



SCOTCH DRINK,

*Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
 That's sinking in despair;
 An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
 That's prest wi' grief an' care:
 There let him bowse an' deep carouse,
 Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
 Till he forgets his loves or debts,
 An' minds his griefs no more.*

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, xxxi. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken
Bacchus,
 An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
 An' grate our lug,
 I sing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,
 In glafs or jug.

O thou, my MUSE! guid, auld SCOTCH
DRINK!

Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,

In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I *lisp* an' *wink*,
To sing thy name!

Let hufky Wheat the haughs adorn,
And Aits fet up their awnie horn,
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,

Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood

Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong *heart's blood*,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,

When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin';
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin',
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-fair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, filler weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The *poor man's* wine;
His wee drap pirratch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the faunts,
By thee inspir'd,

When gaping they besiege the *tents*,
Are doubly fir'd.

That *merry night* we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekan on a *New-year-mornin*
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap *sp'ritual burn* in,
An' gufty fucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup!

Then *Burnerwin* comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dingsome clamour.

When skirlin weanies see the light,
Thou maks the goffips clatter bright,
How fumbling coofs their dearies flight,
Wae worth them for't!
While healths gae round to him wha, *tight*,
Gies famous sport.

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How eafy can the *barley-brie*
Cement the quarrel!
It's aye the cheapeft Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my *Muse* has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason.
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter feason,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *Brandy*, burnan trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!

Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash

O' half his days ;

An' fends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash

To her warst faes.

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,

Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,

Poor, plackless devils like *mysel*,

It sets you ill,

Wi' bitter, dearthfu' *wines* to mell,

Or foreign gill.

May *Gravels* round his blather wrench,

An' *Gouts* torment him, inch by inch,

Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch

O' four disdain,

Out owre a glafs o' *Whisky-punch*

Wi' honest men!

O *Whisky!* foul o' plays an' pranks!

Accept a *Bardie's* gratefu' thanks!

When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks

Are my poor Verses!

Thou comes—— they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses!

Thee *Ferintosh*! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' *Charter'd* boast
Is ta'en awa!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han' *Deil!* ance, twice, *thrice!*
There, sieze the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d—n'd *Drinkers.*

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' *rhyme* to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.