Four Funny Tales.

ALLOWAY KIRK,

OR

TAM O' SHANTER.

WATTY AND MEG,

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

THE

LOSS O' THE PACK.

AND, THE

MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

AIR:
Printed by J. & P. Wilson.

1802.

'For a WEE I quietly knuckl't,
'but whan naething wou'd prevail,
'Up my claes and cash I buckl't,
'BESS! FOR EVER FAIR YE WELL.

'Then her din grew less and less aye,
'haith I gart her change her tune:
'Now a better wife than BESSY
'never stept in leather shoon.

'Try this, Watty——Whan ye see her
'raging like a roarin flood,
'Swear THAT MOMENT that you'll lea' her;
'that's the way to keep her gude.'

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls,
echo'd now out thro' the roof,
DONE: quo Pate, and syne his arles
nail't the Dyster's wauket loof.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,
shaking hauns and ither cheer;
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
'Mungo! is our Watty here?'

Maggie's weel kend tongue and hurry,
darted thro' him like a knife;
Up the door flew —— like a fury
in came Watty's scawlin wife.

'Nasty, gude for-naething being!
'O ye snuffy, drunken sow!
'Bringan wife and weans to ruin,
'drinkin here wi' sic a crew!

'De'il nor your twa legs were broken!
'sic a life nae flesh endures.——
'Toilen like a slave to sloken
'you, you dyvour and your 'hores!

'Rise! ye drunken beast o' Bethel!
'drink's your night and day's desire:
'Rise! this precious hour! or faith I'll
'fling your whisky in the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowt,
paid his groat wi' little din!
Left the houſe, while Maggy followt,
flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk from every door came lampin',
Maggy curſt them ane and a',
Clappit wi' her hauns, and ſtampin',
loſt her bauchles i' the ſna'.

Hame, at length, ſhe turn'd the gavel,
wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
kicken ſtools and chairs about.

'Ye'll ſit wi' your limmers round ye!
'hang you, Sir, I'll be your death!
'Little hauds my hauns, confound you!
'but I cleave you to the teeth.'

Watty, wha midſt this ORATION,
ey'd her whyles, but durſtna ſpeak,
Sat like patient RESIGNATION,
trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap broſe he ſippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he ſlippet,
ſighin' aften to himſel.

'Nane are free frae SOME vexation,
'Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
'But thro' a' the hale creation
'is a mortal vext like me!'

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
ſleep nor reſt he cou'dna tak;
Maggy, aft wi' horror haunted,
mum'lan, ſtarted at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
up raiſe Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kiſt his weanes while they ſleepit,
waukens Meg, and ſought farewel.

« Farewel, Meg!——And, O! may Heav'n
‘ keep you aye within his care;
« Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
‘ now he'll never fash you mair.

« Happy cou'd I been beside you,
‘ happy baith at morn and e'en:
« A' the ill did e'er betide you,
‘ Watty aye turn'd out your frien'.

« But ye ever like to see me
‘ vext an sighan, late an air;
« Farewel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
‘ so thou'll never see me mair.'

Meg a' sabban, sae to lose him,
sic a change had never wist;
Held his haun close to her bosom,
while her heart was like to burst.

« O my Watty! will ye lea' me,
‘ frien'less, helpless, to despair!
« O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
‘ never will I vex you mair.'

« Aye! ye've aft said THAT, and broken
‘ a' your vows ten times a week,
« No, no, Meg! See!——there's a token,
‘ glittering on my bonnet cheek.

« Owr the seas I march this morning,
‘ listet, testit, sworn and a',
« Forc'd by your confounded girning;
‘ farewel, Meg! for I'm awa'.

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
gusht afresh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yammer,
round their sabban mither flew.

« Thro' the yirth I'll wander wi' you——
‘ stay, O Watty! stay at hame,
« Here, upon my knees I'll gi'e you
‘ ony vow ye like to name,

'See your poor young lammies pleadin,
'Will ye gang and break our heart?
'No a HOUSE to put our head in!
'no a FRIEN' to tak our part.'

Ilka word came like a bullet,
Watty's heart begoud to ſhake;
On a kiſt he laid his wallet,
dighted baith his een and ſpake.

