeless ever lain!
 O why did death me swallow not,
 Before such misery on me came?
 But Oh I live, (nor can I die,
 Though death would be a happy doom;)
 To ever mourn, and fret for aye,
 And never mirth to gild the gloom.

O life, how abject are thy ways,
 How worthless is thy gift to claim;
 How futile are thy fickle joys,
 How false, deluding, foul, and vain;
 Thou only smil'st for to deceive—
 To care on care on mortals load:
 And ah! how reckless sorrows seize,
 Alas! how cumberous woes me goad.

No flickering hope to ease my ail—
 No soothing oil my planet burns—
 No cheering friend attends my call,
 My each companion from me turns.
 Oh! hapless, hapless—horrors crowd—
 My soul, my heart, my virtue torn—
 Where is the form was once so proud?
 O Heaven, me lock within the urn!

The fragrant rose may bud and blow,
 The shamrock, violet, lily fair;
 And nature's face again may glow,
 And gay to others may appear.

But Oh, this heart so wounded deep,
 There's nought can blythe in time again;
 Since I must wail and weary weep,
 And ever mourn a cruel swain.

E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMIABLE AND DEPARTED
 THOMPSON, RURAL BARD, CARRNGRANNY.

Since Poet none to wake the lyre,
 Mute Nature trembling thrums the string;
 Uneducated youth aspires,
 In plain simplicity to sing!
 And if per-chance some Muse's son,
 Regret the gem so long gave o'er;
 From dark to light him let Him bring,
 And Thompson sound from shore to shore.

Hail Inspiration! string the lute,
 And aid the sympathetic throo,
 And thou sweet Muse of grief salute,
 Attune my notes to wildest woe.
 Shall Burns be dress'd in garbs the best,
 And Ramsey blossom in the urn,
 And Ferguson fame's noblest boast,
 And Thompson meet no fond return?

O Thompson! (not the Season's Bard,
 The swain of science and of song,

The just esteemed of fame's reward,
 Ev'n Caledonia's darling son.)
 But thou the star of Erin set—
 The mouthly Poet of the year ;
 O ! how my soul swells with regret,
 And pours for thee the moistening tear.

Even I a Bard, whom cares molest,
 A stranger to the man and pride,
 Who saw him not when want oppress'd—
 Or blest with affluence in the shroud.
 How shall I sing the theme so sad,
 Shall I the ditty to give o'er ?
 Led by tradition to his bed—
 Arouse my Muse, get high and soar !

Sleep sound, and rest departed shade,
 No more thou wakest to misery ;
 No more the calls of want thee goad,
 To wage the war with Poverty :
 No more the lark at early dawn
 Awakes the son of Want to toil ;
 To sweaty reap the dewy lawn,
 Or hardy turn the stubborn soil.

Ah ! grizzly, peevish, meagre fiend
 Grim Penury, thou elf of tene,
 Must Plenty's lap lie uncorsum'd,
 And still for thee Wealth live at ease ?
 And sip the sweets from year to year—
 Incessant, ay, from sun to sun ;

And must the man of worth be poor,
 And thou the Harpio of his home ?

O ! monstrous glutton with the sot,
 Luxurious canst thou go and mess !
 O ! wilt thou ever haunt the cot,
 And make its scanty pittance less ?
 But lo ! behold ! a world disclose,
 Surmounted all his ills in this—
 He now pipes joys for all his woes,
 And laughs at thee from heights of bliss.

Ah beauteous Lyle ! now wrapp'd in gloom,
 Let howling winds still round thee storm,
 And Granny Wood divest of plume,
 No vernal bloom to thee return.
 For why thy beauties 'gain display ?
 But prodigal of Nature's store,
 Since none thy charms there's to pourtray,
 Alas ! thy Thompson's now no more.

The Thrush to Raven's turn'd that croaks,
 By Piespell too, the Linnet's bound ;
 Accords the Gowdspink's tuneful notes,
 All wild, monatony of sound :
 Hoarse swelling on the sighing breeze,
 As Echo cries my songster's gone ;
 And still the voice that waked to please,
 And charm'd them all to love and song.

Bright in thy native wild domains,
 O ! Antrim, mourn thy favour'd son ;

And sadly o'er his last remains
 Enshrined, the tribute pour he's win.
 O are the fires of sorrow fled,
 Or can thou not admire the man?
 Inhospitable clime, indeed,
 That thus the rural Muse condemn!

Tho' fostering smile he none now greets,
 Alike to all thy honours blind;
 Yet nature for the homage shrieks,
 And Oh! are Erin's sons unkind?
 Secure in peace let him repose,
 Eke, too, his moor harp all unstrung;
 Nor cares he nought for friends or foes,
 Or all the ills his bosom wrung.

Can fam'd Sylvander* not you please,
 Or Edwin of the past'ral tale;
 Or Damon on the flowery leas,
 Or Allen on the heathy dale,
 Or Matrimony's sweetest flowers,
 Blythe Davie and his Betsy rare,
 Or heartbroke Sawmie in the bowers—
 Of Hell, with Satan's wildest heir?

He sung of mirth in many a swell,
 Of Simkins sly of comic sort;
 Of fun 'twas known 'bout ancient Lyle,
 And many a rustic country sport.
 The wary Wittret and the Goss—

* Sylvander and Edwin, &c., are all titles of beautiful effusions of the Muse of Thompson, with many more unstated. To have an accurate idea of his merit, the reader must peruse his productions.

