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T H E

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A

PASTORAL COMEDY.

GENERAL STATEMENT

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS

AND



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ALAN RAMSAY SCOTUS

J. Ramsay, sculpsit.

W. Allan Sc. Edin. 1788.

Published according to Act of Parliament by D. Allan Edin. ^{July 22} 1788.

T H E

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A

PASTORAL COMEDY;

B Y

A L L A N R A M S A Y

G L A S G O W :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ANDREW FOULIS,

M.DCC.XCVI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

PROBLEM SET 10

Due: Friday, November 10, 2017

T H E

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy beild,
Where crystal springs the halefome waters yield,
Twa youthful shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

P A T I E A N D R O G E R.

P A T I E.

THIS funny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants?
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants?
How halefome 'tis to snuff the cauler air,
And all the sweets it bears when void of care?
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill season'd pain.

R. I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate;
I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lamkins blood;
But I, opprest with never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

P. The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the hive,
 The faughs on boggie-ground shall cease to thrive,
 Ere scornfull queans, or los of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

R. Sae might I fay; but 'tis no eafy done
 By ane whafe faul is fadly out of tune.
 You have fae faft a voice, and flid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, fyne up their leglens cleek;
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
 Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lafs's eye.

For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

P. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
 And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

R. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were; yet I these ills endur'd:
 In winter last, my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.



Gentle Shepherd



Patio. Were your bin rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lest you wad lose, and lest you wad repine,
He that has just enough, can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fashies fowk to keep.

Published according to act of Patis, 1788, by Duffin.

P. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad lose, and lefs you wad repine.

He that has just enough, can soundly sleep;
The o'er come only fashes fowk to keep.

R. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss.
O mayst thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,
Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

P. Sax good fat lambs I fald them ilka clute
At the West-port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
A dainty whistle with a pleafant found:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and nee'r cry dool,
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

R. Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

P. Now to a friend how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens:
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.

4 GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your fell.
R. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true,
And there is naething I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bumbaz'd, and unko blate:
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.
She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.
P. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He figs for Neps---fae that may stand for that.
R. I wish I cou'dna loe her---but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;

Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

P. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck,
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabet chuck?

Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

R. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
Ill warrant death come soon enough a will.

P. Daft gowk! leave aff that filly whindging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as well

As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel:

Last morning I was gay and early out,

Upon a dike I lean'd glowring about,

I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;

I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me:

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,

And she was clos upon me ere she wist;

Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw

Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw:

Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,

Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek;

Her cheek fae ruddy, and her een fae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in buftine wafte-coat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythfome, I cry'd, my bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon afteer;
But I can guefs, ye're gawn to gather dew:
She fcour'd awa, and said, WHAT'S THAT TO YOU?
Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'ne's ye like,
I carelefs cry'd, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she faw, within a crack,
She came with a right thievlefs errand back;
Mifca'd me firft,---then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ews ftray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and fae did she; then with great hafte
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and wafte,
About her yielding wafte, and took a fouth
Of fweeteft kiffes frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and faft I held her in my grips,
My very faul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka fmack;
But well I kent she meant nae as she fpake.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye fae too and never fafh your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

R. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,

Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an art

To hearten ane: for now as clean's a leek,

Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.

Sae for your pains, I'll make ye a propine,

My mother, (rest her faul!) she made it fine,

A tartan plaid, spun of good Hawflock woo,

Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew,

With sprains like gowd and filler, cross'd with black;

I never had it yet upon my back.

Well are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind

Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

P. Well hald ye there;--and since ye've frankly made

A present to me of your braw new plaid,

My flute's be your's, and she too that's fae nice

Shall come a will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

R. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;

But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.

Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring,

For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

P. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,

And see gif all our flocks be feeding right.

By that time, bannocks and a shave of cheese,
 Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
 Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wife,
 To season meat with health instead of spice.
 When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,
 I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysell.

A C T I. S C E N E II.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
 Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths,
 A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
 Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round;
 Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
 First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
 While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
 And Meg with better sense true love defends.

P E G G Y A N D J E N N Y.

J E N N Y.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 The shining day will bleech our linen clean;
 The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.
 P. Go farer up the burn to Habby's how,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
 The water fa's, and makes a singand din;

A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glafs,
Kiffes with eafy whirles the bordring graf:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourfells---'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

J. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye fay,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us fae?---That jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting fay, haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

P. We're far frae ony road, and out of fight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gar's ye plague your wooer with difdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loes you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Trowth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye faw.

J. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair fheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right fnug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet-lug;
Whilk penfily he wears a thought a-jee,
And fpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.

He falds his owrlay down his breast with care;
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.

For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,

Except, HOW D'YE---OR, THERE'S A BONNY DAY.

P. Ye dafh the lad with constant flighting pride;

Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.

What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?

Like dawted wean that tarrows at its meat,

That for some feckless whim will orp and greet.

The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,

And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,

Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

J. I never thought a single life a crime.

P. Nor I---but love in whispers lets us ken,

That men were made for us, and we for men.

J. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell;

For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs and fighs, and I can guess the cause,

But wha's oblig'd to spell his HUMS and HAWS?

When e'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,

I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slavery like, and may be free:
The cheils may a' knit up themfells for me.

P. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

J. Heh! lafs, how can ye' loe that rattle-scul,
A very deil that ay maun hae his will?

We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

P. I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: why no? 'tis good my part
To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.

J. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraife;
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as his newfanglenefs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-ftake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delite,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neift he'll flite:

And may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stik
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

P. Sic coarfe-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.

Patie to me is dearer than my breath;

But want of him I dread nae other skaith.

There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.

And then he speaks with sic a taking art,

His words they thirle like musick thro' my heart.

How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,

And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave?

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,

He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.

He is---but what need I say that or this?

I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!

In a' he says or does, there's sic a gait,

The rest seem coofs compar'd to my dear Pate.

His better sense will lang his love secure:

Ill nature heffs in fauls that's weak and poor.

J. Hey! bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,

Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.

O! tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;

Syne whindging gets about your ingle-side,

Yelping for this or that with fashous din,
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itfell we broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tynes his shoe;
The deel gaes o'er John Wobster, hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

P. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm fae happy, I shall have delight,
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at---their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?

Can their be toil in tenting day and night,
The like of them, when love makes care delight?

J. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a'
Gif o'er your heads ill chance shou'd beggary draw :

But little love, or canty chear can come,
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.

Your nowt may die---the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.---
The thick blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.

A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheefe,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent :
 'Tis no to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent ;
 His Honour mauna want, he poinds your gear :
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life ;
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a marry'd wife.
 P. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
 Wha has sic fears; for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd, let heaven mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's virtuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my Shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue, at market, trone, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fald, to pay the laird his due ;
 Sync a' behind's our ain.---Thus, without fear,
 With love and rowth we thro' the world will steer :

And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

J. But what if some young giglet on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his haff-worn Meg,
And her kend kiffes, hardly worth a feg?

P. Nae mair of that;---dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind.

They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae whenfoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him chearfur', and secure his heart.
At even, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, when he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane.
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff.

Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.

Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

J. A' dith of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

P. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The los of youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer tye,
Than ought in love the like of us can spy.

See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them, some years fyne, bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest.

This, shields the other from the eastlin blast,
That, in return defends it frae the west.

Sic as stand single,---a state fae lik'd by you!
Beneath ilk storm, frae ev'ry airth, maun bow.

J. I've done,---I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
Your better sence has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae

Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

P. Alake! poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.



Peggy.

See yon two elms that grow up side by side;
Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom, and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilko year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast

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Simon

— And tent me now auld boy,
I've gather'd news will bittle your mind wi' joy

D. Allan. Published according to act of Parliament, 1788.

J. Anither time's as good,---for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
 To freath the graith;---if canker'd Madge our Aunt
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
 For this seems true,---nae lafs can be unkind.

EXEUNT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A snug thack-house, before the door a green;
 Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
 On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
 A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square.
 The house is Glau'd's;—there you may see him lean,
 And to his divot-feat invite his frien'.

GLAUD AND SYMON.

GLAUD.

GOOD-MORROW, nibour Symon,---come sit down,
 And gies your cracks.---what's a' the news in town?
 They tell me ye was in the ither day,
 And fald your Crummock and her baffend quey.
 I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry;
 Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.
 S. With a' my heart;---and tent me now, auld boy,
 I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.

I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
 To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,
 Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

G. Fy, blaw! ah! Symie, ratling chiels ne'er stand
 To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand,
 Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
 But loose your poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

S. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
 Hab, that abroad has with our Master been;
 Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
 And left a fair estate, to save his head:

Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
 To stand his liege's friend with great MONTROSE.
 Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd MONK
 Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
 Restor'd king CHARLES, and ilka thing's in tune:
 And Habby fays, we'll see Sir WILLIAM soon.

G. That makes me blyth indeed;---but dinna flaw:
 Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a';
 And saw ye Hab! And what did Halbert say?
 They have been e'en a dreary time away.
 Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame;
 And his estate, fay, can he eithly claim?

S. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
 Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
 And good Sir WILLIAM shall enjoy his ain.

G. And may he lang; for never did he stent
 Us in our thriving, with a racket rent:

Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claith's.

S. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air;
 Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your bonnet, Symon;---tak a feat.---

“ How's all at hame?---how's Elspa? how does Kate?

“ How sells black cattle? what gie's woo this year?---

And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

G. Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen

The nappy bottle ben, and glaffes clean,

Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,

As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.

My heart's e'en rais'd! dear nibour, will ye stay,

And tak your dinner here with me the day?

We'll fend for Elspath too---and upo' sight,

I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height:

I'll yoke my sled, and fend to the neist town,

And bring a draft of ale baith stout and brown,

And gar our cottars a', man, wife and wean,

Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

S. I wad na bauk my friend his blyth design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For heer-yestreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat;
A firloft of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
And a large ham hings reefing in the nook :
I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
Our miekle pot that scads the whey put on,
A mutton-bouk to boil:---and ane we'll roast;
And on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;
Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
The gufty ingans with a curn of spice :
Fat are the puddings,---heads and feet well fung.
And we've invited nibours auld and young,
To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
And drink our Master's health and welcome-hame.
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.
Bring wi'ye a' your family, and then,
When e'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.
G. Spoke like ye'r fell, auld-birky, never fear
But at your banquet I shall first appear.
Faith we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.

Auld, faid I! troth I'm younger be a score,
 With your good news, than what I was before.
 I'll dance or een! hey! Madge, come forth: d'ye hear?

ENTER MADGE.

M. The man's gane gyte! dear Symon, welcome here.
 What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
 Ye never let a body fit to spin.

G. Spin! snuff--gaebreak your wheel, and burn your tow,
 And set the meikleft peat-ftack in a low;
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir WILLIAM see.

M. Blyth news indeed! and wha was't tald you o't?

G. What's that to you?---gae get my Sunday's coat;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
 My white-skin hose, and mittons for my hands;
 Then frae their washing, cry the bairns in haste,
 And make yourfells as trig, head, feet and waist,
 As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

S. Do, honest Madge:---and, Glaud, I'll o'er the gate,
 And see that a' be done as I wad hae't.

F

EXEUNT.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open field,---A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the funny end,---
 At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
 With falded arms, and haff rais'd look, ye see
 BAULDY his lanc.

BAULDY.

WHAT'S this!---I canna bear't! 'tis war than hell,
 To be fae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mawn hay;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows,
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
 Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her,--- wae's me! and she loes Pate;
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow:--- O but ane be a beast
 That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
 I darena speak my mind, else a' the three,
 Nae doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.





Oh Allan mo' it Ag-ant, see
 Beauty.

And yonder's, Maase: ay, ay, she hons fu' well,
 When we like us comed running to the Deil..
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith amais I'm feard:

Edm. N738

'Tis fair to thole ;---I'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart,
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantrips, and give me advice.
She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves ;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
Rins withershins about the hemlock low ;
And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
Till Plotock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes ;
Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes
Of ony ane she hates---and gars expire
With flaw and racking pains afore the fire ;
Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt,
The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
And yonder's Maufe: ay, ay, she kens fu' well,
When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
To speak my errand, faith amais I'm fear'd:
But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive ;
They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive.

EXIT.

ACT II. SCENE III.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
 Where water poplan springs;
 There fits a wife with wrinkled-front,
 And yet she spins and fings.

MAUSE SINGS.

Peggy, now the king's come,
 Peggy, now the king's come;
 Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
 But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
 And be a lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

ENTER BAULDY.

HOW does auld honest lucky of the glen?
 Ye look baith hale and fair at threescore ten.
 M. E'en twining out a thread with little din,
 And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
 What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn?
 Is there nae muck to lead?---to thresh nae corn?
 B. Enough of baith:---but something that requires
 Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.
 M. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
 That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?
 B. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
 Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.
 M. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess,
 That lifts my character aboon the rest?

B. The word that gangs, how ye're fae wife and fell,
Ye'll may be tak it ill gif I shou'd tell.

M. What fowk fays of me, Bauldy let me hear;
Keep naething up, ye naething have to fear.

B. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a',
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.

When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;

When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn;

When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;

When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came;

When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-checked wean

To a fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane;

When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,

And tint himsell amaisf amang the snaw;

When Mungo's mear stood still, and swat with fright,

When he brought east the howdy under night;

When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,

And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:

You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,

And ilka ane here dreads you round about.

And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith:

For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;

But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please

You with a firlof of them mixt with pease.

M. I thank ye, lad;---now tell me your demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

B. Then, I like Peggy,---Neps is fond of me;---
Peggy likes Pate,---and Patie's bauld and flee,
And loes sweet Meg---but Neps I downa fee.---
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
Peggy's to me,---I'd be the happiest man.

M. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
'Gainst that time I'll some simple thing prepare,
Worth all your pease and grots; tak ye nae care.

B. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find:
But if ye raise the Deil, he'll raise the wind;
Syne rain and thunder may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gate.
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O! will ye come like badrans, for a jest;
And there ye can our different 'haviours spy:
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

M. 'Tis like I may,---but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

B. If I ought of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France. EXIT BAULDY.

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,

With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
 Gi'e ane the hatefu' name, a wrinkled witch.
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a wretch in compact with auld Nick;
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common thought.
 Their gros mistake shall quickly now appear;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here;
 Nane kens but me,---and if the morn were come,
 I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb. EXIT.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet;
 In love, without a vicious stain,
 The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE AND PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay,
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.
 PAT. I'm laith to part fae foon; now we're alane,
 And Roger he's away with Jenny gane:
 They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
 To be alane themfells, I judge, as we.
 Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
 Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lavrocks chant aboon our heads !
 How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds.

P. The scented meadows,--birds,--and healthy breeze,
 For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

PAT. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
 In speaking fae, ye ca' me dull and blind.

Gif I could fancy ought fae sweet or fair
 As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier ;
 Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear.
 Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
 That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.
 With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
 The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

P. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
 And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

I darena stay---ye joker, let me gang,
 Anither las may gar ye change your sang;
 Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

PAT. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drap,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gait to climb,---the sheep to yield the fleece,

Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall s'kaith our love; I swear by all aboon.

P. Then keep your aith:---but mony lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in haff a year.

Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate,
How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

PAT. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a year.
I mind it well, when thou cou'd'st hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
Aft to the Tansy-know, or Rashy-strand.
Thou smiling by my side,---I took delite,
To pu' the rashes green, with roots fae white,
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry belt and snood.

P. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

PAT. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,

Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

P. When thou did wrestle, run, or putt the ftane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain:
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

PAT. Jenny sings fast the BROOM OF COWDEN-KNOWS
And Rosie lilt the MILKING OF THE EWES;
There's nane like Nansie, JENNY NETTLES sings;
At turns in MAGGY LAUDER, Marion dings:
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The BOAT-MAN, or the LASS OF PATIE'S MILL;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

P. How eith can lasses trow what they desire!
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire:
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

PAT. Wert thou a giglet gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At nocht they'll ferly;---senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:---



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Peggy. Agreed.— But harkon: yon's auld aunty's cry;
 Then they'll wonder what can make us shy.

Published according to Act of Parliament, 1788 by D. Allan.

Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,

Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.

But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,

As in thy beauty far excels them a',

Continue kind; and a' my care shall be,

How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

P. Agreed;---but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry;

I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

PAT. And let them ferly.---Now, a kindly kifs,

Or fivescore good anes wad not be amifs;

And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,

That I made up last owk on you and me.

P. Sing first, syne claim your hire.-----

PAT.-----Well, I agree.

PATIE sings.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,

And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,

I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,

You're made for love; and why should you deny?

PEGGY sings.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon,

Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done?

The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,

Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE sings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetnesss they may tine; and fae may ye.
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear;
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY singing, falls into PATIE'S arms.

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace
 And mint nae farther till wev'e got the grace.

PATIE with his left hand about her waste.

O charming armfu'! hence ye cares away!
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day;
 All night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

SUNG BY BOTH.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
 O lash your steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day:
 And if ye're wearied, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

EXEUNT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
 And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time;
 An elvand fills his hand, his habit mean:
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
 But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves
 Thro' his auld aveneus, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM SOLUS.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes,
 With a full view of every fertile plain,
 Which once I lost,---which now are mine again.
 Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair feat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
 Without a roof; the gates fallen from their bands;
 The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens, once adorn'd the most compleat,
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where, round the figur'd green, and peeble walks,
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:

But, overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and neçt'rine branches found a bield,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd :---and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,---when I'm to see my boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since heaven too soon call'd home his MOTHER fair.
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime!

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
 And see what makes yon gamboling to day,
 All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
 My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing. E X I T.

A C T III. S C E N E II.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And visit round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons, beach-luggies mingle,
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and tak their rest.

S Y M O N, G L A U D A N D E L S P A.

G L A U D.

WE anes were young our fells.---I like to see
 The bairns bob round with other merrilie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.
 E. Poor man!--he's a great comfort to us baith :
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
 That g'ies us ne'er vexation late or air.

G. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
 And troth, my neice is a right dainty wean,
 As ye well ken: a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better,---be't she were nae kin to me.

S. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match;
 My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch:
 And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
 I'd rather be mixt with the mools myfell.

G. What reason can ye have? there's nane, I'm sure,
 Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.

Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,
 Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,
 I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;
 By and attour, gif my good luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,
 And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

E. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speer
 What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

S. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
 That our denial disna slight his bairn.

G. Well, nae mair o't,---come, gie's the other bend;
 We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

THEIR HEALTHS GAE ROUND.

S. But will ye tell me, Glaud,---by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a foundling that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay?

G. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,
Whene'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

ENTER JENNY.

J. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gies our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

S. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say:
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

EXIT JENNY.

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mear.

G. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran there out.

Returns JENNY, bringing in SIR WILLIAM; with
them PATIE.

S. Ye're welcome, honest carle;---here tak a feat.

S. W. I give you thanks, goodman; I fe no be blate.

GLAUD drinks.

Come t'ye, friend:---How far came ye the day?

S. W. I pledge ye, nibour:---e'en but little way:

Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;

Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

S. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,

And take sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

S. W. That's kind unfought.---Well, gin ye have a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,

I shall employ the farthest of my skill,

To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

SYMON pointing to PATIE.

Only that lad;---alake! I have nae mae,

Either to mak me joyfu' now, or wae.

S. W. Young man, let's see your hand;--what gars ye sneer?

P. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

S. W. Ye cut before the point---But, Billy, bide,

I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

E. Betooch-us-too! and well I wat that's true:

Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you.

Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,

Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

S. W. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird,

E. A laird!---hear ye, goodman! what think ye now?

S. I dinna ken: strange auld man! what art thou?

Fair fa' your heart; 'tis good to bode of wealth:

Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

PATIE'S health gaes round.

P. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,

Twa curs, my trusty tenants, on the bent,

Is all my great estate---and like to be:

Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

S. Whisht, Patie,---let the man look o'er your hand,

Aftimes as broken a ship has come to land.

SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then counterfeits falling into a trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.

E. Preserve's! the man's a warlock, or posselt

With some nae good---or second fight, at least:

Where is he now?-----

G.-----He's seeing a' that's done

In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

E. These second foughted fowk, his peace be here!

See things far aff, and things to come, as clear

As I can see my thumb.---Wow, can he tell

(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himself)

How soon we'll see SIR WILLIAM? whisht, he heaves,

And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

S. He'll soon grow better;---Elspa, haste ye, gae,
And fill him up a tafs of usquebae.

SIR WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A knight that for a Lyon fought,

Against a herd of bears,

Was to lang toil and trouble brought,

In which some thousands shares.

But now again the Lyon rares,

And joy spreads o'er the plain :

The Lyon has defeat the bears,

The knight returns again.

That knight, in a few days, shall bring

A shepherd frae the fauld,

And shall present him to his king,

A subject true and bauld.

He MR. PATRICK shall be call'd :

All you that hear me now,

May well believe what I have tald ;

For it shall happen true.

S. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel ;

But faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,

To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep :

Or do ye get them tald you in your sleep ?

S. W. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;

Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward :





Mr William. Whisht; doubt'st thou, for e'er the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or not wear credit me.

Published according to act of Parliament 1717 by W. Dillan.

But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

S. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpeld meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er moor and dale.

G. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:
But what we wish, we trow at any rate.

S. W. Whisht, doubtfu' carle; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

G. Well, be't fae, friend, I shall say naething mair;
But I've twa sonfy lassies young and fair,
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

S. W. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darknes black the bent:
I have but anes a day that gift;
Sae rest a while content.

S. Elpsa, cast on the claith, fetch but some meat,
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

S. W. Delay a while your hospitable care;
 I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,
 Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
 With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.
 S. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire:---
 And, Glaud, you'll take your pipe beside the fire;
 We'll but gae round the place, and soon be back,
 Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.
 G. I'll out a while, and see the young anes play,
 My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. EXEUNT.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
 Young Roger draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting flame,
 And thow his lassie's breast.
 Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet:
 See Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.
 Poor Shepherd!

ROGER AND JENNY.

ROGER.

DEAR Jenny, I wad speak to ye, wad ye let;
 And yet I ergh, ye're ay fae scornfu' fet.
 J. And what would Roger say, if he could speak?
 Am I oblig'd to guesfs what ye're to seek?
 R. Yes, ye may guesfs right eith for what I grien,
 Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.



Jenny.

And what would Roger say if he could speak?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek.



And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.

Ah! cou'd I loe ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

J. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may;
Ye canna say that e'er I faid ye nay.

R. Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may ly.

J. I loe my father, cousin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

R. How lang, dear Jenny?---fayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free:
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

J. Ye have my pity else, to see ye fet
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs, or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffin and tint power repent:

When prifon'd in four wa's, a wife right tame,
 Altho' the firft, the greateft drudge at hame.

R. That only happens, when for fake of gear,
 Ane wales a wife, as he would buy a mear;
 Or when dull parents bairns together bind
 Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
 But love, true downright love, engages me,
 Tho' thou fhould scorn,---ftill to delight in thee.

J. What fuggar'd words frae woocers lips can fa'!
 But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.

I've feen with fhining fair the morning rife,
 And foon the fleety clouds mirk a' the fkies.

I've feen the silver fpring a while rin clear,
 And foon in moffy puddles difappear.

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may fmile;
 But foon contentions a' their joys beguile.

R. I've feen the morning rife with faireft light,
 The day unclouded fink in calmest night.

I've feen the fpring rin wimpling thro' the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean without ftain.

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may fmile;
 Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

J. Were I but fure you lang wou'd love maintain,
 The fewest words my eafy heart cou'd gain:

For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
And ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

R. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!--
This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
With wondering love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the fun and starns away,
And ferly at the quick return of day!

O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

J. With equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy well try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kiffes thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

R. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dauted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

J. Well, I agree:---neist, to my parent gae,
Get his consent;---he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye have what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks, like them, that wants na milk and meal.

R. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,

As mony newcal in my byers rowt;

Five pack of woo I can at Lammas fell,

Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell:

Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,

With miekle care, my thrifty mither made.

Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight,

Was still her care, my father's great delight.

They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,

Because I can give a' my dear, to thee:

And had I fifty times as meikle mair,

Nane but my Jenny should the famen skair.

My love and all is yours; now had them fast,

And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

J. I'll do my best---but see wha comes this way,

Patie and Meg;---besides, I mauna stay:

Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;

If we be seen, we'll drie a deal of scorn.

R. To where the faugh-trees shades the mennin-pool,

I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:

Keep triste, and meet me there;---there let us meet,

To kifs, and tell our love;---there's nought fae sweet.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

This scene presents the knight and Sym
 Within a gallery of the place,
 Where all looks ruinous and grim ;
 Nor has the baron shown his face,
 But joking with his shepherd leel,
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' well.

SIR WILLIAM AND SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

S. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid,

To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
 Against the laws of Nature did prevail.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us all with joy, now He's come hame.

(Sir WILLIAM draps his masking beard,
 Symon transported sees

The welcome knight, with fond regard,

And grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master!---do I breathe,
 To see him healthy, strong and free frae skaith;
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenants fight,
 To bless his son, my charge, the worlds delight!

S. W. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy

A place; thy due, kind guardian of my boy:

I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
 Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

S. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock;---neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty: since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate.

S. W. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
 'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends---which gie's their fauls a cast,
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

S. Now well I wat, fir, ye have spoken true;
 For there's laird Kytie's son, that's lo'ed by few:
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
 He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
 As scrimp of manners, as of sense and grace;
 Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
 That are within his tenth degree of kin:
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
 To his ain fam'ly, as to give him trust.

S. W. Such useles branches of a common-wealth,
 Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.

Unworthy bare reflection.---Symon, run

O'er all your observations on my son ;

A parent's fondness easily finds excuse :

But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

S. To speak his praise the longest summer day

Wad be o'er short,---cou'd I them right display.

In word and deed he can sae well behave,

That out of sight he runs before the lave ;

And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,

Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best ;

And his decret stands good;---he'll gar it stand :

Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;

With a firm look, and a commanding way,

He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

S.W. Your tale much pleases;---my good friend, proceed:

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

S. Baith wonder well; for, troth, I didna spare

To gi'e him at the school enough of lair ;

And he delites in books:---he reads, and speaks

With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

S.W. Where gets he books to read?---and of what kind?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

S. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books of history, fangs or sport :

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakspear, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' well, and gars their verses ring. }
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a fraise,
 About fine poems, histories and plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes,---a book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.
 S. W. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.
 S. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sunday's, on a book;
 When we a leaf or twa haff read haff spell,
 Till a' the rest sleep round, as well's our fell?
 S. W. Well jested, Symon:---but one question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
 Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,

Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

S. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part,
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
With Glaud's fair Neice, than I thought right or meet:
I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your fell your son will soon appear.
A gentleman, enrich'd with all these charms,
May blefs the fairest best born lady's arms.

S. W. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but your self shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go drefs:
Now ye the secret may to all confes.