'If ance mair I cou'd by writing,
'lea' the ſogers and ſtay ſtill,
'Wad you ſwear to drap your flyting?'
'Yes, O Watty! yes, I will.'

'Then,' quo Watty, 'mind, be honeſt,
'aye to keep your temper ſtrive;
'Gin ye break this dreadfu' promiſe,
'never mair expect to thrive.

'MARGET How! this hour you ſolemn
'ſwear by ev'ry thing that's good,
'Ne'er again your ſpouſe to ſcald him,
'while life warms thy heart and blood.

'That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's ſeek me ———
'ne'er put drunken to my name ———
'Never out at e'ening ſteek me ———
'never gloom when I come hame.

'That ye'll ne'er, like Beſſy Miller,
'kick my ſhins, or rug my hair ———
'Laſtly, I'M TO KEEP THE SILLER,
'this upon your ſoul you ſwear!'

'O——h?' quo Meg, 'A weel,' quo Watty,
'farewel! Faith I'll try the ſeas,'
'O ſtan ſtill,' quo Meg, 'and grant aye;
'Ony, ony way you pleaſe,

Maggy ſyne, becauſe he preſt her,
ſwore to a' things owr again:
Watty lap, and danc't, and kiſt her,
wow! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his ſtaff victorious;
aff gaed bonnet, claes, and ſhoon;
Syne below the blankets, glorious;
held anither HINNY-MOON.

THE

LOSS O' THE PACK:

A TRUE TALE.

BOUTGATES I hate, quo' girning Maggy Pringle,
Syne hari'd Watty, greeting, thro' the ingle.
Since this fell queſtion ſeems ſae lang to hing on,
In twa three words I'll gie ye my opinion.

I wha ſtand here, in this bare ſcoury coat,
Was ance *a Packman*, wordy mony a groat:
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've ſcarted pats, and ſleepit in a ſtable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance ta'en,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Aye! thae war days indeed, that gart me hope,
Aeblins, thro' time, to warſle up a ſhop:
And as a wife ay in my noddle ran,
I kend my *Kate* wad grapple at me than.
O Kate was paſt compare! ſic cheeks! ſic een!
Sic ſmiling look! were never, never ſeen.
Dear, dear I lo'ed her, and whane'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal day but ſet;
Stapped her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
And thought myſel' weel paid wi' twa-three kiſſes:

Yet ſtill ſhe put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug wad ſay,
' Ae half-year langer's no nae unco ſtop,
' We'll marry than, and ſyne ſet up a ſhop.'

O Sir, but laſſes words are ſaft and fair!
They ſoothe our griefs, and baniſh ilka care:
Wha wadna toil to pleaſe the laſs he lo'es?
A lover true, minds *this* in a' he does.
Finding her mind was thus ſae firmly bent,
And that I cou'dna get her to relent,
There was nought left, but quietly to reſign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign:
And, as the Highlands was the place for meat,
I ventur'd there in ſpite of wind and weet.

Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the ſna'
For three hale days, inceſſantly did fa';
Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
Whar nought was ſeen but mountains and the lift,
I loſt my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
Maiſt dead wi' *hunger*, *cauld*, and *fright*, and *toil*.
Thus wand'ring, eaſt or weſt, I kend na' where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black deſpair,
Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forſooth,
Down thro' a wreath o' ſnaw, up to my mouth.
Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens, I never knew!

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on ſome!
I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come!
Wi' grief and ſorrow was my ſaul o'ercaſt,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my laſt;
For ay the mair I warſl'd roun' and roun'
I fand myſel' ay ſtick the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull
I drew my poor cauld carcaſe frae the hole.