How good a moral do they show:
 Epistol'd Glass—the Pipe's cyress,
 His sonnets charm, and Hurchin low.

Or if of nobler flight thy mind,
 Or more refined taste thou art;
 Can weena Bob of tender kind,
 Or Linnets' fate not touch the heart,
 Or can thou relish aught at all?
 His Odes are in the unrival'd class,
 And Elegys—must Juliet's thrall,
 Or Dirge for Burns unnoticed pass.

But why thus bandy so?—begone—
 Can every lay the wild lark sings,
 Or every sheet of carrol'd song,
 Not dash new fervour through your strings?
 How can ye touch the trembling chords,
 Ye minstrels of the hapless lot?
 And nought of his to you accords,
 Nor cries to you "forget me not."

Regardless of each heartfelt woe,
 Blest one, who ne'er knew what was care—
 I who was not in embryo,
 Nor then had drunk the natal air.
 Oft as I read his works a trance
 Methinks, or fairy vision charm;
 I see the Nine too, round me dance,
 And feels new ardour in me burn.

Away ye vile insidious crew,

Ye noxious scoffers now no more ;
 Wants dearest friends, I turn to you—
 To you I dedicate my lore.
 Attentive hark, then, to my song,
 Nor clam'rous moans let grate your ears ;
 Let wrangling fools their scorn prolong,
 But still the bay my Thompson wears.

Though snow involves the lovely germ
 In ruin, and enamel'd green ;
 Though hail and frost destroy the charm
 Of spring, and desolate the scene.
 Yet tho' so nipt, 'thout shade or field,
 Outbraving all life's waste of snows ;
 " Sweet nature's child"—the indement wold,
 O'er all its difficulties rose.

Rear'd 'neath the lowly, humble roof,
 Obscure to all but want and woe ;
 A kin to penury and the Muse—
 Tho' distance great 'tween high and low,
 So high the fence, thus fortune soft,
 Yet doom'd his airy wings to try ;
 Tho' caged the bird, he soared aloft,
 And warbled forth melodious joy.

So sung the Bard—but time wore on,
 Youth's carnival flew fast away ;
 And age enwrapp'd the son of song,
 Sweet Fancy's votary ever gay,
 Lorn culling all the gems of thought,
 Unheeded still and unillum'd ;

Till last o'ercame by cold neglect,
 The sweetest friend he found the tomb.

O must it be ? and shall he lie
 Without a garland for to bind
 His brows—or eypress to be nigh,
 Or holly rustling in the wind ?
 'Thout aught to mark the desert waste,
 That we his lowly grave might find—
 O, must he sleep the lonely guest,
 To dark Obscurity resign'd ?

So much for friendship, gentle sire,
 For genuine worth and manly flame ;
 So much for wealth, and pride, and power,
 The worthless troopers of a name.
 And must I sing of by-gone times,
 What others long should sung before ?
 Yet none to praise, tho' merit claims,
 And all because friend Sam was poor.

O Thompson ! weep not for the wrong,
 Where'er you be, nor murmurs rise ;
 A kinder fate awaits thy song,
 Thy grave not yet degraded lies.
 Tho' adverse fate awhile controul,
 Nor pop'lar now may be the theme ;
 Yet time the date around shall roll,
 When thou't sweet Bard be dear to fame.

For wife assiduous why regret ?
 She too, long since, has cross'd that bourne,

Where weary souls they ne'er find fret,
 And whence no travellers from return.
 Yet blest the man of tender smiles,
 Nor obdurate, who's born to feel;
 Who woe-worn weeps for others ill,
 And gives the friends of grief his wail.

Let envy shoot her vicious sting,
 And defamation try to gore;
 And slander with enpoisoned tongue,
 And critics with their iron lore!
 Superior still shall merit rise,
 O'er every hackney'd coachy fool;
 Triumphant over all the pies,
 Of wild ephemeral ridicule.

'Tis done: my Thompson now farewell,
 Go live thy bleak moors deathless 'mong;
 And every shepherd thee extol,
 Adore thee every son of song.
 And Oh! thou dear departed shade,
 O'er frigid hearts, or reptile's praise;
 Accept this humble tribute paid,
 And hear a bard esteem thy lays.

EPITAPH

Stap traveller awee, be weepin',
 Beneath this turf lies Thompson sleepin';
 Lean light upon his fousted banes,
 And honour gay his dear remains.

O' Bards tho' mony he had heithers,
 An' tae the pimps' and critics' swithers;
 War't my vote tae decide the matter,
 Than rura' Tamson devil a better.

EPISTLE

TO MR. J. MACCUBREY.

While bonnie Spring now decks the lea,
 And birdies chant wi' muckle glee;
 Shall I no sing among the la's,
 A denty sang?
 Tae my hra' Jock Maccubrey
 The friend, and man.

My canty cock, I winna flatter,
 Nor ca' ye than ye ir much better;
 But hearken just awee my clatter,
 And dinna slar;
 And if it please whan done my letter,
 Say "thank you sir."

I never sing tae please big folks,
 Nor dae I sing tae poor folk coax,
 In hamely measure without tropes,
 My rustie rhymes,
 I funny sing, an' drolls an' jakes,
 In simple strains.

