POEMS,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY SARAH LEECH,

A PEASANT GIRL.

WITH

A Biographical Memoir.

“Sweet orphan of the tender lyre,
Whose rural verses smoothly flow;
Where’s the fond mother, or kind sire,
To guard thee thro’ this world of woe?
O, Erin’s daughters! kind as fair,
Shall genius droop beneath your eye?
O, shield the orphan with your care,
Nor let the opening flower die!”

R. RAMSAY.

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1828.
TO THE
PRESIDENT, VICE PRESIDENTS,
AND
COMMITTEE,
OF THE
Brunswick Constitutional Club
OF IRELAND,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THEIR DEVOTED
AND VERY HUMBLE
SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.
A writer of great celebrity has very justly remarked, that with whatever talent an individual may be born, the art of writing, with facility and elegance, is not easily acquired. If this observation be applicable to persons who have been favoured with all the advantages which education and polished society can afford, it must apply with much greater force to a peasant orphan girl, destitute of the opportunities, as well as the means, necessary for the cultivation and improvement of the intellectual faculties. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, the smoothness and seeming ease with which some of her ideas are expressed, cannot fail to excite the admiration of the reader, when the character of the persons with whom, in her humble
sphere of life, she was obliged to associate, and the great disadvantages she had to encounter, are taken into consideration. It is, indeed, necessary that her situation and circumstances should be fairly weighed by the reader before he can form an estimate of the extraordinary talent which she undoubtedly possesses.

The following attempts in verse, are not, however, laid before the public, for the purpose of gratifying the vain ambition of the author, as no person can be more conscious than she is, that her compositions, written solely for pastime, and never intended to meet the public eye, must be very defective in the accuracy and elegance which characterize the writings of persons enjoying every advantage of scholastic initiation;—far different, indeed, are the motives which bring the humble effusions of her rustic muse before the tribunal of public opinion. A graduate of Trinity College, who has had many opportunities of knowing her Christian piety and exemplary moral character,

and is an admirer, in common with some literary characters, of her poetic talent, kindly proposed to prepare a selection of her Poems for publication, in hopes of being able to raise by the sale, a small sum to assist her in her pilgrimage through life. Should his benevolent intentions be carried into effect, he will consider himself amply repaid for his exertions. It is hoped, that the author's own sex, ever sympathizing and generous, will extend to her that patronage and support, to which her "wood notes wild," give her an indisputable claim.

The critic, no doubt, will discover in her compositions many deficiencies, and much to deserve his censure; but he will scan her imperfections with a little indulgence, when he reflects, that the author has only arrived at the age of nineteen, and that her life has been spent in labour, indigence, and obscurity.
BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

SARAH LEECH.

It is a fact no less remarkable than true, that many of the most celebrated votaries of the Muses have been brought up amid scenes and circumstances decidedly hostile to the peculiar powers of their mind. Genius seems to delight herself with eccentricities, both in the dispositions and situations of her children:—Shakespeare was a dealer in wool; Ben Jonson, a bricklayer; Burns, a plough-boy; Bloomfield, a shoe-maker; and Henry Kirk White, who was the son of a butcher, carried his father's basket. It is a melancholy reflection, that many who have charmed the woodland with their rude minstrelsy, and roused sweet echo from her hollow caves with their simple strain, have at length become a prey to hopeless indigence, before their merit had obtained for them that patronage they perhaps so justly deserved.
Certain it is, that there are no lotteries in life possessing so many blanks, and so few prizes, as those belonging to the Muses. "Venice Preserved," was conceived and planned by Otway in a lonely garret, far removed from all connexion with mortality. It was in a garret that Butler composed his inimitable "Hudibras," while he himself writhed in the gnawing pangs of starvation. In a garret Goldsmith indited his "Deserted Village," "Citizen of the World," and, "Vicar of Wakefield." A gentleman found Dryden, a few days previous to his death, pining in poverty in one of those attics. It was in a garret that poor Chatterton "perished in his pride;" and, to complete the climax, Bloomfield composed his "Farmer's Boy" in a garret, amid the din of awls and the clattering of heels. The very forlornness of the situation, seems to have inspired the lanky inhabitants with ideas elevated in proportion to its altitude.

Sarah Leech, the subject of this memoir, is the daughter of Thomas Leech, an industrious linen weaver. She was born in the year 1809, at a village called Ballylennan, situated in the County of Donegal, and Parish of Taughboyne, about three miles from Raphoe.

At the age of three she had the misfortune to lose her father, who died of a pleurisy, and left behind him a widow with six children, to deplore their loss, without any means of subsistence but what would arise from their own industry. By this sad visitation of Providence, she was deprived of even the ordinary opportunities of education which are afforded to the generality of our peasantry. Her eldest sister, who was fourteen years of age, when her father died, had been taught to read, and she determined to communicate whatever instruction she was able, to the other children: but being obliged to devote her time to spinning, and the care of the younger members of the family, she could do little more than teach them the alphabet, and to know something of spelling.

At the age of six, Sarah was sent to school in a neighbouring village, but being naturally of a timid disposition, it was supposed by the master and her friends, that she had an aversion to learning; even when he visited her mother's, Sarah generally contrived to hide in some corner, for the purpose of being as much as possible removed from his presence; nay, such was the opinion she had formed of her teacher, that she fancied he carried something terrific in his
countenance. In consequence of this impression on her mind, her mother was frequently under the unpleasant necessity of applying a rod for the purpose of enforcing attendance at school, when the hour of business arrived; but to her great joy, as she most readily acknowledges, at the expiration of less than three months, the school was dissolved. During this short period, notwithstanding her seeming inattention, she improved so much, that she was able to read a chapter in the Bible, and seemed to understand the subject so well, that many persons were surprised at her knowledge.—Soon after her removal from school, she formed a strong desire to improve her mind by reading such books as chance threw in her way, and though the collection was very limited, yet, she gleaned from it considerable information, and a little knowledge of language. Story books were her great favourites, with the tales of which she generally amused the family during the long and dreary winter nights.

There was a family in the village where she resided, that took much interest in her welfare; one member of it in particular, had not ceased to visit her, mother and family in their great affliction, so that his name became dear to them as a friend and benefactor, which he still continues to be, to the present moment. He supplied her with a few books, which he thought would be serviceable in expanding her ideas, and giving her a correct knowledge of true religion; and it will be readily admitted by the reader, after a perusal of her serious poems, that her mind, on religious subjects, has not been misdirected.