Lang, lang I ſought and graped for my pack,
Till night, and hunger forc'd me to come back.
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,

Till chance, at laſt, convey'd me to a town:
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A ſad account of a' my luckleſs fate;
But bade her ay be kind, and no deſpair,
Since life was left, I ſoon wad gather mair;
Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a towmond's date
To be at hame, and ſhare it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was! how little did I think
That love wad ſoon be loſt for fa't o' *clink!*
The loſs of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
I truſted time wad bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! wad then be a mine ain:
Conſol'd my mind in hopes o' better luck,
But, O! *what ſad reverſe! how thunderſtruck!*
Whan ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That *Kate was cried, and married on anither.*

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade ſweet,
At ance, had drapped cauld dead at my feet;
Or, tho' I'd heard the laſt day's dreadfu' ca',
Nae deeper horror o'er my heart cou'd fa':
I curs'd myſel', I curs'd my luckleſs fate,
And grat—and ſobbing cried—O Kate! O Kate!

Frae that day forth—I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran headforemoſt to the deel!
My ſiller vaniſh'd, far frae hame I pin'd;
But Kate for ever ran acroſs my mind:
In *her* were a' *my hopes*—*theſe hopes were vain,*
And now,—I'll never ſee her like again.

'Twas this, Sir, Preſident, that gart me ſtart,
Wi' meikle grief and ſorrow at my heart,
To gie my vote, frae *ſad experience*, here,
That *diſappointed love is war to bear,*
Ten thouſand times, than loſs of warld's gear.

THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

A TALE.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing, scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

AN honest miller winn'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest
To mak' her man a twa horn'd beast:
He paid right mony visits till her,
And to keep in with Hab the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak' him happy,
Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.
Sic condescension in a pastor,
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish.
Bess, the good-wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
A youth sprung frae a gentler *pater*,
Bred at Saint Andrew's *alma mater*,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late.
And him benighted by the gate:
To lye without, pit-mark did shore him,

He coudna ſee his thumb before him:
But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lugs theretil.
To tak the thread of tale alang,
This mill to Halbert did belang;
Not leſs this note your notice claims,
This ſcholar's name was Maſter James.

Now ſmiling muſe, the prelude paſt,
Smoothly relate a tale ſhall laſt
As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab ſaw and kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With ſic good cheer as he cou'd make
Baith for his ain and father's ſake.
The ſcholar thought himſelf right ſped,
And gave him thanks in terms wiel bred.
Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill
As yet;——but ſtep ye weſt the kill
A bow-ſhot, and ye'll find my hame:
Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
'Till I ſet aff the mill, ſyne we
Shall tak' what Beſſy has to gi'e.
James, in return, what's handſome ſaid,
O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade
Out of the houſe ſome light did ſhine,
Which led him till't as with a line:
Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were ſteekit;
Straight thro' a window Beſſy keekit,
And cries, "Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
At ſic untimeous time of night?"
James with good humour, maiſt diſcreetly,
Tald her his circumſtance completely.
"I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
"And up and down the thieves are rife;'
Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man,
But ſince 'tis very like my dow,

That a' y'ere telling may be true,
Hae, there's a key, gang in your way
At the neiſt door there's braw ait ſtrae;
Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn
They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."
Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he coudna mend the matter;
And ſince it might nae better be,
With reſignation took the key,
Unlockt the barn—clam up the mou,
Where was an opening near the hou,
Through whilk he ſaw a glent of light,
That gave diverſion to his ſight:
By this he quickly cou'd diſcern
A thin wa' ſep'rate houſe and barn,
And thro' this rive was in the wa',
All done within the houſe he ſaw:
He ſaw (what ought not to be ſeen,
And ſcarce gave credit to his een)
The pariſh prieſt of reverend fame
In active courtſhip with the dame—
To lengthen out deſcription here,
Would but offend the modeſt ear,
And beet the lewder youthfu' flame
That we by ſatire ſtrive to tame.
Suppoſe the wicked action o'er,
And James continuing ſtill to glowr;
Wha ſaw the wife as faſt as able,
Spread a clean ſervite on the table,
And ſyne frae the ha' ingle bring ben
A pyping het young roaſted hen,
And twa good bottles ſtout and clear,
Ane of ſtrong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, juſt as the prieſt
Shot in his fork in chucky's breaſt,
Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
Cry'd, 'Beſſy, haſte ye ope the door.'—
With that the haly letcher fled,
And darn'd himſelf behind a bed;

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogillis full is this Buke.
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the ſtreet,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we ſit bouſing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The moſſes, waters, ſlaps, and ſtyles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare ſits our ſulky ſullen dame,
Gath'ring her brows like gath'ring ſtorm,
Nurſing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honeſt *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Air ae night did canter,
(Auld Air wham ne'er a town ſurpaſſes,
For honeſt men and bonny laſſes.)

