



THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY  
AND PRAYER, TO THE RIGHT  
HONORABLE AND HONORABLE,  
THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES  
IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

*Dearest of Distillation! last and best!—*

*—How art thou lost!—*

PARODY ON MILTON.

**Y**E *Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,*  
Wha represent our *Brughs an' Shires,*  
An' doufely manage our affairs  
In *Parliament,*  
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs  
Are humbly sent.



Alas! my roupet *Muse* is haerse!  
 Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce,  
 To see her sittan on her arse

Low i' the dust,  
 An' scriechan out profaie verse,  
 An' like to brust!

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,  
*Scotland* an' *me's* in great affliction,  
 E'er fin' they laid that curst restriction

On AQUAVITÆ;  
 An' rouse them up to strong conviction,  
 An' move their pity.

Stand forth and tell yon PREMIER  
 YOUTH,

The honest, open, naked truth:  
 Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,  
 His servants humble:  
 The muckle devil blaw you south,  
 If ye dissemble!

Does ony *great man* glunch an' gloom?  
 Speak out an' never fash your thumb,



Let *posts* an' *pensions* sink or swoom

Wi' them wha grant them:

If honestly they canna come,

Far better want them.

In gath'rin votes you were na slack,

Now stand as tightly by your tack:

Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,

An' hum an' haw,

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack

Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrifsle;

Her *mutchkin stowp* as toom's a whifsle;

An' d—mn'd Excise-men in a bufsle,

Seizan a *Stell*,

Triumphant crufhan't like a muscle

Or laimpet shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,

A blackguard *Smuggler*, right behint her,

An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie *Vintner*,

Colleaguin join,



Picking her pouch as bare as Winter,  
Of a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' SCOT,  
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,  
To see his poor, auld Mither's *pot*,  
Thus dung in staves,  
An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat,  
By gallows knaves?

Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,  
Trode i' the mire out o' fight!  
But could I like MONTGOMERIES fight,  
Or gab like BOSWELL,  
There's some *sark-necks* I wad *draw* tight,  
An' *tye* some *bosc* well.

God blefs your Honors, can ye see't,  
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,  
An' no get warmly to your feet,  
An' gar them hear it,  
An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat,  
Ye winna bear it?



Some o' you nicely ken the laws,  
 To round the period an' pause,  
 An' with rhetoric clause on clause  
     To mak harangues;  
 Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's  
     Auld Scotland's wrangs.

*Dempster*, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;  
 Thee, aith-detesting, chaste *Kilkerran*;  
 An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron,  
     The Laird o' *Graham*;  
 And ane, a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,  
     *Dundas* his name.

*Erskine*, a spunkie norland billie;  
 True Campbells, *Frederick* an' *Ilay*;  
 An' Livistone, the bauld *Sir Willie*;  
     An' monie ithers,  
 Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully  
     Might own for brithers.

Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,  
 To get auld Scotland back her *kettle*!



Or faith ! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle,  
 Ye'll see't or lang,  
 She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle,  
 Anither fang.

This while she's been in crankous mood,  
 Her *lost Militia* fir'd her bluid ;  
 (Deil na they never mair do guid,  
 Play'd her that pliskie !)  
 An' now she's like to rin red-wud  
 About her *Whisky*.

An' L—d ! if ance they pit her till't,  
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,  
 An' durk an' pistol at her belt,  
 She'll tak the streets,  
 An' rin her whittle to the hilt,  
 I' th' first she meets !

For G—d-fake, Sirs ! then speak her fair,  
 An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,  
 An' to the *muckle house* repair,  
 Wi' instant speed,



An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear,  
To get remead.

Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, *Charlie Fox*,  
May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;  
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!  
E'en cowe the cadie!  
An' send him to his dicing box,  
An' sportin lady.

Tell yon guid bluid o' auld *Boconnock's*,  
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,  
An' drink his health in auld \* *Nanse Tinnock's*  
Nine times a week,  
If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,  
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some *commutation* broach,  
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,  
He need na fear their foul reproach  
Nor erudition,

\* A worthy old Hostess of the Author's in *Mauchline*,  
where he sometimes studies Politics over a glass of guid, auld  
*Scotch Drink*.



Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,  
The *Coalition*.

Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;  
She's just a devil wi' a rung;  
An' if she promise auld or young  
To tak their part,  
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,  
She'll no desert.

And now, ye chosen FIVE AND FOR-  
TY,  
May still your Mither's heart support ye;  
Then, tho' a *Minister* grow dorty,  
An' kick your place,  
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty,  
Before his face.

God blefs your Honors, a' your days,  
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claife,  
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes

That haunt St. *Jamie's*!  
Your humble Bardie sings an' prays  
While *Rab* his name is.



## P O S T S C R I P T.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,  
 See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;  
 Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,  
     But blythe an' frisky,  
 She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,  
     Tak aff their Whisky.

What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,  
 While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!  
 When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,  
     The scented groves,  
 Or hounded forth, *dishonor* arms  
     In hungry droves.

Their *gun's* a burden on their shoulder;  
 They downa bide the stink o' *powther*;  
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither,  
     To stan' or rin,



Till skelp— a shot— they're aff, a' throw-  
 'ther,

To save their skin,

But bring a SCOTCHMAN frae his  
 hill,

Clap in his cheek a *Highland gill*,

Say, such is royal GEORGE'S will,

An' there's the foe,

He has nae thought but how to kill

Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease  
 him;

Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him;

Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;

An' when he fa's,

His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him

In faint huzzas.

Sages their solemn een may seek,

An' raise a philosophic reek,

An' physically causes seek,

In *clime* an' *season*,



But tell me *Whisky's* name in Greek,  
I'll tell the reason.

SCOTLAND, my auld, respected Mither!  
'Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,  
'Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,  
Ye tine your dam;  
FREEDOM and WHISKY gang the-  
gither,  
Tak aff your *dram*!