Sin' Nature's gien me wit an' fire,
 I cant them teather in a byre:
 Tae please mysel' my hale desire,
 At slack or leisure;
 So whiles I left the country lyre,
 It brings me pleasure.

Whan sorrow bites me till I grieve,
 I touch the string it gies me ease;
 And O! whan naethin' else can please,
 The Muse can dae't;
 To cuddle wi' her, trouble flees,
 An' care an' fret.

Tho' heavy, heavy on my bro',
 This warld may sit an' cares enew,
 Whan ance I've gat the jiliet, vow?
 Right set agawn;
 Away she goes wi' every tou,
 Just makin' fun.

The storm may blaw an' bluster loud,
 The rain may jaw an' rowe th' flood,
 But what's tae me the winter rude,
 I sing begallin' 't;
 Whan dowie's a' the feather'd brood,
 And sad an' silent.

But what o' that—the nicht's yet lang,
 And mair tae boot, I amna thrang;
 So, so my boy, while I'm fu' fain,
 In rhymis' list;

A raw or twa gien tae a frien',
 Is never mis't.

Cheer up my cock, nor be sae sour,
 Nor frown upon your natal hour;
 What tho' baith you and I be poor,
 Och! sure we're honest;
 An' faith that's worth a bag o' flour,
 I'm sure the finest.

Think ye my joe, we're goods refuse,
 Tho' here the warl' may hard us use;
 Na, na man, never loot your bro's
 Ower tho'ghts sae gross;
 Sin' we may yet fin' 'wards an' docs,
 For a' our loss.

Come, gies your han' my trusty frien',
 Calm be the blast, and yet serene,
 And fortune yet may shoot her gleam,
 And smile wi' favour
 Ower a' the ills haes come between,
 Yet peace an' pleasure.

For why sud we fret or repine,
 Or mourn our fate? though hardly kin',
 Since He alone, who's all divine,
 All good and glorious;
 May in some wise destined time,
 Waft good things o'er us.

Ne'er fear, ne'er fear, auld mither Nature

Stands provident for every creature ;
 And kind benevolent in feature,
 She food upholds
 To all—as well the sun-burnt cotter,
 As rich in folds.

'Tis foolish man tae hoard up wealth,
 And late an' air tae kill ane's self ;
 To tane all joy, an' bliss, an' health,
 And peace an' plenty ;
 Tae gie tae some vile waster elph,
 Wha nae will thank ye.

Ha! mark you wardly gomas glaunches,
 Wha strivin' killed themsel's by inches,
 Tae gather gear through want an' penches,
 An' clathless hunger ;
 Will now their wealth cure backs an' benches,
 That's gane sae lim'er.

The poor man born to mean estate,
 Cares not a haet 'bout chance or fate ;
 Whereas the rich tho' o'er so great,
 Wi' gowden store ;
 Is wrapped for aye 'neath fell mishap,
 And endless care.

No'er fash your lug about their state,
 Their arrogance, their pride, their hate ;
 An' play-boy Time brings roun' the date,
 Trys every body ;

The God-fearin's the only great,
 Tho' poor as Toby.

Poor Poverty e'en yet may rest,
 Ower a' the ills that here her pest ;
 And bask in rays benignly blest,
 In lands divine ;
 And there on joys divinely feast,
 Whaur pleasures shine ;

While they wha heartless cause her pine,
 The sordid sons o' Mammon's line ;
 May grovelling gush, and wail, an' whine,
 In dismal wae ;
 A' in some moaty, misty clime,
 Some future day.

But stap, the Muse like Nirdy Stent,
 She's frae the subject doon the bent ;
 An' faith she's managin' a jump,
 I fear she'll rue ;
 Some cannie day wi' caul repent,
 But listens you.

Tae learn ye how tae guide the wife,
 'Tis now her pride in rhyme sae rife ;
 But if she be baith guid an' nice,
 She'll need nae guidin' ;
 And that my hope that ye will splice,
 An' get a guid aye.

But if she be a stonkard chuck,

Gie her the logic o' a stick ;
 An' crack her blae wi' every lick,
 O' cudgel charm ;
 And mak' a bad wife guid an' sie,
 I think's nae harm.

A courtesy there's due tae woman,
 Nae dou't, an' that we'll gie tae some o' them ;
 But wha could dae wi' cursed dinnin'
 For ever mair ?
 Th' only method's a good thongin',
 For lady gare.

Nae'er heed what preachers tell thee cannie,
 Nor yet what faces charm thee bonnie ;
 The preacher's navel's prude as onnie,
 Else I'm mista'en—
 Experience best will teach thee Jonnie,
 What I cant ken.

A' kens a bad wife how tae guide,
 But them wha's plagued wi' aae beside ;
 A lian' o' H—l if your divide,
 I canna say ;
 If coaxin's nae use wi' the jade,
 What ye sud dae.

But if the brecks she ance gets on,
 Or gets the foreway on your han' ;
 Depend 'twere better for tae hang,
 An' pay your bridin'.

Than sing partule your li'e life lang,
 And thole her chidin'.

But stap dear Jone, a whistle's iat,
 Faith, meby ye'll deserve the cant ;
 Keep min' 'bout twall the merry rant,
 Ilk night's your due ;
 For faith a deil 'twad mak' a saunt,
 A twatless grow.