When she attained her twelfth year, she was permitted, for a very short period, to receive instructions in writing, but as she had now become useful in assisting her mother, and was sensible of the necessity which devolved on her of doing something for her support, she was obliged to relinquish school when she began to appreciate its value, and submit to the drudgery of a spinning wheel, an employment at which she is able to vie with any of her compeers.

It has been remarked by those who have had an opportunity of being acquainted with her, that she was fond of solitude, and has seldom been seen to walk out with any companion, with the exception of one girl, to whom she was endeared by an early intimacy. In her company she delighted to wander through the fields
in summer, where she collected, in her excursions, nosegays of the wild flowers, and made her remarks on the various productions of nature. Being gifted with a retentive memory, she generally committed to it such poetical compositions as seemed to meet her approbation, and this seems to have excited in her a taste for versification.

In 1822, her mother removed from Ballylennan, the place of her nativity, to Lettergull, about half a mile distant, and in this village she resides at present. It was here, in her solitary moments, that she first wooed the Muses, for the purpose of passing away the time, but diffidence prevented her from committing any of her poetical effusions at that period, to paper, as she was never able to follow up the subject according to her wishes.

In 1825, some person in the neighbourhood happened to incur her resentment; and, for the purpose of avenging what she considered an insult, she composed some very satirical stanzas upon the individual; but such was her forgiving disposition, that she could not be prevailed on to repeat them, unless to two or three persons in whom she placed great confidence: even her own family were ignorant of what she was writing, when she began to commit her ideas to paper; so that amusement, and not ambition, seems to have been the prevailing motive of her expressing her wild imaginations, in rude rhyme.

About this period, she composed her "Elegy on a Loquacious Old Woman;" which, being circulated through the vicinity, came to the ears of a gentleman then on a visit in that part of the country. He was so struck with the description she had given of the person alluded to, that he immediately set out to pay her a visit, and found her, not in a garret, surrounded by the usual classical associations, but busily plying her spinning wheel in an humble cabin. After some conversation, he prevailed on her to repeat the "Elegy" that she had written, with which she complied, though with evident reluctance. Before he left the neighbourhood, he transcribed some of her Poems; and shortly after, she had the mortification to see them in the Londonderry Journal, with some remarks on her humble situation in life.

In 1826, she was so severely attacked with sore eyes, that it was apprehended by many
persons she would lose her sight. While labouring under this severe visitation, during which no less than eight blisters were applied in succession to her neck, she one evening pulled the bandage off her eyes, and wrote down the verses which the reader will find under that head. It is unnecessary to add, that they breathe forth the genuine spirit of Christian resignation under affliction.

For some time past she had a few children under her care, but in consequence of a severe and prolonged attack of rheumatism, which confined her to home, and incapacitated her from walking, unless by the assistance of a crutch, she was under the necessity of giving up school, and returning to her spinning wheel, the only means she has now to depend on for her subsistence.

By Sarah Leech.

The Vanity of Human Wishes.

Vain, alas! are earthly treasures,  
And the joys that we pursue;  
Swift as thought fly human pleasures,  
Fleeting are our days and few.  
Some are thro' false hopes deluded,  
Taught the ways of truth to shun,  
'Till from peace they are excluded,  
And by folly quite undone.

Others in despair are sinking,  
Like a ship by billows toss'd,  
'Till her crew, engaged in drinking,  
Are amid the breakers lost.  
Some, from paths of virtue straying,  
Break thro' prudent Reason's rule,  
Heedless sinful lusts obeying,  
Thus vain man becomes a fool.
But avoid all sinful pleasure,
Which corrodes the mind when past;
In the heavens lay up treasure,
Which eternally shall last.
Tho' beset by persecution,
To complain and grieve refrain,
Meekly wait thy dissolution,
Which removes all earthly pain.

By the Lord thou shalt be favoured—
Angels shall thy soul attend:
When from mortal frame 'tis severed,
Straight to heav'n it shall ascend:
While on earth, in tribulation,
May thy soul on heav'nly wing,
Ever drink sweet consolation,
From that pure eternal spring.

Now the wood-lark's pleasing tone,
Wakes me from my drowsy bed,
Visionary dreams are flown,
Sleep's delusive hopes are fled:
I its gentle calls obey—
Calls which so excite to love—
Bound no more by sleep's dull sway,
How enchanting is the grove!

Hark! he carols louder still,
O! how pleasing is the note,
His duty eager to fulfil,
How the warbling swells his throat?
Lo, his partner joins the song,
She, the ever-loving mate,
By his aid attends their young,
'Till they soar on wing elate.

May no youth, on plunder bent,
Near thy secret dwelling stray,
Or invade that sweet content,
Which with pleasure I survey:
Start not at the sight of me,
I abhor such cruel theft,
By my hand thou ne'er shalt be
Of thy callow brood bereft.
Here no want thou e’er shalt know,
Nature kindly doth provide,
Various seeds in plenty grow—
All thy wants may be supplied:
When athirst by noontide heat,
To the brook thou shalt repair,
From whose sides spring daisies sweet,
I with joy shall meet thee there.

ON KILLING A MOUSE IN HARVEST.

Poor feckless thing, why did I kill thee?
The muse sic death could never will thee—
When some few grains o’ oats wad fill thee—
The lib’ral han’
Has often left an ear o’ till thee
Wi’ ripen’d awn.

Ah! cursed sickle, ne’er again
Shall I thee use in reaping grain,
Nor e’er shall the ensanguin’d plain
Bedim thy shining,
Since by thee hapless mouse lies slain,
And I’m left pining.

It seems as fate had sae decreed,
That wanton lambs which safely feed,
Or range the plains and flow’ry mead
In sportive play,
Are doom’d by epicures to bleed
Some ither day.

Ye tears flow freely frae ilk e’e—
How could I use sic cruelty,
Upon a harmless mouse like thee,
As stop thy breath—
Thou mad’st a vain attempt to flee,
Impending death.

I wildly glower’d the scenes around,
O! how the thoughts my heart confound,
To think I should inflict the wound,
The mortal sore,
That laid thee sprawling on the ground,
In reeking gore.

Alas! vain man can nought foresee,
Or such misfortunes he would flee—
Frail helpless creature, much like thee,
Beset wi’ woes,
Still hoping better days to see,
He onward goes.
THE HAPPY MEETING.

The sun in his orient splendour arose,
Adorning the hills with his rays,
When Celia 'woke from her balmy repose,
And wander'd thro' groves where the eglantine grows,
While linnets poured forth their sweet lays.

All, but the dear warblers, was silence profound,
And Celia, nothing dismay'd,
Sat down by a stream on the moss-cover'd ground,
Where clustering nuts in profusion hung round,
Presenting themselves to the maid.