O *Tam!* hadſt thou but been ſae wiſe,
As ta'en thy ain wife *Kate's* advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a ſkellum,
A blethering, bluſtering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,

Rare
PR
975
.F69
1802

While Beſſy huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might eſpy;
Syne loot him in, ——but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill ſae ſoon:
'I come,' ſaid he, 'as manners claims,
To crack and wait on Maſter James,
Whilk I ſhou'd do, tho' ne'er ſae bizzy;
I ſent him here, good-wife, where is he?"
'Ye ſent him here (quoth Beſſy, grumbling),
Kend I this James? A chiel came rumbling,
But how was I aſſur'd, when dark,
That he had been nae thieviſh ſpark,
Or ſome rude wencher gotten a doſe,
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppoſe?"
'And what came of him? ſpeak nae langer,'
Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
'I ſent him to the barn,' quoth ſhe:
'Gae quickly bring him in,' quoth he.

James was brought in—the wife was bawked—
The prieſt ſtood cloſe - the miller cracked—
Then aſk'd his ſunkan gloomy ſpouſe,
What ſupper had ſhe in the houſe,
That might be ſuitable to gi'e
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth ſhe, 'Ye may wiel ken, good-man,
Your feaſt comes frae the pottage-pan:
The ſtov'd and roaſted we afford,
Are aft great ſtrangers on our board.'
'Pottage,' quoth Hab, 'ye ſenſeleſs tawpie!
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy?
And that his gentle ſtamock's maſter
To worry up a pint of plaiſter?
Like our mill-knaves that lift the laiding,
Whaſe kytes can ſtreek out like raw plaiding.
Swith roaſt a hen, or fry ſome chickens,
And ſend for ale frae Maggy Picken's.'
'Hout aye,' quoth ſhe, 'ye may wiel ken,
'Tis ill brought butt that's no there ben;
When but laſt owk, nae farder gane,
The laird got a' to pay his kain.'

Then James, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house, as Bess,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsel and ease his friend,
First open'd. with a slee oration,
His won'rous skill in conjuration.
Said he, "By this fell art I'm able
To whop aff any great man's table
Whate'er I like to make a mail of,
Either in part, or yet the hail of,—
And if ye please I'll shaw my art,—
Cries Halbert, 'Faith with all my heart!'
Bess fain'd herself,—cry'd, 'Lord be here!'
And near hand fell a swoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her naithing dread,
Syne to his conjuring went with speed:
And first he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic sound
Of words, part Latin, Greek and Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch:
That done, he says, 'Now, now 'tis come,
And in the boal beside the lum;
Now set the board; good-wife gae ben,
Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.'
She wadna gang but Haby ventur'd;
And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,
It smell'd sae wiel he short time sought it,
And won'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.
He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,
Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.
Thus ilka sense he did convene,
Lest glamour had beguil'd his e'en;
They all in an united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.
"Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,
'The fowl looks wiel, and we'll fa' till her.'
Nae be't, says James; and in a doup,
They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

'Neist, O!' cries Halbert, 'cou'd your skill
But help us to a waught of ale,
I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
And offer to the deel my wife.
To see if he'll discreeter mak' her,
But that I'm fleed he winna tak' her.'
Said James; 'Ye offer very fair,
The bargain's hadden, say nae mair.'

Then thrice he shook a willow wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, 'Now ye'll get what ye wad have;
Twa bottles of as nappy liquer
As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,
Behind the ark that hads your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit wiel.'
He said, and fast the miller flew,
And frae their nest the bottles drew:
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's niest, — and a' the rest
Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
In a short tale, to put in rhyme

Thus, while the miller and the youth
Were blythly slock'ning of their drowth,
Bess, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

'O wow!' said Hab, 'if ane might spear,
Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer?
Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'.