Eat and drink weel if you can,
 We know that that's the rake's vile plan,
 An' them wha outlives cruel man,
 Let work the hardest ;
 But O tae you 'tis cruel wrang,
 Wha God regardest.

They, wha wad join in Hymen's ban,
 An' weans bring on the worl' tae rang ;
 Or waste the little in their han'
 That Guid haes gien them ;
 I swear an' aith, ay, ten perch lang,
 They're waur than demon.

It canna be expected weel,
 That weans as much will homage feel,
 Toward the parents that does ill,
 As them does right—
 So Jock we've danced the waddin' reel,
 Up tae your sight.

Go wed a wife thou chap reserve,

(And faith a guid ane you deserve,
 Gie her her place—your ain preserve,
 And know life's value ;
 And keep in min' whan time does serve,
 What I have tal' you.

And fare-ye-well my kin'ly Jonnie,
 May peace and plenty be your croon aye,
 And happiness all woes knock doon aye,
 While life remain ;
 And I'm your faithful friend an' croney,
 Till death arraign.

All hoping that when death's gleg spear,
 Shall terminate our sojourn here,
 That we shall join the grand career,
 In milder zones ;
 Where saintly joys still more endear,
 'Mid angel throngs.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

O wha wadna sing for a lassie,
 O wha wadna sing for a dram ?
 The country boy never was saucy,
 And now he shall gie you a sang.

THE LOVELY FLOWER OF BANKS OF NORE.

From eastward lifts the purple morn,
 The Muse unfurls her wing to sing ;
 While Nature green the hills adorn,
 And all things own the power of Spring.
 Though east may boast of wealth and pomp,
 Of gems that's grand and pearls rare ;
 O Erin's son essays to chant,
 The lovely Flower of banks of Nore.

What heart so hard of frozen clay,
 Who, who so void of love—a swain,
 As ne'er of women felt the sway,
 Or ne'er for beauty had a pain ?
 If such there be of harden'd stamp,
 Who for their gain would bliss explore ;
 Let such survey—their rest is spent—
 The lovely Flower of banks of Nore.

Her glossy plumage dyed in Heav'n,
 The phoenix wears but on his robe ;

Her angel form a cherub giv'n,
 To inert man rouse to his God.
 Her various hues no lute could dress,
 Such beauty blooms in every pore—
 Then how a love-sick heart express,
 The lovely Flower of banks of Nore.

Quick, quick her eye as lightning's scorch ;
 Sweet, sweet her breath as Summer's gale ;
 Warm, warm her heart as Hymen's torch ;
 Soft, soft her voice as Philomel.
 Her locks so fair, her neck so white,
 Her heaving breast a heaven ; nay, more—
 A witching gait with ankles tight,
 Pourtray the Flower of banks of Nore.

Serene her countenance as the Moon,
 Blythe, blythe her smile as sunny May ;
 Composed her mind, nor dark or den,
 But smooth's the lake when Nature's gay ;
 And modesty governs the whole,
 With all her fascinating lore ;
 And spotless as the dove's the soul,
 Of the sweet Flower of banks of Nore.

False Helen, pride of olden Greece,
 Nor Dido in her Brysian dome ;
 Cleopatra, Apame, chaste Lucrece,
 Virginia, nymph of Tarquin Rome ;
 Nor comely Easter, Xerces queen,
 Nor haughty Vashit, famed of yore,
 Nor all the dameless e'er I've seen,
 So fair's the Flower of banks of Nore.

Let pompous monarchs wear their crowns,
 I fret not at their painted joys ;
 Give foul ambition all she claims,
 I envy not the paltry prize.
 More happy I, with more delight,
 Tho' were I placed on some wild shore ;
 If to my breast could "strain each night,"
 The lovely Flower of banks of Nore.

THE BLOOMIN' SWEET LASSIE O'
 BROADLEY'S BRAE.

The wind whistles shrill o'er the wild hills o' Colon,
 Phingari this cauld nicht forgets for tae show,
 Altho' on the wing'd gust the snaw flakos are rollin',
 Gae saddle my gallant Ned, I maun gae fro.
 I long to see Stella, my heart's only flower,
 The pride of Glengirvin—the daughter of glee,
 The girl whom I love, oh!—as dear as the Gliaour*
 Lov'd Lelia of Hassan—of Broadley's brae.

Oh! Stella my star—now though tempests do lower,
 My souls only pleasure, my hope, and my joy,
 To think on thy charms how it cheers the dull hour,
 And hands me o'er care when I'd otherwise sigh.
 The blush of the summer, the dawn of the mornin',
 The Franguestan swan, or Circassian-sae gay ;

* See Byron's Gliaour.

Nor the plume of the Paradise bird, oh! so charmin'
As th' sweet blooming lassie o' Broadley's brae.

Go on my brave gallant, thou bearest to glory,
The son of thy Master—the William o' Kerr—
The rude Edennvady's behind you—afore you
Already the grey groves of Saintfield appear.
A hale my sad heart it now does round hover,
See glooms in the distance rude Mallagherae;
He, wha wadna outrun the post of a lover,
Deserves not the lassie o' Broadley's brae.

