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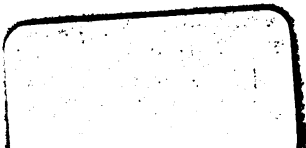
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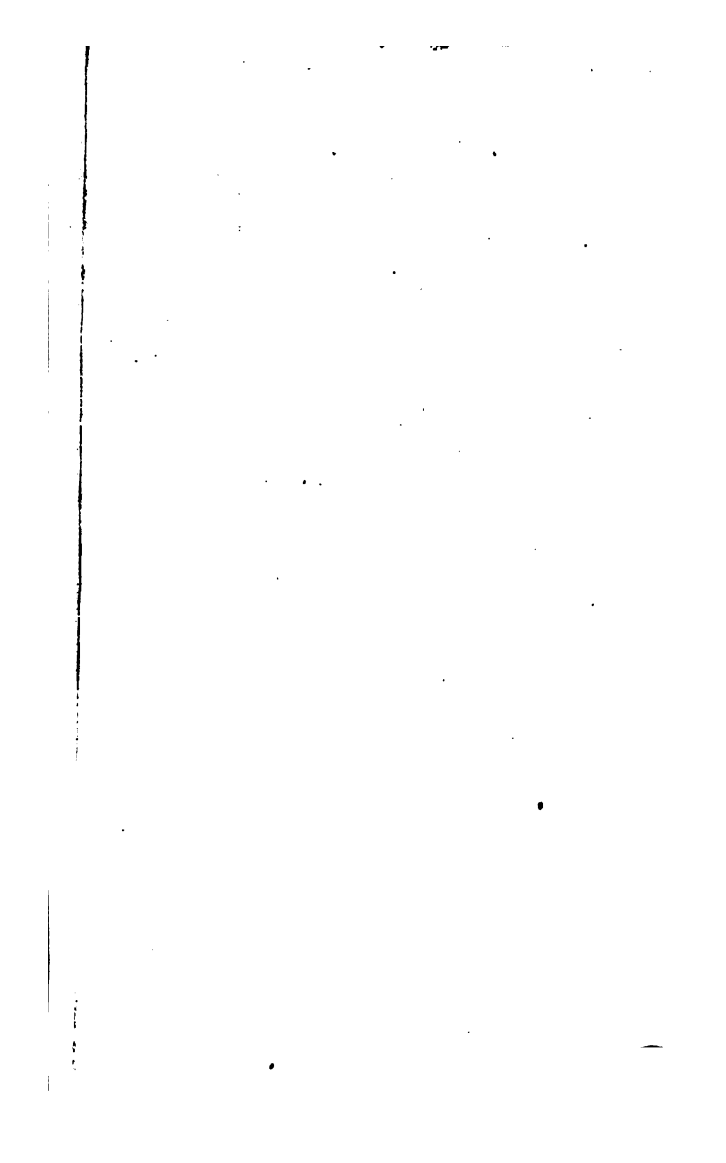


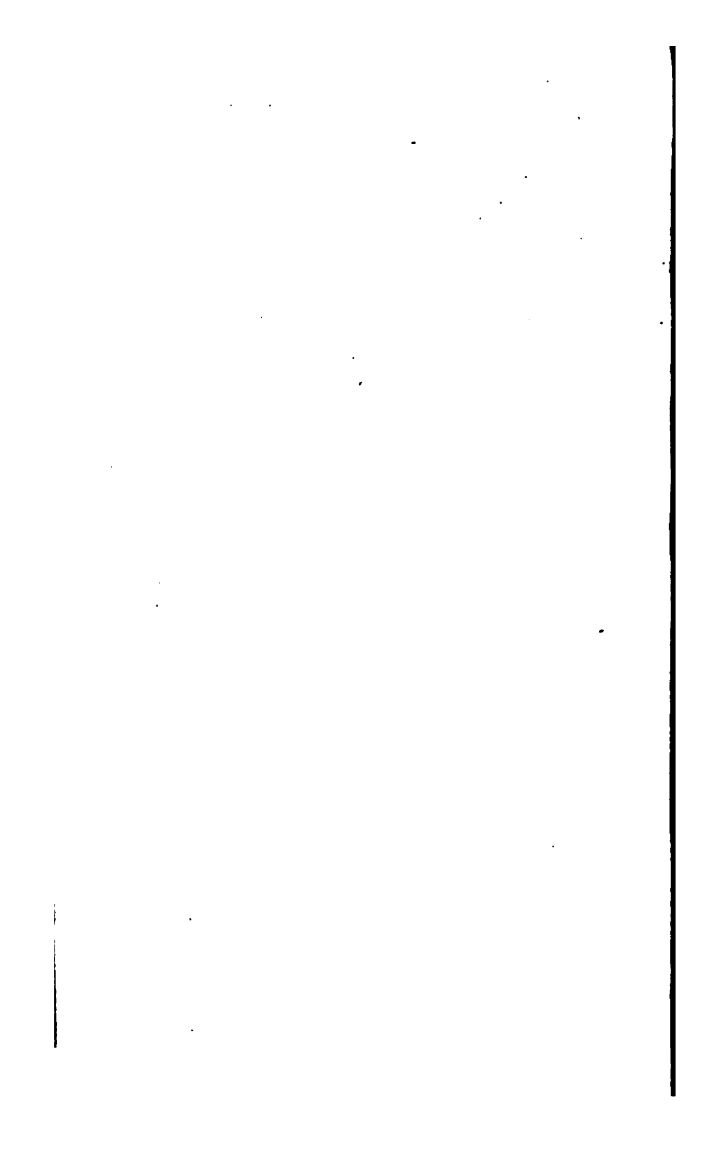
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# P O E M S

BY

*Allan Ramsay.*

---

*Men still are Men, and they who boldly dare,  
Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold Despair.  
We bring some new Materials; and what's old,  
New cast with the Care, and in no borrow'd Mold;  
Late Times the Verse may read, if these refuse,  
And from sower Criticks vindicate the Muse.*

Dr. YOUNG.

---

V O L. II.

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1854  
1854  
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TO THE  
CRITICK.

**S**TAND, Critick, and before ye  
read,  
Say, are ye free of party-fead ;  
Or of a saul sae scrimp and rude,  
To envy every thing that's good ?  
And if I shou'd (perhaps by chance)  
Something that's new and smart advance,  
Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,  
To say 'tis a' confounded stuff ;  
If that's the case, fir, spare your spite,  
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write :  
Gae gie your censure higher scope,  
And *Congreve* criticise, or *Pope* ;  
*Young's* satires, or *Swift's* merry smile,  
These, these are writers worth your while.  
On me your talents wad be lost,  
And tho' you gain a simple boast ;  
I want a reader wha deals fair,  
And not ae real fault will spare ;  
Yet with good humour will allow  
Me praise, when'er 'tis justly due :  
Bless be sic readers——but the rest  
That are with spleen and spite opprest,

*The RAM and BUCK.*

May *Bards* arise to gar them look divine  
To death, with lays the maist divine,  
For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures,  
Are on this globe the crowd of creatures;  
In *Mexiconian* forests fly,  
Thousands that never wing'd our sky:  
'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,  
That in the musick bears the skair,  
Only an imitating ranter,  
For whilk he bears the name of taunter;  
Soon as the sun springs frae the east,  
Upon the branch he cocks his crest,  
Attentive, when frae bough and spray  
The tuncfu' throats salute the day:  
The brainless beau attacks them a',  
No ane escapes him great or sma';  
Frae some, he takes the tone and manner,  
Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,  
Turns love's soft plaint to a dull buffle,  
And sprightly airs to a vile whistle;  
Still labouring thus to counterfeit,  
He shaws the poorness of his wit.  
Anes, when with echoe loud the taunter  
Tret with contempt ilk *native Chanter*,  
Ane of them says, we own 'tis true,  
Few praises to our fangs are due;  
But pray, sir, let s'have ane frae you.

*The RAM and BUCK.*

A Ram, the father of a flock,  
Wha'd mony winters food the flock  
Of northern winds and driving snaw,  
Leading his family in a row,

Throw

## The RAM and BUCK.

Throw wreaths that clad the laigher field,  
And drave them frae the lower bield,  
To crop contented frozen fare,  
With honesty on hills blown bare.  
This ram of upright hardy spirit,  
Was really a horn'd head of merit :  
Unlike him was a neighbouring goat,  
A mean-faul'd, cheating, thieving sot ;  
That tho' posselt of rocks the prime,  
Crown'd with fresh herbs and rowth of thime,  
Yet slave to pilfering ; his delight  
Was to break gardens ilka night,  
And round him steal, and aft destroy  
Even things he never could enjoy ;  
The pleasure of a dirty mind  
That is sae viciously inclin'd.

Upon a borrowing-day, when fleet  
Made twinters and hog-wedders bleet,  
And quake with cauld : behind a ruck  
Met honest Toop and sneaking Buck,  
Frae chin to tail clad with thick hair,  
He bad defiance to thin air ;  
But trusty Toop his fleece had riven,  
When he amang the birns was driven :  
Half naked the brave leader stood,  
His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood ;  
When thus the Goat (that had tint a'  
His credit baith with goat and sma',  
Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain  
New friendship with this worthy gain.)  
Ram, say, shall I give you a part  
Of mine ? I'll do't with all my heart ;  
'Tis yet a lang cauld month to Beltan,  
And ye've a very raggit kelt on ;

## 4 HEALTH: A POEM.

Accept, I pray, what I can spare,  
To clout your doublet with my hair.

No, says the Ram, tho' my coat's torn,  
Yet ken, thou worthless, that I scorn  
To be oblig'd at any price  
To sic as you, whose friendship's vice ;  
I'd have less favour frae the best,  
Clad in a hatefu' hairy vest  
Bestow'd by thee, than as I now  
Stand' but ill dress'd in native woo.  
Boons frae the generous make ane smile,  
Frae miscr'ants make receivers vile.

---

## EPIGRAM.

*On receiving a Present of an Orange from Mrs.  
G. L. now Countess of ABOYNE.*

**N**OW, *Priam's* son, thou may'st be mute,  
For I can blythly boast with thee ;  
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,  
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

---

HEALTH: A POEM. *Inscribed to the  
Right Hon. the Earl of STAIR.*

**B**E'T mine the honour, once again to hear,  
And see the *best of men* for me appear ;  
I'll proudly chant : be dumb, ye vulgar throng,  
*Stair* bids me sing, to him these lays belong ;  
If he approves, who can condemn my song ?

}  
Of

## HEALTH: A POEM.

5

Of health I sing : O health my portion be,  
 And to old age I'll sing, if blest'd by thee.  
 Blessing divine ! heaven's fairest gift to man !  
 Soul of his joys ! and length'ner of his span !  
 His span of life preserv'd with panting breath,  
 Without thy presence proves a ling'ring death.

The victor kings may cause wide nations bow,  
 And half a globe with conqu'ring force subdue ;  
 Bind princes to their axle-trees, and make  
 The wond'ring mob of staring mortals quake :  
 Erect triumphal arches, and obtain  
 The loud huzza from thousands in their train :  
 But if her sweetness balmy health denies,  
 Without delight Pillars or Æneids rise.

*Cosmellius* may on silky twilts repose,  
 And have a num'rous change of finest cloaths ;  
 Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine  
 On *Ortelons*, and sip fine *Tokay* wine.  
 His liver, if an inflammation seize,  
 Or wadding lungs shall make him cough and wheeze,  
 No more he smiles ; nor can his richest toys,  
 Or looking-glass, restore his wonted joys :  
 The rich brocade becomes a toilsome weight,  
 The brilliant gem offends his weakly sight ;  
 Perfumes grow nauseous then, nor can he bear  
 Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.  
 To please his taste the cook attempts in vain,  
 When now each former pleasure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh, or midnight frick,  
 Nor snutty tale, delight the roving rake ;



## 6 HEALTH: A POEM.

When health forsakes him, all diversions tire ;  
 There's nothing pleases, nothing can inspire  
 A blithsome smile ; he shuns the shine of light,  
 And broken slumbers make a weary night.  
 If silent sleep attempts to bring him ease,  
 His watching fancy feels the whole disease :  
 He dreams a mountain lies upon his breast,  
 Or that he flies the fury of some beast ;  
 Sees, at vast distance, guffing from the rocks,  
 The cooling stream—while burning thirst provokes  
 Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,  
 And drag his limbs thro' many a thorny hedge ;  
 Hangs o'er a precipice, or sinks in waves :  
 And all the while he sweats, turns, starts and raves.

How mad's that man, push'd by his passions wild,  
 Who's of his greatest *happiness* beguil'd ;  
 Who seems, whate'er he says, by actions low,  
 To court *disease*, our pleasure's greatest foe !

From *Paris*, deeply skill'd in nice ragoos,  
 In oleos, salmongundies and hogoes,  
*Montanus* sends for cooks, that his large board  
 May all invented luxury afford :  
 Health's never minded, while the appetite  
 Devours the spicy death with much delight.  
 Mean time king *Arthur's* fav'ry knighted loyn  
 Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join  
 The marinated smelt and sturgeon joles,  
 Soup vermacell, foug'd turbet, cray and foals,  
 Fowls *a la daube*, and omelet of eggs,  
 The smother'd coney, and bak'd padocks legs,  
 Pallets a bisk, and orangedo pye,  
 The larded peacock, and the *Taits de Moy*,

The

The collar'd veal, and pike in cassorole,  
 Pigs *a la Braise*, the tansy and brusole;  
 With many a hundred costly mingled dish,  
 Wherein the moiety of flesh or fish  
 Is wholly lost, and vitiate as the taste  
 Of them who eat the dangerous repast;  
 Until the feeble stomach's over-cram'd,  
 The fibres weaken'd, and the blood inflam'd.  
 What aking heads, what spleen, and drowzy eyes,  
 From undigested crudities arise!  
 But when *Montano's* paunch is over-cloy'd,  
 The *Bagnio*, or *Emetick* wine's employ'd.  
 These he imagines methods the most sure,  
 After a surfeit, to complete a cure:  
 But never dreams how much the balm of life  
 Is wasted by this forc'd unnat'ral strife.  
 Thus peuther vessel must by scouring wear,  
 While plate, more free from dross, continues clear.  
 Long unconsum'd the oak can bear the beams,  
 Or lie for ages firm beneath the streams;  
 But when alternately the rain and rays,  
 Now dash, then dry the plank, it soon decays.  
 Luxurious man! altho' thou'rt blest with wealth,  
 Why shouldst thou use it to destroy thy health?

Copy *Mellantius*, if you'd learn the art  
 To feast your friends, and keep their souls alart;  
 One good substantial *British* dish or two,  
 Which sweetly in their natural juices flow,  
 Only appear. And here no danger's found  
 To tempt the appetite beyond its bound;  
 And you may eat, or not, as you incline;  
 And, as you please, drink water, beer, or wine.

8     H E A L T H :     A   P O E M .

Here hunger's safe, and gratefully appeas'd,  
The spleen's forbid, and all the spirits rais'd,  
And guests arise regal'd, refresh'd and pleas'd.

*Grumaldo* views, from rais'd parterres around,  
A thousand acres of fat furrow'd ground,  
And all his own;—but these no pleasure yield,  
While spleen hangs as a fog o'er every field:  
The lovely landskip clad with gilded corn,  
The banks and meads which flowers and groves  
adorn,

No relish have; his envious sullen mind,  
Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind:  
Something he wants which always flies his reach,  
Which makes him groan beneath his spreading beach.  
When all of nature, silent, seems to shun  
Their cares, and nod till the returning sun,  
His envious thoughts forbid refreshing sleep,  
And on the rack his hopeless wishes keep:  
Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies,  
With skinny cheek, pale lips, and blood-run eyes.  
Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks agast,  
And tasteless loaths the nourishing repast:  
Meager disease an easy passage finds,  
Where joy's debarr'd, in such corroded minds.  
Such take no care the springs of life to save,  
Neglect their health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay *Myrtle*, who with chearful air,  
Less envious, tho' less rich, no slave to care,  
Thinks what he has enough, and scorns to fret,  
While he sees thousands less oblig'd to fate,  
And oftner from his station casts his eye  
On those below him, than on them more high:  
Thus envy finds no access to his breast,  
To sow'r his gen'rous joys, or break his rest.

He

He studies to do actions just and kind,  
 Which with the best reflections cheer the mind:  
 Which is the first preservative of health,  
 To be prefer'd to grandeur, pride and wealth.  
 Let all who would pretend to common sense,  
 'Gainst pride and envy still be on defence.  
 Who love their health, nor would their joys controul,  
 Let them ne'er nurse such furies in their soul.

