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*THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF  
MODERN POETRY*

ROBERT  
BURNS

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*The Augustan Books of Poetry*  
*Edited by Edward Thompson*

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## ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

*This selection has been as difficult a task as this series will encounter. Critical revaluation of Burns is overdue. Or has it been tacitly accomplished—except by Burnsians and anthologists? Perhaps poetry-lovers have carried the winnowing process too far. Reacting from hackneyed favourites, and immune from "the Cult," they have not troubled to go over his work again—still less considered it from the standpoint of what is best by Scottish, if not by English, standards. Yet it will have to be considered from that standpoint. Much of the best, and least-known, of Burns depends for appreciation on a thorough knowledge of Scots. This is its "growing end"—witness its part to-day in stimulating the most vital Scots poetry for over a century. The reputation of Burns, and the distinctive arts of Scotland, have everything to gain by our "removing the rubbish."*

*Probably all of Burns that, judged purely as poetry, qualifies by the standards I have tried to apply does not exceed twice what is given here. I have tried to show his range. It will be agreed that most of his love-songs have a deadly sameness. Some allowance for popular predilection is unavoidable, however, and to that extent our principles of selection—quality and difference of kind—have been moderated. And, if we eschew "cuts," some of his best work, embedded in shoddy contexts, is foregone. Any choice from Burns must bring the hornets round the chooser; but I console myself with remembering that Burns was a better critic of his work than most Burnsians, and am comforted by the fact that my ideas generally coincide with his, especially where these are at odds with conventional opinion.*

C. M. GRIEVE.

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## Address to the Deil

" O Prince! O chief of many throned pow'rs  
That led th' embattl'd seraphim to war—"

MILTON.

**O**THOU! whatever title suit thee—  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Cloutie,  
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,  
Clos'd under hatches,  
Spairges<sup>1</sup> about the brunstane cootie,<sup>2</sup>  
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,  
An<sup>5</sup> let poor damned bodies be;  
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,  
Ev'n to a deil,  
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,  
An<sup>5</sup> hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame,  
Far ken'd an' noted is thy name;  
An' tho' yon lowin' heuch's' thy hame,  
Thou travels far;  
An' faith! thou's neither lag<sup>4</sup> nor lame,  
Nor blate,' nor scaur.<sup>6</sup>

Whiles, ranging like a roarin lion,  
For prey, a' holes and corners tryin;  
Whiles, on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,  
Tirlin' the kirks;  
Whiles, in the human bosom pryin,  
Unseen thou lurks.

Pve heard my rev'erend graunie say,  
In lanely glens ye like to stray;  
Or where auld ruin'd castles grey  
Nod to the moon,  
Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way,  
Wi' eldritch croon.

<sup>1</sup> Splashes.

<sup>2</sup> A small pail.

<sup>3</sup> Pit.

<sup>4</sup> Slow.

<sup>5</sup> Backward.

<sup>6</sup> Timid.

<sup>7</sup> Stripping.



Thence mystic knots mak great abuse  
On young guidmen, fond, keen an' crouse<sup>1</sup>  
When the best wark-lume i' the house,  
By cantrip<sup>8</sup> wit,  
Is instant made no worth a louse,  
Just at the bit.<sup>8</sup>

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,  
An' float the jinglin icy boord,  
Then water-kelpies haunt the foord,  
By your direction,  
And 'nighted trav'lers are allur'd  
To their destruction.

And aft your moss-traversin Spunkies<sup>4</sup>  
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:  
The bleezin, <sup>6</sup> curst, mischievous monxies  
Delude his eyes,  
Till in some miry slough he sunk is,  
Ne'er mair to rise.

When masons' mystic word an<sup>5</sup> grip  
In storms an' tempest raise you up,  
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,  
Or, strange to tell!  
The youngest brither ye wad whip  
Aff straught to hell.

Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,  
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,  
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,  
The raptur'd hour,  
Sweet on the fragrant flow'ry swaird,  
In shady bower;

<sup>1</sup> Merry.

<sup>a</sup> Magic.

<sup>3</sup> Important moment.

<sup>4</sup> Will 'o Wisps.

<sup>5</sup> Blazing.