If there is a bliss on this dull planet blooming,
Worth the living to share, that the sad bosom warms—
I swear by the stars 'tis the flower of joy, women,
To gaze and to doat on their manifold charms.
'Tis ecstasy, bliss, and I cannot tell what all,
To pay court to fond maidens by night or by day;
But oh! how heart pleasing and doubly delightful,
To wooe the sweet lassie o' Broadley's brae.

Oh! Stella I'm coming—the token at parting,
The licht in thy lattice invites me forth free—
Nae doubt but at hame thou'rt since Harkwell's no barkin',
Tae smooth a' my cares wi' a cup o' green tea.
Scour on my brave courser—nor yet thyself haennin',
Tho' far thou hast scour'd it o'er mountain and lea,
Nor lang till thou'rt eornin', and I'm wi' my fair one,
Sae blythe o'er our sorrows by Broadley's brae.

O! WHISKEY MY DARLIN', &c.

O, whiskey my darlin', thou care-killin' carlin,
How aft I have kissed thee for weeks at a time;
And aye when I'm drinkin', thou eases my thinkin'
And now I'm come back for tae taste thee again.

CHORUS.

O! a toss o' my head for a' their laid denties,
Gie me but the nappie tae kittle my joy;
An' tho' poortith shall stare me, it darna come near me,
A fig for sad sorrow, I'll live till I die.

Frae this tae the mornin' jade care I'll gie scornin',
An' lieve on the juice o' the blanter sae dear;
Ye winds that loud chatter, I canna your clatter,
Your frosty smell breath now me canna come near.
O! a toss o' my head for a' their laid denties, &c.

Ye silly aul' base aye, on verge o' perdition
Wi' deadly excesses, debauchery, an' crime;
Shall I grudge him his dishes, his trasherie, an' wishes?
No, never such baseness—no, never be mine.
O! a toss o' my head for a' their laid denties, &c.

Gie me the Cork caver, wi' mountain dew flavour,
The potes tae drink, an' my lassie along;
Tho' warls care may wreck me, it ne'er can heartbrack
me,
Sae lang as the usquebaugh stifles my rang.
O! a toss o' my head for a' their state denties, &c.

O! whiskey, stick tae me, thou frien' o' my grannie,
 Tho' weel I may like ye, I tak' it o' kin';
 My aul' uncle Tammie, the twin o' my mammie,
 Besides my aul' daddie, he drunk himsel' blin'.
 O! a toss o' my head for a' their state denties, &c.

Away antie Nelly, an' let us be jolly,
 Ye ken yon big-wamed jug that's far aboon a';
 An' fetch us a quart in before we gae partin',
 And roun' by the ingle we'll joyful hurra.
 O! a toss o' my head for a' their state denties, &c.

THE LASSIE O' THE FIRM.

O wha is like my lassie—
 My bonnie, blythsome lassie;
 Is there on earth a lassie,
 Sae beauteous as my ain?
 Na, nane sae fair, nor near her,
 There's no a ane could peer her,
 A fairer or a dearer,
 There never yet was born.

CHORUS.

O leeze me on my Mally,
 My bonnie, blythsome Mally;
 O leeze me on my Mally,
 The girl that haes the charm.
 I mean the rarest creature,
 The fairest flower of nature,

Complete in every feature,
 The Lassie o' the Firm.

May Heaven an' earth defend her,
 'Gainst villains—nought so tender;
 More estimate her grandeur,
 Than leave the wretch to mourn.
 O, beauty's o'er her beaming,
 So radiant all consuming,
 Nor foolish pride assuming,
 But modesty upborne.
 O leeze me on my Mally, &c.

O welcome Lapland's winter,
 And forests wild tae canter,
 Through caul' an' frost to saunter,
 An' win', an' weet, an' storm.
 Had I but to my share O,
 Wi' humble cot sae bare O,
 The bonnie blythsome dear O,
 The Lassie o' the Firm.
 O leeze me on my Mally, &c.

NOTE.—I dare say, there is not a man in the Parish of Cam-
 murey, that does not know where the Firm is.

A S O N G .

Maggy ance was fat an' fair,
 Far renowned for gowd an' wear;
 But now she's scant, an' now she's bare,
 What's com' ower my Maggy O?

Maggy was a stinkin' get—
 A pridefu' jade she was I wat ;
 Aft she ca'd me ugly sot,
 Whan I wad looe but Maggy O !

Tinsel'd trash o' shinin' state,
 Ance Maggy's garbs did braid an' plait ;
 But now the naked dud o' fate,
 Ora busks my Maggy O !

O ! she dearly pays for w,
 Hunger weel her wame does claw ;
 Roofless now's the castle bra',
 O' proud conceited Maggy O !

Time runs on, nor fortune keeps,
 Chance is ever in for sweeps ;
 Wha can help wha wears the breeks,
 Neither could poor Maggy O !

Maggy sighs, alack-anees !
 Whare is now her joy or glee ?
 Fain wad Maggy now tak' me,
 But I'll no now tak' Maggy O !

Lasses tenty watch your joys—
 'Fore that fate your bloom destroys ;
 Take the mence wi' honest boys,
 Tine the gate o' Maggy O !

LOVE ONCE WAS A BOY OF A
 VIRTUOUS CAST, &c.

Love once was a boy of a virtuous cast,
 But now so disordered, he's turned to a rake :
 Ye wanton sly bucks who go courting for jest,
 And laugh in your sleeve at the fools you can make ;
 That your mothers were women, I'd have you to know,
 Inbosom this one word—then look to the skies,
 And see brother landmen where virtue may go,
 While they must make shipwreck that ne'er will be
 wise.