But while she remained in this sylvan retreat,
By nature so charmingly rear'd,
And culled a rich nosegay of violets sweet,
Then gazed on the scene with such beauties replete,
Lo! William, her lover, appeared.

With graceful deportment, and aspect serene,
The youth slowly walked thro' the grove,
'Till trees from his sight could no longer herscreen,
When Celia, blushing, perceived she was seen,
And tried from his presence to move.

Her hasty departure excited surprise,
And left him confounded in woe;
But struck with the glance of her lovely black eyes,
O Celia! stay, he in agony cries,
Nor from me abruptly thus go.

Again he entreated, and blandishments tried,
Invoking the fair one to stay,
When, moved with compassion, at length she complied,
And modestly set herself down by his side,
To hear what her lover would say.

When seated, his wishes he strove to impart—
His bosom's sad pangs to reveal,
But William already had conquered her heart,
And now, with reluctance, she own'd on her part,
What long she had tried to conceal.

And soon to the church gladly hasted away,
The youth with his beautiful maid,
Where, in conjugal bonds, without further delay,
They were joined by the priest—now she blesses the day,
When first she frequented the shade.
ADDRESS TO A CRICKET.

At gloamin' when the twilights fa',
And songsters to their nests withdraw,
A cricket, snug behind the wall,
Supplies their place,
And in the corner sings fa' braw,
Wi' unco grace.

When youngers scamper, ane by ane,
And doowie I am left alane,
You cheer my heart wi' hamely strain,
Or shrill toned chirple,
As cozie roun' the warm hearth-stane,
You nightly hirple.

May wae befa' them, that would gie
A fiddler penny or bawbee,
When they can have sic music free,
Withouten stent—
Much fitter they should keep the fee,
To help their rent.

What tho' your note be aye the same,
In grateful strain I sing your name,
Weel might my muse blush deep wi' shame,
Should she neglect,
To greet you in her humble hame,
Wi' due respect.

And when the nipping frosty win',
Blaws frae the North with whistling din,
Or wintry floods roar o'er the linn,
In foam and spray,
I shall wi' crumbs, when night sets in,
Requite your lay.

THE WISH.

The great of pedigree may vaunt,
For that I little care;
Ye powers let me have rhyming cant,
Of common sense a share.

Gie me a hale gown for my back,
Let not my food be stinted,
For wealth I (i'll na care a plack,
I'm with my lot contented.

Next let my cot, tho' sma', be snug,
And near some grove be seated,
Wi' songsters' notes then may my lug,
Baith eve and morn be greeted.

Let some clear streamlet be my drink,
Where bonnie flow'rets waver,
There I shall sit upon the brink,
And woo the Muses' favour.
VERSSES
ON A YOUNG MAN'S DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND.

How can you bid your friends adieu,
And visit Caledonia's isle?
Where you, perhaps, may meet but few,
To hail your coming with a smile.

Through distant lands think not to roam,
For one your absence will deplore;
But be content to live at home,
Upon our pleasant em'rald shore.

How can you banish from your mind,
The pleasing scenes you here enjoyed?
Or is your native land less kind,
That makes you of all feeling void?

Shall Erin, of her sons bereft,
Year after year in sorrow mourn?
And must her daughters fair be left,
To sigh in vain for their return?

Even I myself will drop a tear,
And for you one petition crave—
May God still keep you in his fear,
And guide you safely o'er the wave.

O, may he keep you in his ways,
And food and raiment still supply:
Then strive to serve him all your days,
And for his glory live and die.

FRAGMENT.

When all the fragrant flowers of spring
Had wither'd and decay'd,
And frost chill'd every songster's wing,
Thro' lonely fields I stray'd,
To muse upon our transient stay
While on life's dreary road,
Where passing scenes this hint convey—
Prepare to meet thy God.

The trees, bereft of leafy pride,
Are widow'd left to mourn,
The moments as they fleeting glide,
Can ne'er again return;
Then, ere old age has made you grieve,
By sin's oppressive load,
Let me this admonition give,
Prepare to meet thy God.
ELEGY

ON A LOQUACIOUS OLD WOMAN.

Nae mair I tune my rustic reed,
O'er hill and dale where lambkins feed,
For I maun deck in mourning weed,
And sigh alone,
While tears pour forth like amber bead,
Since Kate is gane.

Ye clatt'ring wives that weel like news,
Come join in grief wi' my poor muse,
For Kate could gi'e, tho' quite recluse,
Clash to ilk ane—
Nane pass'd her door without their dues,
But now she's gane.

She vow'd she had nae thoughts o' greed,
And strove her innocence to plead,
But aye her tongue gaed at full speed,
Baith day and night
In hopes she might contention breed—
Her sole delight.

She talk'd o' folk wi' seeming grace;
Could colour lies wi' time and place,
And to speak fair before their face,
She ne'er was slack;
Tho' well their failings she could trace,
Behin' their back.

Come, Peg; let fa' the tribute tear,
Upon your guid auld auntie's bier,
You ha'e na langer cause to fear,
Her ban or switch,
Your crown nae mair the marks shall wear
Of her auld crutch.

Nae body this poor wight could spare,
Frae scandal she could ne'er forbear;
As flies light on the place that's sair,
With wounds contented,
So she their failings a' laid bare,
And mair invented.

But now neglected low she lies,
Nane to perform her obsequies,
Wi' heaving breast and wat'ry eyes
Nae friend I see—
A Christian fun'ral nane devise,
Poor Kate for thee.
Alas! she now is laid fu' low,
In the cauld kirk-yard of Raphoe,
Where I ilk market day shall go,
As she did crave,
Nor drop the tribute tear of woe
Upon her grave.

But yet my wish, and farewell prayer,
To Robin* wha has her in care,
Is, that he'll keep her safely there,
Lest she should rise,
For nane her rackle tongue could bear,
Or cursed lies.

ELEGIAE STANZAS,

Occasioned by the death of J. S—t, a kind friend, who was
called off in the prime of life.

Now weeping muse, bewail in mournful song,
For nought on earth my drooping heart can cheer,
A friend sincere, a much-loved friend is gone,
Whose mem'ry long shall claim the tribute tear.

Alas! but few could with my friend compare—
Fond recollection; how it wrings my heart:
When to our cot at eve he would repair,
Some kind instructions anxious to impart.

* The Raphoe grave-digger.

Him at the fall of evening have I seen,
When all the labours of the day were past,
Sit 'neath the shade of yon sweet hawthorn green,
Securely sheltered from the northern blast.