Nor wait on strolling *Phimos* to the stews,  
*Phimos*, who by his livid colour shews  
 Him load with vile diseases, which are fixt  
 Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt.  
 Does that man wear the image of his God,  
 Who drives to death on such an ugly road?  
 Behold him clad, like any bright bridegroom,  
 In richest labours of the *British* loom;  
 Embroider'd o'er with gold, whilst lace or lawn  
 Waves down his breast, and ruffles o'er his hand,  
 Set off with art, while vilely he employs  
 In sinks of death, for low dear purchas'd joys.  
 He grasps the blasted shadow of the fair,  
 Whose sickly look, vile breath, and falling hair,  
 The flag'd embrace, and mercenary squeeze,  
 The twangs of guilt, and terrors of disease,  
 Might warn him to beware, if wild desire  
 Had not set all his thoughtless soul in fire.  
 O poor mistaken youth! to drain thy purse,  
 To gain the most malignant human curse!  
 Think on thy flannel, and mercurial dose,  
 And future pains, to save thy nerve and nose.  
 Think, heedless wight, how thy infected veins  
 May plague thee many a day with loathsome pains,  
 When the *French* foe his woeful way has made,  
 And all within has dire detachments laid;

There

10 HEALTH: A PÆM.

There long may lurk, and, with destruction keen,  
 Do horrid havock ere the symptom's seen.  
 But learn to dread the poisonous disease,  
 When heaviness and spleen thy spirits seize ;  
 When feeble limbs to serve thee will decline,  
 And languid eyes no more with sparkles shine ;  
 The roses from thy cheek will blasted fade,  
 And leave a dull complexion like the lead :  
 Then, then expect the terrible attack  
 Upon thy head, thy conduit, nose and back ;  
 Pains through thy shoulders, arms, and throat and  
 thins,

Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy sins.  
 How frightful is the loss, and the disgrace,  
 When it destroys the beauties of the face !  
 When the arch'd nose in rotten ruin lies,  
 And all the venom flames around the eyes ;  
 When th' *Uvula* has got its mortal wound,  
 And tongue and lips form words without a found ;  
 When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,  
 Through ulcerated tags of muscles stare.

But vain we sing instruction to his ear,  
 Who's no more slave to reason than to fear ;  
 Hurried by passion, and o'ercome with wine,  
 He rushes headlong on his vile design :  
 The nauseous *Bolus*, and the bitter pill,  
 A mouth of spitting, and the surgeon's bill,  
 Are now forgot, whilst he——But here 'tis best  
 To let the curtain drop, and hide the rest  
 Of the coarse scene, too shocking for the sight  
 Of modest eyes and ears, that take delight  
 To hear with pleasure *Urban's* praises sung,  
*Urban* the kind, the prudent, gay and young,

Who

Who moves a man, and wears a rosy smile,  
That can the fairest of a heart beguile :  
A virtuous love delights him with its grace,  
Which soon he'll find in *Myra's* lov'd embrace,  
Enjoying health with all its lovely train  
Of joys, free from remorse, or shame or pain.

But *Talpo* sighs with matrimonial cares,  
His cheeks wear wrinkles, silver grow his hairs ;  
Before old age, his health decays apace,  
And very rarely smiles clear up his face.  
*Talpo's* a fool, there's hardly help for that,  
He scarcely knows himself what he'd be at :  
He's avaritious to the last degree,  
And thinks his wife and children make too free  
With his dear idol ; this creates his pain,  
And breeds convulsions in his narrow brain.  
He always startled at approaching fate,  
And often jealous of his virtuous mate ;  
Is ever anxious, shuns his friends, to save :  
Thus soon he'll fret himself into a grave ;  
There let him rot—worthless the muse's lays,  
Who never read one poem in his days.

I sing to *Marlus, Marlus* who regards  
The well-meant verse, and gen'rously rewards  
The poet's care ; observe now, if you can,  
Ought in his carriage, does not speak the man :  
To him his many a winter wedded wife  
Appears the greatest solace of his life.  
He views his offspring with indulgent love,  
Who his superior conduct all approve.  
Smooth glide his hours ; at fifty he's less old  
Than some who have not half the number told.

12 HEALTH: A POEM.

The chearing glass he with right friends can share,  
 But shuns the deep debauch with cautious care.  
 His sleeps are sound, he sees the morning rise,  
 And lifts his face with pleasure to the skies ;  
 And quaffs the health that's born on *Zephyr's* wings,  
 Or gushes from the rock in limpid springs.  
 From fragrant plains he gains the chearing smell,  
 While ruddy beams all distant dumps repell.  
 The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd,  
 Enjoying health, with sweetness seems adorn'd :  
 To him the whistling ploughman's artless tune,  
 The bleating flocks, the oxens hollow crune,  
 The warbling notes of the small chirping throng,  
 Delight him more than the *Italian* song.  
 To him the cheapest dish of rural fare,  
 And water cool in place of wine more rare,  
 Shall prove a feast. On straw he'll find more ease  
 Than on the down, even with the least disease.

Whoever's tempted to transgress the line  
 By moderation fix'd to enlivening wine,  
 View *Macro*, wasted long before his time,  
 Whose head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid  
 crime.

The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,  
 As witnesses upon his face are fixt.  
 A constant fever wastes his strength away,  
 And limbs enervate gradually decay :  
 The gout and palsy follow in the rear,  
 And make his being burthensome to bear :  
 His squeamish stomach loaths the savory fey,  
 And nought but liquids now can find their way  
 To animate his strength, which daily flies,  
 'Till the young drunkard's past all hope, and dies.  
 To

To practise what we preach, O goddess born!  
 Assist thy slave, lest *Bacchanalians* scorn  
 Thy inspiration, if the tempting grape  
 Shall form the hollow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched misers, who repine,  
 And wish there were not such a juice as wine,  
 Imagine here that we are so profane  
 To think that heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain:  
 No; since there's plenty, cups may sparkling flow,  
 And we may drink 'till our rais'd spirits glow.  
 They will befriend our health, while chearful rounds  
 Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.  
 Fools should not drink, I own, who still wish more,  
 And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.  
 Dear *Britons*, let no morning-drinks deceive  
 Your appetites, which else at noon would crave  
 Such proper aliments, as can support  
 At even your hearty bottle, health and sport.

Next view we sloth (too oft the child of wealth),  
 A seeming friend, but real foe to health.  
*Lethargus* lolls his lazy hours away,  
 His eyes are drowsy, and his lips are blue;  
 His soft enfeebl'd hands supinely hing,  
 And shaking knees unus'd, together cling;  
 Close by the fire his easy-chair too stands,  
 In which all day he snotters, nods and yawns.  
 Sometimes he'll drone at piquet, hoping gain,  
 But you must deal his cards, that's too much pain,  
 He speaks but seldom, puffs at every pause,  
 Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws:  
 Nor must his friends discourse above their breath,  
 For the least noise stounds through his ears like  
 death.



14 HEALTH: A POEM.

He causes stop each cranny in his room,  
 And heaps on cloaths, to save him from the rheum :  
 Free air he dreads as his most dangerous foe,  
 And trembles at the sight of ice or snow.  
 The warming-pan each night glows o'er his sheets,  
 Then he beneath a load of blankets sweats ;  
 The which (instead of shutting) opes the door,  
 And lets in cold at each dilated pore.  
 Thus does the sluggard health and vigour waste,  
 With heavy indolence ; 'till at the last,  
 Sciatick, jaundice, dropsy, or the stone,  
 Alternate makes the lazy lubbard groan.

• But active *Hilaris* much rather loves,  
 With eager stride, to trace the wilds and groves ;  
 To start the covey, or the bounding roe,  
 Or work destructive *Reynard's* overthrow :  
 The race delights him, horses are his care,  
 And a stout ambling pad his easiest chair.  
 Sometimes, to firm his nerves, he'll plung the deep,  
 And with expanded arms the billows sweep :  
 Then on the links, or in the estler walls,  
 He drives the gowff, or strikes the tennis-balls.  
 From ice with pleasure he can brash the snow,  
 And run rejoicing with his curling throw ;  
 Or send the whizzing arrow from the string,  
 A manly game\*, which by itself I sing.  
 Thus cheerfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game,  
 Nor mind the northern blast, or southern flame.  
 East winds may blow, and sullen fogs may fall,  
 But his hale constitution's proof to all.  
 He knows no change of weather by a corn,  
 Nor minds the black, the blue, or ruddy morn.

\* A poem on seeing the archers playing at the rovers.

Here let no youth extravagantly given,  
 Who values neither gold, nor health, nor heaven,  
 Think that our song encourages the crime  
 Of setting deep, or wasting too much time  
 On furious game; which makes the passions boil,  
 And the fair mean of health a weak'ning toil,  
 By violence excessive, or the pain  
 Which ruin'd losers ever must sustain.

Our *Hilaris* despises wealth so won;  
 Nor does he love to be himself undone;  
 But from his sport can with a smile retire,  
 And warm his genius at *Apollo's* fire;  
 Find useful learning in the inspired strains,  
 And blest the generous poet for his pains.  
 Thus he by literature and exercise,  
 Improves his soul, and wards off each disease.

Health's op'ner foes we've taken care to show,  
 Which make diseases in full torrents flow:  
 But when these ills intrude, do what we will,  
 Then hope for health from *Clark's* approv'n skill;  
 To such well seen in nature's darker laws,  
 That for disorders can assign a cause,  
 Who know the virtues of salubrious plants,  
 And what each different constitution wants,  
 Apply for health.—But shun the vagrant quack,  
 Who gulls the crowd with *Andrew's* comick clack;  
 Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,  
 His *Anodynes*, elixirs, tinctures, pills,  
 Who rarely ever cures, but often kills,  
 Nor trust thy life to the old woman's charms,  
 Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,  
 Which they pretend will purple fevers cool;  
 And thus impose on some believing fool.

When

When agues shake, or fevers raise a flame,  
 Let your physician be a man of fame,  
 Of well-known learning, and in good respect  
 For prudence, honour, and a mind erect:  
 Nor scripply save from what's to merit due;  
 He saves your whole estate who succours you.

Be grateful, *Britons*, for your temp'rate beams,  
 Your fertile plains, green hills, and silver streams,  
 O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead,  
 Where rise green heights, where herds in millions  
 feed:

Here useful plenty mitigates our care,  
 And health with freshest sweets embalms the air.

Upon those shores, where months of circling rays  
 Glance feebly on the snow, and frozen bays;  
 Where, wrapt in fur, the starving *Lapland* brood  
 Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood;  
 Here meagre want, in all its pinching forms,  
 Combines with lengthen'd night and bleakest storms,  
 To combat joyful health and calm repose,  
 Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great ruler of the day,  
 Bear me to *Weygate*, or to *Hudson's* bay,  
 Than scorch me on those dry and blasted plains,  
 Where rays direct inflame the boiling veins  
 Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe  
 A thicken'd air, with pestilential death;  
 Where range out o'er th' unhospitable wastes,  
 The hunger-edg'd and fierce devouring beasts;  
 Where serpents crawl, which sure destruction bring,  
 Or in the envenom'd tooth or forked sting;  
 Where fleeting sands ne'er yield t' industrious toil  
 The golden sheaf, or plants for wine and oil:

Health

Health must be here a stranger, where the rage  
Of sev'rish beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

Ye *Dutch*, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boast,  
And war with *Neptune* for a sandy coast,  
Whilst frighted by these deep tumultuous powers,  
You scarce dare sleep in your subaqueous bowers:  
Raise high your beds, and thun your croaking frogs,  
And battle with tobacco-smoak your fogs;  
Soak on your stoves, with spirits charge your veins,  
To ward off agues and rheumatic pains.

Let the proud *Spaniard* strut on naked hills,  
And vainly trace the plain for cristal rills,  
Starve on a fallad, or a garlick-head,  
Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread;  
Be sow'r, and jealous of his friend and wife,  
'Till want and spleen cut short his thread of life.

Whilst we on our auspicious island find  
Whate'er can please the sense, or cheer the mind.  
Blest *Queen of Isles!* with a devout regard,  
Allow me to kneel down and kiss thy sword,  
Thy flow'ry sword, and offer heaven a vow,  
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due;  
If e'er I from thy *healthful* limits stray,  
Or by a wish, or word, a thought betray  
Against thy int'rest, or thy fair renown,  
May never *Daphne* furnish me a crown;  
Nor may the first-rate judges of our isle,  
Or read or on my blythesome numbers smile.

*Thalia* here, sweet as the light, retir'd,  
Commanding me to sing what she'd inspir'd,  
And never mind the glooming criticks bray;  
The song was her's—she spoke—and I obey.

**ROBERT, RICHY, and SANDY: A**  
*Pastoral on the Death of MATTHEW*  
**PRIOR, Esq; Inscribed to the Right Hon.**  
*Person designed by the Old \* SHEPHERD.*

**R**OBERT the good, by a' the swains rever'd,  
 Wife are his words, like filler is his beard:  
 Near sixty shining summers he has seen,  
 Tenting his hirsle on the *Moor-land* green:  
 Unshaken yet with mony a winter's wind,  
 Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.  
 But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see  
 Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.  
 By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,  
 That he may scow<sup>h</sup> to a' his mourning len:  
 Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers  
 Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears;  
 Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,  
 Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld  
 man:  
 Kind *Richy Spec*, a friend to a' distrest,  
 And *Sandy*, wha of shepherds sings the best;  
 With friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he  
 mourn'd,  
 He rais'd his head, and fighting thus return'd.

R O B E R T.

O *Matt!* poor *Matt!*—My lads, e'en take a skair  
 Of a' my grief;—sweet-singing *Matt's* nae mair.  
 Ah heavens! did e'er this lyart head of mine  
 Think to have seen the cauldribe mools on thine!

\* Robert late Earl of Oxford,

R I C H Y.

*A Pastoral on the Death of M. Prior.* 19

R I C H Y.

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,  
His dog its lane fat yowling on a brae;  
I cry'd, *Isk-isk*—poor *Ringwood*—fairy man;  
He wag'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my hand;  
I clap'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;  
But soon's I gade away, he youl'd again.  
Poor kindly beast. Ah, firs! how sic should be  
Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

S A N D Y.

Last oak I dream'd my tupe that bears the bell,  
And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,  
And brak his leg.—I started frae my bed,  
Awak'd, and leugh.—Ah! now my dream it's red.  
How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,  
Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!  
Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;  
Dear sweet-tongu'd *Matt*, thousands shall greet for  
thee.

R O B E R T.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear  
Ye shed for him; he to us a' was dear:  
*Sandy*, I'm eas'd to see thee look fae wan;  
*Ricby*, thy figs bespeak the kindly man.

R I C H Y.

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,  
Since frae our heights \* *Eddie* was tane awa':  
Fast *Matt* has follow'd.—Of sic twa bereft,  
To smooch our fauls, alake! wha have we left!

\* Secretary Addison, whose obsequies are sung in a Scots pastoral, vol. I. p. 172.

20 *A Poëmal on the Death of M. Prior.*

Waes me! o'er short a tack of sic is given,  
But wha may contradict the will of heaven?  
Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale  
Sing o'er his fangs, and tell his merry tale.  
Last year I had a stately tail ash-tree,  
Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me;  
I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae  
(Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae:  
But æ rough night the blat'ring winds blew snell,  
Torn frae its roots, adown it fouchan fell;  
Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeless lay,  
Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.  
Sae flourish'd *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell  
How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

S A N D Y.

How snackly con'd he gi'e a fool reproof,  
E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof?  
How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,  
By auld *Purgant*, and the *Dutchman's* ring?  
And *Lucky's filler ladle* shaws how aft  
Our greatest wishes are but vain and daft.  
The wade-be wits, he bade them a' but pap  
Their crazy heads into *Tam Timman's* shap;  
'I here they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells  
Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themfells.  
Thousands of things he wittily cou'd say,  
With fancy strang, and saul as clear as day;  
Smart were his tales: but where's the tongue can tell  
How blith he was? how much lamented fell?

R I C H Y.

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise,  
Our laird himsell wa'd aft take his advice,

E'en

*A Pastoral on the Death of M. Prior.* 21

E'en cheek for chew he'd feat him 'mang them a',  
And tak his mind 'bout kittle points of law.  
When \* clan *Red-yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,  
Had skaild of ours, but mair of his ain blood;  
When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,  
Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house:  
Yet lady *Anne*, a woman meek and kind,  
A fae to wiers, and of a peacefu' mind,  
Since mony in the fray had got their dead,<sup>ni</sup>  
To make the peace, our friend was sent wi' <sup>ni</sup> speed.  
The very faes had for him just regard,  
Tho' fair he jib'd their † foremast singing bard.  
Careful was *Matt*: but where's the tongue can tell  
How wise he was? how much lamented fell?