Oh ! give me but one love—let that be the toast—
 Give love to the lassie gives love unto thee ;
 If virtuous, no matter what color's her coat,
 Oh ! call the dear jewel your chush-la-ma-chree.

I once was a fool in the ardour of thought,
 When youth and warm passion wild led me astray ;
 I thought it no crime to have sweethearts a flock,
 When vigou^r said, with me it ne'er would be day.
 But now sad experience the dull wight has taught,
 And thus the wise sage to the skellum does say—
 Let the girl that loves you Oh ! be never forgot,
 For the proud dame so flaunting, or coquet so gay.
 Oh ! give me but one love, &c.

At state ball or opera, though there 'mongst th' grand,
 Where all wears the false face of love and delight ;
 Be never the first to with guile take your stand,

Remember the charms of last Saturday night,
 Tho' this fair may entice, and the other trepan,
 With the silks of the east, and the gems of the west,
 Be your heart for a moment ne'er carried by one
 But her—the sweet girl you love dearest and best.
 Oh! give me but one love, &c.

Oh! what is so sweet in this wide world again,
 When the strong heart of man by time's ravage is tamed
 When out youth's gay morn we have rambled and run,
 And age brings her cares, as the breath of a friend.
 Oh! what is so sweet as the friend by your hearth,
 To whom you could trust both your joy and your
 woe;
 'Tis bliss sure the purest to have upon earth,
 The bosom besides that your secrets may know.
 Oh! give me but one love, &c.

SWEET BLOOMING LASSIE O' LOVELY
 DRUMARRAH, &c.

Sweet bloomin' lassie o' lively Drumarrah,
 Wha, wha is sae brisk as the boy by your side:
 Is't Jemie or Hughie ye'll hae for your marrow,
 Or say bonnie lassie will ye be my bride?

CHORUS.

Lanely my hame, and awa' by your fairy knowe,
 Joyless my hearth 'thout a wife or a frien';
 Tho' a roun' it beauty kings sweet wi' dame nature,
 Yet still I want pleasure when wantin' my Jean.

Sore tortured yon lone tree that stan's in th' hollow
 So sad-like, a sport for the tempest an' storm:
 So is it wi' me—alas! poor silly fellow,
 For proud dames so galling a laughing stock born.
 Lanely my hame, &c.

Ha! now I see it, 'tis wealth tramples o'er me,
 And genius is scorn'd for the color of 'joy;
 Carressin' an' fondlin', while I gae deplore me,
 Blythe Jean maun 'fore Hughie ca' Jemie her joy.
 Lanely my hame, &c.

Oh! hand ye auld carl—thou gear huggin' booby,
 Wha'd tie e'en thy do'ghter for gowd tae a slave:
 Wha knows but the lad wi' the head that can study,
 May yet be the boast of a Christendom, brave.
 Lanely my hame, &c.

FOR WHY THUS LOOK DOWN ON THE
 RICH OR THE GREAT.

Oh! for why thus look down on the rich or the great,
 Or envy the splendour that yellow gold buys:
 There is no greater sign of a bad heart than hate,
 Can a poor man as well as a rich not have joys?
 Old mother Reason I'll take her advice,
 Let who like take Folly's to play the fool;
 Comfort's a gem that is bought without price,
 And Charity ever I'll make my rule.
 Then the cup let go round to the health of th' state—

Since, we are all of us links of the one great chain ;
 Sure the poor could not do 'bout the help of the great,
 Nor the great 'bout the poor long their station
 maintain ?

Oh! fill up the glass and give life to the body,
 He's a fool for himself, who would dare to repine ;
 I'm as happy perhaps, o'er my prates and mobby,
 As some's o'er their roast beef, plumb pudding, and
 wine,
 Oh! let us all be content to dwell,
 In the station Fortune allotted us here ;
 Can the poor man as well as th' lord not smile,
 Or can wealth repel the starting tear ?
 Then the cup let go round, &c.

He's a knave in his heart, th' poor booby of self,
 Who would long for gold's store to be up with the state ;
 And how oft have we heard the intemperate elf,
 Calling lan'lord the tyrant, and statesman the rake.
 Th' only salve the wound can heal,
 If the times are bad, to mend the times ;
 And never let our dear brethern feel
 The scourge of censure for our own crimes.
 Then the cup let pass round, &c.

Contempt to the man that the state would deride—
 Oh! rebellious hearts let us ever disown ;
 Fie! talk about slavery, those who cannot guide,
 Their domestic affairs without slavery at home.
 Since we know not the troubles to courts belong,
 The duties the state on gents impose ;

Let us ne'er be the first to sound the song,
 Of others' faults our own to disclose.
 Then the cup let pass round, &c.

THE LOVELY LASS O' CREEVY HA'.

Now surly Winter sour does blaw,
 Nor sweet perfume but's blight an' dead ;
 Nae leaf now hings on wood or shaw,
 Nor flowret blooms, but a' are fled.
 Yet fairer far wi' beauty clad,
 Sweet Jenny flowret pride o' a',
 Blooms sweetly blythe nor fragrance shed,
 The lovely Lass o' Creevy Ha'.