And I have seen, when coming winter drear,
Compell'd us to take refuge round the fire,
The village youths with joy assemble there,
His far superior wisdom to admire.

His mind was from ambitious motives free,
No change his warm affections ever knew,
A man of truly honest heart was he;
To rival him, alas! I know but few.

No envy ever hanker'd in his breast,
Which proved to all his purity of mind,
And when affliction sore his soul oppress'd,
Even then he seem'd to Providence resigned.

To sing his merits I can not pretend,
Nor his departure can I cease to mourn;
Ah! who can blame me, when a worthy friend
Now sleeps in death, and must to dust return.

Yet hope, sweet hope, reanimates my breast,
That we shall meet again, to part no more,
In heavenly regions, numbered with the blest,
The three in one for ever to adore.
ADDRESS TO BACHELORS.

Ye bachelors baith a' and a',
Oppressed wi' grief on you I ca',
While down my cheeks the tear-drops fa'
Thro' pure compassion,
To see ilk flirt and country daw,
Ape at the fashion.

The gents may weel put on grimaces,
And in sad plight bewail their cases,
When flunkies dress in frills and laces,
Sae fine and braw
I fear soon in their ladies' places
Themselves they'll shaw.

Ilk lass maun ha'e a snow-white gown,
Wi' span-lang flounces waving roun',
Some weel-plait straw upon her crown,
And ribbons gay,
While hose weel starched, and right-left shoon
Her feet display.

Next she maun ha'e a yard o' veiling,
Affected modesty concealing,
Tho' want o' this is a' the failing,
Laid to the lassie—
How can I help at times bewailing,
Poor fools sae saucy.

How to her mither Kate will bawl,
To purchase her a scarlet shawl,
In hopes she may some gull enthrall,
Who gapes for riches,
But six months wed, she proves a brawl,
And wears the breeches.

Examples here I could bring in,
Which would create a mighty din,
But some at my poor muse might grin,
And sairly flyte her—
I wish them safe beyond Clyde's linn
That wad sae spite her.

Despite o' fear I a' shall state,
O Willie! how I mourn your fate—
Since you were tied to bucksome Kate,
Without compassion
She thrash'd you weel baith ear' and laté,
When in a passion.

In truth she is a thrawart dame,
You're often witness o' the same;
For be it spoken to your shame,
She never spares you,
And should you try the shrew to tame,
She drubs or hairs you.
Her tongue at rest can never be,
And when she pries the barley brie,
Wi' nibours she will disagree,
But in the end,
Poor Willie gets a blackened eye,
You may depend.

I therefore a' young fellows caution
To guard against sic dames o' fashion,
Or you may aiblins get a thrashin'
Frae tongue as glib,
When wed, you rouse the angry passion
Of captious rib.

Too late you may have cause to wail,
For should the tea or whiskey fail,
She, vixen like, will you assail,
Or chide and snap,
And swear, should you be dragged to jail,
She'll have her drap.

Keep these examples in your view,
For happiness is doom'd to few,
But hark! the clock is striking two,
And time goes running,
So I'm obliged to bid adieu,
And join my spinning.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

O, lovely flow'ret, art thou gone,
And from my bosom torn?
How soon, alas! thy glass was run,
Which dooms mamma to mourn.

No more thy sparkling dark blue eyes
Shall view the morning clear;
Nor I, in pity to thy cries,
Wipe off the pearly tear.

No more thy cradle I'll sit by,
To watch thee while asleep;
No more thy nourishment supply,
Nor see my baby weep.

Thy body, number'd with the dead,
Lies in death's dark abode;
But thy dear spirit home has fled,
To happiness with God.

To thee, sweet baby, death was gain,
Then cease my tears to flow,
Thou art in bliss, removed from pain,
And every human woe.
WILLIE WABSTER AND THE FAIRIES.

Come lend me an attentive ear,
A' ye wha love strange things to hear,
As I am something very queer
Now gaun to pen,
Content, tho' I incur a sneer,
Fae thinking men.

My Pegasus now on the wing,
I haste some blethers up to string,
Lest he should gie a sudden fling,
Or aiblins stumble,
And down my soaring genius bring,
Her pride to humble.

When March sneIl win' its rage had blawn,
And corn-fields were newly sawn,
Daft Willie daunert ower the lan',
One evenin' dreary,
To seek his flock, when night had fa'n,
Nor was he eerie.

No moon shed forth her silver ray,
To point daft Willie out his way,
When some mischance led him astray,
The rocks between,
Where fairies oft at parting day,
Were dancing seen.

But Will shall ne'er forget that night;
For just as he gat up the height,
A scene o' horror met his sight,
Banshees and witches,
Dancin' Scotch reels at hellish light,
O'er rocks and ditches.

The music first had caught his ear,
Fae 'neath an oaken stump quite' near;
It was the note of pibroch clear,
Which some skilled hand
Played, this infernal crew to cheer,
At Nick's command.

Poor Willie glow't'd, as well he might,
At such an unexpected sight,
While ilka hag and goblin sprite,
The dance pursued,
With nimble foot and motion light,
Near where he stood.

They cease, and then the scene renew,
When Willie nearer to them drew,
That he might have a clearer view,
Of warlock dances,
When, lo! against him all the crew
In rage advances.
He ran, pursued by many a sprite,
Amid the horrid gloom of night,
'Till tumbling from a craggy height,
He headlong fell;
Where he was found, in woful plight,
This tale to tell.

O, wow, but he was frighted sair,
As he is willing to declare—
The sweat-drops fell frae ilka hair,
While his whole frame
Did in the gen'ral terror share,
When he reached hame.

Nor to this hour has he been known,
To wander out at eve alone,
For aye he thinks he hears a groan,
Or bagpipes screwing,
And sees a ghaist in ilka stone,
His steps pursuing.

TO MARIA.
Written at the request of a friend.

Why are you so ungrateful still?
Slight not my vows of love;
Your cruel frowns, alas! can kill,
Your smiles my woes remove.

O, dearest maid, if you but felt
The pains which I endure,
Your stony heart, perhaps, would melt,
And not withhold the cure.

But ah! you act a faithless part,
And to augment my pain,
You to another give your heart,
Then view me with disdain.

How happy is the youth to whom
You can your heart resign,—
While melancholy is my doom,
In grief I must repine.

O, were I of your heart possess'd,
I would not ask for more;
This boon denied, with grief oppressed,
I seek some distant shore.

Yes, from my native land I'll speed,
Ne'er to return again,
Since by the Fates it is decreed,
That I must love in vain.

