



T H E

T W A D O G S,

T A L E.

'T WAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,  
That bears the name o' auld king

COIL,

Upon a bonie day in June,  
When wearing thro' the afternoon,  
*Twa Dogs*, that were na thrang at hame,  
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

A

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,  
 Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure;  
 His hair, his fize, his mouth, his lugs,  
 Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,  
 But whalpet some place far abroad,  
 Where failors gang to fish for Cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brafs-collar  
 Shew'd him the *gentleman an' scholar*;  
 But tho' he was o' high degree,  
 The fient a pride na pride had he,  
 But wad hae spent an hour careffan,  
 Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsej's *messan*:  
 At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie,  
 Nae tawted *tyke*, tho' e'er sae duddie,  
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,  
 An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a *ploughman's collie*,  
 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,  
 Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,  
 And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,

After some dog in \* *Highland sang,*  
Was made lang fyne, lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' *tyke,*  
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.  
His honest, sonsie, bawf'nt face,  
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;  
His breast was white, his towzie back,  
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;  
His gawfie tail, wi' upward curl,  
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,  
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;  
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;  
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;  
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,  
An' worry'd ither in diversion;  
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,  
They set them down upon their arse,  
An' there began a lang digression  
About the *lords o' the creation.*

\* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

## C Æ S A R.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,  
 What fort o' life poor dogs like you have;  
 An' when the *gentry's* life I saw,  
 What way *poor bodies* liv'd ava.

Our *Laird* gets in his racked rents,  
 His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:  
 He rifes when he likes himsel;  
 His flunkies anfwer at the bell;  
 He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;  
 He draws a bonie, filken purse  
 As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,  
 The yellow letter'd *Geordie* keeks.

Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,  
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;  
 An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,  
 Yet ev'n the *ba' folk* fill their peghan  
 Wi' fauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,  
 That's little short o' downright wastrie.  
 Our *Whipper-in*, wee, blastet wonner,  
 Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,

Better than ony *Tenant-man*  
 His Honor has in a' the lan':  
 An' what poor *Cot-folk* pit their painch in,  
 I own it's past my comprehension.

L U A T H.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't e-  
 nough;  
 A *Cotter* howkan in a sheugh,  
 Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,  
 Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,  
 Himfel, a wife, he thus sustains,  
 A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,  
 An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep  
 Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

An' when they meet wi' fair difasters,  
 Like los o' health or want o' masters,  
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,  
 An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger:  
 But how it comes, I never kent yet,  
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented;

An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,  
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

C Æ S A R.

But then, to see how ye're negleket,  
 How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespek't!  
 L—d man, our gentry care as little  
 For *delvers, ditchers*, an' sic cattle;  
 They gang as faucy by poor folk,  
 As I wad by a stinkan brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's *court-day*,  
 An' mony a time my heart's been wae,  
 Poor *tenant bodies*, scant o' cash,  
 How they maun thole a *factor's* snash;  
 He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,  
 He'll *apprehend* them, *peind* their gear;  
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,  
 An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;  
 But surely poor-folk maun be wretches!

## L U A T H.

They're no fae wretched 's ane wad think;  
 Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,  
 They're fae accustom'd wi' the fight,  
 The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are fae guided,  
 They're ay in lefs or mair provided;  
 An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,  
 A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,  
 Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;  
 The *prattling things* are just their pride,  
 That sweetens a' their fire fide.

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' *nappy*  
 Can mak the bodies unco happy;  
 They lay aside their private cares,  
 To mind the Kirk and State affairs;  
 They'll talk o' *patronage* an' *priests*,  
 Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,

Or tell what new taxation's comin,  
An' ferlie at the folk in LON' ON.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmafs returns,  
They get the jovial, rantan *Kirns*,  
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,  
Unite in common recreation;  
Love blinks, Wit flaps, an' social Mirth  
Forgets there's *care* upo' the earth.

That *merry day* the year begins,  
They bar the door on frosty win's;  
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,  
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;  
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,  
Are handed round wi' right guid will;  
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse,  
The young anes rantan thro' the house—  
My heart has been fae fain to see them,  
That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,  
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;



There's monie a creditable *stock*  
 O' decent, honest, fawfont folk,  
 Are riven out baith root an' branch,  
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,  
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster  
 In favor wi' some *gentle Master*,  
 Wha aiblins thrang a *parliamentin*,  
 For Britain's guid his faul indentin——

C Æ S A R.

Haith lad ye little ken about it;  
 For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.  
 Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,  
 An' faying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:  
 At Operas an' Plays parading,  
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:  
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,  
 To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,  
 To make a *tour* an' tak a whirl,  
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There, at VIENNA or VERSAILLES,  
 He rives his father's auld entails;

B

Or by MADRID he takes the rout,  
 To thrum *guittars* an' fecht wi' nowt;  
 Or down *Italian Vifta* startles,  
 Wh—re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:  
 Then bowfes drumlie *German-water*,  
 To mak himfel look fair and fatter,  
 An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers,  
 O' curft *Venetian* b—res an' ch—ncres.

*For Britain's guid!* for her destruction!  
 Wi' diffipation, feud an' faction!

### L U A T H.

Hech man! dear firs! is that the gate,  
 They waste fae mony a brow estate!  
 Are we fae foughten and harafs'd  
 For gear to gang that gate at laft!

O would they ftay aback frae courts,  
 An' please themfels wi' countra fports,  
 It wad for ev'ry ane be better,  
 The *Laird*, the *Tenant*, an' the *Cotter*!  
 For thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,  
 Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows;

Except for breakin o' their timmer,  
 Or speakin lightly o' their *Limmer*,  
 Or shootin of a hare or moorcock,  
 The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk,

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,  
 Sure *great folk's* life's a life o' pleasure?  
 Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,  
 The vera thought o't need na fear them.

C Æ S A R.

L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am,  
 The *gentles* ye wad neer envy them!

It's true, they need na starve or sweat,  
 Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;  
 They've nae fair-wark to craze their banes,  
 An' fill *auld-age* wi' grips an' granes;  
 But *human-bodies* are sic fools,  
 For a' their colledges an' schools,  
 That when nae *real* ills perplex them,  
 They *mak* enow themfels to vex them;

An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,  
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,  
His *acre's* till'd, he's right eneugh;  
A country girl at her wheel,  
Her *dixzen's* done, she's unco weel;  
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,  
Wi' ev'n down *want o' wark* are curst.  
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;  
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;  
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,  
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,  
Their galloping thro' public places,  
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The *Men* cast out in *party-matches*,  
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.  
Aenight, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring,  
Niest day their life is past enduring.

The *Ladies* arm-in-arm in clusters,  
 As great an' gracious a' as sisters;  
 But hear their *absent thoughts* o' ither,  
 They're a run deils an' jads thegither.  
 Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,  
 They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty;  
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,  
 Pore owre the devil's *pietur'd beuks*;  
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,  
 An' cheat like ony *unbang'd blackguard*.

There's some exceptions, man an' woman;  
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the fun was out o' fight,  
 An' darker gloamin brought the night:  
 The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,  
 The kye stood rowtan i' the loan;  
 When up they gat an' shook their lugs,  
 Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs*;  
 An' each took off his several way,  
 Resolv'd to meet some ither day.