S. With how much joy I on this errand flee!
There's nane can know, that is not downright me.

EXIT SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;

When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artfu' polishing has made it shine:

Thus education makes the genius bright. **EXIT.**

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene describ'd in former page,
 Glau'd's onset.—Enter Maufe and Madge.

M A U S E A N D M A D G E.

M A U S E.

OUR Laird's come hame! and owns young Pate his
 That's new's indeed!--- (heir!

M.-----As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
 Sir WILLIAM, like a warlock with a beard
 Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd, "Had ye merry a."

We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his poutch he whirled forth a book.
As we stood round about him on the green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his pains and skill wad naething ha'e.
MAU. Then sure the lassies, and ilk gaping coof,
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.
M. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
Whilk flee Tod Lawrie hads without his mou',
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
In short, he did for Pate, braw things fortell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
His welcome master;---round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for;---happy lad is he!
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret story foon;
And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell.

Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

MAU. It may be fae; wha kens? and may be no.

To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;

Even Kings have tane a Queen out of the plain:

And what has been before, may be again,

M. Sic nonsense! Love tak root, but tocher good,

'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:

Sic fashions in King BRUCE's days might be;

But siccan ferlies now we never see.

MAU. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain;

Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!

Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

M. He get her! flaverin doof; it sets him weil

To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.

Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see---

MAU. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:

And so wad I, But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my fell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be."

I trow fae.---Lasses will come too at last,

Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

MAU. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?---

B.-----Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

M. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

B. To find out that, is nae difficult task;

Poor bonny PEGGY, wha maun think nae mair

On Pate, turn'd PATRICK, and SIR WILLIAM'S heir.

Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.

I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;

Lefs wilful, and ay constant in my love.

M. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:

Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;

What other lasfs will-trow a mansworn herd?

The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,

That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.

I'll ne'er advise my niece say gray a gate;

Nor will she be advis'd, fu' well a wat.

B. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:

Ye leed, auld Roudes---- and, in faith, had best

Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand

With a het face afore the haly band.

M. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit brock;

Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,

And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,

Can flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

B. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm manfworth:---I winna let it gae.

M. Ye're witness too he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be serv'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!-----

Flees to his hair like a fury.----A stout battle.----

MAUSE endeavours to redd them.

MAU. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt Bauldy
I wadna with this tulzie had been seen; (leen:
'Tis fae daft like.-----

BAULDY gets out of MADGE'S clutches with a
bleeding nose.

M.-----'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him to blaw the coal;
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns havê seen.

MAU. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame, }
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name. }

B. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same. }

M. Auld Roudes! Filthy fallow; I shall auld ye.

MAU. Howt no!--ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy.

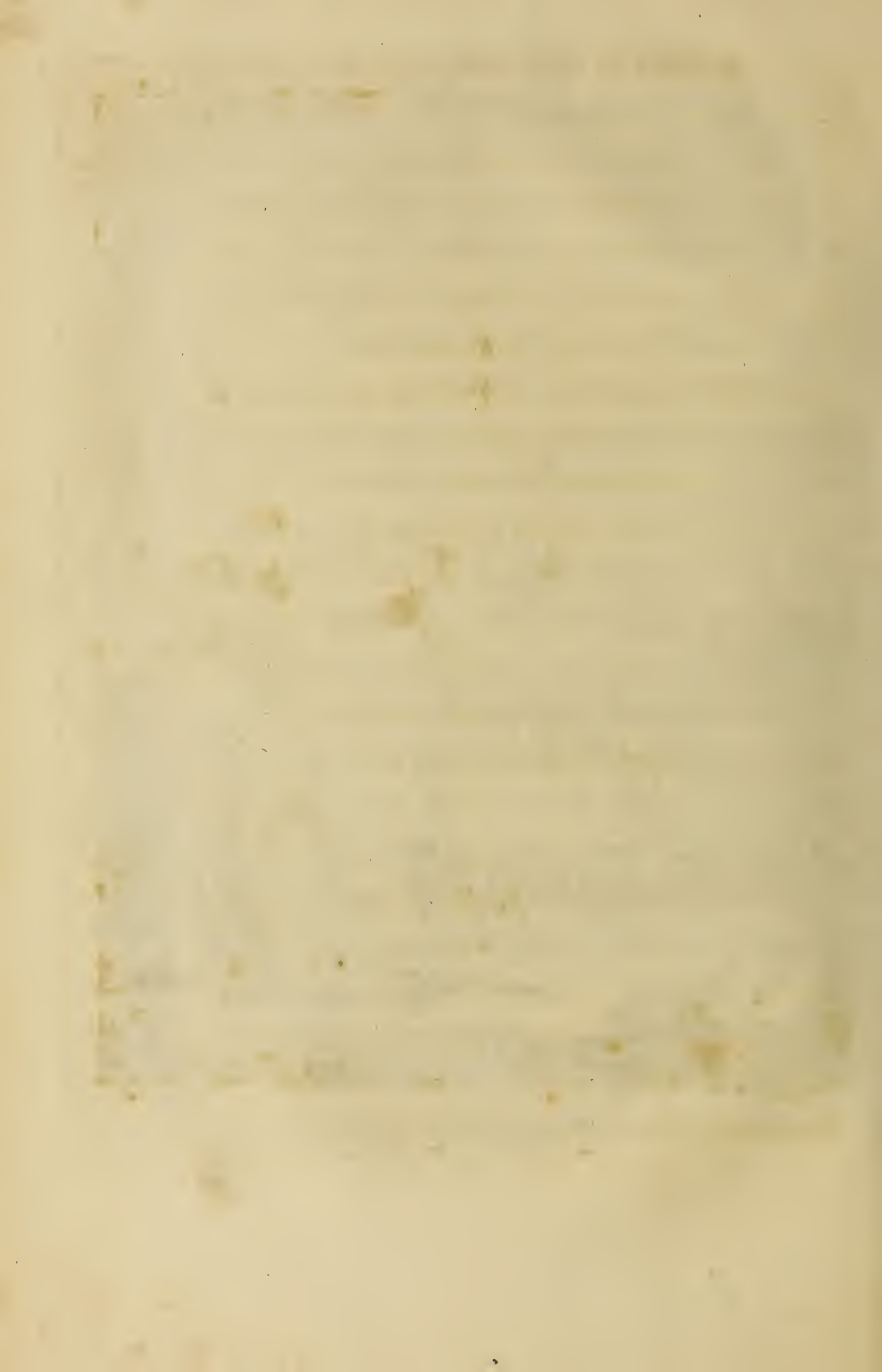


D. Allan inv. & sculp. fecit

Edinb. 1788

Madge. Auld Koudes! filthy fallow I shall auld ye.

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Come, come, shake hands this maun nae further gae:

Ye maun forgi'e'm. I see the lad looks wae.

B. In troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae spite;

But she abusing first, was a' the wite

Of what has happen'd: and should therefore crave

My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

M. I crave your pardon! gallows-face, gae greet,

And own your fault to her that ye wad cheat,

Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,

'Till ye learn to perform, as well as swear.

Vow, and lowp back!---was e'er the like heard tell?

Swith, tak him deil; he's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY running off.

His presence be about us! curst were he

That were condem'd for life to live with thee.

EXIT BAULDY.

MADGE laughing.

I think I've towz'd his harigalds a wee;

He'll no foon grein to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

MAU. Ye towin'd him tightly,---I commend ye for't;

His bleeding snoot gave me nae little sport:

For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
 And breeding baith,---to tell me to my face,
 He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand,
 To lend him in this case my helping hand.

M. A witch!---how had ye patience this to bear,
 And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

MAU. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
 Obliges fowk resentment to decline;

Till aft 'tis seen when vigour fails, then we
 With cunning can the lack of pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,

Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark:

I'm sure he'll keep his triste; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

M. And special sport we'll have, as I protest;

Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist;

A linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,

I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.

We'll fleg him fae, he'll mint nae mair to gang

A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

M. Then let us gae; for see, 'tis hard on night,

The westlin clouds shine red with setting light.

EXEUNT.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.

PATIE AND ROGER.

ROGER.

WOW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light.

O Mr. Patrick! ay your thoughts were right:

Sure gentle fowk are farther seen than we,

That nathing ha'e to brag of pedigree.

My Jenny now, who brak my heart this morn,

Is perfect yielding,---sweet,---and nae mair scorn.

I spake my mind---she heard---I spake again,

She smil'd---I kifs'd---I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

P. I'm glad to hear't---But O! my change this day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father, gently kind as brave,

And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

With looks all kindness, words that love confest;

He all the father to my soul exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast.

Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth

Of thy lov'd mother blessing of my youth;

Who fet too soon!---and while he praise bestow'd,
A down his graceful cheeks a torrent flow'd.

My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail:
That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.

Unusual transports made my head turn round,
Whilst I my self with rising raptures found
The happy son of ane fae much renown'd.

But he has heard!---too faithful Symon's fear
Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear:
Which he forbids!---ah! this confounds my peace,
While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

R. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand;
But wer'e't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

P. Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause:
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my shepherdes excell,
And part of my new happiness repells.

R. Enjoy them baith.---SIR WILLIAM will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;---you're his only son.

P. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true:
But still obedience is a parent's due.

R. Is not our master and your fell to stay
 Amang us here?---or are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,
 To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

P. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
 To London neist, and afterwards to France,
 Where I must stay some years, and learn---to dance,

And twa three other monkey-tricks.---that done,

I come hame struting in my red-heel'd shoon.

Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,

That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,

For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel

I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.

But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,

Sooner than hear sic news, shall hear my death.

R. " They wha have just enough, can soundly sleep;

" The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep."---

Good Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

P. What was my morning thought, at night's the same.

The poor and rich but differ in the name.

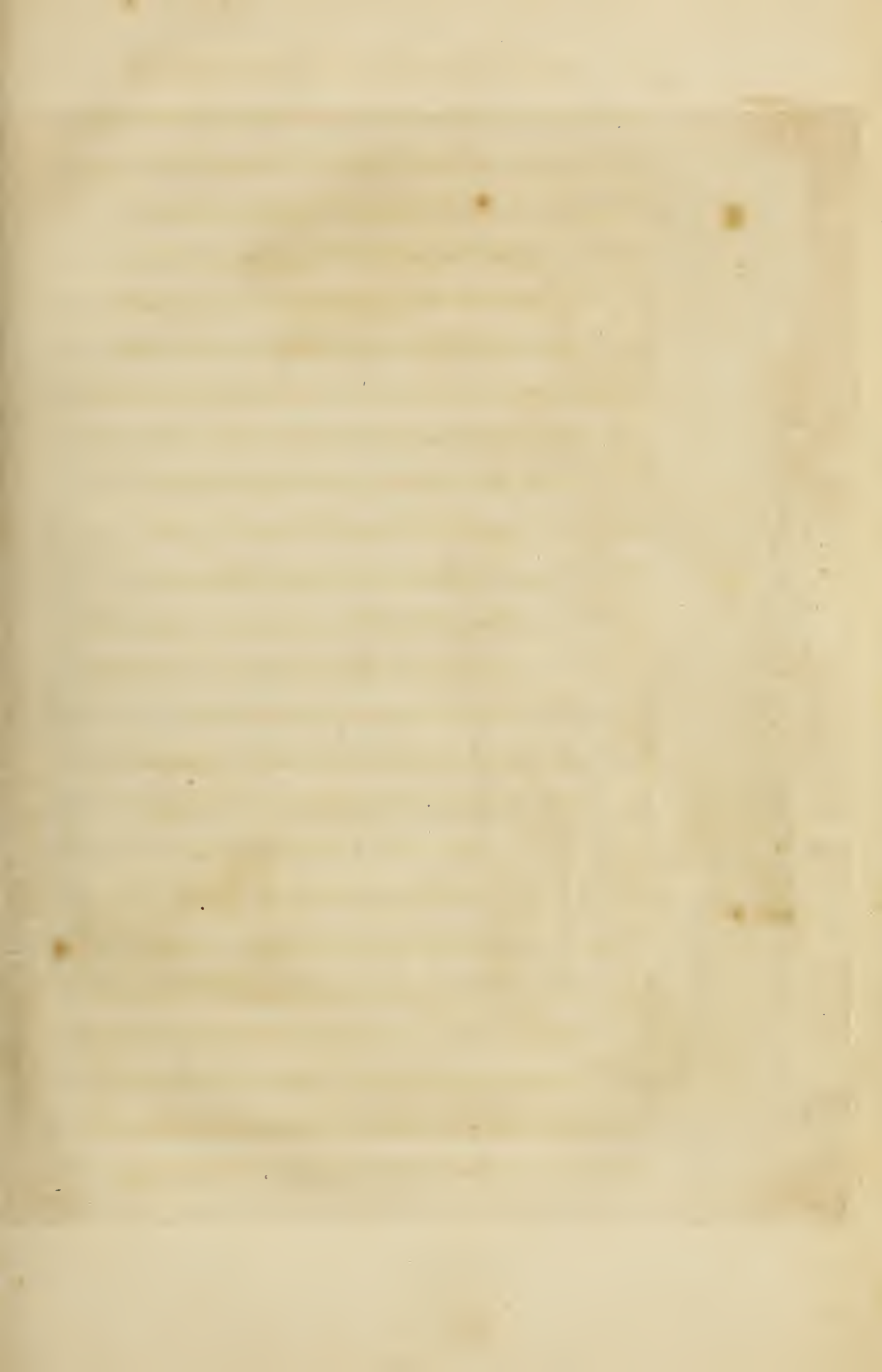
CONTENT'S the greatest bliss we can procure

Frae 'boon the list.---Without it kings are poor.