Adieu, Maria, tho' unkind,
With you I grieve to part,
The chains of Love so firmly bind
You to my bleeding heart.
ADDRESS TO LETTERGULL.

O Lettergull, weel may you fare,
And usual broils ne'er vex you mair,
That Providence may aye shew care,
For ane and a',
Shall ever be my earnest prayer,
Tho' far awa'.

May barley on your braes still grow,
And rough heads on your Craigen knowe,
Wi' which to mak' a rantin lowe,
When North winds blaw,
And gear in plenty on you row,
Tho' I'm awa'.

May ruthless bailiffs ne'er be sent,
To drive you for a back-gaun rent,
But may your time in joy be spent,
Without alarm,
While rosy health and sweet content
Smile on ilk farm.

O that your kye or nowtes may ne'er
Be taught Phil's* cauld poun' wa's to fear,
But may you have guid country cheer,
Wi' beef and meal,
That shall continue thro' the year,
And never fail.

* Phil, the St. Johnston pound-keeper.

May nae curst carlin or fell sprite,
Wha ride on broom-stick nags by night,
By cantrips carry off your right,
At morn or e'en,
And elf-shot stanes your kye ne'er blight,
By wounds unseen.

But tak' a kind advice frae me—
O, tipple not the strong maut bree,
Lest late in Mary's glen you see
Some goblin sprite,
Or hear the wailing sad banshee
Howl thro' the night:

For Joyce and Simpson baith can tell,
How they heard there a ghaistly yell;
But what thro' fear those loons befel,
Let them declare,
And how they scamper'd off pell-mell—
O, what a pair!

Poor silly gowks, they thought the cry
Of Sawney, who lay hid hard by,
Their boasted courage thus to try,
Was that of Clootie,
That darklins came their haste to spy,
When sent on duty.
But fare ye weel—may you ha'e claes,  
Wi' health to roam about the braes,  
And Guid preserve you a' your days,  
Fraise Satan's reach,  
Is what the muse sincerely prays—  
Your's—Sarah Leech.

EPISTLE
TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDONDERBY JOURNAL.

My much-esteem'd and faithfu' friend,  
To you in rhyme I something send,  
Therefore, your lugs a wee while lend  
To this my letter,  
Forgetting not, you may depend,  
That I'm your debtor.

But, Sir, I'm in an unco fret,  
As folk at harvest wark are het,  
Lest news sufficient you'll no' get  
Of things diurnal,  
And hence to tell you some I'm set,  
To help the Journal.

And now, Sir, if you are inclin'd,  
Your late procession call to mind,  
When, frae the statesman to the hind,  
Did there resort,  
By one great principle combin'd—  
The law's support.

Ev'n from this place a few there were,  
Wha wad their loyalty declare,  
And to your city did repair,  
With mind elate,  
The glorious deeds accomplish'd there  
To celebrate.

One individual I shall mention,  
Of honest heart and pure intention,  
Who join'd that day the grand convention—  
Will Porterfield;  
Though he in hatred of dissension,  
To nane wad yield.

The scene his brain did much affect,  
As on he walk'd, wi' head erect—  
Nor have I reason to suspect  
He did na feel,  
As nane e'er charg'd him wi' neglect  
To shew his zeal.
Though he possesses scarce a groat,
No threat could mak' him change his coat,
Or for Emancipation vote—
    That source o' strife—
Was there a whittle at his throat
    To end his life.

Nor would he, recreant Dawson like,
Be terrified by Munster pike,
Or mov'd by filthy lucre's sake
    To sacrifice
Our Constitution (now at stake)
    And liberties.

With pride the monument he view'd,
Of Walker brave, who nobly stood,
By sword and famine unsubdued,
    While his deeds famous,
Our right to serve the Lord made good,
    Despite of Sheamus.*

A Lundy then, as at this day,
Was found the loyal to betray:
O! Sarsfield Dawson, lack-a-day!
    But you're come down low,
Since you ha'e gane the turn-coat way
    Of Judas Brownlow.

How could you thus yourself disgrace,
As to become a traitor base;
Was it the love of seat and place,
    Caus'd your defection?
You'll aiblins be in Vesey's case
    At next election.

The Derry Prentice Boys ne'er can
Again depend upon a man,
That basely frae his colours ran,
    When call'd to action—
To gain the fulsome praise of Dan,
    And his base faction.

O! gallant Gregg and Beresford,
Long may you fearlessly record,
How by the mercy of the Lord
    Truth won the day;
While sorely James's troops deplor'd
    The bloody fray.

And shall the deeds unheeded lie,
Of him who caus'd the foe to fly—
The testimonial, tow'ring high,
    Forbids the thought,
Proclaiming, Walker ne'er shall die,
    Or be forgot.

* The Irish for James.
Long may his noble statue stand,
And should the enemy demand
Submission, let his great command
Guide each defender,
And still the watch-word through the land
Be, "no surrender."

But, Sir, friend Starrat's come again,
To meet him I was unco' fain,
Nor was my great desire in vain,
His face to see;
The chiel by whom this flight you'll gain,
Is nane but he.

But house-folk now are gane to bed,
And light has frae the taper fled,
Beside, my Muse has ta'en the sted;
Sae, fare ye weel,
As I'm awa' to rest my head
Beneath my biel.

TO MARY.

Supposed to be written by a Gentleman.

O, Mary, blooming flow'r of May,
The object of each fond desire,
Come, listen to the plaintive lay,
Of one who burns by Love's slow fire.

My happy days on earth are o'er,
For thee I pine, sole cause of pain,
Then haste in pity to restore,
My throbbing heart to peace again.

Beneath a load of woe I sink
Since thou art cruel and unkind—
I stand, alas! on Ruin's brink,
And grim despair surrounds my mind.

Or wander forth a prey to care,
No ray of hope to cheer my heart;
For pity then, O, shed a tear,
It consolation will impart.

Thy bosom, like the lily fair,
Seems colder than the wintry snow,
Yet, shouldst thou in my sorrow share,
It would alleviate my woe.
But farewell pleasure, hope is fled,
Since thou canst treat me with disdain,
And shouldst thou any other wed,
None else my heart shall ever gain.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear Archy, time is fleeting fast,
And we are on its mercy cast,
Each breath we draw may be our last;
Yet, while God spares,
We should prepare for winter’s blast,
And hoary hairs.

Our moments, ever on the wing,
Leave us some time to joke or sing;
Next hour may woe’s tidings bring,
The present fled,
When clinkumbell the knell shall ring,
To say we’re dead.