'To bring your doubts to a conclusion,'
Says James, 'ken I'm a Rosicrucian;
Ane of the set that never carries
On traffic with black deels or fairies;
There's mony a spirit that's no a deel,
That constantly around us wheel.

'There was a ſage call'd Albumazor,
Whaſe wit was gleg as ony razor:
Frae this great man we learn'd the ſkill
To bring theſe gentry to our will;
And they appear, when we've a mind,
In ony ſhape of human kind:
Now, if you'll drap your fooliſh fear,
I'll gar my Pacolet appear.'

Hab fidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a ſp'rit to view:
At laſt his courage wan the day,
He to the ſcholar's will give way.

Beſſy by this began to ſmell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r ſell:
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
But mean time tipt young James a wink.
James frae his e'e an anſwer ſent,
Which made the wife right weel content:
Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd:
'Whate'er you ſee be nought ſurpris'd,
But for your ſaul move not your tongue;
And ready ſtand with a great rung:
Syne as the ſp'rit gangs marching out,
Be ſure to lend him a ſound rout:
I bidna this by way of mocking,
For nought delytes him mair than knocking.'

Hab got a kent – ſtood by the hallan,
And ſtraight the wild miſchievous callan
Cries, "Radamanthus Huſky Mingo,
Monk, Horner, Hippock, Jinko Jingo,
Appear in likeneſs of a prieſt;
No like a deel, in ſhape of beaſt,
With gaping chafts to fleg us a':
Wauk forth, the door ſtands to the wa'."

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The prieſt approach'd right weel content;
With ſilent pace ſtrade o'er the floor,

'Till he was drawing near the door,
Then to escape the cudgel ran,
But was not miss'd by the good-man,
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight;
Ben flew the miller in a fright:
'I trow,' quoth he, 'I laid well on;
But wow he's like our own Mess John!'

FINIS.

Air, Printed by J. & P. Wilson, 1802.

Ae market-day thou was nae ſober ;
That ilka melder, 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 roaring fou on :
That at the L—d's houſe, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that, late or ſoon,
Thou would 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,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Faſt by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming ſwats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, truſty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither ;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' ſangs an' clatter ;
And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
Wi' favours, ſecret, ſweet, and precious :
The Souter tauld his queereſt ſtories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The ſtorm without might rair and ruſtle,
Tam did na mind the ſtorm a whiſtle.

Care, mad to ſee a man ſae happy,
E'en drown'd himſel amang the nappy ;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treaſure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleaſure :
Kings may be bleſt, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But pleaſures are like poppies ſpread,
You ſeize the flow'r, its bloom is ſhed;
Or like the ſnow falls in the river,
A moment white——then melts for ever;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evaniſhing amid the ſtorm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches *Tam* 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 tacks the road in,
As ne'er poor ſinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its laſt;
The rattling ſhow'rs 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,
Tam ſkelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Deſpiſing wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles haudin faſt his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er ſome auld Scots ſonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares;
Leſt bogles catch him unawares:
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaiſts and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was croſs the ford,
Whare in the ſnaw the chapman ſmoor'd;
And paſt the birks and meikle ſtane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare *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 Alloway ſeem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud reſounded mirth and dancing.—

Inſpiring bold *John Barleycorn!*
What dangers thou canſt make us ſcorn!
Wi' tipenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' uſquebah we'll face the devil!—
The ſwats ſae ream'd in *Tammie*'s noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But *Maggie* ſtood right fair aſtoniſh'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admoniſh'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light:
And, vow! *Tam* ſaw an unco ſight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, ſtrathſpeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the eaſt,
There ſat auld Nick, in ſhape o' beaſt;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them muſic was his charge;
He ſkrew'd the pipes, and gart them ſkirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins ſtood round, like open preſſes,
That ſhaw'd the dead in their laſt dreſſes;
And by ſome deviliſh cantrip ſlight,
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, unchriſten'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his laſt gaſp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-ruſted;
Five ſcymiters, wi' murder cruſted;

A garter, which a babe had ſtrangled,
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain ſon o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet ſtack to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and aweſu',
Which ev'n 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,
Till ilka carlin ſwat and reekit,
And cooſt her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her ſark!