R. But an estate like your's yields braw content,

When we but pick it scanty on the bent:

Fine claihs, faft beds, fweet houfes, and red wine,
 Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
 Obeyfant fervants, honour, wealth and eafe:
 Wha's no content with thefe, are ill to pleafe.
 P. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amifs;
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the blifs.
 The paffions rule the roaft;---and, if they're fowr,
 Like the lean ky, will foon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the fharpelt goads in gentry's fide.
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill difeafe,
 Are frequenteft with fowk o'erlaid with eafe;
 While o'er the moor the fhepherd, with lefs care,
 Enjoys his fober wifh, and halefome air.
 R. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that fenfe, I fain wad lear,
 That I may eafier difappointments bear.
 P. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat fome skill;
 Thefe beft can teach what's real good and ill.
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware fome ftanes of cheefe,
 To gain thefe filent friends that ever pleafe.
 R. I'll do't, and ye fhall tell me which to buy:
 Faith I'fe ha'e books, tho' I fould fell my ky.



Gentle Shepherd



I Allan an' the bairn's

Patie

My Peggy why in town?
Write us ye want, an' we'll see room for ye,
The best we can be a shepherd, yet for ye.

Edinburgh 1788.

Edinb^g 1788.

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between SIR WILLIAM'S will, and Peggy's love.

P. Then here it lyes;---his will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide.

Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy,---yonder comes my dear.

R. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. EXIT ROGER.

PATIE solus.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.---Heaven! support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red! ---

ENTER PEGGY.

--- My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.
P. I dare not think fae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.

Wha can withoutten pain, see frae the coast
 The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
 Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
 Far frae his wishes, to some distant land!

PAT. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.

My father has forbid our loves, I own:
 But love's superior to a parent's frown.

I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
 I ken to love, as well as to obey.

Sir WILLIAM'S generous; leave the task to me,
 To make strict duty and true love agree.

P. Speak on!---speak ever thus, and still my grief;
 But short I dare to hope the fond relief.

New thoughts, a gentler face will soon inspire,
 That with nice air swims round in silk attire:

Then I, poor me!---with sighs may ban my fate,

When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate;
 Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,

By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:

Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,

When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:

Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!

And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay;

As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fa'n on purpofe, that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep,
 To watch and ftare upon thee, while afleep.
 But hear my vow---'twill help to give me eafe;
 May fudden death, or deadly fair difeafe,
 And warft of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

PAT. Sure Heaven approves---and be affur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've fworn to thee:
 And time, tho' time maun interpofe a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this ifle;
 Yet time, nor diftance, nor the faireft face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er fhall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rifing fortune, fhould it move
 The fair foundation of our faithful love.
 If at my feet were crowns and fcepters laid,
 To bribe my foul frae thee, delightful maid;
 For thee I'd foon leave thefe inferior things
 To fic as have the patience to be kings.

Wherefore that tear? believe, and calm thy mind.

P. I greet for joy, to hear thy words fae kind.
 When hopes were funk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,

My heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear;
 And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my traveller's arms:
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud,---he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school;
 Where I may manners learn ----

PAT.-----That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:
 Yet now, left in our station, we offend,
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;
 Affect a'times to like the thing we hate,
 And drap serenity, to keep up state: (say;
 Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've nought to
 And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd;
 Then scandalize them when their backs are turn'd.

P. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still;---but I'll be ought with thee.

PAT. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,

Good manners give integrity a bleez,
When native virtues join the arts to please.

P. Since with nae hazard, and fae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather siccan fense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir WILLIAM'S cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, fae great a risk to run.

PAT. There is nae doubt, but travelling does improve,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast,
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

P. with every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns to run and play;
And to the Hissel-shaw where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

PAT. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs, and wear about my arm.

P. Were't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had faln to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

PAT. I doubt it not; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kiffes on the heart imprest.

EXEUNT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

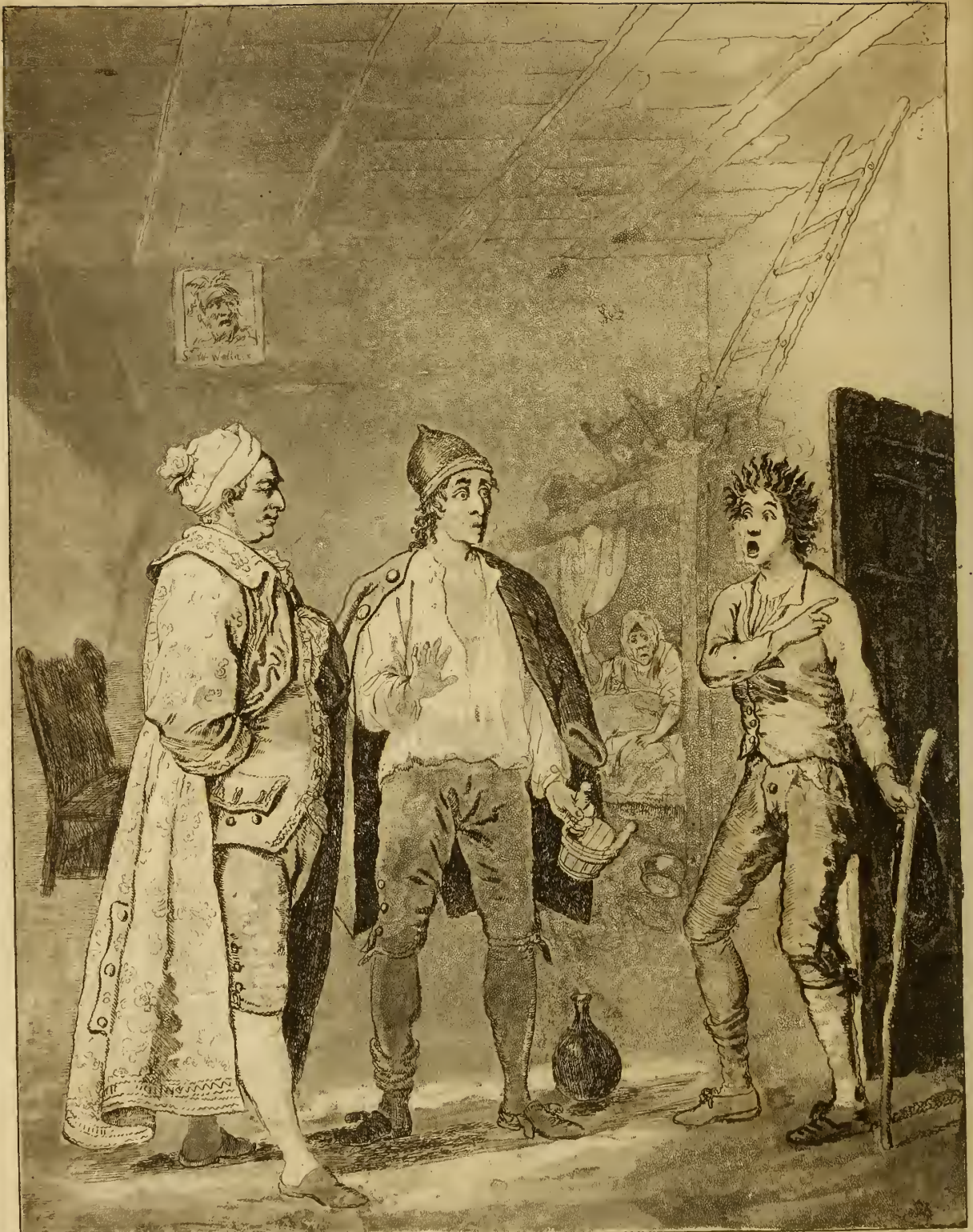
See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare leg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.

SYMON AND BAULDY.

SYMON.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north, the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night
What gars you shake and glowr, and look fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.
B. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy,---legs with shaking fail;





Bauldy.

Ah! Sir the witch o' t' Mause,
That wus aboon the Mill among the heaws,
As she had treated, I met, w'er this night,
But may we friend o' mine get sic a fright!

John
D. Allan. Published according to act of Parliament, 1738.

I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane :

Alake! I'll never be my fell again.

I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

SYMON gives him a drink.

S. What ails thee, gowk!---to make fae loud ado?

You've wak'd SIR WILLIAM, he has left his bed;

He comes, I fear ill pleas'd: I hear his tred.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

S. W. How goes the night? does day-light yet appear?

Symon, you're very timeously asteen.

S. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest:

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit opprest;

He's seen some witch, or wrestl'd with a ghaist.

B. O ay,---dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;

And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR WILLIAM smiling.

I lang to hear't----

B.-----Ah! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe.

That wins aboon the mill amang the haws.

First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,

To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.

As she had tristed, I met wi'er this night;

But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!

For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,

The very thought o'ts like to freeze my blood!

Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk,
 Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
 Upon me fast the witch and it fell baith,
 And gat me down; while I, like a great fool,
 Was laboured as I wont to be at school.
 My heart out of its hool was like to lowp;
 I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
 Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
 Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear and spite,
 Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help, to gi'e the deil his due.
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

S. W. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be;
 Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

B. Thanks to your honour; soon shall I obey:
 But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,
 To catch her fast, e'er she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

EXIT BAULDY.

S. W. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt,
 The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What silly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is thro' want of education blind!

S. But does your honour think there's nae sic thing
As witches raising deils up thro' a ring,
Syne playing tricks? a thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

S. W. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor
Amongst a few old woman craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
Aftimes like bawty, badrans, or a sow:
Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride;
Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain:
Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cup-board, chairs and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

S. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich.
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest life;
That gars me think this hoble-shew that's past
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

S. W. I'm fure it will :---but see increasng light
 Commands the imps of darknes down to night ;
 Bid raise my fervants, and my horse prepare,
 Whilft I walk out to take the morning air. EXEUNT.

ACT V. SCENE II.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 With a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair ;
 Glaud, by his morning ingle takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek,
 A pipe his mouth ; the lasses please his een,
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY AND PEGGY.

GLAUD.

I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night ;
 Ye do not use fae soon to see the light.

Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To take your leave of Patrick or he gang.

But do ye think that now when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard ?

J. Though he's young master now, I'm very fure
 He has mair sence than flight auld friends, tho' poor.

But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
 And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

G. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again ;
 But, be advis'd, his company refrain :

Before, he as a shepherd fought a wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal life ;



D. Allan inv. G. Kneller fecit

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 Et a blue hood Jenny binds up her hair,
 Glad by his morning light takes a peck,
 The rising sun shines molly thro' the peck,
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his ear,
 And now and then his joke maun intervere.

Edinb. 1783

But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

P. A rake!---what's that?---sure if it means ought ill,
He'll never be't; else I have tint my skill.

G. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame,
To do what like of us think sin to name:
Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never stap
To brag how aften they have had the clap. (flush'd,
They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith
Syne make ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

P. Sir WILLIAM'S virtuous, and of gentle blood;
And may not Patrick too, like him, be good?

G. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sawn: they're fae puft up with pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
That shaws the gate to heaven.---I've heard my fell,
Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin and hell.

J. Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very odd;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a GOD.

G. Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch and drink:
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

P. The LORD forbid! na, he kens better things:
But here comes aunt; her face some ferly brings.

ENTER MADGE.

M. Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house: the knight fits judge himsell.

G. Lend me my staff;---Madge, lock the outer door,
And bring the lasses wi' ye; I'll step before. EXIT GLAUD.

M. Poor Meg!---look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen?
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een?
This day her brankan wooer takes his horse.

To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros; ;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane;
To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
For gentler tea, that smells like new won hay;
To leave the green-swaird dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in filk.

But Meg, poor Meg! maun with the shepherd stay,
And tak what GOD will fend, in hodden-gray.

P. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn?
 That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green:
 Now since he rifes, why should I repine?
 If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
 And then, the like has been, if the decree
 Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be!
 M. A bonny story, trowth!---but we delay:
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. EXEUNT.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Maufe,
 Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:
 For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
 Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
 BAULDY AND MAUSE.

SIR WILLIAM.

AND was that all? well, Bauldy, ye was serv'd
 No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter, to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd,
 By perjury, an innocent young maid.

B. Sir I confefs my faut, thro' a' the fteps,
And ne'er again fhall be untrue to Neps.

MAU. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the fcore;
I kend not that they thought me fic before.

B. An't like your Honour I believ'd it well;

But troth I was e'en doilt to feek the deil:

Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' fhe's nae witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengefu ----

And that my fome-place finds;---but I had beft
Had in my tongue; for yonder comes the ghaift,
And the young bonny witch, whafe rofy cheek
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to feek.

ENTER MADGE, PEGGY, AND JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM, looking at PEGGY.

Whofe daughter's fhe that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face fo fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How fparkling are her eyes! what's this! I find
The girl brings all my fifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too foon depriv'd of fweeteft grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?-----

G.-----Sir fhe's my niece;

And yet fhe's not:---but I fhould hald my peace.

S. W. This is a contradiction: what d' ye mean?

She is, and is not! pray thee, Glau, explain.

G. Because I doubt, if I should make appear

What I have kept a secret thirteen year.

M. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

S. W. Speak soon; I'm all impatience! -----

P.-----So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

G. Then, since my master orders, I obey.-----

This bonny fundling, ae clear morn of May,

Clofe by the lee-side of my door I found,

All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,

In Infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.

What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?

Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence sae sweetly fair,

Sae helpless young? for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd

With sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story: she has past sincefyne

As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the we'an,

For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.

Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
 And I am right fure she's come of gentle blood:
 Of whom I kenna.---Naething ken I mair,
 Than what I to your Honour now declare.

