

Horace, Ode XI, Lib I (Toot aff your Horn)

Ne'er fash your thumb what gods decree
To be the weird o' you or me,
Nor deal in cantrup's kittle cunning
To spier how fast your days are running,
But patient lippen for the best,
Nor be in dowy thought opprest,
Whether we see mair winters come
Than this that spits wi canker'd foam.

Now moisten weel your geyzen'd waas
Wi couthy friends and hearty blaws;
Ne'er lat your hope owrgang your days,
For eild and thraldom never stays;
The days looks gash, toot aff your horn,
Nor care yae strae about the morn.

On the Music Bells Playing Yesterday Forenoon, Prior To Brown and Wilson's Execution, on the Deacons Being Presented To Council

Happy the folks that rule the roast!
Our council men are cheerful;
To mirth they now devote each toast,
And bells fill ev'ry ear full.

When man's condemn'd to suffer death
For his unlicens'd crimes,
Instead of psalms they quit their breath
To merry-making chimes

The Lee-Rigg

Will ye gan owr the lee-rigg,
My ain kind deary O!
And cuddle there sae kindly
Wi me, my kind deary O!

At thornie-dike and birken-tree
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary O;
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
Mine ain kind deary O.

Nae herds wi kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye O;
But lav-rocks, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their deary O!

While others heard their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi you, my kind dearie O!

The Author's Life

My life is like the flowing stream
That glides where summer's beauties teem,
Meets all the riches of the gale
That on its watry bosom sail,
And wanders 'midst Elysian groves
Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.
May I, when drooping days decline,
And 'gainst those genial streams combine,
The winter's sad decay forsake,
And center in my parent lake.

On Seeing a Lady Paint Herself

When, by some misadventure crost,
The banker hath his fortunes lost,
Credit his instant need supplies,
And for a moment blinds our eyes:
So Delia, when her beauty's flown,
Trades on a bottom not her own,
And labours to escape detection
By putting on a false complexion.