Some, younger far than you or I,
Are daily summon’d to the sky,
Or to that place where sinners fry,
O, horrid state!
With Death’s command all must comply,
No distant date.

His messengers our homes invade,
With arms invincible display’d,
And none his progress can impede,
Or fatal course—
What millions in the dust are laid,
By his grim force.

O, how the wretch unused to think,
Must feel, when he begins to sink,
Or views the gulph from horror’s brink,
Where he must go;
And hears the wicked cry for drink
In flames below.

But they may wail, and sigh in vain,
To be restor’d to earth again,
As there they ever shall remain—
The die is cast—
When Satan gets them for his ain,
He hauds them fast.

Then, let us in good earnest strive
To make our peace, while yet alive—
Thus death we’ll o’ its sting deprive,
And live for ever.
Your friend sincere, while I survive,
Nor death shall sever.
ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF YORK.

Now well may true Britons with sorrow o'erspread,
Condole in a sovereign's grief—
A brother, a friend, a true patriot is dead;
Ah! who can forbear tears of sorrow to shed,
Tho' weeping can give no relief.

The widow may mourn, and the orphan bewail,
Their great benefactor's no more;
And soldier to soldier may tell the sad tale,
But sighs and bewailings can nothing avail,
Their patron again to restore.

The sons of sedition have tried, but in vain,
The deeds of this prince to obscure;
But his foes, overwhelm'd with confusion and shame,
Shall sink, while enroll'd in the annals of fame,
His merits thro' time shall endure.

Yet, why his departure in grief thus lament,
And heave forth the heart-rending sigh?
The Sov'reign of all things the messenger sent,
To call him to bliss, then, we should be content,
When we know that he never can die.

Dear Miss—the liberty I take,
In verse some lines to send you;
Which, being written for your sake,
I trust will not offend you,
As weel I ken my muse is rude,
And delicate the hearer,
Therefore I'm laith thus to intrude,
Believe me there's name sweener,
Than I wad be.

But as Religion's sacred ways
Are much by you respected,
My pen I'll use to sing her praise,
And how she is neglected:
When vice transgresses virtue's rules,
How can the muse be idle?
Or how forbear to lash the fools,
That dare asperse the Bible,
Or spurn its laws.

Inspect Religion—you will find,
Her way to peace allureth;
She guides the footsteps of the blind,
And light for them procureth:
But O! how happy they must be,
That ken her to perfection;
Their faith and works throughout agree,
Close knit in firm connexion,
    They sweetly join.

Upon the sov'reign will of God,
    They wait with resignation;
Nor do they murmur when his rod,
    Shall menace castigation:
Then may contentment be your lot,
    And guided by God's Spirit,
Thro' life's rough road, may you be brought
    His kingdom to inherit,
When time's nae mair.

But those who mock'd his grace, when death
    Foils all their vain elation,
Must wait expectants of his wrath,
    And fiery indignation:
Nae mair they'll sport on horror's brink,
    Life's vanities pursuin',
For, sin-arrested, down they sink
    To hell and utter ruin,
Nae mair to rise.

ADDRESS
TO THE
FEMALE ORPHAN OF THE PARISH OF TAUGHBOYNE.

"When Adam delv'd, and Eve span,
Who was then the Gentleman?"
LAUREAT SOUTHEY.

Hail! spinster poetess, on thee
    The Muses early deign to smile;
Sweet orphan, may'st thou live to be
    The Sappho of our Emerald Isle;
The useful distaff we may trace,
    Back to the happy " olden times;"
Hence spinning can be no disgrace
    To thy sweet sex, or sweeter rhymes.
Search round the globe, (and I have been
    A wand'rer there for many a year,) Such lovely maids are seldom seen,
    As at the Irish wheel appear; Health, beauty, symmetry, and grace,
    Each charm that can delight the soul, Nature hath lavish'd on their face,
    And innate virtue crowns the whole.
Our silk-clad belles engross applause,
Who crowd the court on levee days;
But, to their washes and gewgaws,
They owe their beauty and their praise;
But nature, with her plastic hand,
Forms rural maidens, red and white;
And healthful bloom, and graces bland,
In Irish spinster maids unite.

Sweet orphan girl, exalt thy theme,
Praise Him who made thee what thou art;
Attune thy lyre to praise his name,
And let his temple be thy heart;
Barbauld, and Rowe, and Hannah More,
Their glowing hearts in song express;
And the poor orphan should adore
The Father of the Fatherless.

Sweet orphan of the tender lyre,
Whose rural verses smoothly flow,
Where's the fond mother, or kind sire,
To guard thee through this world of woe?
O, Erin's daughters! kind as fair,
Shall genius droop beneath your eye?
O, shield the orphan with your care,
Nor let the opening flowret die!

I saw on Muckish* rugged side,
A lonely rose of lovely form;
But whilst I view'd its charms with pride,
It wither'd in the passing storm!
O may approving heaven shield you,
Sweet rose, the glory of Taughboyne,
From poverty's cold withering,
And wealth, for once, with genius join.
R. Ramsay.

Letterkenny.

EPISTLE
TO MR. RICHARD RAMSAY,
On perusing his beautiful Address to the Author.

Wi' heck weel-teeth'd and spit renew'd,
I sat me down to spin contented;
And your address to me reviewed,
Which set my head amast demented.

My muse, impelled by gratitude,
Resolv'd your kindness to acknowledge,
Tho' it should be in verses rude;
You ken I ne'er was at a college.

* The name of a large mountain in the North West part of the County of Donegal.
I am unskill'd in classic lore,
Th' I sometimes mak' Scotch clink pat in—
Nae authors sage can I explore,
Like those who speak the Greek and Latin:

My muse kens nought o' Sappho's lays,
Who sung sublime on soaring pinion:
O! how the neighbours round would gaze,
If I, love-struck, should leap off Binion!*

My Pegasus now fain would sink—
Grown dizzy wi' sic classic matter—
So I maun light, and let him drink
A draught o' Foyle's inspiring water.

Then, fare you weel, may you ha'e health,
My correspondent, kind adviser—
And as you wish I may get wealth,
I, in return, pray you'll grow wiser;

And when grim death shall quench life's flame,
And you embark in Charon's wherry,
O may your Monumental Theme†
Be lasting as the walls of Derry.

* A towering hill, in the neighbourhood of St. Johnston.
The allusion here is very classical. Sappho, because Phaon
slighted her, in despair put a period to her existence, by
leaping from a rock into the Ægean Sea.—Ed.