S. W. This tale seems strange!-----

P.-----The tale delights my ear;

S. W. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

M. That be my task.---Now, Sir, bid all be hush;

Peggy may smile;---thou hast nae cause to blush.

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,

That I might safely to the truth give way;

That I may now SIR WILLIAM WORTHY name,

The best and nearest friend that she can claim:

He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace

His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

S. W. Old woman, do not rave,---prove what you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

P. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have

To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave?

But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,

I every thing looks like a reason want.

O M N E S.

The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

S. W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

MAUSE goes foreward, leading PEGGY

TO SIR WILLIAM.

Sir, view me well: has fifteen years so plow'd
 A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,
 That here I as an unknown stranger stand, }
 Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand? }
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand. }
 S. W. Ha! honest nurse, where were mine eyes before!
 I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
 Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her, who was so unkind.

SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her
 sit by him.

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
 But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.
 P. Good nurse, go on; nae music's haff sae fine,
 Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.
 M. Then, it was I that fav'd her infant-life,
 Her death being threatned by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, with avaritious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a confident confess.
 I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the fakeless orphan in her bed!

That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour, the floor I softly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away;
 With whom I travel'd some few miles e'er day:
 All day I hid me,---when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,
 And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
 Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
 Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
 Remember well, how I that very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

GLAUD, with tears of joy happing down his
 beard.

I well remember't. LORD reward your love:
 Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought,
 Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.
 P. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,---my joys are full,
 With due obedience to my parent's will.
 Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
 And blame me not for rushing to her arms.





Sir William. *I give you both my blessing; may your love
 Produce a happy race, and still improve.*

Engraving according to Act V. Scene 1. 1788 by W. D. B.

She's mine by vows; and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

S. W. My niece! my daughter! welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother good and fair,
Equal with Patrick: now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to

SIR WILLIAM.

P. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

SIR WILLIAM raises them.

I give you both my blessing: May your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

PEG. My wishes are compleat,---my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprize.

And am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much generous kindness had?

Lang may SIR WILLIAM blefs these happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

P. Be lang our guardian, still our master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:

The estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me

G. I hope your Honour now will take amends
Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

S. W. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below.

I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

PEG. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
Seem light when put in balance with my Pate:

For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow

For such a kindness, best of men, to you.

S. What double blythness wakens up this day!

I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.

Shall I unsaddle your horse, and gar prepare

A dinner for ye of hale country fare?

See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;

Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you:

Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot

Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

S. W. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!

I never from these fields again will stray:

Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,

And busy gardeners shall new planting rear;

My father's hearty table you soon shall see

Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

S. That's the best news I heard this twenty year;
New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

G. GOD save the King, and save SIR WILLIAM lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherds fang.

R. Wha winna dance? wha will refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

B. I'm friends with Maufe,---with very Madge I'm 'greed,
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, "Lang may SIR WILLIAM live."

MAD. Lang may he live :---and, Bauldy, learn to steek
Your gab a wee, and think before ye speak;
And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.

This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady,---my dear bonny bairn!

PEG. No other name I'll ever for you learn,---
And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
For a thy matchless kindness done for me?

M. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully all I can require repay.

S. W. To faithful Symon, and kind Glaud, to you, }
And to your heirs I give in endless feu, }
The mailens ye possess, as justly due, }

For acting like kind fathers to the pair
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.

O M N E S.

The LORD of heaven return your Honour's love,
 Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

PATIE, presenting ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird;
 Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny thinkna shame)
 Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame:
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spake, and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent.

S. W. My son's demand is fair,---Glaud, let me crave,
 That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
 With frank consent; and while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

G. You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can we say,
 But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?
 Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
 And still our master's right your business make.

Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

R. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my days,
Or ever lo'ed to make o'er great a fraise:

But for my master, father and my wife,
I will employ the cares of all my life.

S. W. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.

Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find
Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd:
Aft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispells our care.

Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

PEG. When you demand, I readiest should obey:
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

Sings to the tune of corn-riggs are bonny.

My Patie is a lover gay,

His mind is never muddy;

His breath is sweeter than new hay,

His face is fair and ruddy:

His shape is handsome, middle size;

He's comely in his wauking:

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The shining of his een surprife;

'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,

Where yellow corn was growing,

There mony a kindly word he spake,

That set my heart a glowing.

He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,

And lo'ed me best of ony,

That gars me like to sing since fyne,

O corn-riggs are bonny.

Let lassies of a filly mind

Refuse what maist they're wanting;

Since we for yielding were design'd,

We chastly should be granting.

Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,

And fyne my cockernonny

He's free to touzel air or late,

Where corn-riggs are bonny.

EXEUNT OMNES.

T H E E N D.

G L O S S A R Y .

GLASSBORO

A

G L O S S A R Y:

O R,

EXPLANATION OF SCOTS WORDS, WHICH ARE RARELY
OR NEVER FOUND IN THE MODERN ENGLISH WRITINGS.

Some general Rules, shewing wherein many Southern and Northern words are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

I. In many words ending with an *l* after an *a* or *u*, the *l* is rarely founded.

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Englsh.</i>	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Englsh.</i>
A '	ALL.	Sma,	<i>Small.</i>
Ba,	<i>Ball.</i>	Sta,	<i>Stall.</i>
Ca,	<i>Call.</i>	Wa,	<i>Wall.</i>
Fa,	<i>Fall.</i>	Fou, or Fu,	<i>Full.</i>
Ga,	<i>Gall.</i>	Pou, or Pu,	<i>Pull.</i>
Ha,	<i>Hall.</i>	Woo, or U,	<i>Wool.</i>

II. The *l* changes to *a*, *w*, or *u*, after *o* or *a*, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as,

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Englsh.</i>	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Englsh.</i>
B Awm,	B <i>Alm.</i>	Goud,	<i>Gold.</i>
Bauk,	<i>Bauk.</i>	Haff,	<i>Half.</i>
Bouk,	<i>Bulk.</i>	How,	<i>Hole or hollow.</i>
Bow,	<i>Boll.</i>	Howms,	<i>Holms.</i>
Bowt,	<i>Bolt.</i>	Maut,	<i>Malt.</i>
Caff,	<i>Calf.</i>	Pow,	<i>Poll.</i>
Cow,	<i>Coll or Clip.</i>	Row,	<i>Roll.</i>
Faut,	<i>Fault.</i>	Scawd,	<i>Scald.</i>
Fause,	<i>False.</i>	Stown,	<i>Stoln.</i>
Fowk,	<i>Folk.</i>	Wawk,	<i>Walk.</i>
Fawn,	<i>Fallen.</i>		

III. An *o* before *ld*, changes to *a*, or *au*; as,

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Englsh.</i>	<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Englsh.</i>
A Uld,	O <i>LD.</i>	Hald, or had.	<i>Hold.</i>
Bauld,	<i>Bald.</i>	Sald,	<i>Sold.</i>
Cauld,	<i>Cold.</i>	Tald,	<i>Told.</i>
Fauld,	<i>Fold.</i>	Wad,	<i>Would.</i>

IV. *The o, oe, or ow, is changed to a, ae, or ai; as,*

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
A ^E , or ane, Aeteen,	O ^{NE} . Oaten.	Law,	Low.
Aff,	Off.	Mae,	Moe.
Aften,	Oftē.	Maiſt,	Moſt.
Aik,	Oak.	Mair,	More.
Aith,	Oath.	Mane,	Moan.
Ain, or awn,	Own.	Maw,	Mow.
Alane,	Alone.	Na,	No.
Amaiſt,	Almoſt.	Nane,	None.
Amang,	Among.	Naithing,	Nothing.
Airs,	Oars.	Pape,	Pope.
Aits,	Oats.	Rae,	Roe.
Apen,	Open.	Rair,	Roar.
Awner,	Owner.	Raip,	Rope.
Bain,	Bone.	Raw,	Row.
Bair,	Boar.	Saft,	Soft.
Baith,	Both.	Saip,	Soap.
Blaw,	Blow.	Sair,	Sore.
Braid,	Broad.	Sang,	Song.
Claith,	Cloath.	Slaw,	Slow.
Craw,	Crow.	Snaw,	Snow.
Drap,	Drop.	Strake,	Stroke.
Fae,	Foe.	Staw,	Stole.
Frae,	Fro, or from.	Stane,	Stone.
Gae,	Go.	Saul,	Soul.
Gaits,	Goats.	Tae,	Toe.
Grane,	Groan.	Taiken,	Token.
Haly,	Holy.	Tangs,	Tongs.
Hale,	Whole.	Tap,	Top.
Haleſome,	Wholeſome.	Thrang,	Throng.
Hame,	Home.	Wae,	Woe.
Hait, or het,	Hot.	Wan,	Won.
Laith,	Loath.	War,	Worſe.
Laid,	Load.	Wark,	Work.
Lain, or len,	Loan.	Wame,	Womb.
Lang,	Long.	Warld,	World.
		Wha,	Who.

V. *The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,*

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
A ^N ither, Bill,	A ^N other. Bull.	Ither,	Other.
Birn,	Burn.	Mither,	Mother.
Brither,	Brother.	Nits,	Nuts.
Fit,	Foot.	Nife,	Knife.
Fither,	Fother.	Pit,	Put.
Hinny,	Honey.	Rin,	Run.
		Sin,	Sun.

A I R

A T T

ABLINS, perhaps.

Aboon, above.

Aikerbraid, the breadth of an acre.

Air, long ſince. *It*. Early. *Air up*, ſoon up in the morning.

Ambrie, cup-board.

Anew, enough.

Arles, earnest of a bargain.

Aſe, aſhes.

Atains, or *at anes*, at once, at the ſame time.

Attour, out-over.

B I R

Auld-farran, ingenious.
Aurglebargin or *Eagglebargin*, to contend and wrangle.
Awfome, frightful, terrible.
Aynd, the breath.

B A

BACK-SET, a furloin.
Badrans, a cat.
Baid, flaid, abode.
Bairns, children.
Balen, whale-bone.
Bang, is sometimes an action of haste. We say, he or it *came with a bang*.—*A bang* also means a great number. *Of customers she had a bang*.
Bangster, a blustering roaring person.
Bannocks, a sort of bread thicker than cakes, and round.
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c. hardens upon a thing like bark.
Barlikhood, a fit of drunken angry passion.
Barrow-trams, the staves of a hand-barrow.
Batts, colick.
Barabee, halfpenny.
Bauch, sorry, indifferent.
Bawfy, bawland fac'd, is a cow or horse with a white face.
Bedeem, immediately; in haste.
Best, beaten.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Beik, to bask.
Beild or *beil*, a shelter.
Bein, or *been*, wealthy. *A been house* a warm well furnished one.
Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair.
Bells, bubbles.
Beltan, the 3d of *May*, or *Rood-day*.
Bended, drunk hard.
Benn, the inner-room of a house.
Bennison, blessing.
Benfell, or *Benfail*, force.
Bent, the open field.
Beuk, baked.
Bicker, a wooden dish.
Bickering, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built. *Biggings*, buildings.
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billy, brother.
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-stall.
Birks, birch-trees.
Birle, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing liquor, they call it *birling a barabee*.
Birn, a burnt mark.
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath.
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a noise.
Birs'd, bruised.

B U M

Bittle or *beetle*, a wooden melle for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
Black-a-vised, of a black complexion.
Blae, pale blew, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blafstum, beguile.
Blate, bashful.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Bleech, to blanch or whiten.
Bleer, to make the eye water.
Bleez, blaze.
Blether, foolish discourse. *Bletherer*, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
Blin, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
Boak or *boke*, vomit.
Boal, a little press or cupboard in the wall.
Bodin or *bodden*, provided or furnished.
Bodle, one sixth of a penny English.
Bodword, an ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre.
Bony, beautiful.
Bonywalys, toys, gu-gaws.
Bofs, empty.
Bouk, bulk.
Bourd, jest or dalley.
Bouze, to drink.
Brochen, a kind of water gruel of oat-meal, butter and honey.
Brae, the side of a hill, bank of a river.
Braird, the first sprouting of corns.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, calves of the legs.
Brankan, prancing. A capering.
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle their horses.
Brattle, noise, as of horse feet.
Brats, rags.
Braw, brave. Fine in apparel.
Brecken, fearn.
Brent-brow, smooth high fore-head.
Brigs, bridges.
Brijs, to press.
Brock, a badger.
Broe, broth.
Browden, fond.
Browster, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing.
Bruliment, a broil.
Bucky, the large sea-snail. A term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by *thrown Bucky*.
Buff, nonsense. As, *he blether'd buff*.
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time.
Buller, to bubble. The motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide.
Bumbazed, confused. Made to stare and look like an idiot.

C L A

Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.
Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats.
Bunler, a bungler.
Burn, a brook.
Busk, to deck. Dress.
Bystine, fustain (cloth.)
But, often, for *without*. As, *but feed or favour*.
Bykes, or *Bikes*, nest or hives of bees.
Bygane, bypast.
Byword, a proverb.

C A

CADGE, carry. *Cadger* is a country carrier, &c.
Caff, a calf. Chaff.
Callan, boy.
Camfchough, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.
Cangle, to wrangle.
Cankerd, angry, passionately snarling.
Canna, cannot.
Cant, to tell merry old tales.
Cantrips, incantations.
Canty, chearful and merry.
Capernoited, whimsical, ill-natured.
Car, sledge.
Carna, care not.
Carle, a word for an old man.
Carline, an old woman. *Gire-Carline*, a giant's wife.
Cathel, an hot pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.
Cauldriße, spiritless. Wanting chearfulness in address.
Cauler, cool or fresh.
Cawk, chalk.
Chafis, chops.
Chaping, an ale measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart.
A-Char or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, They're *a-char* or *a-jar*.
Charlewain, Charles-wain. The constellation called the plow, *Ursa major*.
Chancy, fortunate, good-natur'd.
Chat, a cant name for the gallows.
Chiel, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *He's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *That chiel*.
Chucky, a hen.
Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird.
Clan, tribe, family.
Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
Clasbes, chat.
Clatter, to chatter.
Clought, took hold.
Claver, to speak nonsense.
Claw, scratch.