*S A N D Y.*

Wha cou'd, like him, in a short sang define  
The bonny lass, and her young lover's pine!  
I'll ne'er forget that ane he made on *May*,  
Wha brang the poor blate *Symie* to his clay;  
To gratifie the paughty wench's pride,  
The silly shepherd *bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd*.  
Sic constant lasses as the *Nit-brown Maid*,  
Shall never want just praises duly paid;  
Sic claim'd his sang, and still it was his care  
With pleasing words to guide and ruse the fair.  
How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,  
Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;  
Nae word stood wrang: but where's the tongue can  
tell  
How soft he sung? how much lamented fell?

\* Lewis XIV. King of France.

† Boileau, whose ode on the taking Namur by the French  
in 1692 he burlesqu'd, on its being retaken by the British in  
1695.



22 *A Pastoral on the Death of M. Prior.*

R I C H Y.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,  
A minifter nae better cou'd behave ;  
Far out of fight of sic he aften flew,  
When he of haly wonders took a view.  
Well cou'd he praise the power that made us a',  
And bids us in return but tent his law ;  
Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,  
With thousand times mair care than we our sheep.  
While he of pleasure, power and wisdom sang,  
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang :  
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,  
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.  
He tow'r'd aboon : but ah ! what tongue can tell  
How high he flew ? how much lamented fell ?

R O B E R T.

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,  
Wha ha'e sae true a feeling of our skaith :  
O *Sandy*, draw his likeness in smooth verse,  
As weel ye can ;—then shepherds shall rehearse  
His merit, while the sun mets out the day,  
While ewes shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are past,  
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast :  
Come to my shiel, and let's forget our care,  
I dinna want a rowth of country-fare,  
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair. }  
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,  
As good as ever wuifh a shepherd's lip ;  
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain, }  
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain :  
Come, help me up—yon sooty cloud shores rain. }

To Mr. P O P E.

**T**HREE times I've read your *Iliad* o'er;  
 The first time pleas'd me *well*;  
 New beauties unobserv'd before,  
 Next pleas'd me *better* still.  
 Again I try'd to find a flaw,  
 Exam'n'd ilka line;  
 The third time pleas'd me *best* of a',  
 The labour seem'd divine.  
 Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,  
 On dazzling rays to stare,  
 Lest I should tine dear self-conceit,  
 And read and write nae mair.

EPISTLE to the Honourable DUNCAN  
 FORBES, Lord Advocate.

**S**HUT in a closet six foot square,  
 No fash'd with meikle wealth or care,  
 I pass the live-lang day;  
 Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,  
 Which will attend me to my grave,  
 Sic busked baits they lay.

These keep my fancy on the wing,  
 Something that's blyth and snack to sing,  
 And smooth the runkled brow:  
 Thus care I happily beguile,  
 Hoping a plaudit and a smile,  
 Frae best of men, like you.

24 *To the Honourable* Duncan Forbes.

You, wha in kittle casts of state,  
When property demands debate,  
Can right what is dung wrang;  
Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,  
Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit  
And slidness of a sang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,  
Whafe minds gae wand'ring through a mist,  
Proud as the thief in hell,  
Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle-fowk,  
'Cause chance gies them of gear the yowk,  
And better chieils the shell?

I've seen a we'an aft vex itsell,  
And greet, because it was not tall:  
Heez'd on a board, O than I  
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,  
How smirky look'd the little wight!  
And thought itsell a man.

Sic bairns are some blawn up a wee  
With splendor, wealth and quality,  
Upon these stilts grown vain;  
They o'er the pows of poor fowk stride,  
And neither aye to had nor bide,  
Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a puff,  
What gars thee look sae big and bluff?  
Is't an attending menzie?  
Or fifty dishes on your table?  
Or fifty horses in your stable?  
Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are

To the Honourable Duncan Forbes. 25

Are these the things thou ca's thyself?  
Come, vain gigantick shadow, tell,  
If thou sayest, yes—I'll shaw  
Thy picture.—Means thy filly mind,  
Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,  
And love worth nought ava.

Accept our praise, ye nobly born,  
Whom heaven takes pleasure to adorn  
With ilka manly gift;  
In *Courts* or *Camps* to serve your nation,  
Warm'd with that generous emulation  
Which your forbears did lift.

In duty, with delight, to you  
Th' inferior world do justly bow,  
While you're the maist deny'd:  
Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd,  
When struting nathings are despis'd  
With a' their stinkan pride.

This to set aff as I am able,  
I'll frae a *Frenchman* thigg a fable,  
' ' And busk it in a plaid:  
And tho' it be a bairn of \* *Motte's*,  
When I have taught it to speak *Scotts*,  
I am its second dad.

' Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,  
' The tane a gilded *Turky* fop,  
' The tither's face was weather-beaten,  
' And cas-skin jacket fair worm eaten.

\* *Mons. la Motte*, who has written lately a curious collection of fables, from which the following is imitated.

' The

## 26 To the Honourable Duncan Forbes:

- The corky, proud of his braw suit,
- Curl'd up his nose, and thus cry'd out,
- Ah! place me on some fresher binks:
- Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!
- How can a gentle book like me
- Endure sic scoundrel company?
- What may fowk say to see me cling
- Sae close to this auld ugly thing;
- But that I'm of a simple spirit,
- And difregard my proper merit?

- Quoth gray-baird, *Whisht, fir, with your din,*
- *For a' your meritorious skin,*
- *I doubt if you be worth within.*
- *For as auld-fashion'd as I look,*
- *May be I am the better book.*

- O heavens! I canna thole the clash
- Of this impertinent auld hash;
- I winna stay ae moment langer.
- *My lord, please to command your anger;*
- *Pray only let me tell you that——*
- What wad this insolent be at!
- Rot out your tongue——pray, master *Symer,*
- Remove me frae this dinsome *rbimer* :
- If you regard your reputation,
- And us of a dittinguish'd station,
- Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
- For with his stour and stink I'm worried.

- Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,
- When in a customer did pap;
- He up douse *Stanza* lifts, and eyes him,
- Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him :

• *This*

- *This book, said he, is good and scarce,*
- *The soul of sense in sweetest verse.*
- *But reading title of gilt cleathing,*
- *Cries, Gods! who buys this bonny naitbing?*
- *Nought duller e'er was put in print :*
- *Wow! what a deal of Turkey's tint!*

Now, fir, t' apply what we've invented,  
You are the buyer represented ;  
And, may your servant hope  
My lays shall merit your regard,  
I'll thank the gods for my reward,  
And smile at ilka fop.

---

*The CLOCK and DIAL.*

**A**E day a *Clock* wad brag a *Dial*,  
And put his qualities to trial ;  
Spake to him thus, — *My neighbour, pray,*  
*Can'st tell me what's the time of day ?*  
The *Dial* said, ' I dinna ken. ' —  
*Alake ! what stand ye there for then ?* —  
' I wait here till the sun shines bright,  
' For nought I ken but by his light : '  
*Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help,*  
*Baith night and day my lane I skelp ;*  
*Wind up my weights but anes a-week,*  
*Without him I can gang and speak :*  
*Nor like an usefess sumph I stand,*  
*But constantly wheel round my hand :*  
*Hark, bark, I strike just now the hour ;*  
*And I am right, ane—two—three—four.*

While

28      *An Ode to the Memory of*

Whilst thus the *Clock* was boasting loud,  
 The bleezing sun brak throw a cloud;  
 The *Dial*, faithfu' to his guide,  
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:  
 ' Ye see, *said he*, I've dung you fair,  
 ' 'Tis four hours and three quarters naier.  
 ' My friend, *be added*, count again,  
 ' And learn a wee to be less vain:  
 ' Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,  
 ' And that you answers never want;  
 ' For you're not ay to be believ'd:  
 ' Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.  
 ' Be counsell'd to behave like me;  
 ' For when I dinna clearly see,  
 ' I always own I dinna ken,  
 ' And that's the way of wisest men.'

*An Ode to the Memory of Lady MARGARET ANSTRUTHER.*

ALL in her bloom the graceful fair,  
*Lucinda*, leaves this mortal round;  
 Her loss a thousand mourners share,  
 And beauty feels the cruel wound.  
 Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,  
 Viewing her rosy cheeks all cold and pale.

Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,  
 Which decks the heavens, and guides the main;  
 When clouds obscure its glorious light,  
 It leaves the gloomy world in pain.  
 So sudden death has vail'd *Lucinda's* eyes,  
 And left us lost in darkness and surprise.

Nor

*Lady MARGARET ANSTRUTHER.* 29

Nor sweetness, beauty, youth nor wealth,  
Nor blood, tho' nobly high it springs;  
Not virtue's self can purchase health,  
When death severe his summon brings:  
Else might the fair *Lucinda*, young and gay,  
Have blest the world with a much longer stay.

But say, sweet shade, was it thy choice  
To leave this low, unconstant globe;  
Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noise,  
Thou wisely dropt thy human robe?  
Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,  
Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?

Yes, well we know it is your way,  
When here below such beings shine,  
To grudge us even our earthly clay,  
Which form'd like her becomes divine.  
Such you demand, and free from cares and fears,  
Unmindful of our fruitless sighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to human kind,  
The lonely comfort to attend;  
O sooth the anguish of his mind,  
And let his killing sorrows end.  
Tell him, his sighs and mourning to assuage,  
Each day she dwelt with him was worth an age.

Ye lovely virgins who excel,  
Ye fair to whom such strains belong,  
In melting note her beauties tell,  
And weep her virtues in a song:  
See that ye place her merit in true light;  
For singing her's your own will shine more bright.

Let



30 Elegy on James Lord Carnegie.

Let east and west, and south and north,  
Aloud the mournful musick hear,  
How beauty's fal'n beyond the *Forth*;  
Let *Britain's* genius cypress wear.  
Yet *Britain's* happy, who such beauty yields,  
As forc'd from her's will grace *Elysium's* fields.

---

Elegy on the Right Honourable JAMES Lord  
CARNEGIE, who died the 7th of Janu-  
ary 1722, the eighth Year of his Age.

AS poets feign, and painters draw,  
Love and the *Paphian* bride;  
Sae we the fair *Soubeska* saw,  
Carnegie by her side.

Now sever'd frae his sweets by death,  
Her grief wha can express?  
What muse can tell the waefu' skaith,  
Or mother's deep distress!

Sae roses wither in their buds,  
Kill'd by an eastlen blast,  
And sweetest dawns in *May* with clouds  
And storms are soon o'ercast.

Ah checquer'd life! Ae day gives joy,  
The niest our hearts maun bleed:  
Heaven caus'd a seraph turn a boy,  
Now gars us trow he's dead.

Wha

## Elegy on James Lord Carnegie. 31

Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,  
The sweetness of his tongue,  
His manly looks, his lovely face,  
And judgment ripe sae young ;

And yet forbear to make a doubt,  
As did the Royal Swain,  
When he with grief of heart cry'd out,  
*That man was made in vain ?*

Mortals the ways of providence  
But very scrimply scan ;  
The changing scene eludes the sense  
And reasonings of man.

How mony thousands ilka year,  
Of hopefu' children, crave  
Our love and care, then disappear,  
To glut a gaping grave.

What is this grave ? a wardrobe poor,  
Which hads our rotting duds ;  
Th' immortal mind, serene and pure,  
Is cleath'd aboon the clouds.

Then cease to grieve, dejected fair,  
You had him but in trust ;  
He was your beauteous son, your heir,  
Yet still ae haff was dust.

The other to its native skies  
Now wings its happy way ;  
With glorious speed and joy he flies,  
There blessfully to stray.

32 *An ODE to the Memory of*

*Carnegie* then but changes clay,  
For fair celestial rays :  
He mounts up to eternal day,  
And, as he parts, he says,  
*Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate ;*  
*These rushing tears are vain, they flow too late.*  
This said, he hasted hence with pleasing joy ;  
I saw the gods embrace their darling boy.

---

*An Ode, sacred to the Memory of the Right*  
*Hon. ANNE Lady GAIRLIES.*

**H**OW vain are our attempts to know ?  
How poor, alas ! is reason's skill ?  
We blindly wander here below,  
Yet fondly search heaven's secret will.  
Each day we see the young, the great, the small,  
The good, the bad, without distinction, fall.

Yet such as have the rest out-shin'd,  
We should be faulty to neglect ;  
Each grace of beautiful *Gairlie's* mind  
Deserves the muse's high respect.  
But how shall she such worth and goodness paint ?  
A loving daughter, virtuous wife, and saint !

Some seraph, who in endless day  
With themes sublime employs the lyre,  
Dart in my breast a shining ray,  
And all my soul with her inspire ;  
Else sing yourselves so fair a frame and mind,  
As now supplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious sun admire,  
 Whose beams make ev'ry joy arise,  
 Yet dare not view the dazzling fire,  
 Without much hazarding our eyes;  
 So did her beauties ev'ry heart allure,  
 While her bright virtues kill'd each thought impure.

She breath'd more sweetness than the east,  
 While ev'ry sentence was divine;  
 Her smiles could calm each jarring breast;  
 Her soul was a celestial mine,  
 Where all the precious veins of virtue lay;  
 Too vast a treasure long to lodge in clay.

Tho' sprung from an \*heroick race,  
 Which from the world respect does claim,  
 Yet wanted she no borrow'd grace,  
 Her own demands immortal fame:  
 Worthy as those who shun the vulgar roads,  
 Start from the crowd, and rise amongst the gods,

Such pains as weaker minds possess,  
 Could in her breast no access find;  
 But lowly meekness did confess  
 A steady and superior mind.  
 Unmov'd she bore those honours due the great,  
 Nor could have been depress'd with a more humble  
 fate.

As to the fields the huntsman hies,  
 With joyful shouts he wakes the morn;  
 While nature smiles, serene the skies,  
 Swift fly his hounds, shrill blows his horn:  
 When suddenly the thund'ring cloud pours rain,  
 Defaces day, and drives him from the plain.

\* She was daughter of the Earl Marshal of Scotland.

34 *The Lovely Lads and the Mirror.*

Thus young *Brigantius*' circling arms  
Grap'd all that's lovely to his heart,  
Rejoic'd o'er his dear *Anna*'s charms,  
But not expecting soon to part ;  
When rigid fate, for reasons known above,  
Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

Ah, *Garlies* ! once the happiest man,  
Than e'er before *Brigantine* chief,  
Now sever'd from your lovely *Anne*,  
'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief :  
Yet mind what you might often from her hear,  
What heaven designs, submissive we should bear.

Oh ! ne'er forget that tender care,  
Those heaven-born thoughts she did employ,  
To point those ways how you may share  
Above with her immortal joy.  
Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,  
Even angels need not blush to imitate.

---

*The Lovely Lads and the Mirror.*

A Nymph with ilka beauty grac'd,  
Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,  
Where the leal-hearted *Looking-glass*  
With *truths* address the lovely *Lads* ; —  
To do ye justice, heavenly fair,  
Amass in charms ye may compare  
With *Venus*' fell — But mind *amass* :  
For tho' you're happily possess  
Of ilka grace which claims respect,  
Yet I see faults ye should correct ;

I own they only trifles are,  
 Yet of Importance to the fair.  
 What signifies that patch o'er braid,  
 With which your rosy cheek's o'erlaid?  
 Your natural beauties you beguile,  
 By that too much affected smile:  
 Soften that look——move ay with ease,  
 And you can never fail to please.

Those kind advices she approv'd,  
 And mair her monitor she lov'd;  
 'Till in came visitants a threave:  
 To entertain them, she maun leave  
 Her *Looking-glass*.—They flectching praise  
 Her looks—her drefs——and a' she says,  
 Be't right or wrang; she's hale compleat,  
 And fails in nothing fair or sweet.  
 Sae much was said, the *bonny Lass*  
 Forgat her faithfu' *Looking-glass*.

*Clarinda*, this dear beauty's *You*,  
 The *mirror* is ane *good* and *wise*,  
 Wha, by his counsels just, can shew  
 How nobles may to greatness rise.  
 God bless the wark:——if you're oppress'd  
 By parasites with fause design,  
 Then will sic faithfu' *mirrors* best  
 These underplotters countermine.

