

The Calf: To the Rev. James Steven, on his text, Malachi, ch. iv. vers. 2.  
"And ye  
shall go forth, and grow up, as Calves of the stall."

Right, sir! your text I'll prove it true,  
Tho' heretics may laugh;  
For instance, there's yourself just now,  
God knows, an unco calf.

And should some patron be so kind,  
As bless you wi' a kirk,  
I doubt na, sir but then we'll find,  
Ye're still as great a stirk.

But, if the lover's raptur'd hour,  
Shall ever be your lot,  
Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,  
You e'er should be a stot!

Tho' when some kind connubial dear  
Your but-and-ben adorns,  
The like has been that you may wear  
A noble head of horns.

And, in your lug, most reverend James,  
To hear you roar and rowt,  
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims  
To rank amang the nowt.

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,  
Below a grassy hillock,  
With justice they may mark your head-  
"Here lies a famous bullock!"