That ilka melder<sup>1</sup> wi' the Miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on  
 The Smith and thee gat roarir fou on;  
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;  
 She prophesied that late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,  
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

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

But to our tale:—Ae market night,  
 Tarn had got planted unco right,  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
 Wi' reaming swats<sup>2</sup> that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow, Souter<sup>3</sup> Johnie,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony :  
 Tarn lo'ed him like a very brither;  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
 And aye the ale was growing better :  
 The Landlady and Tarn grew gracious,  
 Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:  
 The Souter tauld his queerest stones;  
 The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tarn did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sæ happy,  
 E'en drowned himsel' amang the nappy.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Corn grinding.

<sup>3</sup> Cobbler.

<sup>2</sup> Frothing ale.

<sup>4</sup> Ale,

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but Tarn was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the Borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the Rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.—  
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,  
The hour approaches Tarn maun ride; .  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

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

Weel-mounted on his grey mare Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tarn skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
Whiles glow'rin round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;<sup>1</sup>  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods,  
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
 Near and more near the thunders roll,  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Altoway seem'd in a bleeze,  
 Thro' ilka bore<sup>2</sup> the beams were glancing,  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!  
 The swats sæ ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,<sup>3</sup>  
 But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light;  
 And, wow! Tarn saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:  
 Nae cotillon, brent<sup>4</sup> new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-bunker<sup>6</sup> in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;

<sup>1</sup> Smothered.

<sup>2</sup> Chink.

<sup>3</sup> A small coin (twopence, Scots).

<sup>4</sup> Bright.

<sup>5</sup> Window-seat.

A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:  
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a<sup>5</sup> did dirl.<sup>1</sup>—  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses;  
 And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,<sup>2</sup>  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
 Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;  
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
 A garter which a babe had strangled;  
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son of life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;  
 Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',  
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
 The Piper loud and louder blew,  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew,  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,<sup>3</sup>  
 Till ilka carlin<sup>4</sup> swat and reekit,  
 And coost her duddies to the wark,  
 And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,  
 A' plump and strapping in their teens!

<sup>1</sup> Rattle.

<sup>3</sup> joined hands.

<sup>2</sup> Rope.

4 Old woman.

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,<sup>1</sup>  
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!—  
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That aince were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
 I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,<sup>2</sup>  
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!  
 But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie<sup>8</sup> hags wad spean<sup>4</sup> a foal,  
 Louping an' flinging on a crummock,<sup>5</sup>  
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tarn kent what was what fu' brawlie:  
 There was ae winsome wench and waulie<sup>6</sup>  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore  
 (For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perish'd mony a bonie boat,  
 An shook baith meikle corn and bear,<sup>7</sup>  
 And kept the country-side in fear);  
 Her cutty sark,<sup>8</sup> o' Paisley harn,<sup>9</sup>  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
 Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft<sup>10</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
 (A souple jade she was and Strang),  
 And how Tarn stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
 And thought his very een enrich'd:

<sup>1</sup> Greasy flannel.

<sup>2</sup> Buttocks.

<sup>8</sup> Bony.

<sup>4</sup> Wean.

<sup>5</sup> Staff.

<sup>6</sup>

Jolly.

<sup>7</sup> Barley.

<sup>8</sup> Short shirt.

<sup>9</sup> Coarse cloth.

<sup>10</sup> Bought.

Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd<sup>1</sup> fu' fain,  
And hotch'd<sup>2</sup> and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first æ caper, syne anither,  
Tarn tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>3</sup>  
When plundering herds assail their byke;<sup>4</sup>  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!"<sup>55</sup> resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollo.

Ah, Tarn! Ah, Tarn! thou'll get thy fairin<sup>5</sup>  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane o' the brig;  
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross,  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fient<sup>6</sup> a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tarn wi' furious ettle;<sup>7</sup>  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail:  
The carlin claught her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

<sup>1</sup> Fidgeted.    <sup>2</sup> Jerked.    <sup>3</sup> Bustle.    <sup>4</sup> Hive.  
<sup>5</sup> Fairing (reward).    <sup>6</sup> Devil (fiend).    <sup>7</sup> Aim.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man, and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,  
Or Cutty-sarks rin in your mind,  
Think ye may buy the joys o'er dear;  
Remember Tarn o' Shanter's mare.

