

Willie Chalmers: Mr. Chalmers, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows:-

Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,  
 And eke a braw new brechan,  
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,  
 And up Parnassus pechin;  
 Whiles owre a bush wi' donward crush,  
 The doited beastie stammers;  
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,  
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel ken'd name  
 May cost a pair o' blushes;  
 I am nae stranger to your fame,  
 Nor his warm urged wishes.  
 Your bonie face sae mild and sweet,  
 His honest heart enamours,  
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,  
 Tho' wair'd on Willie Chalmers.

Auld Truth hersel' might swear yer'e fair,  
 And Honour safely back her;  
 And Modesty assume your air,  
 And ne'er a ane mistak her:  
 And sic twa love-inspiring een  
 Might fire even holy palmers;  
 Nae wonder then they've fatal been  
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na fortune may you shore  
 Some mim-mou'd pouter'd priestie,  
 Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,  
 And band upon his breastie:  
 But oh! what signifies to you  
 His lexicons and grammars;  
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,  
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowrin' countra laird  
 May warsle for your favour;  
 May claw his lug, and straik his beard,  
 And hoast up some palaver:  
 My bonie maid, before ye wed  
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,  
 Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp  
 Awa wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive the Bard! my fond regard  
 For ane that shares my bosom,  
 Inspires my Muse to gie 'm his dues  
 For deil a hair I roose him.  
 May powers aboon unite you soon,  
 And fructify your amours, -  
 And every year come in mair dear  
 To you and Willie Chalmers.