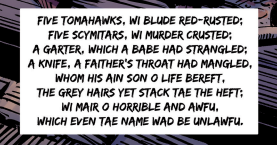
Tam O’Shanter



Warlocks and witches in a dance;

Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,

But hornpipes, jigs strathspeys, and reels,

Put life and mettle in their heels.

A winnock-bunker in the east,

There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,

To gie them music was his charge:

He scre'd the pipes and gart them skirl,

Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.--

Coffins stood round, like open presses,

That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;

And by some develish cantraip slight,

Each in its cauld hand held a light.--

By which heroic Tam was able

To note upon the haly table,

A murders's banes in gibbet-airns;

Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,

Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;

A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,

Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;

Five tomahawks, wi blude red-rusted;

Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;

A garter, which a babe had strangled;

A knife, a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft,

The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',

Which even to name was be unlawfu'.