### *Willie Brewd a Peck d Maut*

**O** WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allen cam to see;  
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang<sup>1</sup> night,  
Ye wadna found in Christendie.

#### *Chorus*

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
But just a drappie in our ee;  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys I trow are we;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sæ hie;  
She shines sæ bright to wile us hame,  
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold, coward loun is he!  
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the King amang us three.

<sup>1</sup> Livelong.

*Awa' Whigs, Awa'*

A W A ' Whigs, awa'!  
Awa' Whigs, awa'!  
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,  
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,  
And bonnie bloom'd our roses;  
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,  
An' wither'd a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust—  
Deil blin' them wi' the stour<sup>1</sup> o't!  
An<sup>5</sup> write their names in his black beuk,  
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in church and state  
Surpasses my describing:  
The Whigs cam' o'er us for a curse,  
An<sup>5</sup> we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has taen a nap,  
But we may see him wauken :  
Gude help the day when Royal heads  
Are hunted like a maukin!<sup>2</sup>

*Merry Hae I Been Teethin' a He*

**O** MERRY hae I been teethin a heckle,<sup>3</sup>  
An<sup>5</sup> merry hae I been shapin a spoon;  
O merry hae I been cloutin<sup>4</sup> a kettle,  
An<sup>5</sup> kissin my Katie when a<sup>5</sup> was done.

<sup>1</sup> Dust. <sup>2</sup> Hare.

<sup>3</sup> Board with sharp pins for dressing hemp.

<sup>4</sup> Patching.

O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,  
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;  
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,<sup>1</sup>  
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins<sup>2</sup>  
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:  
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,  
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!  
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;  
O come to my arms and kiss me again!  
Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!  
An<sup>5</sup> blest be the day I did it again.

## *O Whistle an' I'll Come to Ye, My Lad*

### *Chorus*

**O** WHISTLE an' I'll come to ye, my lad,  
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,  
Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,  
O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent<sup>3</sup> when ye come to court me,  
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;  
Syne<sup>4</sup> up the back-stile, and let naebody see,  
And come as ye were na comin to me,  
And come as ye were na comin to me.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flie;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin to me.

<sup>1</sup> Wench.

<sup>2</sup> Bitter in grief I despised even what I had gained by marrying Bess.

<sup>3</sup> Heed.

<sup>4</sup> Then.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whiles ye may lightly<sup>1</sup> my beauty a-wee;  
But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

### *Green Grow the Rashes*

**G**REEN grow the rashes, O;  
Green grow the rashes, O;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
An<sup>5</sup> riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, (X  
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

For you sæ douce,<sup>2</sup> ye sneer at this;  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

<sup>1</sup> Speak slightly of.

<sup>2</sup> Solemn.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O:  
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,  
An<sup>5</sup> then she made the lasses, O.

### *To a Mouse*

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,  
NOVEMBER, 1785

**W**EE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,  
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
Thou need na start awa sæ hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!<sup>1</sup>  
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
Wi' murd'ring pattle!<sup>2</sup>

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,  
Has broken nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen icker in a thrave<sup>8</sup>  
'S a sma' request;  
I'll *get* a blessin' wi' the lave,<sup>4</sup>  
An' never miss't!

<sup>1</sup> Scampering hurry.

<sup>2</sup> Small spade for cleaning plough.

<sup>3</sup> An occasional ear in two shocks of corn.

<sup>4</sup> Rest.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!  
An' nathing, now, to big a new ane,  
    O' foggage green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
    Baith snell<sup>1</sup> an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,  
An' weary winter comin fast,  
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,  
    Thou thought to dwell—  
Till crash! the cruel coulter past  
    Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
    But house or hald,  
To thole<sup>2</sup> the winter's sleety dribble,  
    An' cranreuch<sup>3</sup> cauld!

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,  
In proving foresight may be vain;  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
    Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
    For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me;  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But och! I backward cast my e'e,  
    On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
    I guess an' fear!

<sup>1</sup> Sharp.      <sup>2</sup> Endure.      <sup>3</sup> Hoarfrost,

*O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*

**O**WERT thou in the cauld blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;  
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield<sup>1</sup> should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a<sup>5</sup>.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a Paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my Crown  
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

*Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw*

**O**F a' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best;  
There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between :  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair:  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air :

<sup>1</sup> Shelter.