When sweetly o'er the ragged green,
 Or through the blasted bower she walks ;
 Ilk wee bird frae its dreary dream,
 Seems joyfu' newse o' her tae talk :
 And nature charm'd seems 'gain tae wauk,
 And all around tae homage draw ;
 As verdure seems to swell the stalk
 By her, the Lass o' Creevy Ha'.

Her peerless form of beauty grand ;
 Her sprightly e'e o' grayesome blue ;
 Her braided locks of flaxen, bland,
 Her colour pale, of lily hue.
 Tae see her wad but be tae looe,
 For nature's matchless made her a' ;
 Nor kingly bride sae fair I trew,
 As her, the Lass o' Creevy Ha'.

Fair is the hawtorn i' the morn,
 When tressy June uprears its head ;
 And sweet the oak when woodland lorn,
 By Autumn's yellowin' win's do fade.
 But her, the darling beauteous maid,
 All beauty's centered at her ca' ;
 Nor virgin nymph so fair arrayed,
 As her, the Lass o' Creevy Ha'.

Love on her heart in robes of state,
 Enthroned imperial holds his reign ;
 And on her brow with scepter'd weight,
 Sits Honour with her modest mien ;
 While Excellence and Worth proclaim,
 That in her breast by Virtue's law,
 Perfection nobly gilds supreme,
 The lovely Lass o' Creevy Ha'.

Oh ! had my lot been born to share,
 The lordly dome or sculptur'd hall—
 Or was my lot beyond compare,
 E'en sov'reign power from pole to pole,
 On her, the fair whom I extol,
 My choice for consort e'en should fa' ;
 My greatest wish been to my soul,
 To clasp the Lass o' Creevy Ha'.

LET FOPS IN THEIR CIRCLE SO
 EMPTY UNITE.

Let fops in their circle so empty unite,
 And bow at the shrine of this gaudy gay worl' :

And vanity queen of their souls the dull wight,
 Pour forth her libations as meet for the churl.
 Since the Bard is not fitted to shine on the stage,
 Or conform to the world, Oh ! sweet wisdom give ear ;
 And humility lift thy mute harp, thou meek sage,
 And gently its music his sad soul let cheer.
 Oh ! give me 'fore foppery the hand of sweet fame,
 The olive that blooms through an ocean of tears ;
 Nor those shall I envy, the vain of the vain,
 Who delight but to shine for a period of years.

The poor man no home in this lowland can find,
 So underfoot trodden by fashion's vague show ;
 When the rich with the rich does together combine,
 And the proud sons of Mammon to prove his o'erthrow :
 Or, when in the crowd by the hubbub knock'd down,
 A poor man and rich man do lie on the street ;
 And he who humanity's horn blows, ohone !
 Would tramp over the poor to give help to the great.
 Oh ! give 'fore foppery, &c.

At the door of morality—thither there gone,
 Where all should be fraught with a sense of their woe,
 See prudery's groups you can scarce wind along,
 So throng are they studded, thus row upon row.
 Even there, as at market, or vestry, or fair,
 In the most public places they turn up their nose ;
 As a frog in a shade, I would flounder with care,
 Before I would enter the list with such beaux.
 Oh ! give me 'fore foppery, &c.

Come knowledge, come knowledge, and show me the way
 And sober lip'd Reason, Oh ! lend me thy lore ;

Philosophy come and clear up the dark day,
 And feral nor gloomy ill then be no more.
 Oh! give me the land where a stranger may rest,
 Where friendship invites with the warm glow of love,
 The humble as well as the rich to be guest:
 The poor man's best friend is the Heaven above.
 Oh! give me 'fore foppery, &c

THE MAID OF TULLYQUILLY.

Loveliest maid—of Tullyquilly,
 Fairest flower of virgin Spring;
 Bend thine ear my bloomin' lily,
 Hark a youthful poet sing.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lass o' Tullyquilly,
 Fairest lassie e'er I've seen;
 Condescend to smile on Willie—
 Willie smiles on "beauty's queen."

Blossoms deck the blooming summer,
 Nature laughs on every lea;
 All around is mirth and humour—
 Wanting thee there's none for me.
 Bonnie lass o' Tullyquilly, &c.

Attracting gaze through fashion wheeling,
 Luring wealth may frolic gay—
 Such the hawk through blue air stealing,
 Oft th' goldfinch makes its prey.
 Bonnie lass o' Tullyquilly, &c.

View the swan with pride and pleasure,
 Not a love but one he'll own;
 Like the dove a faithful lover,
 I but sigh for one alone,
 Bonnie lass o' Tullyquilly, &c.

Was not mother Eve so pretty,
 Blythe with Adam in a screen;
 Could not you and I be happy,
 In a cot tho' e'er so mean?
 Bonnie lass o' Tullyquilly, &c.

A S O N G.

Let who like go yirmin' about wealth an' toys,
 Or sigh for the splendour that money but buys;
 Me the hand o' a friend gie, tho' ever sae poor,
 And a wee drap o' somethin' my grief tae cure,
 And I'll never fret, tho' from door to door
 I was wandering, tarral-la-lido:
 Tarral, la-larral-la-lido,
 Tarral, la-larral-la-lido;
 And I'll never fret, tho' from door to door
 I was wanderin', tarral-la-lido.

