

# DUNFERMLINE'S PETITION TO THE DEIL

From The Harvest Kirn.  
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.

