



A D R E A M.

*Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames
with reason;
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason.*

ON READING, IN THE PUBLIC PAPERS, THE LAUREATE'S ODE, WITH THE OTHER PARADE OF JUNE 4th, 1786, THE AUTHOR WAS NO SOONER DROPT ASLEEP, THAN HE IMAGINED HIMSELF TRANSPORTED TO THE BIRTH-DAY LEVEE; AND, IN HIS DREAMING FANCY, MADE THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS.

I.

GUID-MORNIN to your MAJESTY!

May heaven augment your blisses,
On ev'ry new *Birth-day* ye see,
A humble Bardie wishes!

My Bardship here, at your Levee,
 On sic a day as this is,
 Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
 Amang thae Birth-day drestes
 Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
 By many a *lord* an' *lady*;
 "God save the King" 's a cuckoo sang
 That's unco easy said ay:
 The *Poets* too, a venal gang,
 Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready,
 Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
 But ay unerring steady,
 On sic a day.

III.

For me! before a Monarch's face,
 Ev'n *there* I winna flatter;
 For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
 Am I your humble debtor:

So, nae reflection on YOUR GRACE,
 Your Kingship to bespatter;
 There's monie *waur* been o' the Race,
 And aiblins *ane* been better
 Than You this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my fovereign King,
 My skill may weel be doubted;
 But *Facts* are cheels that winna ding,
 An' downa be disputed:
 Your *royal nest*, beneath *Your* wing,
 Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
 And now the third part o' the string,
 An' lefs, will gang about it
 Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
 To blame your Legislation,
 Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
 To rule this mighty nation;

But faith! I muckle doubt, my SIRE,
 Ye've trusted 'Ministration,
 To chaps, wha, in a *barn* or *byre*,
 Wad better fill'd their station
 Than *courts* yon day.

VI.

And now Ye've gien auld *Britain* peace,
 Her broken shins to plaister;
 Your fair taxation does her fleece,
 Till she has scarce a tester:
 For me, thank God, my life's a *lease*,
 Nae *bargain* wearing faster,
 Or faith! I fear, that, wi' the geese,
 I shortly boost to pasture
 I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting *Willie Pit*,
 When taxes he enlarges,
 (An' *Will's* a true guid fallow's get,
 A Name not Envy spairges)
 That he intends to pay your *debt*,
 An' lessen a' your *charges*;

But, G—d-fake ! let nae *saving-fit*
 Abridge your bonie *Barges*
 An' *Boats* this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my LIEGE ! may Freedom geck
 Beneath your high protection ;
 An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck,
 And gie her for dissection !
 But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
 In loyal, true affection,
 To pay your QUEEN, with due respect,
 My fealty an' subjection
 This great Birth-day.

IX.

Hail, *Majesty most Excellent* !
 While Nobles strive to please Ye,
 Will Ye accept a Compliment,
 A simple Bardie gies Ye ?
 Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
 Still higher may they heeze Ye

In blifs, till Fate some day is sent,
 For ever to release Ye
 Frae Care that day.

X.

For you, young Potentate o' W—,
 I tell your *Highbness* fairly,
 Down Pleasure's stream, wi' fwelling sails,
 I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
 But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
 An' curse your folly fairly,
 That e'er ye brak Diana's *pales*,
 Or rattl'd dice wi' *Charlie*
 By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged *Cowte's* been known,
 To mak a noble *Aiver*;
 So, ye may doufely fill a Throne,
 For a' their clish-ma-claver:
 There, Him at *Agincourt* wha shone,
 Few better were or braver;

And yet, wi' funny, queer *Sir* * *John*,

He was an unco shaver

For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right rev'rend O——,

Nane sets the *lawn-sleeve* sweeter,

Altho' a ribban at your lug

Wad been a drefs compleater:

As ye difown yon paughty dog,

That *bears* the Keys of Peter,

Then swith! an' get a *wife* to hug,

Or trouth! ye'll stain the *Mitre*

Some luckless day.

XIII.

Young, royal TARRY-BREEKS, I learn,

Ye've lately come athwart her;

A glorious † *Galley*, stem and stern,

Weel rigg'd for *Venus* barter;

But first hang out that she'll discern

Your *hymeneal Charter*,

* Sir John Falstaff, Vide Shakespeare.

† Alluding to the Newspaper account of a certain royal
Sailor's Amour.

Then heave aboard your *grapple airn*,
 An', large upon her *quarter*,
 Come full that day,

XIV.

Ye lastly, bonie blossoms a',
 Ye *royal Lasses* dainty,
 Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,
 An' gie you *lads* a plenty :
 But sneer na *British-boys* awa ;
 For King's are unco scant ay,
 An' German-Gentles are but *små*,
 They're better just than *want ay*
 On onie day.

XV.

God blefs you a' ! confider now,
 Ye're unco muckle dautet ;
 But ere the *course* o' life be through,
 It may be bitter fautet :
 An' I hae seen their *coggie* fou,
 That yet hae tarrow't at it,
 But on the *day* was done, I trow,
 The laggen they hae clautet
 Fu' clean that day.