Now *Tam*, O *Tam!* had thae been queans,
A' plump and ſtrappin in their teens,
Their ſarks, inſtead o' creeſhie flannen,
Been ſnaw-white ſeventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were pluſh, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad ſpean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy ſtomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winſome wench and wawlie,
That night enliſted in the core,
(Lang after kend on *Carrick* ſhore;
For mony a beaſt to dead ſhe ſhot,
And periſh'd mony a bonnie boat,
And ſhook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country ſide in fear);
Her cutty ſark, o' Paiſley harn,
That while a laſſie ſhe had worn,
In longitude tho' ſorely ſcanty,

It was her beſt, and ſhe was vauntie. —
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That ſark ſhe coſt 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 pow'r;
To ſing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A ſouple jade ſhe was and ſtrang),
And how *Tam* ſtood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till firſt ae caper, ſyne anither,
Tam tint 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 ſyke,
When plundering herds aſſail their byke;
As open puſſie's mortal foes,
When, pop! ſhe ſtarts before their noſe;
As eager runs the market crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" reſounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch ſkreetch an' hollow.

Ah, *Tam!* Ah, *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roaſt thee like a herrin!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate ſoon will be a waefu' woman!
Now, do thy ſpeedy utmoſt, Meg,
And win the key-ſtane * of the brig;

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil ſpirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running ſtream. It may be proper likewiſe to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

There at them thou thy tail may toſs,
A running ſtream they dare na croſs.
But ere the key-ſtane ſhe could make,
The fient a tail ſhe had to ſhake!
For Nannie, far before the reſt,
Hard upon noble Maggie preſt,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wiſt ſhe Maggie's mettle——
Ae ſpring brought aff her maſter hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail;
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie ſcarce a ſtump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth ſhall read,
Ilk man and mother's ſon, tak heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-ſarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter*'s mare.

WATTY AND MEG.

A TALE.

KEEN the froſty winds war blawin',
deep the ſna' had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, weary't a' day ſawin,
daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dyſter Jock was ſitting cracky,
wi' Pate Tamſon o' the Hill;
'Come awa', quo Johnny, 'Watty!
'haith we'ſe hae anither gill.'

Watty glad to ſee Jock Jabos,
and ſae mony neighbours roun',
Kicket frae his ſhoon the ſna'ba's,
ſyne ayont the fire ſat down.

Owre a broad, wi' bannocks heapet,
cheeſe and ſtoups, and glaſſes ſtood;
Some war roarin, ithers ſleepit,
ithers quietly chew't their cude.

Jock was ſellin' Pate ſome tallow,
a' the reſt a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha poor fallow
ſat and ſmoket by himſel'.

Mungo fill't him up a toothfu'
drank his health and Meg's in ane:
Watty puffin' out a mouthfu',
pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

'What's the matter, Watty, wi' you!
'trouth your chafts are a' fa'n in!
'Something's wrang——I'm wae to ſee you——
'Gudeſake! but ye're deſp'rate thin.'

'Ay,' quo Watty, 'things are alter't,
'but it's paſt redemption now;
'L——d! I wiſh I had been halter'd
'whan I married Maggy How

'I've been poor, and vex'd, and raggy,
'try'd wi' troubles no that ſma';
'Them I bore—— but marrying Maggy
'laid the cap-ſtane o' them a'.

'Night and day ſhe's ever yelpin,
'wi' the weans ſhe ne'er can gree;
'When ſhe's tyr'd wi' perfect ſkelpin,
'then ſhe flies like fire on me.

'See ye, Mungo! when ſhe'll claſh on
'wi' her everlaſting clack,
'Whiles I've had my nieve, in paſſion,
'lifted up to break her back!'

'O, for Gudeſake keep frae cuffets!'
Mungo ſhook his head and ſaid,
'Weel I ken what ſort o' life it's;
'ken ye Watty, how I did?

'After Beſs and I war kippl't,
'ſoon ſhe grew like ony bear;
'Brake my ſhins, and when I tippl't,
'harlt out my very hair.