## JUPITER'S Lottery.

**A**NES *Jove*, by ae great act of grace,  
 Wad gratify his human race,  
 And order'd *Hermes*, in his name,  
 With tout of trumpet to proclaim

A royal lott'ry frae the skies,  
 Where ilka ticket was a prize.  
 Nor was there need for *Ten per Cent*,  
 To pay advantage for money lent :  
 Nor brokers nor stock jobbers here  
 Were thol'd to cheat fowk of their gear.  
 The first-rate benefits were, *Health,*  
*Pleasures, Honours, Empire and Wealth;*  
 But happy he to whom wad fa'  
*Wisdom*, the highest prize of a' :  
*Hopes* of attaining things the best,  
 Made up the maist feck of the rest.  
 Now ilka ticket sold with ease,  
 At altars for a sacrifice ;  
*Jove* a' receiv'd, ky, gates and ewes,  
 Moor-cocks, lambs, dows or hawbee-rows ;  
 Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,  
 Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol.  
 Sae kind was he no to exclude  
 Poor wights for want of wealth or blood ;  
 Even whiles the gods, as record tells,  
 Bought several tickets for themsells.  
 When fou and lots put in the wheel,  
 Aft were they turn'd, to mix them weel ;  
 Blind chance to draw *Jove* order'd syne,  
 That nane with reason might repine :  
 He drew, and *Mercury* was clark,  
 The number, prize, and name to mark.  
 Now *hopes* by millions fast came forth,  
 But seldom prizes of main worth,  
 Sic as dominion, wealth and state,  
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.  
*Wisdom*, at last, the greatest prize,  
 Comes up :——aloud clark *Hermes* crys—

Number

## The MISER and MINOS 37

Number ten thousand—come, let's see  
The person blest.—Quoth *Pallas*, Me.—  
Then a' the gods for blythness sang,  
Throw heaven glad acclamations rang;  
While mankind grumbling laid the wyte  
On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.  
Yes! cry'd ilk ane, with sobbing heart,  
Kind *Jove* has play'd a parent's part,  
Wha did this prize to *Pallas* send,  
While we're sneg'd off at the wob end.

Soon to their clamours *Jove* took tent,  
To punish which, to wark he went;  
He straight with *Follies* fill'd the wheel,  
In *Wisdom's* place they did as well;  
For ilka ane wha *Folly* drew,  
In their conceit, a' *Sages* grew:  
Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,  
And ilka fool himself admir'd.

---

## The MISER and MINOS.

SHORT syne there was a wretched miser,  
With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;  
Yet frae his hoords he doughnta take  
As much wou'd buy a mutton-stake,  
Or take a glafs to comfort nature,  
But scimpily fed on crumbs and water:  
In short, he famish'd 'midst his plenty;  
Which made surviving kindred canty,  
Wha scarcely for him pat on black,  
And only in his loof a plack,



38 *The Miser and Minos.*

Which even they grudg'd : sic is the way  
 Of them wha fa' upon the prey ;  
 They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet,  
 Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet,  
 Tho' he shou'd leave a vast estate,  
 And heaps of gowd like *Arthur's* seat.

Well, down the starving ghaist did sink,  
 'Till it fell on the *Stygian* brink ;  
 Where auld *Van Charon* stood and raught  
 His wither'd loof out for his fraught ;  
 But them that wanted wherewitha',  
 He dang them back to stand and blaw.  
 The *Miser* lang being us'd to save,  
 Fand this, and wadna passage crave ;  
 But shaw'd the *Ferryman* a knack,  
 Jumpt in—swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.  
*Charon* might damn, and sink and roar ;  
 But a' in vain—he gain'd the shore.—  
 Arriv'd—the three-pow'd dog of hell  
 Gowld terrible a treeple yell ;  
 Which rouz'd the snaky *Sisters threë*,  
 Wha furious on this wight did flie,  
 Wha'd play'd the smuggler on their coast,  
 By which *Pluto* his dues lost :  
 Then brought him for this trick sae hainous  
 Afore the bench of justice *Minos*.

The case was new, and very kittle,  
 Which puzzl'd a' the court na little ;  
 Thought after thought with unco' speed  
 Flew round within the judge's head,  
 To find what punishment was due  
 For sic a daring crime and new.

Shou'd

*The A P E and the L E O P A R D.* 39

Shou'd he the plague of *Tantal* feel,  
Or stented be on *Ixion's* wheel,  
Or stung wi' bauld *Prometheus'* pain,  
Or help *Syfish* to row his stane,  
Or sent amang the wicked rout  
To fill the tub that ay rins out ?  
No, no, continues *Minos*, no,  
Weak are our punishments below,  
For sic a crime ;—he maun be hurl'd  
Straight back again into the world.  
I sentence him to see and hear  
What use his friends make of his gear.

---

*The A P E and the L E O P A R D.*

**T**HE *Ape* and *Leopard*, beasts for show,  
The first a wit, the last a beau ;  
To make a penny at a fair,  
Advertis'd a' their parts fae rare.  
The tane gae out with meikle wind,  
His beauty 'boon the brutal kind ;  
Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,  
Even kings are pleas'd when I appear :  
And when I yield my vital puff,  
Queens of my skin will make a muff ;  
My fur fae delicate and fine,  
With various spots does sleekly shine.

Now lads and lassies fast did rin  
To see the beast with bonny skin :  
His keeper shaw'd him round about ;  
They saw him soon, and soon came out.

40 *The Ass and Brock.*

But master *Monky* with an air  
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair;  
 Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,  
 I'll give ye pastime for your money :  
 I can perform, to raise your wonder,  
 Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.  
 My cousin *Spotty*, true he's braw,  
 He has a curious fuit to shaw,  
 And nothing mair — But frae my mind  
 Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.  
 Sometimes I'll act a cheil that's dull,  
 Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull ;  
 Then mimick a light-headed rake,  
 When on a tow my houghs I shake :  
 Sometime, like modern monks, I'll seem  
 To make a speech, and nathing mean.  
 But come away, ye needna speer  
 What ye're to pay ; I'fe no be dear :  
 And if ye grudge for want of sport,  
 I'll give it back t' ye at the port.  
 The *Ape* succeeded, in fowk went——  
 Stay'd long——and came out well content ;  
 Sae much will wit and spirit please,  
 Beyond our shape, and brawest claihs.  
 How mony, ah ! of our fine gallants  
 Are only Leopards in their talents !

*The Ass and Brock.*

UPON a time a solemn *Ass*  
 Was dand'ring thro' a narrow pass,  
 Where he forger'd with a *Brock*,  
 Wha him saluted frae a rock ;

Speer'd

Speer'd how he did—how markets gade—  
 What's a' ye'r news—and how is trade—  
 How does *Jack Stot* and *Lucky Yod*,  
*Tam Tup*, and *Bucky*, honest lad?  
 Reply'd the *Ass*, and made a heel,  
 E'en a' the better that ye'r weel:  
 But *Jackanapes* and snarling *Fitty*  
 Are grown fae wicked (some ca's't witty),  
 That we wha solid are and grave,  
 Nae peace on our ain howms can have;  
 While we are bisy gathering gear,  
 Upon a brae they'll sit and sneer.  
 If ane shou'd chance to breathe behin',  
 Or ha'e some slaver at his chin,  
 Or 'gainst a tree should rub his arse,  
 That's subject for a winsome *face*:  
 There draw they *me*, as void of thinking,  
 And *you*, my dear, famous for itinking;  
 And the bauld birfy *Bair* your frien',  
 A glutton dirty to the een;  
 By laughing *Dogs* and *Ape*, abus'd,  
 Wha is't can thole to be fae us'd!

Dear me! heh! wow!—and fay ye fae—  
 Return'd the *Brock*—I'm unko wae  
 To see this flood of wit break in:  
 O scour about, and ca't a fin;  
 Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,  
 And ought will pals upon the crowd.

The *Ass* thought this advice was right,  
 And bang'd away with a' his might;  
 Stood on a know among the cattle,  
 And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle:

Pour'd

Pour'd out a deluge of dull phrases,  
 While *Dogs* and *As* leugh, and made faces.  
 Thus a' the angry *As* held forth,  
 Serv'd only to augment their mirth.

---

*The F O X and R A T.*

**T**HE *Lyon* and the *Tyger* lang maintain'd  
 A bloody weir;—at last the *Lyon* gain'd.  
 The royal victor strak the earth with aw,  
 And the four-footed world obey'd his law :  
 Frae ilka species *deputies* were sent,  
 To pay their homage due, and compliment  
 Their sovereign *lege*, wha'd gart the rebels cour,  
 And own his royal right, and princely power.  
 After dispute, the monieit votes agree  
 That *Reynard* should address his majesty,  
*Ulysses* like, in name of a' the lave ;  
 Wha thus went on—' O *prince*, allow thy slave  
 ' To roose thy brave atchievements and renown ;  
 ' Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown,  
 ' Wha art like *Jove*, whase thunderbowt can make  
 ' The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake ;  
 ' Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,  
 ' Commands a peace, and flegs the inferior gods.  
 ' Thus thou, great king, hast by thy conqu'ring paw  
 ' Gi'en earth a shog, and made thy will a law :  
 ' Thee a' the animals with fear adore,  
 ' And tremble if thou with displeasure roar ;  
 ' O'er a' thou canst us eith thy sceptre sway,  
 ' As *Badrans* can with cheeping *Rottans* play.'

This

*The Caterpillar and the Ant.* 43

This sentence vex'd the envoy *Rottan* fair ;  
He threw his gab, and girn'd ; but durst nae mair.  
The *monarch* pleas'd with *Lowry*, wha durst gloom ?  
A warrant's order'd for a good round sum,  
Which *Dragon*, lord chief treasurer, must pay  
To sly-tongu'd *Fleechy* on a certain day ;  
Which secretary *Ape* in form wrote down,  
Sign'd *Lyon*, and a wee beneath, *Baboon*.  
'Tis given the *Fox*.—Now *Bobtail* tap o' kin,  
Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bin ;  
He dreams of nought but pleasure, joy and peace,  
Now blest with wealth, to purchase hens and geese :  
Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,  
And yet the *Rottan's* breast with anger glow'd ;  
He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day,  
He took the tid, when *Lowry* was away,  
And throw a hole into his closet slips,  
There chews the warrant a' in little nips.  
Thus what the *Fox* had for his flatt'ry gotten,  
Ev'n frae a *Lyon*, was made nought by an offended  
*Rottan*.

---

*The CATERPILLAR and the ANT.*

**A** Penfy *Ant*, right trig and clean,  
Came ae day whidding o'er the green,  
Where, to advance her pride, she saw  
A *Caterpillar* moving slaw :  
Good e'en t' ye, mistress *Ant*, said he,  
How's a' at hame ? I'm blyth to s'ye.—  
The saucy *Ant* view'd him with scorn,  
Nor wad civilities return ;

But

#### 44 *The Caterpillar and the Ant.*

But gecking up her head, quoth she,  
 Poor animal, I pity thee,  
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,  
 But some experiment of nature,  
 Whase silly shape displeas'd her eye,  
 And thus unfinish'd was flung by.  
 For me, I'm made with better grace,  
 With active limbs, and lively face ;  
 And cleverly can move with ease  
 Frae place to place where e'er I please :  
 Can foot a minuet or jig,  
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig ;  
 Which gars my jo aft grip my hand  
 'Till his heart pittty-pattys, and——  
 But laigh my qualities I bring,  
 To stand up clashing with a *thing*,  
 A *creeping thing*, the like of thee,  
 Not worthy of a farewell t'ye.  
 The airy *Ant* syne turn'd awa,  
 And left him with a proud gaffa.  
 The *Caterpillar* was struck dumb,  
 And never answer'd her a mum :  
 The humble *reptile* fand some pain  
 Thus to be banter'd with disdain.

But tent neist time the *Ant* came by  
 The *Worm* was grown a *Butterfly* ;  
 Transparent were his wings and fair,  
 Which bare him flightering thro' the air :  
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,  
 And thinking on his former sight,  
 Thus to the *Ant* himsell address,  
 Pray, madam, will ye please to rest ?  
 And notice what I now advise,  
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise ;

*The twa CATS and the CHEESE.* 45

For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,  
To raise aboon ye what ye scorn :  
For instance, now I spread my wing  
In air, while you're a *creeping thing*.

---

*The twa CATS and the CHEESE.*

**T**W A *Cats* anes on a *Cheese* did light,  
To which baith had an equal right ;  
But disputes, sic as aft arise,  
Fell out a sharing of the prize.  
Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,  
Thae teeth of your's gang wonder quick :  
Let's part it, else lang or the moon  
be chang'd, the *kebuck* will be doon.  
But wha's to do't?—They're parties baith,  
And ane may do the other skaith.  
Sae with consent away they trudge,  
And laid the *Cheese* before a judge :  
A *Monkey* with a campsho face,  
Clerk to a justice of the peace ;  
A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd,  
When he his master's chair had fill'd,  
Now umpire chosen for division,  
Baith sware to stand by his decision.  
Demure he looks.—The *Cheese* he pales—  
He prives it good—ca's for the scales ;  
His knife whops throw't—in twa it fell ;  
He puts ilk haff in either shell :  
Said he, we'll truly weigh the case,  
And strictest justice shall have place ;  
Then lifting up the scales, he fand  
The tane bang up, the other stand :

Syne



Syne out he took the heaviest haff,  
 And ate a knooft o't quickly aff,  
 And try'd it syne ;—it now prov'd light :  
 Friend *Cats*, said he, we'll do ye right.  
 Then to the ither haff he fell,  
 And laid till't teughly tooth and nail,  
 'Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.  
 The judge wha this sweet procefs lov'd,  
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,  
 'Till clients baith were weary grown ;  
 And tenting how the matter went,  
 Cry'd, Come, come, fir, we're baith content:  
 Ye fools, quoth he, and *Justice* too  
 Maun be content as well as you.  
 Thus grumbled *they*, thus *he* went on,  
 'Till baith the haves were near hand done :  
 Poor *Pouffes* now the daffin saw  
 Of gawn-for nignyes to the law ;  
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please  
 To give them the remaining *Cbeefe* :  
 To which his worship grave reply'd,  
*The dues of court maun first be paid.*  
 Now *Justice* pleas'd :—what's to the fore  
 Will but right scrimply clear your score ;  
 That's our decret ;—gae hame and sleep,  
 And thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.

## The CAMELEON.

**T**W A travellers, as they were wa'king,  
 'Bout the *Cameleon* fell a ta'king,  
 (Sic think it shaws them mett'd men,  
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken ;)

Says

Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,  
 Four-footed, with a fish's head ;  
 A little bowk, with a lang tail,  
 And moves far slower than a snail ;  
 Of colour, like a blawart blue ;—  
 Reply'd his nibour, *That's no true ;*  
*For well I wat h's colour's greed,*  
*If ane may true his ain twa een ;*  
*For I in sun-shine saw him fair,*  
*When he was dining on the air.—*  
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,  
 I saw him better in the shade,  
 And he is blue.—*He's green I'm sure.—*  
 Ye lied.—*And ye're the son of a whore.—*  
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,  
 Had not a third come in the nick,  
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,  
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what ! are ye wood ?  
 What's ye'r quarrel, and 't may be speer't ?  
 Truth, says the tane, sir, ye shall hear't :  
 The *Camelion*, I say, he's blue ;  
 He threaps he's green.—Now, what say you ?  
 Ne'er fash ye'r sells about the matter,  
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,  
 He's black.—Sae nane of you are right,  
 I view'd him well with candle-light ;  
 And have it in my pocket here,  
 Row'd in my napkin hale and feer.  
*Fy !* said ae cangler, *what d'ye mean ?*  
*I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green.*  
 Said th'ither, were I gawn to death,  
 I'd swear he's blue with my last breath.  
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout,  
 And to convince them, whop'd him out :

48      *The twa LIZARDS.*

But to surprife of ane and a',  
 The *Animal* was white as fnow;  
 And thus reprov'd them, ' Shallow boys,  
 ' Away, away, make nae mair noife;  
 ' Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right;  
 ' But learn to own your nibours fight  
 ' As good as yours.—Your judgment fpeak,  
 ' But never be fae daftly weak  
 ' T' imagine ithers will by force  
 ' Submit their sentiments to yours;  
 ' As things in various lights ye fee,  
 ' They'll ilka ane refemble me.'

