



T H E
H O L Y F A I R.

*A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.*

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air.

The rising sun, our GALSTON Muirs,
 Wi' glorious light was glintan;
 The hares were hirplan down the furr,
 The lav' rocks they were chantan
 Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightfomely I glowr'd abroad,
 To see a scene fae gay,
 Three *bizzies*, early at the road,
 Cam skelpen up the way.
 Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
 But ane wi' lyart lining;
 The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
 Was in the fashion shining
 Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
 In feature, form an' claes;
 Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
 An' four as ony flaes:

The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
 As light as ony lambie,
 An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
 As foon as e'er she saw me,
 Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, " Sweet lads,
 " I think ye seem to ken me ;
 " I'm fure I've seen that bonie face,
 " But yet I canna name ye."
 Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak,
 An' taks me by the han's,
 " Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
 " Of a' the *ten comman's*
 A screed some day."

V.

" My name is FUN—your cronie dear,
 " The nearest friend ye hae ;
 " An' this is SUPERSTITION here,
 " An' that's HYPOCRISY.

" I'm gaun to ***** *holy fair*,

" To spend an hour in daffin:

" Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,

" We will get famous laughin

At them this day."

VI.

Quoth I, " With a' my heart, I'll do't;

" I'll get my funday's fark on,

" An' meet you on the holy spot;

" Faith, we'fe hae fine remarkin!"

Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,

An' soon I made me ready;

For roads were clad, frae fide to fide,

Wi' monie a wearie body,

In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,

Gaed hoddan by their cotters;

There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,

Are springan owre the gutters.

The lasses, skelpen barefit, thrang,
 In silks an' scarlets glitter;
 Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
 An' *farls*, bak'd wi' butter,
 Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
 Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
 A greedy glowr *black-bonnet* throws,
 An' we maun draw our tippence.
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On ev'ry side they're gath'ran;
 Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,
 An' some are busy bleth'ran
 Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
 An' screen our countra Gentry;
 There, *racer Jess*, an' twathree wh—res,
 Are blinkan at the entry.

Here fits a raw o' tittlan jads,
 Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck;
 An' there, a batch o' *Wabster lads*,
 Blackguarding frae K*****ck
 For *fun* this day.

X,

Here, some are thinkan on their fins,
 An' some upo' their claes;
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
 Anither fighs an' prays:
 On this hand fits an *Elect* swatch,
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
 On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
 Thrang winkan on the lasses
 To *chairs* that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest!
 Nae wonder that it pride him!
 Whase ain dear lafs, that he likes best,
 Comes clinkan down beside him!

Wi' arm repof'd on the *chair-back*,
 He sweetly does compofe him;
 Which, by degrees, flips round her *neck*,
 An's loof upon her *bosom*
 Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
 Is filent expectation;
 For ***** fpeels the holy door,
 Wi' tidings o' f—lv—t—n.
 Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
 'Mang fons o' G— prefent him,
 The vera fight o' *****'s face,
 To's ain *bet bame* had fent him
 Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
 Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
 Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
 He's flampin, an' he's jumpan!

His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
 His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
 O how they fire the heart devout,
 Like *cantharidian* plaisters
 On sic a day!

XIV.

But hark! the *tent* has chang'd it's voice;
 There's peace an' rest nae langer;
 For a' the *real judges* rise,
 They canna fit for anger.
 ***** opens out his cauld harangues,
 On *practice* and on *morals*;
 An' aff the *godly* pour in thrangs,
 To gie the jars an' barrels
 A lift that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
 Of *moral pow'rs* an' *reason*?
 His English style, an' gesture fine,
 Are a' clean out o' season.

Like SOCRATES or ANTONINE,
 Or some auld pagan heathen,
 The *moral man* he does define,
 But ne'er a word o' *faith* in
 That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
 Against sic poofion'd nostrum;
 For *****, frae the water-fit,
 Ascends the *holy rostrum*:
 See, up he's got the word o' G—,
 An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
 While COMMON-SENSE has taen the
 road,
 An' aff, an' up the *Còrrogate*
 Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee ***** nieft, the Guard relieves,
 An' Orthodoxy raibles,
 Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
 An' thinks it auld wives' fables:

But faith! the birkie wants a *Manse*,
 So, cannilie he hums them;
 Altho' his *carnal* Wit an' Sense
 Like hafflins-wife o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
 Wi' *yill-caup* Commentators:
 Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters;
 While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
 Wi' *Logic*, an' wi' *Scripture*,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
 Than either School or Colledge:
 It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
 It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
 F

Be't *whisky-gill* or *penny-wheep*,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinkin deep,
 To kittle up our *notion*,
 By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lassies, blythely bent
 To mind baith *faul* an' *body*,
 Sit round the table, weel content,
 An' steer about the *toddy*.
 On this ane's drefs, an' that ane's leuk,
 They're makin observations;
 While some are cozie i' the neuk,
 An' forming *assignments*
 To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hills are rairan,
 An' echos back return the shouts;
 Black ***** is na spairan:
Rosell

His piercin words, like Highlan fwords,
 Divide the joints an' marrow;
 His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
 Our vera * "Sauls does harrow"
 Wi' fright that day!

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless *Pit*,
 Fill'd fou o' *lowan brunstane*,
 Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whun-stane!
 The *half asleep* start up wi' fear,
 An' think they hear it roaran,
 When presently it does appear,
 'Twas but some neebor *snoran*
 Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
 How monie stories past,
 An' how they crouded to the yill,
 When they were a' dismist:

* Shakespeare's Hamlet.

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
 Amang the furms an' benches;
 An' *cheese* an' *bread*, frae women's laps,
 Was dealt about in lunches,
 An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gawfie, gash *Guidwife*,
 An' fits down by the fire,
 Syne draws her *kebbuck* an' her knife;
 The lasses they are shyer.
 The auld *Guidmen*, about the *grace*,
 Frae fide to fide they bother,
 Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
 An' gies them't, like a *tether*,
 Fu' lang that day.

XXV.

Waefucks! for him that gets nae lafs,
 Or lasses that hae naething!
 Sma' need has he to say a grace,
 Or melvie his braw claitthing!

O *Wives* be mindfu', ance yoursel,
 How bonie lads ye wanted,
 An' dinna, for a *kebbuck-heel*,
 Let lasses be affronted
 On sic a day!

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlan tow,
 Begins to jow an' croon;
 Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
 Some wait the afternoon.
 At flaps the billies halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon:
 Wi' *faith* an' *hope*, an' *love* an' *drink*,
 They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

XXVII.

How monie hearts this day converts,
 O' finners and o' Lasses!
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane,
 As fast as ony flesh is.

There's some are fou o' *love divine* ;

There's some are fou o' *brandy* ;

An' monie jobs that day begin,

May end in *Houghmāgandie*

Some ither day,

