

## The Fete Champetre

O Wha will to Saint Stephen's House,  
To do our errands there, man?  
O wha will to Saint Stephen's House  
O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?

Or will we send a man o' law?  
Or will we send a sodger?  
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'  
The meikle Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,  
Or buy a score o' lairds, man?  
For worth and honour pawn their word,  
Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man.  
Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,  
Anither gies them clatter:  
Annbank, wha guessed the ladies' taste,  
He gies a Fete Champetre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,  
The gay green woods amang, man;  
Where, gathering flowers, and busking bowers,  
They heard the blackbird's sang, man:  
A vow, they sealed it with a kiss,  
Sir Politics to fetter;  
As their's alone, the patent bliss,  
To hold a Fete Champetre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing  
O'er hill and dale she flew, man;  
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,  
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man:  
She summon'd every social sprite,  
That sports by wood or water,  
On th' bonie banks of Ayr to meet,  
And keep this Fete Champetre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,  
Were bound to stakes like kye, man,  
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',  
Clamb up the starry sky, man:  
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,  
Or down the current shatter;  
The western breeze steals thro' the trees,  
To view this Fete Champetre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!  
What sparkling jewels glance, man!  
To Harmony's enchanting notes,  
As moves the mazy dance, man.  
The echoing wood, the winding flood,  
Like Paradise did glitter,  
When angels met, at Adam's yett,  
To hold their Fete Champetre.

When Politics came there, to mix  
And make his ether-stane, man!  
He circled round the magic ground,  
But entrance found he nane, man:  
He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,  
Forswore it, every letter,  
Wi' humble prayer to join and share  
This festive Fete Champetre.

