

DUNFERMLINE'S PETITION TO THE DEIL

From The Harvest Kirm.
by
James Walker, Carnock. 1869.

In the Scottish Dialect.

Dweller in yon dungeon grim,
Wi; cloven hoofs and crooked limb;
And to the damned thy cauldrons toom
 O' brumstone kail;
Come prick thy lung in listening trim,
 And hear my tale.

There's certain folks I winna name,
Whom common sense disdains to claim,
Hae doubts about thy lowin' hame
 And thy black sel';
And faith they're spreadin' far their fame
 Ower dale and hill.

In thy big ha', where gay Apollo
Aft times his harp for jig and solo,
There weekly meet this crew unholy
 To my amaze;
And bauldly shaw their heedless folly
 And purpose base.

For to dènounce the creed o' Calvin,
And depths of heresy to delve in;
That's said to hae a downward shelvin'
 To thy black ha';
And faith the billies are resolvin'
 To brave us a'.

Thy priests, douce men, are sadly grievin'
To see at stake their honest livin';
For gif their flocks their creed believe in,
 Like senseless stirks,
Frae them their stipends will be riven,
 And glebes and kirks.

But thee to leave, I sairly urge,
Thy lowin loch, baith deep and large;
Thou to thy deils can gie the charge
 And sovereign law -
The brimstane on puir souls to spairge
 While thou'rt awa.

Swift through thy sulphurous ether sail,
And to auld *terra firma* steal
On soughin' wings, like leaden hail
 Frae musket's bore;
And bold present thy fearful' sel'
 Among the core.

Wi' horror-started e'en they'll stare,
And bristling stand like stakes their hair;
But thou, Auld Cloots, ne'er have a care
 For their alarm,
But tak' to thee a solemn air
 And stretch thine arm.

When ance they're calmed frae thy intrusion,
Tell them thy hame is nae delusion;
And if in unbelief they does on
 Till ance they dee -
Thou'lt come for them, to their confusion,
 To lodge wi' thee.





THE LOWER BRIDGE

Rhyming History of Dunfermline
By D Patton



There's the towr bridge that is hard by
at the back of pittencreeff
There witches and divel caught
and hang'd him like a thief.

They tied a rop about his neck
and throw him ore the side
Contented to there homes they went
thinking he ow'd till morning bide

Then next morning there they thought
to find old blatty dead
They fownd the rop hung o'er the pend
and in'd a lussy peat

This bridg most gothic in like appears
it is of ancent date
I'm sure it is some hundred year
since the same was built

I'm sure it is of early date
as soon's the town was built
I cannot find do as I will
which of them was first.



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