



John Rankine

EPISTLE TO J. R*****,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O Rough, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will fend you, Korah-like, a finkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae fae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, druken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the *Saunts*,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the world.

Hypocriſy, in mercy ſpare it!
 That *holy robe*, O dinna tear it!
 Spare't for their fakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black*;
 But your curſt wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're ſkaithing:
 It's juſt the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing,
 O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething,
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen,
 Like you or I.

I've ſent you here, ſome rhymin ware,
 A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
 Sae when ye hae an hour to ſpare,
 I will expect,
 Yon *Sang* * ye'll ſen't, wi' cannie care,
 And no neglect.

Tho' faith, ſma' heart hae I to ſing!
 My Muſe dow ſcarcely ſpread her wing:
 D d 2

* A *Song* he had promiſed the Author.

I've play'd mysel a bonie *spring*,
 An' *danc'd* my fill!
 I'd better gaen an' fair't the king,
 At Bunker's hill.

'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
 I gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
 An' brought a *Paitrick* to the *grun'*,
 A bonie *ben*,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was *little hurt*;
 I *straiket* it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't;
 But, Deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the *Poacher-Court*,
 The hale affair.

Some auld, uf'd hands had taen a note,
 That *sic a ben* had got a *shot*;
 I was suspected for the plot;
 I scorn'd to lie;

So gat the whifsle o' my groat,
 An' pay't the *fee*.

But by my *gun*, o' guns the wale,
 An' by my *pouter* an' my *bail*,
 An' by my *ben*, an' by her *tail*,
 I vow an' fwear!
 The *Game* shall Pay, owre moor an' *dail*,
 For this, nieft year.

As foon's the *clockin-time* is by,
 An' the *wee powts* begun to cry,
 L—d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,
 For my *gowd guinea*;
 Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
 For't, in *Virginia*!

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three *draps* about the *wame*
 Scarce thro' the *feathers*;
 An' baith a *yellow George* to claim,
 An' *thole* their *blethers*!

It pits me ay as mad's a hare;
 So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
 But *pennyworths* again is fair,

When time's expedient;
 Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
 Your most obedient.



S O N G.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie:
 The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
 Till 'tween the late and early;
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me thro' the barley.