---

*The twa LIZARDS.*

**B**ENEATH a tree, ae fhining day,  
 On a burn-bank twa *Lizards* lay.  
 Beeking themfells now in the beams,  
 Then drinking of the cauller freams.  
 Waes me, fays ane of them to th' ither,  
 How meán and filly live we, brither?  
 Beneath the moon is ought fae poor!  
 Regarded lefs, or mair obfcure!  
 We breathe indeed, and that's juft a';  
 But, forc'd by deftiny's hard law,  
 On earth like worms to creep and sprawl:  
 Curft fate to ane that has a faul!  
 Forby, gin we may trow report,  
 In *Nilus* giant *Lizards* fport,  
 Ca'd *Crocodiles*:—ah! had I been  
 Of fic a fize, upon the green,  
 Then might I had my skair of fame,  
 Honour, refpect, and a great name;

And *Man* with gaping jaws have shor'd,  
Syne like a pagod been ador'd.

Ah, friend! replies the ither *Lizard*,  
What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard?  
What cause have ye to be uneasy?  
Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye?  
We free frae trouble, toil or care,  
Enjoy the sun, the earth and air,  
The crystal spring, and green-wood shaw,  
And beildy holes, when tempests blaw.  
Why shou'd we fret, look blae or wan,  
Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man?  
If sae, let's in return be wise,  
And that proud animal despise.

O fy! returns th' ambitious beast,  
How weak a fire now warms thy breast?  
It breaks my heart to live sae mean;  
I'd like t' attract the gazer's een,  
And be admir'd — What stately horns  
The *Deer's* majestick brow adorns!  
He claims our wonder and our dread,  
Where e'er he heaves his haughty head.  
What envy a' my spirit fires,  
When he in clearest pools admires  
His various beauties with delyte:  
I'm like to drown mysell with spite.  
Thus he held forth—when straight a pack  
Of *Hounds*, and *Hunters* at their back,  
Ran down a *Deer* before their face,  
Breathless and wearied with the chace.  
The dogs upon the victim seize,  
And beugles sound his obsequies.

## 50 M E R C U R Y in *Quest of Peace.*

But neither *Men* nor dogs took tent  
Of our wee *Lizards* on the bent,  
While hungry *Bawty, Buff,* and *Tray,*  
Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,  
The *Lizard* wife the proud address;  
Dear cousin, now pray let me hear  
How wad ye like to be a *Deer*?

Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd and wae,  
Wha wad have thought it anes a-day!  
Well, be a private life my fate,  
I'll never envy mair the great:  
That we are little fowk, that's true;  
But sae's our cares and dangers too.

---

## M E R C U R Y in *Quest of Peace.*

**T**H E gods coost out, as story gaes,  
Some being friends, some being faes,  
To men in a besieged city;  
Thus sum frae spite, and some frae pity,  
Stood to their point with canker'd strictness,  
And leftna ither in dogs likenes.  
*Juno* ca'd *Venus* whore and bawd,  
*Venus* ca'd *Juno* scauldin jad;  
E'en cripple *Vulcan* blew the low,  
*Apollo* ran to bend his bow;  
*Dis* shook his fork, *Pallas* her shield,  
*Neptune* his grape began to wield.  
What plague, cries *Jupiter*, hey hoy!  
Maun this town prove anither *Troy*?

What, will you ever be at odds,  
\*Till mankind think us foolish gods?

Hey! mistress *Peace*, make haste—appear—  
But madam was nae there to hear:  
Come, *Hermes*, wing thy heels and head,  
And find her out with a' thy speed:  
Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed.

*Hermes* obeys, and staptna short,  
But flys directly to the *Court*;  
For sure, thought he, she will be found  
On that fair complimenting ground,  
Where praifes and embraces ran  
Like current coin 'tween man and man.  
But soon, alake! he was beguil'd,  
And fand that courtiers only smil'd,  
And with a formal flatt'ry treat ye,  
That they mair fickerly might cheat ye:  
*Peace* was na there, nor e'er could dwell  
Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Niest to the ha', where justice stands  
With sword and ballance in her hands,  
He flew——no that he thought to find her  
Between th' accuser and defender;  
But sure he thought to find the wench  
Amang the fowk that fill the bench;  
Sae muckle gravity and grace  
Appear'd in ilka judge's face:  
Even here he was deceiv'd again,  
For ilka judge stak to his ain  
Interpretation of the law,  
And vex'd themselfs with *Had* and *Draw*.

52 MERCURY in *Quest of Peace.*

Frae thence he flew straight to the *Kirk* :  
 In this he prov'd as daft a stirk,  
 To look for peace, where never three  
 In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree ;  
 Ane his ain gate explain'd a text  
 Quite contrair to his neighbour next,  
 And toughly toolied day and night  
 To gar believers trow them right.

Then fair he figh'd—where can she be ?  
 Well thought—the univerfity,  
 Science is ane, these maun agree. }  
 There did he bend his strides right clever,  
 But is as far miftane as ever :  
 For here contention and ill-nature  
 Had runkl'd ilka learned feature ;  
 Ae party stood for ancient rules,  
 Anither ca'd the ancients fools ;  
 Here ane wad fet his shanks aspar, }  
 And roose the *Man* sang *Troy* war,  
 Anither ca's him *Robin Kar*.

Well, she's no here ;—away he flies  
 To seek her amangst families.  
 Tout, what shou'd she do there I wonder ?  
 Dwells she with matrimonial thunder,  
 Where mates, some greedy, some deep drinkers,  
 Contend with thrifless mates or jinkers ?  
 This says, 'tis black ; and that, wi' spite,  
 Stifly maintains and threeps 'tis white.

Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see  
 How branches with their stocks agree :  
 But here he fand still his miftake ;  
 Some parents cruel were, some weak ;

While

*The SPRING and the SYKE.* 53

While bairns ungratefu' did behave,  
And wish'd their parents in the grave.

Has *Jove* then sent me amang thir fowk,  
Cry'd *Hermes*, here to hunt the gowk?  
Well, I have made a waly round,  
To seek what is na to be found.  
Just on the wing—towards a burn  
A wee piece aff his looks did turn,  
There mistress *Peace* he chanc'd to see,  
Sitting beneath a willow-tree:  
And have I found ye at the last?  
He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.  
Here I reside, quoth she, and smil'd,  
With an auld *Hermit* in this wild.  
Well, madam, said he, I perceive  
That ane may long your presence crave,  
And mis ye fit ill;—but this seems plain,  
To have ye, ane maun be alane.

---

*The SPRING and the SYKE.*

**F**ED by a living *Spring*, a rill  
Flow'd easily adown a hill;  
A thousand flowers upon its bank  
Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank:  
Near to its course a *Syke* did ly,  
Whilk was in simmer aften dry,  
And ne'er recover'd life again,  
But after soaking showers of rain?  
Then wad he swell, look big and sprush,  
And o'er his margin proudly gush.



## 54 The DAFT BARGAIN.

Ae day, after great waughts of weet,  
He with the crystal current met,  
And ran him down with unco' din ;  
Said he, How poorly does thou rin ?  
See with what state I dafh the brae,  
Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way.

The *Spring*, with a superior air,  
Said, Sir, your brag gives me nae care ;  
For soon's ye want your foreign aid,  
Your paughty cracks will soon be laid.  
Frae my ain head I have supply,  
But you must borrow, else rin dry.

---

### The DAFT BARGAIN. *A Tale.*

AT market anes, I watna how,  
Twa herds between them coft a cow ;  
Driving her hame, the needfu' *Hacky*  
But ceremony chanc'd to k—.  
Quoth *Rab* right ravingly to *Raff*,  
Gin ye'll eat that digested draff  
Of *Crummy*, I shall quat my part.—  
A bargain be't, with a' my heart,  
*Raff* soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,  
To gorble't up without a gloom :  
Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap  
His mealtith quickly up to gawp ;  
Haff done, his heart began to scunner,  
But lootna on 'till *Rab* strak under ;  
Wha fearing skair of cow to tine,  
At his *daft bargain* did repine.

Well,

Well, well, quoth *Raff*, tho' ye was rash,  
I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless hash ;  
Come, fa' to wark, as I ha'e done,  
And eat the ither haff as soon,  
Ye's fave ye'r part.—Content, quoth *Rab*—  
And slerg'd the rest on't in his gab :  
Now what was tint, or what was won,  
Is eithly seen.—My story's done.  
Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn  
To fave their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.

---

*The twa CUT-PURSES. A Tale.*

**I**N borrows-town there was a fair,  
And mony a landart coof was there,  
Baith lads and lasses busked brawly,  
To glowr at ilka bonny-waly,  
And lay out ony ora bodles  
On fina' gimcracks that pleas'd their nodles ;  
Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,  
Confeckit ginger, plums or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,  
And on their cash this plot they lay ;  
The tane, less like a knave than fool,  
Unbidden clam the high cockstool,  
And pat his head and baith his hands  
Throw holes where the ill-doer stands.  
Now a' the crowd with mouth and een  
Cry'd out, *What does the idiot mean ?*  
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,  
And never thought upon a trick,

36 *Epistle to Robert Yarde, Esq;*

'Till he beneath had done his job,  
By tooming poutches of the mob;  
Wha now posselt of rowth of gear,  
Scour'd aff as lang's the cost was clear.

But wow! the ferly quickly chang'd,  
When throw their empty sobs they rang'd;  
Some girn'd, and some look'd blae wi' grief,  
While some cry'd out, *Fy had the thief.*  
But ne'er a thief or thief was there,  
Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.  
The jip wha stood aboon them a',  
His innocence began to shaw;  
Said he, my friends, I'm very sorry  
To hear your melancholy story;  
But sure where'er your tinsel be,  
Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

---

Epistle to ROBERT YARDE, of Devon-  
shire, *Esquire.*

**F**R A E northern mountains clad with snaw,  
Where whistling winds incessant blaw,  
In time now when the curling-stane  
Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,  
What sprightly tale in verse can *Yarde*  
Expect frae a cauld *Scottish* bard,  
With brose and bannocks poorly fed,  
In hoden gray right haphly cled,  
Skelping o'er frozen hags with pringle,  
Picking up peets to beet his ingle,  
While fleet that freezes as it fa's,  
Theeks as with glafs the divot waws

Of a laigh hut, where sax thegither,  
Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather?

Thus, fir, of us the storry gaes,  
By our mair dull and scornfu' faes :  
But let them tauk, and gowks believe,  
While we laugh at them in our sleeve ;  
For we, nor barbarous nor rude,  
Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood ;  
Have tables crown'd—and heartsome biels,  
And can in *Cumin's*, *Don's* or *Steil's*,  
Be serv'd as plenteously and civil,  
As you in *London* at the *Devil*.  
You, fir, yourself wha came and saw,  
Own'd that we wanted nought at a',  
To make us as content a nation  
As any is in the creation.

This point premis'd, my canty muse  
Cocks up her crest without excuse,  
And scorns to screen her natural flaws  
With *Ifs*, and *Buts*, and dull *Because* ;  
She pukes her pens and aims a flight  
Throu' regions of internal light,  
Frae fancy's field, these truths to bring  
That you shou'd hear, and she shou'd sing.

Langsyne, when love and innocence  
Were human nature's best defence,  
E'er party-jars made lateth less,  
By cleathing 't in a monkish drefs ;  
Then poets shaw'd these evenly roads,  
That lead to dwellings of the gods.  
In these dear days, well ken'd to fame,  
*Divini Vates* was their name :

58 *Epistle to Robert Yarde, Esq;*

It was, and is, and shall be ay,  
While they move in fair vertue's way.  
Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,  
Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, fir, the nearest way  
To happiness, is to be gay ;  
For spleen indulg'd, will banish rest  
Far frae the bosoms of the best ;  
Thousands a-year's no worth a prin,  
When e'er this fashous guest gets in :  
But a fair competent estate  
Can keep a man frae looking blate,  
Sae eithly it lays to his hand  
What his just appetites demand.  
Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow !  
How smoothly may his minutes flow ?  
A youth thus blest with manly frame,  
Enliven'd with a lively flame,  
Will ne'er with fordid pinch controul  
The satisfaction of his soul.  
Poor is that mind, ay discontent,  
That canna use what God has lent ;  
But envious girns at a' he sees,  
That are a crown richer than he's ;  
Which gars him pitifully hane,  
And hell's ase-middins rake for gain ;  
Yet never kens a blythsome hour,  
Is ever wanting, ever fowr.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make  
A man the gowden mean forsake.  
It shaws as much a shallow mind,  
And ane extravagantly blind,

If careless of his future fate,  
He dastly wastes a good estate,  
And never thinks 'till thoughts are vain,  
And can afford him nought but pain.  
Thus will a joiner's shavings bleez,  
Their low will for some seconds please ;  
But soon the glaring leam is past,  
And cauldrie darkness follows fast :  
While slow the fagots large expire,  
And warm us with a lasting fire.  
Then neither, as I ken ye will,  
With idle fears your pleasures spill ;  
Nor with neglecting prudent care,  
Do skaith to your succeeding heir.  
Thus steering cannily throw life,  
Your joys shall lasting be and rife :  
Give a' your passions room to reel,  
As lang as reason guides the wheel.  
Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,  
When they harmoniously keep time :  
But when they spang o'er reasion's fence,  
We smart for't at our ain expence ;  
To recreate us we're allow'd,  
But gaming deep boils up the blood,  
And gars ane at groom-porters ban  
The Being that made him a man,  
When his fair gardens, house and lands,  
Are sa'n amongst the sharpers hands.  
A chearfu' bottle sooths the mind,  
Gars carles grow canty, free and kind ;  
Defeats our care, and hales our strife,  
And brawly oyls the wheels of life :  
But when just quantum we transgress,  
Our blessing turns the quite reverse.

60 *Epistle to Robert Yarde, Esq;*

To love the bonny smiling fair,  
Nane can their passions better ware ;  
Yet love is kittle and unruly,  
And shou'd move tentily and hooly :  
For if it get o'er meikle head,  
'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead :  
O'er ilka hedge it wildy bounds,  
And grazes on forbidden grounds ;  
Where constantly, like furies, range  
Poortith, diseases, death, revenge :  
To toom anes pouch to dunty clever,  
Or have wrang'd husband prob ane's liver,  
Or void ane's faul out throw a shanker,  
In faith 'twad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,  
Worthy your love and nuptial vow :  
Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,  
Drink deep of joy within her arms ;  
Be still delighted with her breast,  
And on her love with rapture feast.

May she be blooming, fast and young,  
With graces melting from her tongue ;  
Prudent and yielding to maintain  
Your love, as well as you her ain.

Thus with your leave, fir, I've made free  
To give advice to ane can gi'e  
As good again.—But as mefs *John*  
Said, when the sand tald time was done,  
' Ha'e patience, my dear friends, a wee,  
' And take æither glafs frae me ;  
' And if ye think there's doublets due,  
' I shanna bauk the like frae you.'







*The last Speech of a wretched Miser.* 63

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,  
To save and starve, to cheat and lie,  
To live a beggar, and to die  
Sae rich in coin?  
That's mair than can be gi'en by me,  
Tho' *Belzie* join.

Some said my looks were groff and sower,  
Fretfu', drumbly, dull and dower:  
I own it was na in my power,  
My fears to ding;  
Wherefore I never cou'd endure  
To laugh or sing.

I ever hated bookish reading,  
And musical or dancing breeding,  
And what's in either face or cleading,  
Of painted things;  
I thought nae pictures worth the heeding,  
Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,  
I never rhimers cou'd endure,  
They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,  
I hate to ken 'em;  
For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure  
To spit their venom.

But waster wives, the warft of a'  
Without a youk they gar ane claw,  
When wickedly they bid us draw  
Our filler spung's,  
For this and that, to make them braw,  
And lay their tongues.

Some

64 *The last Speech of a wretched Miter.*

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,  
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,  
Some loo to woo beneath the birks  
Their lemans bony ;  
For me, I took them a' for firks  
That loo'd na money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,  
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the flee,  
Clek, frae the flint, and penury,  
And faulefs wretch ;  
But that ne'er skaith'd or troubled me,  
Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,  
And mony thousands have I lent,  
But sickerly I took good tent,  
That double pawns,  
With a cudeigh, and ten *per Cent*  
Lay in my hands.

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,  
Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug,  
I fald them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug  
With girns or curses,  
The mair they whing'd, it gart me hug  
My swelling purses.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a faint,  
And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,  
Wad make a mane for them in want ;  
But for ought mair,  
I never was the fool to grant  
Them ony skair.

*The last Speech of a wretched Miser.* 65

I thought ane freely might pronounce  
That chiel a very filly dunce,  
That cou'd not honesty renounce,  
                    With ease and joys,  
At ony time, to win an ounce  
                    Of yellow boys.

When young I some remorse did feel,  
And liv'd in terror of the deel,  
His furnace, whips, and racking wheel ;  
                    But by degrees,  
My conscience grown as hard as steel,  
                    Gave me some ease.