† Alluding to the Poem, written by Mr. Ramsay, on the
Testimonial erected to the memory of Governor Walker.
As think to prop the falling Church of Rome—
Their efforts hasten its predicted doom;
For heavenly vengeance shall pursue all those
Who true religion and its truths oppose.
Let Popish Priests give their commands in vain,
Spurn all their mandates, and their threats disdain,
For while they urge you on to freedom's call,
They are themselves bound fast in Satan's thrall.
Then take the Bible, shake off mental sway,
Nor by blind guides be longer led astray;
And when its sacred, gracious truths you read,
Obey its precepts, "be ye free indeed."

Hail Institution,* thee shall many bless,
And own, with gratitude, their thankfulness:
By thee Heaven's will is to the heedless shown,
And now our Sabbaths are more hallow'd grown;
As on that day instructions pure are given,
And teachers kindly tell the way to Heaven.
Blind zeal and ignorance have long held sway
O'er all the earth, but now comes on the day,
The happy day, when all the truth shall know,
And light revealed shall darkness overthrow:
When peace proclaimed, shall sound from shore to shore,
And bloody wars convulse the earth no more.
Forbearing mercy men no longer spurn—
They read the Gospel, and with love they burn.

'Tis so in Cavan, moved by Gospel grace,
They fly from error, and the truth embrace.
O may that truth, despite of priestcraft run,
Even from the rising to the setting sun;
Then shall the world, unawed by Priests, unite,
And men no more the proffer'd mercy slight.
But while they do the Sacred Volume hate,
I stand aghast, and tremble for their fate.

---

THE PARTING LOVERS.

At eve, when I stray from my cot,
What sorrows my bosom still swell,
Whene'er I revisit the spot,
Where Henry bade Lucy farewell.

The sun had shot forth his last ray,
Yet linger'd, as loth to depart;
No cloud threw its gloom o'er the day,
But that which hung over her heart.

The thrush his vesperian song,
With harmony rung thro the grove;
The lark, as they wander'd along,
Seem'd to chide him for parting his love.

Nor wonder, ye maids, why she loved
So noble, so graceful a swain,
But ah! from his presence removed,
In grief she is left to complain.

* The Sunday-School Society.
THE VILLAGE MAID.

In yonder sweet village, near to a steep mountain,
Where heath-bells in summer so beautiously grow,
There stands a neat cottage beside a clear fountain,
Where dwells a dear lassie, the cause of my woe.

At home she is blest with a parents protection,
And many in vain their attachment made known;
At length came a stranger, who gained her affection,
But ah! he is gone, and her heart's with him flown.

The youth was possess'd with great powers of attraction,
For him her fond bosom was soon in a flame,
Tho' now she is left, far away in distraction,
Against his unkindness in grief to exclaim.

Alone, for his sake, she strays o'er the mountain,
And haunts the lone dell where they used to repair;
Or spent with fatigue, she retires to the fountain,
And tells to the streamlet her tale of despair.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

Farewell, ye woods and winding fountains clear,
For verdant beauties can no more delight;
The orb of day now hastes to disappear,
And from the world withdraws his splendid light.

Now from the branches of the leafy trees,
The little warblers chant their vesper lay,
Their notes re-echoed on the vernal breeze,
Yields double sweetness at the close of day.

The cooing doves now to their nests return,
In airy flight they skim above the plain,
Their anxious young no more their absence mourn,
When sable night assumes her silent reign.

But ah! poor birds, I mourn you have a foe,
Whose bloody aim arrests your rapid flight;
The cruel fowler often lays you low,
And views your death transported with delight.

Blush, ruthless man, and scorn the wicked deed;
O, let compassion milder feelings move,
For, know, by Heaven it never was decreed,
That man to animals should cruel prove.
Ye British Protestants awake,
The rebel trumpets sound alarm;
Your liberties are now at stake;
Arouse, protect your friends from harm.
Thou priestly hosts in arms appear,
To urge thro' blood their usurpation,
You soon may stop their wild career,
By crushing Dan's Association.

That you must bring this monster down,
Can be no longer now disputed;
Let Brunswick Clubs then in each town,
Throughout the realm be constituted.
Petition Wellington and Peel,
To guard the bulwarks of the nation,
And show their wish for Ireland's weal,
By crushing Dan's Association.

The Brunswick Clubs, by truth combined,
Appear to rebel hosts tremendous;
The Lawless force is not inclined
To try their power, now grown stupendous:
Then, Protestants, join hand in hand,
Without regard to rank or station,
And by petitions free the land,
From Dan, M. P.'s Association.

By legal means assert your right,
But should the foe make his appearance,
Then, crush sedition by your might,
Yet, in the spirit of forbearance.
Remember how at Ballybay,
Jack Lawless, bent on agitation,
Was put to flight by Samuel Gray,
Who laugh'd at Dan's Association.

Yield not to an illegal hand,
That would your children disinherit;
But for the Constitution stand,
With Derry Leather-apron spirit.
The agitators soon must cease,
If met with such determination,
And Ireland yet be blest with peace,
In spite of Dan's Association.

The Brunswick Clubs formed in the North,
Despise the threats of all the faction;
There loyal men of sterling worth
Have still their "matchlocks" fit for action;
And while we have such men as these,
Of worth and high exalted station,
Let demagogues rail as they please,
A fig for Dan's Association.
A PRAYER.

O, Lord, whose universal sway,
No being can control,
Who canst the very thoughts survey,
Which agitate my soul.

O, let me feel that heav'ly grace,
Which from thy word proceeds;
My soul from Satan's power release—
Root out sin's noxious weeds.

Here, like the publican distress'd,
To thee I raise my eyes;
My hopes on Christ's atonement rest,
O, hear a sinner's cries.

Let not temptation's luring voice,
Too strong for me be given;
But may thy word direct my choice,
To seek thy face and heaven.

Thy righteous paths I have not trod,
Nor worshipp'd thee alone;
For oft in sin's seducing road,
I heedlessly have gone.

But pardon, Lord, what I have done—
Let me no more rebel,
And may the merits of thy Son,
Redeem my soul from hell.

LINES ON THE GOSPEL.

What wonderful tidings are these,
Which angels were sent to proclaim?
The heavenly offers of peace,
Through faith in a Saviour's name.

O, then, did a Saviour die,
To purchase such gifts from above?
Can sinners esteem them too high,
Or wonder too much at his love?

No longer in sin then remain,
Which serves to destroy and deceive;
Since all may salvation obtain,
That in these good tidings believe.

While for us Christ's merits still plead,
O, let us our calling make sure;
Great is the salvation, indeed,
We may thro' the Gospel secure.