D A D

Cleek, to catch as with a hook.
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks.
Clinty, hard, stony.
Clock, a beetle.
Cloited, the fall of any soft moist thing.
Clofs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley.
Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall.
Clute or *Cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep.
Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair when it's wrapt or *snooded* up with a band or *snood*.
Cockstool, a pillory.
Cod, a pillow.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in.
Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards inclining to fall.
Coodie, a small wooden vessel, used by some for a chamber-pot.
Coof, a stupid fellow.
Coor, to cover.
Cooster, a ston'd horse.
Coofst, did cast. *Coofsten*, thrown.
Corby, a raven.
Cofe, warm, shelter'd in a convenient place.
Cotter, a sub-tenant.
Cowp, to fall; also a fall.
Cowp, to change or barter.
Cowp, a company of people; as, merry, senseless, corky *cowp*.
Cour, to crouch and creep.
Couth, frank and kind.
Crack, to chat.
Creel, basket.
Crißh, greafe.
Croil, a crooked dwarf.
Croon or *crune*, to murmur, or hum o'er a song. The lowing of bulls.
Crouße, bold.
Crive, a cottage.
Crunmy, a cow's name.
Cryne, shrink, or become less by drying.
Cudiegh, a bribe or present.
Culzie, intice or flatter.
Cun, to taste, learn, know.
Cunzie or *coonie*, coin
Curn, a small parcel.
Curfche, a kerchief. A linen dress wore by our *Highbland*, women.
Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.
Cutts, lots. These *cutts* are usually made of straws unequally cut.
Cutty, short.

D A

DAB, a proficient.
Dad, to beat one thing against another. *He fell with a dad*. *He daded* his head against the wall, &c.

D R E

Daft, foolish; and sometimes wanton.
Daffin, folly. Wagrie.
Dail, or *dale*, a valley. Plain.
Daintiths, delicates. Dainties.
Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman.
Dander; wander to and fro, or saunter.
Dang, *did ding*, beat, thrust, drive. *Ding*, *dang*, moving hastily one on the back of another.
Darn, to hide.
Dash, to put out of countenance.
Dawty, a fondling. Darling. *To dawt*, to cocker, and caress with tenderness.
Deave, to stun the ears with noise.
Dees, dairy-maids.
Dcray, merriment. Jolity. Solemnity. Tumult. Disorder. Noise.
Dern, secret. Hidden. Lonely.
Deval, to descend, fall, hurry.
Dewegs, rags or shapings of cloth.
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf.
Dight, deck'd. Made ready; also, to clean.
Dinna, do not.
Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over.
Dit, to stop or close up a hole.
Divot, broad turf.
Docken, a dock, (the herb.)
Doilt, confused and silly.
Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age.
Doll, a large piece *dole*, or share.
Donk, moist.
Donse, affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little person.
Dofart, a dull heavy headed fellow.
Dool, or *drule* the goal which the gamesters strive to gain first, (as at foot-ball.)
Dool, pain, grief.
Dorts, a proud pet.
Dorty, proud. Not to be spoke to. Conceited, appearing as disobliged.
Dofand, cold, impotent.
Dought, could. Avail'd.
Doughty, strong, valiant and able.
Douks, dives under water.
Doufe, solid. Grave. Prudent.
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive.
Dow, dove.
Dow'd, (liquor) that's dead, or has lost the spirits; or wither'd (plant.)
Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity.
Dowie, melancholy. Sad. Doleful.
Downa, *dow not*, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it.
Dowp, the Arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell. *Better haff egg as tosm dowp*.
Drant, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.
Dree, to suffer, endure.
Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*. Tedious.

F E I

Dribs, drops.
Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run.
Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with groans.
Drouked, drench'd, all wet.
Dubs, mire.
Dung, defeat.
Dunt, stroke or blow.
Dunty, a doxy.
Durk, a poinyard or dagger.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyver, a bankrupt.

E A

EGGS, incites, flirs up.
Eard, earth, the ground.
Edge, of a hill, as the side or top.
Ecn, eyes.
Eild, age.
Eildecns, of the same age.
Eith, easy. *Eithar*, easier.
Elbuck, elbow.
Elfshot, bewitched, shot by faries.
Elfon, a shoemaker's awl.
Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.
Endlang, along.
Ergb, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a steady resolution.
Erst, time past.
Esfler, Hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *esfler-work*.
Ether, an adder.
Etle, to aim, design.
Even'd, compared.
Eydent, diligent, laborious.

F A

FA, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice.
Fadge, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll.
Fag, to tire, to turn weary.
Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.
Fain, expresses earnest desires; as *fain would*. Also, joyful, tickled with pleasure.
Fait, neat, in good order.
Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him.
Fang, the talons of a fowl. *Tofang*, to grip, or hold fast.
Fash, vex or trouble. *Fashous*, troublesome.
Faugh, a colour between white and red.
Faugh riggs, fallow ground.
Feck, a part, a quantity; as, *maist feck*, the greatest number; *nae feck*, very few.
Feckfow, able, active.
Feckless, feeble, little and weak.
Feed or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.
Feil, many, several.

G A B

Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry.
Make a fen, fall upon methods.
Ferlie, wonder.
Fernzier, the last or fore-run year.
File, to defile or dirty.
Fireslaught, a flash of lightning.
Fisile, to stir, a stir.
Fistled, the print of the foot.
Fizzing, whizzing.
Flaffing, moving up and down, raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings.
Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire.
Flane, an arrow.
Flang, flung.
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground.
Flaw, lie or fib.
Fleetch, to cox or flatter.
Flez, fright.
Flewet, a smart blow.
Fley, or *fie*, to affright. *Fleyt*, affraid or terrified.
Flinders, splinters.
Flit, to remove.
Flite, to *flyte*, to scold, chide. *Flet*, did scold.
Flushes, floods.
Fog, mofs.
Foordays, the morning far advanc'd, fair day-light.
Forby, besides.
Forebears, forefathers, ancestors.
Forfairn, abused, bespatter'd.
Forfoughien, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.
Forgainst, opposite to.
Forgether, to meet, encounter.
Forleet, to forsake or forget.
Forestam, the fore-head.
Fouth, abundance, plenty.
Fozy, spungy, soft.
Frais, to make a noise. We use to say one makes a *frais*, when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.
Fray, bustle, fighting.
Freik, a fool, light, impertinent fellow.
Fremit, strange, not a-kin.
Fristed, trusted.
Frissh, brittle, like bread baked with butter.
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.
Furder, prosper.
Furthy, forward.
Fush, brought.
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy.
Furlet, four pecks.

G A

GAB, the mouth. To prat, *gabfæ gasb*.
Gabbing, prating pertly. To *gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.
Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*.

G O W

Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.
Gafaw, a hearty loud laughter. To *gawf*, laugh.
Gait, a goat.
Gams, gums.
Gar, to cause, make or force.
Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing.
Gasb, solid, segacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gasb-gabbet*, or *gasb-beard*.
Gate, way.
Gaunt, yawn.
Gawky, idle, staring, idiotical person.
Gawn, going.
Gaws, galls.
Gawfy, jolly, buxome.
Geck, to mock.
Geed, or *gade*, went.
Genty, handsome, genteel.
Get, brat, a child by way of contempt or derision.
Gielanger, an ill debtor.
Gif, if.
Gilligacus, or *gillygapus*, a stairing gaping fool, a gormandizer.
Gilpy, a roguish boy.
Gimmer, a young sheep, (Ew.)
Gin, if.
Gird, to strike, pierce.
Girn, to grin, snarl. Also a snare or trap, such as boys make of horse hair, to catch birds.
Girth, a hoop.
Glaiks, an idle good for nothing fellow.
Glaiked, foolish, wanton, light. To give the *glaiks*, to beguile one, by giving him his labour for his pains.
Glaister, to bawl or bark.
Glamour, juggling. When devils, wizards, or jugglers deceive the sight, they are said to cast *glamour* o'er the eyes of the spectator.
Glar, mire, ouzy mud.
Glee, to squint.
Gleg, sharp, quick, active.
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains.
Gloom, to scowl or frown.
Glooming, the twilight or evening-gloom.
Glowr, to stare, look stern.
Glunsh, to hang the brow and grumble.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Goolie, a large knife.
Gorlings, or *gorblings*, young unfleg'd birds
Goffie, gossip.
Gowans, daizies.
Gove, to look broad and stedfast, holding up the face.
Gowf, besides the known game, a racket or found blow on the chops, we call a *gowf* on the *haffet*.
Gorwk, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gorwk*.

H I R

Gowl, a howling, to bellow and cry.
Goufty, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful.
Grany, grandmother, any old woman.
Grape, a trident fork. Also to grope.
Gree, prize, victory.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept.
Grieve, an overseer.
Gross, gross, coarse.
Grotts, mill'd oats.
Grouf, to ly flat on the belly.
Grounce, or *glunsh*, to murmure, grudge.
Grutten, wept.
Gryse, a pig.
Gumption, good sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter cold (weather.)
Gysend, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with drines.
*Gytling*s. Young children.

H A

HAFFET, the cheek, side of the head.
Hagabag, coarse nappery.
Haggize, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag.
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground.
Hain, to save, manage narrowly.
Halefome, wholesome: as, *hale*, whole.
Hallen, a screen.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, friendly, frank, open, kind.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Harle, drag.
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the scull.
Harship, ruin.
Hash, a sloven.
Haveren, or *havrel*, one who talks nonsense.
Haughs, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers.
Havins, good breeding. *Haviour*, behaviour.
Haws, the throat, or fore part of the neck.
Heal, or *heel*, health, or whole.
Heepy, a person hypocondriac.
Heeryestreen, the night before yesternight.
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a little. A *heezy* is a good lift.
Hestit, accustomed to live in a place.
Height, promised. Also, named.
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for whom the hemp grows.
Hereit, ruined in estate, broke, spoiled.
Hesp, a clasp or hook, bar or bolt. Also, in yarn, a certain number of threads.
Heiber-bells, the heath blossom.
Heugh, a rock or steep hill. Also, a coal-pit.
Hiddils, or *hidlings*, lurking, hiding-places.
 To do a thing in *hidlings*, *i. e.* privately.
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely.
Hirfle, to move as with a rustling noise.
Hirfle, or *birfdale*, a flock of cattle.

K E N

Ho, a single stocking.
Hobbleshov, confused racket, noise.
Hool, husk. *Hool'd*, inclosed.
Hooly, slow.
Hofst, or *whofst*, to cough.
Hou, or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree.
How, low ground, a hollow.
How! Ho!
Howderd, hidden.
Howdy, a midwife.
Howk, to dig.
Howms, plains on river sides.
Howt, fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare.
Hut, a hovel.
Hyt, mad.

J A

JACK, Jacket.
Jag, to prick as with a pin.
Jaw, a wave or gush of water.
Jap, the dashing of water.
Jeshogles, icicles.
Jee, to incline to one side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a balk up and down, to this and the other side.
Jig, to crack, make a noise like a cart-wheel.
Jimp, slender.
Jip, gypsie.
Ilk, each. *Ilk*, every.
Ingan, onion.
Ingle, fire.
Jo, sweat-heart.
Jouk, a low bow.
Ire, fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some ghost or apparition. Also, melancholy.
Ise, I shall; as *I'll* for I will.
Isles, embers.
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat.
Jute, four or dead liquor.
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.

K A

Kaber, a rafter.
Kale, or *kail*, cole-wort, and sometimes broth.
Kacky, to shite.
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kame, comb.
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate. Also, wary, one who manages his affairs discreetly.
Kebuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to laugh, to be noisy.
Kedgy, jovial.
Keek, to peep.
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly made of native black wool.
Kemp, to strive who shall perform most of the same work, in the same time.
Ken, to know; used in England as a noun. a thing within ken, *i. e.* within view.

L I C

Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.
Keep, to catch a thing that moves towards one.
Kiest, did cast. *Vid. coofst.*
Kilted, tuck'd up.
Kimmer, a female gossip.
Kirn, a churn, to churn.
Kirtle, an upper petticoat.
Kitchen, all sorts of eatables, except bread.
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings.)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish.
Knacky, witty and facetious.
Knoit, to beat or strike sharply.
Knoos'd, buffeted and bruised.
Knoost, or *knuist*, a large lump.
Know, a hillock.
Knublock, a knob.
Knuckles, only used in Scots for the joints of the fingers next the back of the hand.
Kow, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to disoblidge, and fears.
Ky, kine or cows.
Kyth, to appear. *He'll kyth in his ain colours.*
Kyt, the belly.

L A

LAGGERT, bespatter'd, covered with clay.
Laigh, low.
Laits, manners.
Lak or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *he that laks my mare, would buy my mare.*
Landart, the country, or belonging to it. Rustic.
Lane, alone.
Langour, languishing, melancholy. To hold one out of *langour*, i. e. divert him.
Lankale, coleworts uncut.
Lap, leaped.
Lapper'd, cruddled or clotted.
Lare, a place for laying, or that has been layn in.
Lare, bog.
Lave, the rest or remainder.
Lawin, a tavering reckoning.
Lawland, low country.
Lavrock, the lark.
Lawty, or *Lawtith*, justice, fidelity, honesty.
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal. *A leal heart never lied.*
Leam, flame.
Lear, learning, to learn.
Lee, untill'd ground; also an open grassy plain.
Leglen, a milking-pale without one *lug* or handle.
Leman, a kept miss.
Lends, buttocks, loins.
Leugh, laughed.
Lew-warm, lukewarm.
Libbit, gelded.
Lick, to whip or beat; *item*, a wag or cheat, is called a great *lick*.

