



A

DEDICATION

T O

G * * * * H * * * * * Esq;

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechan, fleth'ran *Dedication*,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;
Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
Perhaps related to the race:
Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are ye,
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie,

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Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, LORD be thanket, *I can plough*;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, LORD be thanket, *I can beg*;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
It's just *sic Poet* an' *sic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some *ill ane* skelp him!
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only—he's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What's no his ain, he winna tak it;
What ance he says, he winna break it;

Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abus'd;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature:
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black *Gentoes*, and Pagan *Turks*,
 Or Hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The GENTLEMAN in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n;
 It's just a carnal inclination,
 And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n!

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
 Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth and Justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
 Abuse a Brother to his back;
 Steal thro' the *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door*;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstone,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone;
 Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving;
 No matter—stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
 Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' Parties but your own;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch *Believer*.

O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll *some day* squeel in quaking terror!
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the *sheath*;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;

While o'er the *Harp* pale Misery moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! }

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *Dedication*;
 But when Divinity comes cros me,
 My readers then are sure to lose me.

So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To *dedicate* them, Sir, to YOU:
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like *yoursel*.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
 And your Petitioner shall ever—
 I had amaißt said, *ever pray*,
 But that's a word I need na say:
 For prayin I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-fweer, an' wretched ill o't;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir—

‘ May ne’er Misfortune’s gowling bark,
 ‘ Howl thro’ the dwelling o’ the CLERK!
 ‘ May ne’er his gen’rous, honest heart,
 ‘ For that same gen’rous spirit smart!
 ‘ May K * * * * *’s far-honor’d name
 ‘ Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ‘ Till H * * * * *’s, at least a diz’n,
 ‘ Are frae their nuptial labors risen:
 ‘ Five bonie Lasses round their table,
 ‘ And sev’n braw fellows, stout an’ able,
 ‘ To serve their King an’ Country weel,
 ‘ By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
 ‘ May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ‘ Shine on the ev’ning o’ his days;
 ‘ Till his wee, curlie *John’s* ier-oe,
 ‘ When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ‘ The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!’ }

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 With complimentary effusion:
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune’s smiles and favours,

I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if, which Pow'rs above prevent,
That iron-hearted Carl, *Want*,
Attended, in his grim advances,
By *sad mistakes*, and *black mischances*,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the Poor?
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, through the tender-gushing tear,
Should recognise my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my FRIEND and
BROTHER.