Snatch'd from the dominion of sin,
We bid every sorrow depart—
O'er death we a conquest shall win,
And Jesus shall reign in our heart.
A merciful Saviour view,  
That light which makes darkness to cease;  
May Gentile as well as the Jew,  
Accept his sweet message of peace.

RESIGNATION UNDER AFFLICTION.

Written when the author was in danger of losing her sight,  
and had no hopes of recovery.

O, Lord, if thou hast so decreed,  
That I must lose my sight,  
My soul with consolation feed,  
And give me heav'nly light.

That I'm a sinner, let me feel,  
Blind to all good and thee,—  
Thy blessed will to me reveal,  
Help me thy wrath to flee.

May I thro' life's dark stage pursue  
The path that leads to heav'n,—  
By faith keep grace divine in view,  
And have my sins forgiv'n.

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, dear friends, we now must part;  
O, how painful is the thought!  
For engraven on my heart,  
You can never be forgot.

Cease to weep, O, cease your grieving,  
By Jehovah's wise command,  
I, like Abraham believing,  
Haste to quit my native land.

Tho' by Canaanites surrounded,  
Yet, no terrors fill my breast;  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
All my hopes of safety rest.

Love divine, my soul compelling,  
Makes me thankful with my lot,  
While the sigh, my bosom swelling,  
Says you ne'er shall be forgot.

On thy promise, Lord, confiding,  
Thirsting after righteousness,  
Swift my span of time is gliding—  
O, with faith thy servant bless.
Sweet desire my bosom flaming,
Zealous for thy glory, Lord,
I go forth thy grace proclaiming,
On me be thy Spirit poured.

Then, adieu, beloved relations,
Sorrows here must soon be o'er,
Tho' we part, yet wait with patience,
We shall meet to part no more.

Where we shall behold a Saviour,
And with his angelic train,
Praise the Lord, enjoy his favour,
And with him for ever reign.

---

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

The following stanzas were written after the Fragment in page 27, had been struck off. They were intended to follow the first verse.

The warblers I in grief survey'd,
Their throats untun'd with song,
By hunger pinched, they chirping strayed
The naked sprays among;
So life's infirmities come on,
With sin's avenging rod;
Then, ere thy youthful days are gone,
Prepare to meet thy God.

Each changing scene proclaims to man,
Would he the truth descry,
That life is but a little span,
And all for sin must die;—
O, ere life's airy dream is fled,
The grave thy dark abode,
And thou art numbered with the dead,
Prepare to meet thy God.

As winter's breath destroys the flowers,
So sickness blasts our bloom;
As fleeting time all flesh devours,
We hasten to the tomb.—
Soon thou by mortal sickness press'd,
Shalt be a lifeless clod,—
Before disease assails thy breast,
Prepare to meet thy God.

FINIS.
**GLOSSARY.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Meaning</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A', all</td>
<td>Cold</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ablins, perhaps</td>
<td>Chief, a person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ain, own</td>
<td>Class, clothes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alone, alone</td>
<td>Class, gossiping</td>
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<tr>
<td>Amiss, almost</td>
<td>Clink, to rhyme</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anc, one</td>
<td>Clinkumbell, the bell-man</td>
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<tr>
<td>Auld, old</td>
<td>Cootie, the devil</td>
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<tr>
<td>Auntie, diminutive of aunt</td>
<td>Chirp, to chirp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aw, away</td>
<td>Costie, warm, snug</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aven, the beard of corn</td>
<td>Daft, simple, merry</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Back-gaun, falling in arrears</td>
<td>Darkins, in the dark</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baik, both</td>
<td>Dauc, a slut</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banshee, a crying fairy woman</td>
<td>Daunert, wandered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bawbee, a halfpenny</td>
<td>Demented; deranged</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaf', befall</td>
<td>Dinna, do not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behin', behind</td>
<td>Dogie, worn out with fatigue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bie, a shelter</td>
<td>Drop, drop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blew, blow</td>
<td>Ear', early</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blawn, blown</td>
<td>E'e, eye</td>
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<tr>
<td>Blethers, nonsense</td>
<td>Eerie, timid</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brae, a little hill</td>
<td>Fa', fall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Braw, gay, comfortable</td>
<td>Fa'n, fallen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bree, liquor, drink</td>
<td>Faithfu', faithful</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonnie, nice, handsome</td>
<td>Fearless, weak, insignificant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bucksome, gay, blithsome</td>
<td>Flunkies, servants</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ca', call</td>
<td>Flyte, to scold</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caolin, a witch</td>
<td>Frac, from</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cantrips, incantations</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gae'd, went</td>
<td>Loon, a simpleton, a fellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gane, gone</td>
<td>Lowe, a blaze</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gat, got</td>
<td>Lugs, ears</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gawn, going</td>
<td>Mair, more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gear, wealth</td>
<td>Mak', make</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost, ghost</td>
<td>Mawn, must</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghostily, ghostly</td>
<td>Maut, malt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gi'e, give</td>
<td>Mither, mother</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloamin, twilight</td>
<td>Nae, no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gloored, gazed</td>
<td>None, none</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gock, a foolish person</td>
<td>Nibours, neighbours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greed, covetousness</td>
<td>Nick, the devil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guid, the Supreme Being</td>
<td>Nowtes, black cattle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ha'e, have</td>
<td>O', of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hair, to pull by the hair</td>
<td>O'it, of it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hane, whole</td>
<td>Over, over</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hame, home</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Han', hand</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamely, homely</td>
<td>Plack, the sixth part of a penny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haunds, holds</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heck, part of a spinning wheel</td>
<td>Pribrok, a sort of bagpipes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heit, hot, warm</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilk, or ilka, each</td>
<td>Racle, scolding, abusive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ither, other</td>
<td>Rantin, jovial, pleasant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken, to know</td>
<td>Rin, run</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knoues, a little eminence</td>
<td>Roun', round</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kye, cows</td>
<td>Rough-heads, a sort of fuel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laith, loth</td>
<td>Row, roll</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lan', land</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lang, long</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lassie, diminutive of lass</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Linn, a waterfall</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sic, such.
Sma', small.
Snell, keen, piercing.
Spit, axis of a spinning wheel.
Stane, stone.
Stent, stint, limit.
Sweer, reluctant.
Tak', take.
Thrawart, sulky, mulish.
Unco', strange.
Wa', wall.
Wa's, walls.
Wad, would.
Wark, work.
Wae, woe.
Waefu', woeful.
Wee, little.
Weel, well.
Wha, who.
Whare, where.
Whittle, an old knife.
Woe, an interjection.