But fears of want, and carking care  
To save my stock—and thirst for mair,  
By night and day oppress me fair,  
                    And turn'd my head ;  
While friends appear'd like harpies gare,  
                    That wish'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking  
The live-lang night till day was breaking,  
Syne throu' my sleep, with heart sair aking,  
                    I've aften started,  
Thinking I heard my windows cracking,  
                    When *Elspa* f——.

O gear ! I held ye lang thegither ;  
For you I starv'd my good auld mither,  
And to *Virginia* sold my brither,  
                    And crush'd my wife ;  
But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,  
                    To leave my life.

## 66. *The last Speech of a wretched Miser.*

My life! my god! my spirit earns,  
Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,  
Sic are but very laigh concerns,  
Compar'd with thee!  
When now this mortal rattle warms  
Me I maun die.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,  
To see my kin and graceless son,  
Like rooks already are begun  
To thumb my gear,  
And cash that has not seen the sun  
This fifty year.

Oh, oh! that spendthrift son of mine,  
Wha can on roasted moorfowl dine,  
And like dub-water skink the wine,  
And dance and sing;  
He'll soon gar my dear dwarfings dwine  
Down to nathing.

To that same place, where e'er I gang,  
O cou'd I bear my wealth along!  
Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing sang,  
That thus caroufes,  
Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,  
For breaking houses.

Perdition! *Sathan!* is that you!  
I sink!—am dizzy!—Candle blue.  
*Wi' that he never mair play'd pew,*  
*But with a rair,*  
*Away his wretched spirit flew,*  
*It maksna where.*

## TIT for TAT.

**B**E-SOUTH our channel, where 'tis common  
 To be priest-ridden, man and woman ;  
 A father, anes in grave procession,  
 Went to receive a wight's confession,  
 Whase sins, lang-gather'd, now began  
 To burden fair his inner man.  
 But happy they that can with ease  
 Sling aff sic laids when e'er they please.  
 Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,  
 And soon your kind spiritual nurses  
 Will ease you of these heavy turfes.

Cries *Hodge*, and sighs, ah ! father ghostly,  
 I lang'd anes for some jewels costly,  
 And staw them frae a sneaking miser,  
 Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,  
 And much had me and others wrang'd,  
 For which I aften wish'd him hang'd.  
 The father says, I own, my son,  
 To rob or pilfer is ill done ;  
 But I can eith forgive the faut,  
 Since it is only *Tit for Tat*.

The sighing penitent gade furdher,  
 And own'd his anes designing murder ;  
 That he had lent ane's guts a skeed,  
 Wha had gi'en him a broken head.  
 Replies the priest, My son, 'tis plain  
 That's only *Tit for Tat* again.

68 *Epistle from Mr. STARRAT*

But still the sinner sighs and sobs,  
 And cries, Ah! these are venial jobs  
 To the black crime that yet behind  
 Lyes like *Auld Nick* upon my mind;  
 I dare na name't; I'd lure be strung  
 Up by the neck, or by the tongue,  
 As speak it out to you: believe me,  
 The faut you never wad forgive me.  
 The haly man, with pious care,  
 Intreated, pray'd, and spake him fair,  
 Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,  
 To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Well then, says *Hodge*, if it maun be,  
 Prépare to hear a tale frae me,  
 That when 'tis tald, I'm unko feard  
 Ye'll wish it never had been heard.  
 Ah me! your reverence's *sister*,  
 Ten times I carnally have — kist her.  
 All's fair, returns the reverend *brother*,  
 I've done *the samen* with your *mother*  
 Three times as aft; and sae for that  
 We're on a level, *Tit for Tat*.

*Epistle from Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT,*  
*Teacher of Mathematicks at Straban in*  
 Ireland.

A E windy day last owk, I'll ne'er forget,  
 I think I hear the hailstones rattling yet;  
 On *Crochan* bus my hirdfell took the lee,  
 As ane wad wish, just a' beneath my ee:

F Epistle from Mr. STARRAT. 69

I in the beild of yon auld birk-tree side,  
 Poor cauldribe *Coby* whing'd aneath my plaid,  
 Right tozylie was set to ease my stumps,  
 Weel hap'd with bountith-hose and twa-foll'd pumps.  
 Syne on my four-hours luntion chew'd my cood,  
 Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood :  
 My whistle frae my blanket-nook I drew,  
 And lilted owre thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-strings, ye *Pierian* quines,  
 That ga'e the *Grecian* bards their bony rhimes,  
 And learn'd the *Latin* lowns sic springs to play,  
 As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I seek your help ; 'tis bootless toil  
 With sic dead ase to muck a moorland soil ;  
 Give me the muse that calls past ages back,  
 And shaws proud southern sangsters their mistak,  
 That frae their *Tbames* can fetch the laurel north,  
 And big *Parnassus* on the frith of *Forth*.

Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill  
 With strains, that warm our hearts like cannel gill,  
 And learns thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,  
 The blythest lilt that e'er my lugs heard sung.  
*Ramsay!* for ever live : for wha like you  
 In deathless sang sic life-like pictures drew ?  
 Not he wha whilome with his harp cou'd ca'  
 The dancing stanes to big the *Theban* wa' :  
 Nor he (shamefa's fool-head) as stories tell  
 Could whistle back an auld dead wife frae hell ;  
 Nor e'en the loyal brooker of *Bell-trees*,  
 Wha sang with hungry wame his want of fees ;  
 Nor *Haby's* dron cou'd with thy wind pipe please.



70 *Epistle from Mr. STARRAT.*

When in his well kend clink thou manes the death  
Of Lucky *Wood* and *Spence* (a matchless skaith  
To *Canigate*) fae gash thy gab-trees gang,  
The carlines live for ever in thy fang.

Or, when the country bridal thou pursues,  
To redd the regal tulzie sets thy muse,  
Thy soothing fangs bring canker'd carles to ease,  
Some lowps to *Lutter's* pipe, some birls bawbies.

But gin to graver notes thou tunes thy breath,  
And sings poor *Sandy's* grief for *Edie's* death,  
Or *Matthew's* loss; the lambs in comfort mae,  
And lanesome *Ringwood* youls upon the brae.

Good God! what tuneless heart-frings wadna  
twang,

When love and beauty animates thy fang?  
Skies echoe back, when thou blows up thy reed,  
In *Burchet's* praise, for clapping of thy head:  
And when thou bids the paughty *Czar* stand yon,  
'The wandought seema beneath thee on his throne.  
Now, be my faul, and I have nought behin,  
And weil I wat fause swearing is a sin,  
I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa three sheep,  
Than a' the gowd the monarchs coffers keep.

*Coly*, look out, the few we have's gane wrang,  
This se'nteen owks I have not play'd fae lang; }  
Ha, *Crummy*, ha—trowth I maun quat my fang; }  
But, lad, neist mirk we'll to the haining drive,  
When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive;  
The royts will rest, and gin ye like my play,  
I'll whistle to thee all the live-lang day.

To Mr. WILLIAM STARRAT, on receiving the above Epistle.

**F**RAE fertile fields, where nae curs'd ethers  
 creep,  
 To stang the herds that in rash-busses sleep ;  
 Frae where saint *Patrick's* blessings freed the bogs  
 Frae taids, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs ;  
 Welcome to me's the sound of *Starrat's* pipe,  
 Welcome, as westlen winds, or berries ripe,  
 When speeling up the hill, the *Dog-days* heat  
 Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant and sweat :  
 Thus while I climb the muses mount with care,  
 Sic friendly praises give refreshing air.  
 O ! may the lasses loo thee for thy pains,  
 And may thou lang breathe healsome o'er the plains :  
 Lang mayst thou teach, with round and nooked lines,  
 Substantial skill, that's worth rich filler mines ;  
 To shaw how wheels can gang with greatest ease,  
 And what kind barks sails smoothest o'er the seas ;  
 How wind mills shou'd be made——and how they  
 work

The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk :  
 How wedges rive the aik :—How pulliefes  
 Can lift on highest roofs the greatest trees ;  
 Rug frae its roots the craig of *Edinburgh* castle,  
 As easily as I cou'd break my whistle.—  
 What pleughs fits a wet soil, and whilk the dry ;  
 And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis cauld encouragement to sing,  
 When round ane's lugs the blatran hailstones ring ;  
 But seckfu' folk can front the bauldest wind,  
 And slunk thro' moors, and never fash their mind.

Aft have I wid throu' glens with chorking feet,  
 When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weat ;  
 Yet blythly wald I bang out o'er the brae,  
 And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,  
 Hoping the morn might prove a better day.  
 Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,  
 While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.  
 Mankind's account of good and ill's a jest,  
 Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feast.

Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roose  
 The lawly mints of my poor moorland muse,  
 Wha looks but blate, when even'd to either twa,  
 That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the *Theban wa'* ;  
 But trowth 'tis natural for us a to wink  
 At our ain fauts, and praises frankly drink :  
 Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow rife,  
 And may nae elf twin *Crummy* of her life.

The sun shines sweetly, a' the lift looks blue,  
 O'er glens hing hovering clouds of rising dew ;  
*Maggy*, the bonniest lafs of a' our town,  
 Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,  
 I have a tryft with her, and maun away,  
 Then ye'll excuse me 'till anither day,  
 When I've mair time ; for shortly I'm to sing  
 Some dainty fangs, that fall round *Crochan* ring.

## BONNY CHRISTY.

**H**OW sweetly smells the simmer green ?  
 Sweet taste the peach and cheery ;  
 Painting and order please our een,  
 And claret makes us merry :

But

But finest colours, fruits and flowers,  
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,  
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,  
 No nat'ral beauty wanting ;  
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,  
 And birds in consort chanting ?  
 But if my *Christy* tunes her voice,  
 I'm rapt in admiration ;  
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,  
 And drap the hale creation.

When e'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
 I take the happy omen,  
 And aften mint to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a woman.  
 But dubious of my ain desert,  
 My sentiments I smother,  
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a burn,  
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him ;  
 She doughtna let her lover mourn ;  
 But e'er he wist drew near him.  
 She spake her favour with a look,  
 Which left nae roon to doubt her :  
 He wisely this white minute took,  
 And flang his arms about her.

My *Christy* !——witness bonny stream,  
 Sic joys frae tears arising ;  
 I wish this may na be a dream :  
 O love the maist surprising !

74 *The BONNY SCOT!*

Time was too precious now for tãuk,  
 This point of a' his wishes  
 He wadnã with fet speeches bank,  
 But wair'd it a' on kisses.

---

*The BONNY SCOT. To the Tune of,  
 The Boatman.*

**Y**E gales that gently wave the sea,  
 And please the canny Boat-man,  
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man.  
 In haly bands  
 We join'd our hands,  
 Yet may not this discover,  
 Whiie parents rate  
 A large estate,  
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loer chuse in *Highland* glens  
 To herd the kid and goat—man,  
 Ere I cou'd for sic little ends  
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.  
 Wae worth the man  
 Wha first began  
 The base ungenerous fashion,  
 Frae greedy views,  
 Love's art to use,  
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,  
 Haste to thy longing lassie,  
 Wha pants to pres thy bawmy mouth,  
 And in her bosom hawse thee.

Love

LOVE *inviting* REASON. 75

Love gi'es the word,  
Then haste on board,  
Fair winds and tenty Boat—man,  
Waft o'er, waft o'er  
Frae yonder shore,  
My blyth, my bonny *Scot*—man.

---

LOVE *inviting* REASON. A Song.

*To the Tune of, I am asleep do not waken me.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,  
Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,  
E'er *Annie* became a fine lady in town,  
How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she!  
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee;  
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,  
And favour thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give *Annie* the spleen?  
Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?  
Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears frae these een,  
That look with indifference on poor dying me?  
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;  
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,  
And think on thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new gown, or a *Flanders*-lace head,  
Or yet a wee coatie, tho' never sae fine,  
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,  
That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?  
Rouze

76 *The Bob of DUNBLANE,*

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me ;  
O ! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,  
And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* edition of new-fangle *Sany*,  
Tho' gilt o'er with laces and fringes he be,  
By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,  
And aim at these bennifons promis'd to me ?  
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
And never prefer a light dancer to me ;  
O ! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,  
Love only thy *Jamie*, wha doats upon thee.

O ! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,  
That slade away fastly between thee and me,  
E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power,  
To rival my love, and impose upon thee.  
Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,  
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me ;  
O ! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,  
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

---

*The Bob of DUNBLANE.*

**L**ASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,  
And I'll lend you mo thripling kame ;  
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,  
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dunblane*.  
Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,  
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame ;  
Consider in time, if leading of monkies,  
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dunblane*.

Be

*Throw the Wood* L A D D I E. 77

Be frank, my lass, lest I grow fickle,  
And take my word and offer again ;  
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,  
Ye did na accept of the *Bob of Dunblane*.  
The dinner, the piper, and priest shall be ready,  
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane ;  
Away then, leave baith minny and dady,  
And try with me the *Bob of Dunblane*.

---

*Throw the Wood* L A D D I E.

**O** *Sandy*, why leaves thou thy *Nelly* to mourn ?  
Thy presence cou'd ease me,  
When nathing can please me ;  
Now dowie sigh on the bank of the burn,  
Or throw the wood, laddie, untill thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,  
While lavrocks are singing,  
And primroses springing ;  
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,  
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell ;  
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,  
Baith ev'ning and morning :  
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,  
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear *Sandy*, nae langer away,  
But quick as an arrow,  
Haste here to thy marrow,  
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,  
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing  
and play.



*Ann thou were my ain Thing.*

**A** *NN thou were my ain thing,  
I would love thee, I would love thee;  
Ann thou were my ain thing,  
How dearly would I love thee.*

Like bees that suck the morning dew,  
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,  
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou,  
And gar the gods envy me.  
*Ann thou were, &c.*

Sae lang's I had the use of light,  
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,  
Synce in fast whispers through the night  
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.  
*Ann thou were, &c.*

How fair and ruddy is my *Jean!*  
She moves a goddess o'er the green:  
Were I a king, thou shou'd be queen,  
Nane but myfell aboon thee.  
*Ann thou were, &c.*

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,  
Whilt thou, like ivy, or the vine,  
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,  
Form'd hardy to defend thee.  
*Ann thou were, &c.*

*There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee. 79.*

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,  
In shining youth let's make our hay,  
Since love admits of no delay,  
O! let na scorn undo thee.

*Ann thou were, &c.*

While love does at his altar stand,  
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,  
And with ilk smile thou shalt command  
The will of him wha loves thee.

*Ann thou were, &c.*

---

*There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.*

**M**Y sweetest *May*, let love incline thee  
T' accept a heart which he designs thee,  
And as your constant slave regard it,  
Synce for its faithfulness reward it;  
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,  
But yields to what is sweet or bonny:  
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,  
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are;  
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,  
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em,  
They carry away my heart between 'em.  
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,  
O gin I had thee on a mountain;  
Tho' kith and kin, and a' shou'd revile thee,  
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,  
Tenting my flocks, lest they shou'd wander;

## 80 *The* HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,  
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.  
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin  
To had thy woer up ay niff naffin :  
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely ;  
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

---

### *The* HIGHLAND LADDIE.

**T**HE lawland lads think they are fine,  
But O they're vain and idly gaudy !  
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,  
And manly looks of my Highland Laddie ?  
*O my bonny, bonny Highland Laddie,  
My handsome charming Highland Laddie :  
May heaven still guard, and love reward  
Our Lawland Lads and her Highland Laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse  
To be the wealthiest Lawland lady,  
I'd take young *Donald* without trews,  
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

The brawest beau in borrows town,  
In a' his airs, with art made ready,  
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;  
He's finer fair in's tartan plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,  
And leave my Lawland kin and dady ;  
Frae winter's cauld and summer's sun  
He'll screen me with his Highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

*The Coalier's bonny LASSIE.* 81

A painted room and filken bed,  
May please a lowland laird and lady;  
But I can kiss, and be as glad  
Behind a bush in's highland plaidy;  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Few compliments between us pass,  
I ca' him my dear highland laddie;  
And he ca's me his lawland lass:  
Syne rows me in his highland plaidy.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,  
Than that his love prove true and steady,  
Like mine to him; which ne'er shall end,  
While heaven preserve my highland laddie.  
*O my bonny, &c.*

---

*The COALIER's bonny LASSIE.*

**T**HE Coalier has a daughter,  
And O she's wonder bonny;  
A laird he was that fought her,  
Rich baith in lands and money.  
The tutors watch'd the motion  
Of this young honest lover:  
But love is like the ocean;  
Who can its depth discover?