M E I

Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie.
Lift, the sky or firmament.
Liggs, Lyes.
Lills, the holes of a wind instrument of music; hence, *Lilt up a spring.* *Lilt it out.* Take of your drink merrily.
Limmer, a whore.
Limp, to halt.
Lin, a cataract.
Ling, quick career in a straight line, to gallop.
Lingle, cord, shoe-maker's thread.
Linkan, Walking speedily.
Lire, breasts. *Item*, the most muscular parts; sometimes the air or complexion of the face.
Lirk, a wrinkle or fold.
Lisk, the flank.
Lith, a joint.
Loan, a little common near to country villages, where they milk their cows.
Loch, a lake.
Loe, to love.
Loof, the hollow of the hand.
Looms, Tools, instruments in general. Vessels.
Loot, did let.
Low, flame. *Lorwan*, flaming.
Lown, calm. *Keep lown*, be secret.
Loun, rogue, whore, villain.
Lounder, a sound blow.
Lout, to bow down, making courtesie. To stoop.
Luck, to enclose, shut up, fasten; hence, *Lucken handed*, close fistid, *Lucken, gowans, booths, &c.*
Lucky, Grandmother or goody.
Lug, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lure, rather.
Lyart, hoary or grey-hair'd.

M A

MAGIL, to mangle.
Maik or *make*, to match, equal.
Maiklefs, matchless.
Mailen, a farm.
Makly, seemly, well proportion'd.
Mak'sna, 'tis no matter.
Malison, a curse, malediction.
Mangit, gall'd or bruised or bruised by toil or stripes.
Mank, a want.
Mant, to stammer in speech.
March or *merch*, a land-mark, border of lands.
Marb, the marrow.
Marrow, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.
Mash, to mash, in brewing. *Masking-loom*, mash-vat.
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not.
Meikle, much, big, great, large.

O N Y

Meith, limit, mark, sign.
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make a mends*, to make a grateful return.
Menſe, diſcretion, ſobriety, good breeding.
Menſou, mannerly.
Menzie, company of men, army, aſſembly, one's followers.
Meffen, a little dog, lap-dog.
Midding, a dunghill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Mim, affectedly modeſt.
Mint, aim, endeavour.
Mirk, dark.
Miſcarw, to give names.
Miſchance, miſfortune.
Miſken, to neglect or not take notice of one; alſo, let alone.
Miſuſhou, malicious, rough.
Miſters, neceſſities, wants.
Mittans, woolen gloves.
Mony, many.
Mools, the earth of the grave.
Mou, mouth.
Moup, to eat, generally uſed of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move faſt, though they eat but ſlow.
Mow, a pin or bing, as of feuel, hay ſheaves of corn, &c.
Mows, jeſts.
Muckle, ſee *Meikle*.
Murgulied, miſmanaged, abuſed.
Mutch, coif.
Mutckken, an *Engliſh* pint.

N A

NACKY or *knacky* clever, active in ſmall affairs.
Neefe, noſe.
Nette, to fret or vex.
Newſangle, fond of a new thing.
Nevel, a ſound blow with the *nive* or fiſt.
Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated: alſo as a cant word to drink heartily; as *He nicks fine*.
Nieft next.
Niffer, to exchange or barter.
Niffraſen, trifling.
Nignays, trifles.
Nips, bits.
Nither, to ſtraiten. *Nithered*, hungered or half ſtarved in maintenance.
Nive, the fiſt.
Nock, notch or nick of an arrow or ſpindle.
Noit, ſee *knoit*.
Nowt, cows, kine.
Nowther, neither.
Nuckle, new calv'd (cows.)

O E

OE, a grandchild.
O'er or *owre*, too much; a *A' o'ers* is *vice*.
O'ercome, ſuperplus.
Ony, any.

P R Y

Or, ſometimes uſed for *e'er* or before. *Or day*, *i. e.* Before day break.
Ora, any thing over what's needful.
Orp, to weep with a concluſive pant.
Oughtlens, in the leaſt.
Owk, week.
Ourlay, a cravat.
Owfen, oxen.
Owthur, either.
Oxter, the arm-pit.

P A

PADDOCK, a frog. *Paddock-Ride*, the ſpawn of frogs.
Paiks chaſtiſement. *To paik*, to beat or be-labour one ſoundly.
Pang, to ſqueez, prefs or pack one thing into another.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pawky, witty or ſly in word or action, without any harm or bad deſigns.
Peer, a key or wharf.
Peets, turf for fire.
Pegh, to pant.
Penſy, finical, foppish, conceited.
Perquire, by heart.
Pett, a favourite or fondling. *To pettle*, to dandle, feed, cheriſh, flatter. Hence, to take the *pett*, is to be peeviſh or fullen, as commonly *petts* are when in the leaſt diſobliged.
Pibroughs, ſuch *Highland* tunes as are play'd on bag-pipes before them when they go out to battle.
Pig, an earthern pitcher.
Pike, to pick out, or chuſe.
Pimkin, pimping, mean, ſcurvy.
Pine, pain or dining.
Pingle, to contend ſtrive or work hard.
Pirn, the ſpool or quill within the ſhuttle, which receives the Yarn. *Pirny*, (cloth or a web) of unequal threads or colours, ſtripped.
Pith, ſtrength, might, force.
Plack, two bodles, or the 3d of a penny *Engliſh*.
Pople or *paple*, the bubbling, purling or boiling of water. (Popling.)
Poortith, poverty.
Powny, a little horſe or galloway; alſo a turkey.
Pouſe, to push.
Poutch, a pocket.
Pratrick, practice, art, ſtratagem. *Priving pratrick*, trying ridiculous experiment.
Prets, tricks, rogueries. We ſay, *He plaid me a pret*, *i. e.* Cheated. *The callan's fou of pretts*, *i. e.* Has abundance of waggish tricks.
Prig, to cheapen, or importune for a lower price of goods one is buying.
Prin, a pin.
Prive, to prove or taſte.
Propine, gift or preſent.
Prym or *Prime*, to fill or ſtuff.

S A L

Putt a stane, throw a big stone.
Quey, a young cow.

R A

RACKLESS, careless. One who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless banded*.
Rae, a roe.
Raffan, merry, roving, hearty.
Raird, a loud sound.
Rair, roar.
Rak or *Rook*, a mist or fog.
Rampage, to speak and act furiously.
Rasbes, rushes.
Rave, did rive or tear.
Raught, reached.
Rax, to stretch. *Rax'd*, reached.
Ream, cream. Whence, *Reaming*; as, *reaming liquor*.
Redd, to rid, unravel. To separate folks that are fighting. It also signifies clearing of any passage. *I'm redd*, I'm apprehensive.
Rede, council, advice; as, *I wadna red ye to do that*.
Reck, reach; also fmoak.
Reest, to rust, or dry in the fmoak.
Rest, bereft, robbed, forced or carried away.
Reif, rapine, robbery.
Reik or *Rink*, a course or race.
Rever, a robber or pirate.
Rewth, pity.
Rice, or *Rife*, bulrushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.
Rife or *Ryfe*, plenty.
Rift, to belch.
Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge, of a house.
Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins.
Rock, a distaff.
Rouse, or *rufe*, to commend, extoll.
Roove, to rivet.
Rottan, a rat.
Roundel, a witty, and often fatyrick kind of rhyme.
Rowan, rolling.
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.
Rowth, plenty.
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corns.
Rude, the red taint of the complexion.
Ruefu, doleful.
Rug, to pull, take away by force.
Rumple, the rump.
Rungs, small boughs of trees lop'd off.
Runkle, a wrinkle. *Runckle*, to ruffle.
Rype, to search.

S A

SAEBEINS, seeing it is. Since.
Saikles, guiltless, free.
Sain'd, blessed.
Sall, shall. Like *foud* for *should*.

S K I

Sand-blind, pur-blind, mort-fighted.
Sar, favour or smell.
Sark, a shirt.
Saugh, a willow or fallow tree.
Saw, an old saying or proverbial expression.
Scad, scald.
Scar, the bare places on the sides of hills washen down with rains.
Scart, to scratch.
Scarvp, a bare, dry piece of stony ground.
Scon, bread the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a *banmock*.
Scowp, to leave or move hastily from one place to another.
Scowth, room, freedom.
Scrimp, narrow, straitned, little.
Scroggs, thurbs, thorns, briers. *Scroggy*, thorny.
Scuds, ale. A late name given it by the benders.
Scunner, to loath.
Sell, felf.
Seuch, furrow, ditch.
Sey, to try.
Seybow, a young onion.
Shan, pitiful, silly, poor.
Sharn, cow's dung.
Shaw, a wood or forest.
Shawl, shallow.
Shawps, empty husks.
Sheen, shining.
Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound.
Shire, clear thin. We call thin cloath, or clear liquor, *shire*; also, a clever wag, *A shire lick*.
Shog, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.
Shool, shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to threaten.
Shotle, a drawer.
Sib, a-kin.
Sic, fuch.
Sicker, firm, secure.
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.
Siller, Silver.
Sindle or *Sinle*, seldom.
Sinsyne, since that time. *Lang sinsyne*, long ago.
Skail, to scatter.
Skair, share.
Skaith, hurt, damage, loss.
Skeigb, skittish.
Skelf, shelf.
Skelp, to run. Used when one runs *bare-foot*. Also a small splinter of wood. *It*. to flog the hips.
Skiff, to move smoothly away.
Skink, a kind of strong broth made of cows hams or knuckles; also, to fill drink in a cup.
Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.

S P E

Sklate, flate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue flate.
Scowrie, ragged, nasty, idle.
Skreed, a rent.
Skybald, a tatterdemalion.
Skyt, fly out hastily.
Slade, or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.
Slap or *sluk*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills. *Slap*, a breach in a wall.
Sleek, smooth.
Sleet, a shower of half melted snow.
Slerg, to bedawb or plaitter.
Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid down*. *Slidry*, slippery.
Slippery, sleepy.
Slonk, a mire, ditch or slough; to wide thro' a mire.
Slote, a bar or bolt for a door.
Slough, husk or coat.
Smaik, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *Smatchet*.
Smirky, smiling.
Smittle, infectious or catching.
Smoor, to smother.
Snack, nimble, ready, clever.
Sned, to cut.
Sneer, to laugh in derision.
Sneg, to cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the web-end*.
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm.
Snib, snub, check or reprove, correct.
Snifter, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little sloop.
Snod, Metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight.
Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair.
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovling slave.
Snocve, to whirl round.
Snotter, snout.
Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle.
Sod, a thick turf.
Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.
Sore, sorrel, redish coloured.
Sorn, to sponge.
Sofs, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.
Sowens, flumry, or oat-meal sowl'd amongst Water for some time, then boil'd to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter.
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument.
Spae, to foretell or divine. *Spaemen*, prophets, augurs.
Spain, to wean from the breast.
Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation.
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump.
Spaul, shoulder, arm.
Speel, to climb.
Speer, to ask, inquire.

S W E

Spelder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw a funder.
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept.
Spill, to spoil, abuse.
Spoolie, spoil, booty, plunder.
Spraings, stripes of different colours.
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument.
Sprush, spruce.
Spruttl'd, speckled, spotted.
Spunk, tinder.
Stalwart, strong and valiant.
Stang, did sting; also a sting or pole.
Stank, a pool of standing water.
Stark, strong, robust.
Starns, the stars. *Starn*, a small moiety. We say, *Ne'er a starn*.
Stay, steep; as, *Set a stout heart to a stay brae*.
Steek, to shut, close.
Stegh, to cram.
Stend, or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace.
Stent, to stretch or extend.
Stipend, a benefice.
Stirk, a steer or bullock.
Stoit, or *stot*, to rebound or reflect.
Stoor, rough, hoarse.
Stou, to cut or crop. *A stou*, a large cut or piece.
Stound, a smarting pain or stich.
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men or horse feet. *To stour*, to run quickly.
Stowth, stealth.
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome.
Strath, a plain on a river-side.
Streek, to stretch.
Striddle, to stride, applied commonly to one that's little.
Strinkle, to sprinkle or straw.
Stroot, or *strute*, stuff'd full, drunk.
Strunt, a pett. *To take the strunt*, to be petted or out of humour.
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy.
Sturdy, giddy-headed. *It*, strong.
Sture, or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.
Sturt, trouble, disturbance, vexation.
Stym, a blink, or a little fight of a thing.
Suddle, to sully or defile.
Sumph, blockhead.
Sunkan, spleenatick.
Sunkots, something.
Swak, to throw, cast with force.
Swankies, clever young fellows.
Swarf, to swoon away.
Swash, squat, fuddled.
Swatch, a pattern.
Swats, small ale.
Swetch, burden, weight, force.
Sweer, lazy, slow.
Sweeties, confections.
Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death.

T O O

Swith, begone quickly.
Swither, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.
Syne, afterwards, then.