Auld Time the seasons the world may drive round,
 But the season's no come yet me sorowfu' found;
 Tho' some far mair wealthy I see on Care's brink,
 I keep up my heart, an' I ne'er let it sink,
 And I droon the oul' plague wi' a wee drap o' drink—
 And hi! for tarral-la-lido:

Tarral-la-larral-la-lido,
 Tarral-la-larral-la-lido;
 And I droon the oul' plague wi' a wee drap o' drink,
 And hi! for tarral-la-lido.

O! Winter's bleak features haes charms for me,
 Charms, ay, that the Simmer me couldna gie;
 Whan the storm blaws without wi' its blusterin' din,
 O het is the ingle an' warm hearts within!
 And we'll sing to its chorus a round-delay fine.
 Wi' fun an' mirth tarral-la-lido:
 Tarral-la-larral-la-lido,
 Tarral-la-larral-la-lido;
 And we'll sing to its chorus a round-delay fine,
 Wi' fun an' mirth tarral-la-lido.

Go on poor snools, I grudge not your wealth scrubs,
 An' tear up the moul's like worms an' grubs;
 And tho' Providence plenty, He sends ye galore,
 O! ye darna it taste for gowden store;
 But I'll use the bliss—and the Being adore
 Who sends it, tarral-la-lido:
 Tarral-la-larral-la-lido,
 Tarral-la-larral-la-lido;
 But I'll use the bliss—and the Being adore
 Who sends it, tarral-la-lido.

TO MY LITTLE BOOK, AND MY HARP.

Go, little Book—go to the world now with pleasure,
 Away, try thy fortune by land or by main;

To curb my night sittin', wee Book when were written,
 Or care for, I neither had friend, wife, or wean.
 Wha e'er at thy soft lays may snarl, stamp, or hammer,
 I beg thee wee Book to tell unto the same—
 That I wrote thee for fun in the height of my humour,
 To cheer the dull hour when I'd naethin' been daisin'.

O farewell my sweet Harp! a time now for slumber.
 Sae weel ye hae chanted, ye may drap your strain—
 Thou't either be droller, or else be sublimer,
 My ain country Harp when I try thee again.

If a few sunny hours be man's in his lifetime,
 They surely must be in his boyhood and prime;
 Then as ill it would suit me, to let sorrow droop me,
 As it would the swan ta be blythe at decline.
 But still from my folly springs one lay of sadness;
 For singin' some odd notes so rude and so vain;
 Yet, go Book as thou art, to the world with a heart,
 The pleasure o' makin' thee ne'er comes again.
 O farewell my sweet Harp, &c.

The plough or the harrow my hale o' employment,
 The Muse cheers me up as I'm drudgin' away;
 And when to my riggin' in shough I am diggin',
 While Care wad me worry, she keeps her at bay.
 Tho' nae nobles may smile on poor poverty's chil',
 My breast glows wi' transport—the Muse is my ain;
 And she brings her reward, the dear girl to the bard,
 And maks his life joy, whan without her 'twere pain.
 O farewell my sweet harp, &c.

Persistence is mine, and I'll ever go forward,
 If life is propitious, the Muse is the same;
 Had he not persevered, and no obstacle feared,
 The Alps would for Hanibal unexplored lain.
 The steel crown of Luke, or the strait bed of Damien,
 The Musselman's gibbet, or Indian's flame,
 Could hardly me mar frae, let 'lane me deter frae,
 If just but for singin's sake, singin' again.
 O farewell my sweet Harp, &c.

Now farewell my wee Book! 'gao whare ye like rovin',
 Nae learned Author's treatise a seekin' for fame;
 Be your fate as it like, be it dark or it bright,
 'Twill me ne'er give a moment of pleasure or pain.
 'Twas a' my hale notion, or simple ambition,
 To please e'en my countrymen, cotter an' swain;
 And if them I hae pleased, or listlessly teased,
 I care for nae better, 'twas a' was my ain.
 O farewell my sweet Harp, &c.

END OF THE POEMS.

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NOTE.

THERE never was a better test for proving the characters of men, than the publication of a new book. On that topic I have done.

To those friends who have so kindly aided the undertaking by giving their countenance and encouragement—but more particularly to those who have taken upon themselves the trouble of canvassing, (and the reader will find them in *italics*), the Author assures them, while ever his breast glows with ardour, or a patriotic feeling, time cannot erase from his memory their kind conduct, and philanthropic generosity; and while his heart overflows with gratitude towards them, he leaves them, and the brave folks of their gathering, their names along with his own, with a hope that they will survive, when they and he shall be no more—for bringing before the public an object so dear to his mind.

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To print an Errata would, perhaps be tedious. The gleaning pedant who would rather snarl at a small obstacle in the way of grammar, as clear up a great one, may here, no doubt, find a little for his bouncing. By Cobbet's tale, the greatest Authors ever wrote are not free from blemishes.

The discerning reader may perceive some typographical errors; such as in page 51, line 19, for *foxats* read *foxats*; same page, line 20, for *haaberis'* read *hageris'*, &c. &c. But through the whole, whatever may be, he will account for them as blunders occurring in all New Books of the first printing.

Some little variation might also been added, which might have suited the taste of some better than the text; for instance—page 126, line 20, for *incites me forth free,—is wislin' at me*, could be inserted, &c. &c.: but such as the book is, must suffice for the present.