He had the art to please ye,  
And was by a' respected;  
His airs sat round him easy,  
Genteel, but unaffected.

82      *To L. L. in Mourning.*

The coalier's bonny lassie  
Fair as the new-blown lilly,  
Ay sweet, and never faucy,  
Secur'd the heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond expression  
The charms that were about her,  
And panted for possession;  
His life was dull without her,  
After mature resolving,  
Close to his breast he held her,  
In fastest flames dissolving,  
He tenderly thus tell'd her ;

My bonny coalier's daughter,  
Let nathing discompose ye,  
'Tis not your scanty tocher  
Shall ever make me lose ye ;  
For I have gear in plenty,  
And love says, 'tis my duty  
To ware what heaven has lent me  
Upon your wit and beauty.

---

*To L. L. in Mourning.*

*To the Tune of, Where Helen lyes.*

**A**H ! why those tears in *Nelly's* eyes ?  
To hear thy tender sighs and cries,  
The gods stand list'ning from the skies,  
Pleas'd with thy piety.  
To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,  
And of one dying take a care,  
Who views thee as an angel fair,  
Or some divinity.

*Ode on the Earl of Wemyss.* 83

O be less graceful or more kind,  
And cool this fever of my mind,  
Caus'd by the boy severe and blind,  
Wounded & sigh for thee ;  
While hardly dare I hope to rise  
To such a height, by *Hymen's* ties,  
To lay me down where *Nicta* lies,  
And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,  
When such a sovereign cure is by  
No, she can love, and I'll go try,  
Whate'er my fate may be  
Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes ;  
With those dear agents I'll advise,  
They tell the truth, when tongues tell lies,  
The least believ'd by me.

---

*An ODE, with a Pastoral Recitative, on the  
Marriage of the Right Honourable JAMES  
Earl of WEMYSS and Mrs. JANE  
CHARTERIS.*

*R E C I T A T I V E.*

**L**AST morn young *Rosalind*, with laughing ean,  
Met with the singing shepherd on the green ;  
*Amrys* hight, wha us'd with tunefu' lay  
To please the ear, when he began to play :  
Him with a smile the blooming-lads address ;  
Her chearfu' look her inward joy confess.

*R O S A L I N D.*

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire,  
I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire.

88: *On seeing the ARCHERS, &c.*

Rejoice in her then, happy youth,  
Her innate worth's a treasure ;  
Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth,  
And furnish endless pleasure.

Lang may ye live t' enjoy her charms,  
And lang, lang may they blossom,  
Securely screen'd within your arms,  
And lodged in your bosom.  
Thrice happy parents; justly may  
Your breasts with joy be fired,  
When you the darling pair survey,  
By a' the world admired.

---

*On seeing the ARCHERS diverting them-  
selves at the Buts and Rovers, &c.*

*At the Desire of Sir William Bennet.*

*Neque semper arcum tenuit Apollo.*

APOLLO aft flings by his bows,  
And plays the *Broom of Cowden-knows* ;  
He sometimes drinks——

*His DEMAND.*

• **T**HE *Rovers* and the *Buts* you saw,  
• And him who gives despotick law ;  
• In numbers sing what you have seen  
• Both in the garden and the green,  
• And how with wine they clos'd the day  
• In harmless toasts, both blyth and gay :

• This

' This to remember be't thy care,  
' How they did justice to the fair.'

The ANSWER.

SIR, I with much delight beheld  
The royal *Archers* on the field;  
Their garb, their manner, and their game,  
Wakes in the mind a martial flame.  
To see them draw the bended yew,  
Brings bygone ages to our view,  
When burnish'd swords and whizzing flanes  
Forbade the *Norwegens* and *Danes*,  
*Romans* and *Saxons*, to invade  
A nation of nae foes afraid;  
Whae virtue and true valour fav'd  
Them bravely from their b'ing enslav'd:  
Esteeming't greater not to be,  
Than lose their darling *Liberty*.  
How much unlike!—But mum for that,  
Some beaus may snarl if we should prat.  
When av'rice, luxury and ease,  
A tea-fac'd generation please,  
Whae pithless limbs in silks o'erclad,  
Scarce bear the lady-handed lad  
Frae's looking-glass into the chair,  
Which bears him to blasfum the fair,  
Wha by their actions come to ken  
Sic are but in appearance men.  
These ill cou'd bruik, without a beild,  
To sleep in boots upon the field;  
Yet rise as glorious as the sun,  
To end what greatly they begun.  
Nor cou'd it suit their taste and pride  
To eat an ox boil'd in his hide;



88 *On seeing the ARCHERS, &c.*

Or quaff pure element, ah me!  
Without cream, sugar and bohee.

Hail noble ghost of each brave fire!  
Whose souls glow'd with a god-like fire!  
If you're to guardian posts assign'd,  
And can with greatness warm the mind;  
Breathe manly ardours in your race,  
Communicate that martial grace,  
By which through ages you maintain'd  
The *Coledonian* rights unstain'd;  
That when our nation makes demands,  
She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.

Here, fir, I must your pardon ask,  
If I have started from my talk;  
For when the fancy takes a flight,  
We seldom ken where it will light.

But we return to view the band,  
Under the regular command  
Of \*ane wha arbitrarily sways,  
And makes it law whate'er he says:  
Him honour and true reason rule,  
Which makes submission to his will  
Nae slav'ry, but a just delight,  
Whics he takes care to keep them right;  
Wha never lets a cause depend  
'Till the pursuer's power's at end;  
But, like a minister of fate,  
He speaks, and there's no more debate:  
Best government, were subjects sure  
To find a prince fit for sic pow'r.

• Mr. David Drummond, president of the council.

But

But drop we cares not desir'd,  
 To paint the *Archers* now retir'd.  
 From healthfu' sport, to chearfu' wine,  
 Strength to recruit, and wit refine ;  
 Where innocent and blythsome tale  
 Permits nae sourness to prevail :  
 Here, fir, you never fail to please,  
 Wha can in phrase adapt with ease,  
 Draw to the life a' kind of fowks,  
 Proud shaups, dull coofs, and gabbling gowks,  
 Grelaingers, and each greedy wight,  
 You place them in their proper light ;  
 And when true merit comes in view,  
 You fully pay them what's their due.

While circling wheels the hearty glafs,  
 Well flavour'd with some lovely las ;  
 Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame,  
 Wha brightens in the nuptial flame.

My lord, your toast, the praeses cries :  
 To lady *Charlotie*, he replies.  
 Now, fir, let's hear your beauty bright :  
 To lady *Jean*, returns the knight.  
 To *Hamilton* a health gaes round,  
 And one to *Eglinton* is crown'd.  
 How sweet they taste !—Now, fir, you say :  
 Then drink to her that's far away,  
 The lov'd *Soutbesk*. Neist, fir, you name :  
 I give you *Basil's* handsome dame.  
 Is't come to me ?—then toast the fair  
 That's fawn, O *Cockburn*, to thy skair.  
 How hearty went these healths about !  
 How blythly were they waughted out !  
 To a' the stately, fair and young,  
 Frae *Haddington* and *Hoptoun* sprung ;

To *Lithgow's* daughter in her bloom,  
 To dear *Mackay*, and comely *Home* ;  
 To *Creightons* every way divine,  
 To *Haldane* straight as any pine.  
 O how delicious was the glass  
 Which was perfum'd with lovely *Bess* !  
 And sae these rounds were flowing gi'en,  
 To sisters *Nisbet*, *Nell* and *Jean*.  
 To sweet *Montgomery* shining fair,  
 To *Priestfield* twins, delightfu' pair:  
 To *Katies* four of beauteous fame,  
*Stuart* and *Cochran* lady claim,  
 Third *Hamilton*, fourth *Ardre's* name.  
 To *Peggies Pentland*, *Bang* and *Bell*;  
 To *Minto's* mate, and lively *Nell* :  
 To *Gordons* ravishingly sweet,  
 To *Mau'e* in whom the graces meet,  
 To *Hepburn* wha has charms in store,  
 To *Pringle* harmony all o'er ;  
 To the polite *Kinloch* and *Hay*,  
 To *Wallace* beautifu' and gay,  
 To *Campbell*, *Skeen* and *Rutherford*,  
 To *Maitland* fair the much ador'd,  
 To *Lockhart* with the sparkling een,  
 To bonny *Crawford* ever green,  
 To *Stuarts* mony a dazzling bairn,  
 Of *Invernytie* and *Denairn*.  
 To gracefu' *Steigh*, and *Oliphant*,  
 To *Nasmitb*, *Baird*, *Scot*, *Grier* and *Grant* ;  
 To *Clerk*, *Anstruther*, *Frank* and *Grabam*,  
 To *Deans* agreeing with her name.  
 Where aie we now ?—Come, to the best  
 In *Christendom*, and a' the rest.  
 (Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame  
 On us, or on your want of fame,

That

That in this list you do not stand ;  
For heads give way : — But there's my hand,  
The next time we have sic a night,  
We'll not neglect to do ye right.)

Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine,  
With blooming belles enlivened our wine,  
Till a' our noses 'gan to shine.

Then down we look'd upon the Great,  
Who're plagu'd with guiding of the state,  
And pity'd each flegmatick wight,  
Whose creeping fauls ken nae delight,  
But keep themselves ay on the gloom,  
Startled with fears of what's to come.  
Poor passion ! sure by fate design'd  
'T he mark of an inferior mind.  
To heaven a filial fear we awe,  
But fears nane else a man shou'd shaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,  
And, or in earnest, or in mows,  
Be still successful, ever glad,  
In *Mars's* or in *Venus's* bed ;  
Sae bards aloud shall chant your praise,  
And ladies shall your spirits raise.

Thus, sir, I've sung what you requir'd,  
As *Mars* and *Venus* have inspir'd.  
While they inspire, and you approve,  
I'll sing brave deeds, and faster love ;  
'Till great *Apollo* say Well done,  
And own me for his native son.

*Wrote on Lady SOMERVILE'S Book of  
Scots SANGS.*

**G**A E, canty book, and win a name;  
Nae lyricks e'er shall ding thee:  
Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,  
If *Somervilla* sing thee.  
If she thy sinless faults forgive,  
Which her sweet voice can cover,  
Thou shalt; in spite of criticks, live  
Still grateful to each lover.

*The NUPTIALS, a Masque\*, on the  
Marriage of his Grace JAMES Duke of  
HAMILTON and BRANDON, &c.*

*Calliope, playing upon a Violencello, sings.*

**J**OY to the bridegroom, prince of *Clyde*,  
Lang may his blifs and greatness blossom;  
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,  
Who gains this day his grace's bosom.

Appear,

\* An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London edition of this Masque; and being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here.

The present Poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once so agreeable, and so long interrupted, or disused. The original of Masques seems to be an imitation of the Interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble family. The actors in this kind of half-dramatick poetry have formerly been even Kings, Princes, and the first personages of the kingdom; and in private families, the noblest and nearest branches. The Machinery was of the greatest magnificence;

Appear, great genius of his line,  
 And bear a part in the rejoicing;  
 Behold your ward, by powers divine,  
 Join'd with a mate of their ain choosing.

Forsake a while the *Cyprian* scene,  
 Fair queen of smiles and fast embraces,  
 And hither come, with a' your train  
 Of beauties, loves, and sports, and graces.

Come, *Hymen*, bless their nuptial vow,  
 And them with mutual joys inspire,  
 Descend, *Minerva*; for 'tis you  
 With virtue beets the haly fire.

*At the close of this sang, enters the Genius of  
 the family, clad in a scarlet robe, with a*

nificence; very shewy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by the ablest Architects, as well as the best Poets. Thus we see in Ben Johnson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as poet in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there being nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I know of) that places him in the class of writers. These shews we trace backwards as far as Henry VIII. from thence to Queen Elizabeth, and her successor King James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of them. The last Masque, and the best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at Ludlow-Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too many: and I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr. Addison agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, princely nuptials, publick feasts, the entertainment of foreign quality, were the usual occasions of this performance, and the best poet of the age was courted to be the author. Mr. Ramsay, has made a noble and successful attempt to revive this kind of poesy, on a late celebrated account. And tho' he is often to be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in his present composition. A particular friend gave it a second edition in England, which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deserved.

*duke's*

## THE NUPTIALS.

*duke's coronet on his head, a shield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.*

## G E N I U S.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear  
Thy invitation gratefu' to the ear  
Of a' the *Gods*, who from the *Olympian* height  
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight,  
*Jovs* keeps this day in his imperial dome,  
And I to lead th' invited *guests* am come.

*Enter Venus, attended by three Graces, with Minerva and Hymen, all in their proper dresses.*

## C A L L I O P E.

Welcome, ye bright *Divinities*, that guard  
The brave and fair, and fa' thfu' love reward;  
All hail, immortal progeny of *Jove*,  
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

## G E N I U S.

Be still auspicious to th' united pair,  
And let their purest pleasures be your care;  
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,  
To crown th' *Illustrious Youth* and *Fair-ane's* joy.

## V E N U S.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;  
He shall look always great, SHE ever fair;  
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,  
Round her the loves in smiling crowds shall fly,  
And bear frae ilka glance, on downy wings,  
Into his ravish'd heart the fastest things:  
And soon as *Hymen* has perform'd his rites,  
I'll shower on them my hale *Idalian* sweets;

They shall possess,  
In each cares,  
Delights shall tire  
The muse's fire,  
In highest numbers to express,

*H Y M E N.*

I'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,  
Synce ilka langing with with raptures crown;  
The gloomy nights shall ne'er unwelcome prove,  
That leads them to the silent scenes of love.  
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,  
To chear and animate each dear embrace;  
Fond of the Fair, he folds her in his arms;  
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms.

Rejoice, brave youth,  
In sic a fouth  
Of joys the gods for thee provide;  
The rosy dawn,  
The flow'ry lawn,  
The spring has dress in a' its pride,  
Claim no regard  
When they're compar'd  
With blooming beauties of thy bride.

*M I N E R V A.*

Fairest of a' the goddesses, and thou  
That links the lovers to be ever true,  
The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,  
But 'tis not you can make their sweets secure:  
That be my task, to make a friendship rise,  
Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgars size.  
Those near related to the brutal kind,  
Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind;  
'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,  
And mould a love shall last like that aboon.



A' these sma' springs, whence could reserve and spleen  
 Take their first rise, and favour'd flow mair keen,  
 I shall discover in a proper view,  
 To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new.  
 Nor jealousy, nor envious mouth,  
 Shall dare to blast their love ;  
 But wisdom, constancy and truth,  
 Shall ev'ry bliss improve.

## G E N I U S.

Thrice happy chief, so much the care  
 Of a' the family of *Jove*,  
 A thousand blessings wait the fair,  
 Who is found worthy of his love.  
 Lang may the fair attractions of her mind  
 Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

## M I N E R V A.

The ancestors of mightiest chiefs and kings,  
 Nae higher can derive than human springs ;  
 Yet frae the common soil each wond'rous root,  
 Aloft to heaven their spreading branches shoot :  
 Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate.  
 Fam'd for unbounded thought or stern debate,  
 Born high upon an undertaking mind,  
 Superior raise, and left the crowd behind.

## G E N I U S.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,  
 My *Charge* throw ages draws his lineage down.  
 The paths of sic *Forbeers* lang may he trace,  
 And she be *Mother* to as fam'd a race.

When blue diseases fill the drumly air,  
 And red-hot bowts throw slaughts of lightning rair,  
 Or

Or mad'ning faction shakes the sanguine sword,  
 With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord,  
 And his lov'd mate—tho' furies shou'd break loose;  
 Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

## I. G R A C E.

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals smile,  
 Let nature with delights adorn the isle :  
 Be hush, bauld North, *Favonius* only blaw,  
 And cease, bleak clouds, to shed or weat or snaw ;  
 Shine bright, thou radiant ruler of the year,  
 And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

## II. G R A C E.

Thy month, great queen of goddesses, make gay,  
 Which gains new honours frae this marriage-day.  
 On *Glotta's* banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort,  
 And with the landart lasses blythly sport.

## III. G R A C E.

Wear your best faces and your *Sunday's* weeds,  
 And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds ;  
 Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,  
 And wake responsive echoe all around.

## I. G R A C E.

Sing your great master, *Scotia's* eldest son,  
 And the lov'd angel that his heart has won ;  
 Come, sisters, let's frae art's hale stores collect  
 Whatever can her native beauties deck,  
 That in the day she may eclipse the light,  
 And ding the constellations of the night.

