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AUTHOR: Boswell, Sir Alexander

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The Brig's answer
To John Gibson.

Heeh! wabster John, my heart's been sair,
To hear ye greet & grane
Sin I gaed ower the Dam at Ayr
For mine's nae heart o' stane.
'Am but a stick, but ye hae lair,
An Elder o' our ain
But gin ye crack to me, it's fair
To crack to ye again,

Our lane
At Loganston this day.

An ill weind to the luckless bon
Wha laid my bonnie timber
I'll fook weel wordie half a crown
'Am sure, that very summer!
To be a brig to yonnes town
Whar lights o' wabsters glimmers,
And bear the tramp at night & noon
O' ilka rogue & lemmie

That cam
By Loganston ilk day.

I might hae been a gude deal floom,
Weel wishin' & weel soopin;
I might hae help'd a bed to co'er
Whar bonnie things lie coo'pit;
A gude ship mast, I might hae furc
Weel cordet & weel hoopit;
For Ministers, wi' pipes fu' sturc
I might hae been a pu' pit,

Wha keus
at Loganston some day.

Shame fa' ye John to sab & greet
For loss o' hummer tree
Are ye sae fley'd yer shanks to weel,
Or wade aboon the knee?
Ye muid the day whar friends could meet,
Without the help o' me
But wha thought, thar o' bread o' wheat
Or blash o' howdie's tea

For ye
at Loganston that day.

The stappin stanes ye mend, as braid
As bills that grund a melder,
Tae stane to stane the lasses' trade
Though whiles gae like to spelder.
A sturdy jade wad kilt & wade
Nor stae gin ye'd hae fell'd her
And whan owre heigh her duddie's gaed
She kent ye was an Eldon

Wha glow'd & I with the Bony
at Loganston that day.