There's not a bonnie flower that springs,  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

### *The Banks o' Doon*

**Y**E banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sæ fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sæ weary fu' o' care!  
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Aft hæ I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine:  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvè,  
And fondly sæ did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!  
And my fause luvè staw my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

### *Highland Mary*

**Y**E banks and braes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery!  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie:

There Simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
And there the langest tarry;  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

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

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursels asunder;  
But O, fell Death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my flower sæ early !  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kiss'd sæ fondly!  
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwalt on me sæ kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

## Mary Morison

O MARY, at thy window be—  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor:  
How blythely wad I bide the stour,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a<sup>5</sup> the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
Whase only faut is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

## *My Luve's Like a Red, Red Ro*

O MY luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luvè am I;  
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
Till a<sup>5</sup> the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvè!  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my luvè,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

### *Ae Fond Kiss*

**A**E fond kiss, and then we sever;  
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,  
While the star of hope she leaves him?  
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;  
Naething could resist my Nancy:  
But to see her was to love her;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never lov'd sæ kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sæ blindly,  
Never met—or never parted—  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!  
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

*was a' for our Rightfu' King*

**I**T was a' for our rightfu' King  
We left fair Scotland's strand;  
It was a' for our rightfu' King  
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,  
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a<sup>s</sup> is done in vain;  
My Love and Native Land fareweel,  
For I maun cross the main, my dear,  
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,  
Upon the Irish shore;  
And gae his bridle reins a shake,  
With adieu for evermore, my dear,  
And adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main;  
But I hae parted frae my love,  
Never to meet again, my dear,  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep;  
I think on him that's far awa',  
The lee-lang night and weep, my dear,  
The lee-lang night and weep.

### *The Lovely Lass o' Inverness*

**T**HE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
For e'en to morn she cries " alas!"  
And aye the saut tear blin's her e'e.

"Drumossie<sup>1</sup> moor, Drumossie day—  
A waefu' day it was to me;  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear, and brethren three.

" Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
Their graves are growin green to see;  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e!

" Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
A bluidy man I trow thou be;  
For mony a heart thou has made sair,  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!"

<sup>1</sup> Culloden.

## *Auld Lang Syne*

**S**HOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

### *Chorus*

And for auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!  
And surely I'll be mine!  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes  
And pu'd the gowans fine;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,  
Sin auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn  
Frae mornin' sun till dine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
Sin auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere!  
And gie's a hand o' thine,  
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,<sup>1</sup>  
For auld lang syne.

<sup>1</sup> Draught of goodwill.

## A Bard's Epitaph

IS there a whim-inspired fool,  
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,<sup>1</sup>  
Let him draw near;  
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,  
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,  
That weekly this area throng,  
O, pass not by!  
But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear  
Can others teach the course to steer,  
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,  
Wild as the wave,  
Here pause—and, thro' the starting tear,  
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame;  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! whether thy soul  
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
In low pursuit:  
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control  
Is wisdom's root.

<sup>1</sup> Cringe.

## *Contented wi' Little*

**C**ONTENTED wi' little, and cantie<sup>1</sup> wi' mair,  
Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,  
I gie them a skelp as they're creeping along,  
Wi' a cog<sup>2</sup> o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw<sup>3</sup> the elbow o' troublesome thought;  
But Man is a soger, and Life is a faught;<sup>4</sup>  
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,  
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch,

A towmond<sup>5</sup> o' trouble, should that be my fa',  
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers<sup>6</sup> it a':  
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,  
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!-

Blind Chance, let her snapper<sup>7</sup> and stoyte<sup>8</sup> on her way;  
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:  
Come Ease, or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,  
My warst words is: "Welcome, and welcome again!"

<sup>1</sup> Merry.

<sup>3</sup> Scratch.

<sup>5</sup> Twelvemonth.

<sup>7</sup> Stumble.

<sup>2</sup> Wooden cup.

<sup>4</sup> Fight.

<sup>6</sup> Solders.

<sup>8</sup> Stagger.

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