THE

Auld Farmer's Salutation

TO HIS

Auld Mare Maggy,

on giving her a

RIPP of CORN,

To Hansel in the New Year.

to which is added,

An Address to a Scotch Haggis on New-Year's Day.

BY

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THE AYRSHIRE POET.

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THE

Farmer's Salutation

TO HIS

Auld Mare Maggie.

A Guid New-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae there's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like onie flaggie,
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white as daizy,
I've seen thee dappit, sleek, an' graizie,
A bonnie gray:
He shou'd been right that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

It's now ſome nine an' twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid-father's meere;
He gied thee me, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Tho' it was ſma' 'twas weel won gear,
An' thou was ſtark.

When firſt I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie:
Tho' ye was rickie, ſlee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donſie;
But hamely tawie, quite, an' cannie,
An' unco ſonſie.

That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure my bonnie bride:
An' ſweet an' graceful ſhe did ride,
Wi' maiden air,
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For ſic a pair.

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte an' hoble,
An' winne like a ſaumon-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win',
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far, behin'.

When thou an' I were young and ſkiegh,
An' ſtable meals at fairs were driegh,

How thou wad prance an' snore, an' skreigh
An' tak the road,
Town's bodies ran an' stood abiegh,
An' ca t thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a swallow;
At brooses thou had ne er a fellow,
For pith an speed;
But ev'ry fail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma' droop-rumpl t. hunter cattle,
Might ablins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try t their mettle,
An gar't them whizle:
Nae whip nor spur but just a wattle,
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn,
Aft' thee an' I in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never brain'g't, an' fetcht, an' fliskit,
But they auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,

An' ſpread abreed they weel-fill'd briſket,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till ſprittie knowes wad rair'an' riſket,
An' ſlypet owre.

When froſts lay lang, an' ſnaws were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee bit heap,
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my Maggie wadna ſleep
For that, or ſimmer.

In cart or car thou never reeſtie:
The ſtayeſt brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' ſten't an' breaſtit,
Then ſtood to blaw;
But juſt thy ſtep a wee thing haſtit,
Thou ſnoov'd awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
Forbye ſix mae I've ſell'd awa,
That thou hadſt nurs't:
They drew me threetteen pund an' twa,
The vera warſt.

Monie a fair daurg we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an anxious day I thought,
We wad be beat!

Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' lou'ething yet.

An' think na my auld trusty servan',
That now, perhaps, thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last low,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane,
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane-anither;
Wi' ter 'y care I'll fit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

ADDRESS

TO A

Scotch Haggis

ON

NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

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

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

His knife ſee ruſtic la'bour dight,
An' cut ye up wi' ready ſlight,
Trenching your guſhing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious ſight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they ſtretch an' ſtrive,
That nane be hindmoſt, on they drive,
Till a' heir weel-ſwall'd kyts belyve,
Are bent like drums;

Then auld guideman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wouldſtaw a ſow,
Or fricaſſee wad mak her ſpew,
Wi perfect ſcunner,
Looks down wi ſneering ſcornfu view,
On ſic a dinner!

Poor devil! ſee him owre his traſh,
As ſeckleſs as a wither'd raſh,
His ſpindle-ſhank a guid whip-laſh,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bluiddy flood or field to daſh,
O how unfit!

But mark the ruſtic haggis fed,
The trembling earth reſounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a bled,
He'll mak it whiſsle,
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will ſned,
Like taps o' thriſsle,

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care
And diſh them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae ſtinkin ware,
That jups in luggies;
But if ye wiſh her grateful pray'r,
Gie her a Haggis!

FINIS.