T A

Tackel, an arrow.
Taid, toad.
Tane, taken.
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinners put upon the distaff, is called a *Lint-tap*.
Tape, to use any thing sparingly.
Tappit-ben, the Scots quart-stoup.
Tarrow, to refuse what we love, from a cross humour.
Tartan, cross strip'd stuff, of various colours, checker'd. The Highland plaids.
Tass, a little dram-cup.
Tate, a small lock of hair, or any little quantity of wool, cotton, &c.
Taunt, to mock.
Tawpy, a foolish wench.
Taz, a whip or scourge.
Ted, to scatter, spread.
Tee, a little earth on which gamesters at the *gowf* set their balls before they strike them off.
Teen, or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.
Teet, to peep out.
Tensome, the number of ten.
Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious.
Thack, thatch.
Thae, those.
Tharms, small stripes.
Theck, to thatch.
Thig, to beg or borrow.
Thir, these.
Thole, to endure, suffer.
Thow, thaw.
Thowless, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy.
Thrawart, forward, cross, crabbed.
Thrawin, stern and cross-grain'd.
Threep or *threap*, to aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.
Thrimal, to press or squeeze through with difficulty.
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. *Cry'd beh at ilka thud*, i. e. Gave a groan at every blow.
Tid, tide or time, proper time; as, *He took the tid*.
Tift, good order, health.
Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost.
Tinsel, loss.
Tip or *tippony*, ale sold for two-pence the Scots pint.
Tirle, or *tirr*, to uncover a house.
Titty, sister.
Tocher, portion, dowry.
Tod, a fox.
Tooly, to fight. A fight or quarrel.

W H I

Toom, empty, applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c. *It*. To empty.
Tosb, tight, neat.
Tosie, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.
To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed.
Touse, or *toufle*, to rumple, teaze.
Tout, the sound of a horn or trumpet.
Tow, a rope.
Towmond, an year or twelvemonth.
Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece.
Trig, neat, handsome.
Troke, exchange.
True, to trow, trust, believe.
Truf, steal.
Tryst, appointment.
Turs, turfs. *Turs*, trufs.
Twin, to part with, or separate from.
Twitch, touch.
Twinters, sheep of two years old.
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky.
Tynd, vid. *Teen*.
Tyft, to intice, stir up, allure.

U G

Ugg, to detest, hate, nauseate.
Ugsome, hateful, nauseous.
Umobile, the late, or deceast sometime ago. Of old.
Undocht or *Wandocht*, a silly weak person.
Uneith, not easy.
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnefs'd.
Unko or *unco*, uncouth, strange.
Unlusum, unlovely.
Vougy, elevated, proud.
Wad or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, wound.
Waff, wandring by itself.
Wak, moist, wet.
Wale, to pick and chuse.
Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation.
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large.
Wame, womb.
Wandought, want of dought. Impotent.
Wangrace, wickedness, want of grace.
War, worse.
Warlock, wizard.
Wat or *wit*, to know.
Waught, a large draught.
Wee, little.
Wean or *wee ane*, a child.
Wean, thought, imagin'd, supposed.
Weer, to stop or oppose.
Weir, war.
Weird, fate or destiny.
Weit, rain.
Werfb, inspid, wallowish, wanting salt.
Whauk, whip, beat, flog.
Whid, to fly quickly.
Whilk, which.
Whilly, to cheat. *Whilly-wba*, a cheat.
Whinding, whining.
Whins, furze.

W R E

Whisht, hush. Hold your peace.
Whisk, to pull out hastily.
Whomilt, turn'd upside down.
Wight, stout, clever, active. *Item*, a man or person.
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river.
Win or *won*, to reside, dwell.
Winna, will not.
Winnocks, windows.
Winson, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large.
Wirrykow, a bug-bear or goblin.
Wisent, parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.
Wistle, to exchange (money.)
Withershins, motion against the sun.
Woo or *w*, wool.
Wood, mad.
Woody, the gallows.
Wordy, worthy.
Wow! wonderful! strange!
Wreaths, of snow, when heaps of it are blown

Y U L

together by the wind.
Wyfing, inclining. *To wife*, to lead, train.
Wyson, the gullet.
Wyt, to blame. Blame.

Y A

Y AMPH, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs.
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready.
Yealtou, yea wilt thou.
Yed, to contend, wrangle.
Yeld, barren, as a cow that gives no milk.
Yerk, to do any thing with celerity.
Yest, the hiccup.
Yett, gate.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Youdith, youthfulness.
Youden, wearied.
Yowf, a swinging blow.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmase.

d

F I N I S.

The Wawking of the Fauld.

My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her teens, Fair as the day, and

sweet as may, Fair as the day, and al-ways gay; my Peggy is a young thing, and

I'm not ve-ry auld; Yet well I like to meet her, at the wawking of the fauld My

Peggy speaks fae sweetly, when-e'er we meet a-lane, I wish nae mair, to lay my care, I

wish nae mair of a' that's rare, my Peggy speaks fae sweetly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; But-

she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawk-ing of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown;
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld;
 And naething gie's me sic delight,
 As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play,
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best:
 My Peggy sings fae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Slowly

Dear Roger, if your Jen-ny geck, And answer kindness wi' a flight, Seem

un-con-cern'd at her ne-glect for wo-man in a man de-light But

them def-pise who're soon defeat, And wi' a simple face give way To

a repulse - then be not blate, Push baldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
 Say aften what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language of their een:
 If these agree, and the perfist
 To answer a' your love with hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

Polwart on the green.

Slowly

The dor-ty will repent, If lovers heart grow cauld, And nae her smiles will

tent, Soon as her face looks auld. The daut-ed bairn thus taks the pet. Nor

eats, tho' hunger crave; Whimpers and tarrows at its meat, And's laught at by the

lave: They jest it till the dinners past; Thus, by it - self a - bus'd, The

fool thing is o - bli'g'd to fast, Or eat what they've re - fus'd.

O dear mother, what shall I do.

Slowish

O dear Peggy, love's be - guil - ing, We ought not to trust his smiling;

Better far to do as I do, Left a harder luck be - tide you. Laf - ses,

when their fancy's carried, Think of nought but to be mar - ried, Run - ning

to a life def - troys Hartsome, free, and youth - fu' joys.

How can I be sad on my wedding-day.

Lively

How shall I be sad when a hus - band I hae That

has bet - ter sense than o - ny of thae Sour weak fil - ly fal - lows, that

stu - dy, like fools, To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools. The

man who is pru - dent ne'er light - lies his wife, Or wi' dull re - proaches en -

- cou - ra - ges strife; He prais - es her virtues, and ne'er will a - buse Her

for a small failing, but find an ex - cuse.

Nanfy's to the green-wood gane.

Slowly

I yield, dear lassie, you have won; And there is nae de - ny - ing That

sure as light flows frae the sun, Frae love proceeds com-ply-ing. For

a' that we can do or say 'Gain't love, nae think-er heeds us: They

ken our bosoms lodge the fae That by the heart-strings leads us.

Cauld hail in Aberdeen.

Lively
but not Quick

Could be the re-bels cast, Op-pressors base and bloody I

hope we'll see them at the laft strang a' up in a woody. Blest be he of

worth and sense, And e-ver high in station, That brave-ly stands in

the de-fence of con-science, king, and na-tion.

Mucking of Geordy's byre.

The laird wha in riches and honour Wad thrive, should be kind-ly and

free, Nor rack his poor tenants wha labour To rise aboon po-ver-ty; Else

like the pack-horse that's un-fother'd, And burden'd, will tum-ble down faint: Thus

virtue by hardship is smother'd, And rackers aft' time their rent.

Carle, an' the king come.

Peggy, now the king's come, Peggy, now the king's come Thou may dance, and I shall

sing Peggy, since the king's come. Nae wair the hawkies shalt thou milk, But change thy plaiding-

-coat for silk, And be a lady of that ilk, Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

The yellow-hair'd ladie.

7

Slow

When first my dear ladie gade to the green hill, And I at ew-
 milk - ing first sey'd my young skill, To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to
 me, When I at the bught - ing for - gather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue heather-belis
 Bloom'd bonny on moorland, and sweet rising fells,
 Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
 If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
 And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
 Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
 For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the Cowden-broom-knows
 And Rosey hits sweetly the Milking the ews;
 There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing;
 At throw-the-wood-ladie, Bels gars our lugs ring:
 But when my dear Peggy sings wi' better skill,
 The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,
 It's many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can jakes trow what they desire.
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
 Gi'e me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make myself better, and sweeter for thee.

By the delicious warmth of thy mouth.

Patie Sings.

Slow

By the de-licious warm-ness of thy mouth, And row-ing

eyes that smil-ing tell the truth, I guess, my las-fie, that, as

well as I, You're made for love; and why should you de-ny But

Peggy Sings

ken ye, lad, gin we con-fels o'er soon, Ye think us cheap, and fyne the

woing's done: The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power, Like un-ripe

fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

N. B. The 2^d Measure must be repeated for Patie's last verse.

PATIE Sings.

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine; and sae may ye.
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I ha'e thold and wou'd a lang haff-year.

PEGGY finging, falls into Patie's arms.

Then dinna pu me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farer till we've got the grace.

PATIE (with his left hand about her waift.)

O charming armfu' hence ye cares away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;
 A' night I'll dream my kifses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Sung by both.

Briskly

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies, Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise, O
 lash your steeds post time away, And haste a-bout our bridal day! And if ye're wearied,
 honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night. And if ye're wearied,
 honest light, Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

Happy Clown.

Lively

Hid from him - self, now by the dawn, He starts as fresh as

ros - es blawn; And rang - es o'er the heights and lawn

After his bleet - ing flocks. Health - ful and in - no - ceat - ly gay, He -

chants and whiff - les out the day; Un - - taught to smile, and

then be - - tray like court - ly weather - - cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
 Where truth and love with joy agree,
 Unfulfilled with a crime:

Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
 In proping of their pride and state:
 He lives, and unafraid of fate,
 Contented spends his time.

Leith Wynd.

Jenny.

Slowish

Were I a - - sur'd you'd con - - stant prove, You

should nae mair com - plain; The ea - sy maid be - fet' wi' love, Few

words will quick - ly gain: For I must own, now since your free, This

too fond heart of mine Has lang', a black - - sole

true to thee, Wis'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

I'm happy now; ah! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;
 Is Jenny then sae kind?
 O let me briz thee to my heart,
 And round my arms entwine:
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part.
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.

O'er Bogie.

Slowly

Weel, I agree ye're sure o' me; Next to my father gae; Mak

him con-tent to gie con-sent, He'll hard-ly fay you nay; For

you have what he wad be at, And will com-mend you weel, Since

parents auld think love grows cauld, When bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he, deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain;
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn
 But thee I will hae nae.
 Then never range nor learn to change,
 Like those in high degree:
 And if he prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Enter BAULDY Singing.

Lively

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye win-na tell, Ye shall be the lad I'll

be the lafs my-fell; Ye're a bon-ny lad, and I'm a laf-sie free; Ye're

we-co-mer to tak me than to let me be.

Kirk wad let me be.

Lively

Duty, and part of reason Plead strong on the pa-rent's side, Which

love so fu-perior calls trea-son The strong-est must be obey'd; For

now, tho' I'm ane of the gen-try, My constancy fallshood re-pells, For

change in my heart has no entry still there my dear Peggy excells.

Woes my heart that we shou'd funder.

Slow

Speak on, - speak thus, and still my grief, Hold up a heart that's
sink - ing un - der These fears, that soon will want re - - lief, When
Pate must from his Peggy funder. A gentler face, and silk at - tire A
la - dy rich in beau - ty's blof - som, A - lake poor me! will
now conspire, To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:
Ah! I can die, but never funder.
Ye meadows where we aften stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're afunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the know wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty.
Hear, heav'n while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou should prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.

Tweed Side.

Slow

When hope was quite sunk in des-pair, My heart it was going to

break; My life ap-pear'd worth-less my care. But now I will

fave't for thy sake. Wher-e'er my love tra-vels by day, Wher-

e-ver he lodg-es by night, With me his dear image shall

stay, And my soul keep him e-ver in fight.

With patience I'll wait the lang year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away, till thou appear
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a heicht that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only lkin deep,
 Must fade, like the gowans in May;
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband ha'e sence to approve.

Blush aboon Traquair.

Very Slow

At setting day and rising morn, Wi' soul that still shall

love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe re - - turn, Wi'

a' that can improve thee I'll visit aft the Birk - en bush Where

first thou kind - - ly tald me Sweet tales of love, and

hid my blush Whilst round thou didst in - fald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
 To Greenwood-shaw or fountain;
 Or where the simmer-day I'd share
 Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
 There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

The Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

The bon - ny grey - ey'd morn be - gins to peep, And darkness flies be-

- fore the ri - sing ray: The hear - ty hynd starts from his la - zy sleep, To

fol - low health - ful la - bours of the day; With - out a guilty sting to

wrinkle his brow, The lark and the lin - net tend his levee, And he joins their concert

driving his plow, From toil of grimace and pa - gean - try free.

While flutter'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wisning for calmness and slumber in vain;

Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

Corn-Riggs.

Andante

My Patie is a lo - ver gay, His mind is ne - ver
 mud - dy, His breath is sweet - er than new hay, His face is
 fair and rud - dy. His shape is hand - some mid - dle size, He's
 come - ly in his wauk - ing The shining of his een fur -
 - prife; 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw - king.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where yellow corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly word he spake,
 That set my heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of ony;
 That gars me like to sing sinfyne,
 "O corn-riggs are bonny."

Let lasses of a filly mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting;
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chafely should be granting;
 Then I'll comply, and marry Patie,
 And syne my cokernony,
 He's free to touzle, air or late,
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

Finis.