## V E N U S.

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise  
 But small addition to her genuine rays ;  
 Tho' ilka plain and ilka sea combine  
 To make her with their richest product shine,

Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,  
 Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen :  
 These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,  
 As bars to faster blessings, sling aside ;  
 Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,  
 As frae its body slides the fainted shade ;  
 Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,  
 Where all is harmony, and all is love :  
 Haste to these blessings——kiss the night away,  
 And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

## H Y M E N.

The whisper and caress shall shorten hours,  
 While kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,  
 Thy Sun, like him who the fresh bevrage sips,  
 Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips :  
 My haly hand maun chastly now unloose  
 That Zone which a' thy virgin charms enclose :  
 That Zone shou'd be less gratefu' to the fair,  
 Than easy bands of faster wedlock are.  
 That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing,  
 The langer *These* are bound, they mair of honour  
 bring.

## M I N E R V A.

Yes, happy pair, what e'er the gods inspire,  
 Pursue, and gratify each just desire :  
 Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt ;  
 But still observe the bounds by vertue fixt.

## Enter B A C C H U S.

What brings *Minerva* here this rantin night ?  
 She's good for nathing but to preach or fight :  
 Is this a time for either !——swith away,  
 Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

M I N E R.

## M I N E R V A.

Peace, *Theban Roarer*, while the milder powers  
Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours ;  
The pure reflection of our calmer joys  
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

## B A C C H U S.

Ye canna want it, faith ! you that appear  
Anes at a bridal but in twenty year :  
A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see ;  
But where was e'er a wedding without me ?  
*Blue Een*, remember, I'm baith hap and faul  
To *Venus* there ; but me, she'd starve o' caul.

## V E N U S.

We awn the truth.—*Minerwa*, cease to check  
Our jolly brother with your disrespect ;  
He's never absent at the treats of *Jove*,  
And shou'd be present at this feast of love.

## G E N I U S.

Maist welcome power, that chears the vital  
streams,  
When *Pallas* guards thee frae thy wild extremes ;  
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,  
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

## B A C C H U S.

Fm-nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,  
But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink  
A hearty health to thir same lovely *twos*,  
That are sae meikle dauted by you a' ;  
Then with my juice a reeming bicquor crown,  
I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly round.

*Enter Ganymed, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass in the other.—Speaks,*

To you, blyth beings, the benign director  
Of gods and men—to keep your fauls in tist—  
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,  
As good as e'er was browen aboon the list.

B A C C H U S.

Ha, *Ganny*, come, my dainty boy,  
Skink't up, and let us prive ;  
Without it life wad be a toy :  
Here, gi'e me't in my nive.

[*Takes the glass.*] Good health to *Hamilton*, and his  
Lov'd mate :-Of father *Jove*, we crave  
Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of blifs,  
And rowth of bonny bairns and brave.  
Pour on them frae thy endless store,  
A' bennifons that are divine,  
With as good will as I waught o'er  
This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

*(Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.)*

Come see't about, and syne let's all advance,  
Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance ;  
*Minerva* m'm; for a' your morals stoor,  
Ye shall with billy *Bacchus* fit the floor :  
Play up there, lassie, some blyth *Scottish* tune,  
Syne a' be blyth, when wine and wit gae round.

*The health about, musick and dancing begin.—The dancing over, before her Grace retires with the ladies to be undress'd, Calliope sings the*

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,  
Which shining fauls impart ;  
It to perfection mounts above,  
And glows about the heart.

It is the flame gives lasting worth,  
 To greatness, beauty, wealth and birth,——  
 On you, illustrious youthfu' pair,  
 Who are high heaven's delight and care;  
 The blisfu' beam darts warm and fair,  
 And shall improve the rest  
 Of a' these gifts baith great and rare,  
 Of which ye are possesst.

*Bacchus*, bear off your dinfome gang,  
 Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang  
 Invite you now away;  
 While ilka hynd,  
 And maiden kind,  
 Dance in a ring,  
 While shepherds sing  
 In honour of the day;  
 Gae drink and dance  
 'Till morn advance,  
 And set the twinkling fires,  
 While we prepare  
 To lead the fair  
 And brave to their desires.

Gae, loves and graces, take your place,  
 Around the nuptial bed abide;  
 Fair *Venus* heighten each embrace,  
 And smoothly make their minutes slide.  
 Gae, *Hymen*, put the couch in case,  
*Minerva*, thither lead the bride;  
 Neist, all attend his youthfu' grace,  
 And lay him sweetly by her side.

ODE on the Marriage of the Right Hon.  
GEORGE Lord RAMSAY and Lady  
JEAN MAULE.

**H**A I L to the brave apparent chief,  
Boast of the *Ramsays* Clanish name,  
Whose ancestors stood the relief  
Of *Scotland*, ages known to fame.

Hail to the lovely she, whose charms,  
Complete in graces, meets his love ;  
Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,  
And makes him grateful bow to *Jove*.

Both from a line of patriots rise,  
Chiefs of *Dalboufie* and *Panmure*,  
Whose loyal fames shall stains despise,  
While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The *Ramsays* ! *Caledonia's* prop ;  
The *Maules* ! struck still her foes with dread ;  
Now join'd, we, from the union, hope  
A race of heroes shall succeed.

Let meaner souls transgress the rules  
That's fix'd by honour, love and truth,  
While little views proclaim them fools,  
Unworthy beauty, sense and youth.

Whilst you, blest pair, belov'd by all  
The powers above, and best below,  
Shall have delights attend your call,  
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

*On the Marriage of the Ld. Ramsay.* 103

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,  
The guardians of mankind approve :  
Well may they finish what's begun,  
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wish'd — when straight a heavenly-voice  
Inspir'd — we heard the blue-ey'd maid  
Cry, *Who dare quarrel with the choice ?*  
*The choice is mine, be mine their aid.*

Be thine their aid, O wisest power,  
And soon again we hope to see  
Their plains return, splendid their tower,  
And blossom broad the \* *Edgewell-Tree.*

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,  
Shall raise the glory of his clan ;  
She for celestial sweets ador'd,  
Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

Soon may their † *Royal Bird* extend  
His fable plumes, and lordships claim,  
Which to his valiant fires pertain'd,  
E'er earls in *Albion* were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,  
With gen'rous smiles consenting, own  
That they deserve your kindest care :  
Thus with the gods their pleasure crown.

Haste, ev'ry *Grace*, each *Love* and *Smile*,  
From fragrant *Cyprus* spread the wing ;  
To deck their couch, exhaust your isle  
Of all the beauties of the spring.

\* See note vol. I. p. 276.

† The Spread Eagle fable, on a field argent, is the arms of the Earl of Dalhousie.



104 *On the Birth of the M. of Dumlanrig*

On them attend with homage due,  
In him are *Mars* and *Phœbus* seen :  
And in the noble nymph you'll view  
The sage *Minerva* and your *Queen*.

---

ODE on the Birth of the Most Hon. Marquis  
of D U M L A N R I G.

HELP me, some god, with sic a muse  
As *Pope* and *Granvile* aft employ,  
That I may flowing numbers chuse,  
To hail the welcome princely boy.

But, bred up far frae shining courts,  
In moorland glens, where nought I see,  
But now and then some landart las,  
What sounds polite can flow frae me ?

Yet my blyth las, among the lave,  
With honest heart her homage pays ;  
Tho' no sae nice she can behave,  
Yet always as she thinks she says.

Arise, ye nymphs, on *Nytba's* plains,  
And gar the craigs and mountains ring ;  
Rouse up the fauls of a' the swains,  
While you the lovely Infant sing.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,  
With gowan garlands gird your brows ;  
Out o'er the dales in dances roam,  
And shout around the jovial news.

By

*On the Birth of the M. of Dumlanrig.* 105

By the good bennison of heaven,  
To free you frae the future fright  
Of foreign lords, a Babe is given,  
To guard your int'rest and your right.

With pleasure view your Prince, who late  
Up to the state of manhood run,  
Now, to complete his happy fate,  
Sees his ain image in a Son.

A Son, for whom be this your pray'r,  
Ilk morning soon as dawn appears,  
GoD gránt him an unmeasur'd skair  
Of a' that grac'd his great forbeers:

That his great Sire may live to see,  
Frae his delightfu' infant spring,  
A wise and stalwart progeny,  
To fence their country and their king.

Still blefs her Grace frae whom he sprung,  
With blythsome heal her strength renew,  
That throw lang life she may be young,  
And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch well, ye tenants of the air,  
Wha hover round our heads unseen;  
Let dear *Dumlanrig* be yours care,  
Or when he lifts or steeks his een.

Ye hardy *Heroes*, whafe brave pains  
Defeated ay th' invading rout,  
Forfake a wee th' *Elisian* plains,  
View, smile and blefs your lovely sprout.

Ye

106 Epistle to Mr. GAY.

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,  
And glow with chearfu' heal and youth,  
Sic as of auld might nurse a *Jove*,  
Or lay the breast t' *Alcide's* mouth ;

The best and bonniest of ye a'  
Take the sweet babie in your arms ;  
May he nought fræe your bosoms draw,  
But nectar to nurse up his charms.

Harmoniously the notes express,  
When singing you his dumps debar,  
That discord never may impress  
Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the *Poet* in his ears,  
E'en while he's hanging at the breast :  
Thus moulded, when he comes to years,  
With an exalted gust he'll feast

On lays immortal, which forbid  
The death of *Douglas'* doughty name,  
Or in obligation let lie hid  
The *Hydes* their beauty and their fame.

---

Epistle to Mr. JOHN GAY, *Author of the  
Shepherd's Week, on hearing her Grace the  
Dutchess of Queensberry commend some of  
his Poems.*

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,  
Sang *Blowzalind* and *Bowzybee*,  
And, like the lavrock, merrily  
Wak'd up the morn,  
When thou didst tune, with heartsome glee,  
Thy bog-reed-horn.

To

To thee, frae edge of *Pentland* height,  
 Where fawns and fairies take delight,  
 And revel a' the live-lang night,  
   O'er glens and braes,  
 A bard that has the second sight  
   Thy fortune spaes.

Now, lend thy lug, and tent me, *Gay*,  
 Thy fate appears like flow'rs in *May*,  
 Fresh flourishing, and lalling ay,  
   Firm as the aik,  
 Which envious winds, when criticks bray,  
   Shall never shake.

Come, shaw your loof. — Ay, there's the line  
 Fortells thy versé shall ever shine,  
 Dawted whilst living by the nine,  
   And a' the best,  
 And be, when past the mortal line,  
   Of fame possést.

Immortal *Pope*, and skilfu' *John*,  
 The learned *Leach* frae *Callidon*,  
 With mony a witty dame and don,  
   O'er lang to name,  
 Are of your roundels very fon,  
   And found your fame.

And sa do I, wha roose but few,  
 Which nae sma' favour is to you:  
 For to my friends I stand right true,  
   With thanks a spar;  
 And my good word (ne'er gien but due)  
   Gangs unko far.

Here



She says, thy sonnet smoothly sings,  
 Sae ye may crawl and clap your wings,  
 And smile at *Ether-capite* stings  
                                     With careless pride,  
 When sae much wit and beauty brings  
                                     Strength to your side.

Lilt up your pipes, and rise aboon  
 Your *Trivium* and your moorland tune,  
 And sing *Clarinda* late and soon,  
                                     In touring strains,  
 'Till gratefu' gods cry out, well done,  
                                     And praise thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around  
 May echo back the lovely sound,  
 Frae *Dover* cliffs, with sapphire crown'd,  
                                     To *Thule's* shore,  
 Where northward no more *Britain's* found,  
                                     But seas that rore.

Thus sing——whilst I frae *Arthur's* height,  
 O'er *Chiviat* glowr with tired sight,  
 And langing wish, like raving wight,  
                                     To be set down,  
 Frae coach and fax, baith trim and tight,  
                                     In *London* town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,  
 Before, alake! that sight I see;  
 Then, best relief, I'll strive to be  
                                     Quiet and content,  
 And streak my limbs down easylic  
                                     Upon the bent.

There

110 Ode to the Countess of ABOYN.

There sing the gowans, broom and trees,  
The crystal burn and westlin breez,  
The bleeting flocks, and bisy bees,  
And blythsome fwains,  
Wha rant and dance, with kiltit dees,  
O'er mossy plains.

Farewell ;—but, e'er we part, let's pray,  
God save *Clarinda* night and day,  
And grant her a' she'd wish to ha'e,  
Withoutten end !—  
Nae mair at present I've to say,  
But am your friend.

---

ODE to the Right Hon. GRACE Countess  
of ABOYN, on her Marriage-Day.

**I**N martial fields the heroe toils,  
And wades throw blood to purchase fame ;  
O'er dreadful waves, from distant soils,  
The merchant brings his treasure hame.

But fame and wealth no joys bestow,  
If plac'd alane they cyphers stand ;  
'Tis to the figure *Love* they owe  
The real joys that they command.

Blest He who love and beauty gains,  
Gains what, contesting kings might claim,  
Might bring brave armies to the plains,  
And loudly swell the blast of fame.

How

Ode to the Countess of ABOYN. III

How happy then is young *Aborn* !  
Of how much heaven is he possess !  
How much the care of pow'rs divine,  
Who lies in lovely *Lockhart's* breast !

Gazing in raptures on thy charms,  
Thy sparkling beauty, shape and youth,  
He grasps all softness in his arms,  
And sips the nectar from thy mouth.

If sympathick likeness crave  
Indulgent parents to be kind,  
Each pow'r shall guard the charm they gave,  
*Venus* thy face, *Pallas* thy mind.

O muse, we could—but stay thy flight ;  
The field is sacred as 'tis sweet ;  
Who dares to paint the ardent night,  
When ravish'd youth and beauty meet ?

Here we must draw a veil between,  
And shade those joys too dazzling clear,  
By ev'ry eye not to be seen,  
Nor to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her smiles, ye *Cupids*, play ;  
Still in her eyes your revels keep ;  
Her pleasure be your care by day,  
And whisper sweetness in her sleep.

Be banish'd, each ill-natur'd care,  
Base offspring of fantastick spleen ;  
Of access here you must despair,  
Her breast for you is too serene.



May guardian angels hover round  
 Thy head, and ward off all annoy;  
 Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,  
 And all thy nights be blest with joy.

---

## E P I G R A M.

**M**INERVA wand'ring in a myrtle grove,  
 Accosted thus the smiling queen of love,  
 Revenge yourself, you've cause to be afraid,  
 Your boasted pow'r yields to a *British* maid:  
 She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;  
 Love leads her beauty, which eclipses thine.  
 Each youth, I know (*says Venus*) thinks she's me;  
 Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee:  
 Good *Pallas*, thus you're foil'd as well as I.  
 Ha, ha! (*crys Cupid*) that's my *Ma'y Sleigh*.

---

*On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRODIE of Brodie, Lord Lyon King of Arms, and Mrs. MARY SLEIGH.*

**W**HEN time was young, and innocence,  
 With tender love govern'd this round,  
 No mean design to give offence  
 To constancy and truth was found;  
 All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry sward,  
 Lovers carest with fond and chaste regard.

From easy labours of the day  
 Each pair to leafy bowers retir'd;  
 Contentment kept them ever gay,  
 While kind connubial sweets conspir'd,

With

LORD LION, King of Arms. 113

With smiling quiet and balmy health throu' life,  
To make the happy husband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wisdom less,  
With spirits weak, and wavering minds,  
Void of resolve, poorly confess  
They cannot relish aught that binds.  
Let libertines of taste sue wond'rous nice,  
Despise to be confin'd in Paradise.

— While *Brodie* with his beauteous *Sleigh*,  
On purest love can safely feast,  
Quaff raptures from her sparkling eye,  
And judge of heaven within her breast :  
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy ;  
Possessing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,  
Altho' her soul were less divine,  
The brightness of her mind could charm,  
Did less her graceful beauties shine :  
But both united, with full force inspire  
The warmest wish, and the most lasting fire.

In your accomplish'd mate, young *Thane*,  
Without reserve ye may rejoice ;  
The heavens your happiness sustain,  
And all that think, admire your choice.  
Around your treasure circling arms entwine,  
Be all thy pleasure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear *Mary*, in thy youth,  
The first of his brave ancient clan,  
Whose soul delight in love and truth,  
And view'd in every light a man,

114 To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

To whom the fates with liberal hand have given  
Good sense, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reason thus unite  
An equal pair in sacred ties,  
They gain the human bliss complete,  
And approbation from the skies.  
Since you approve, kind heaven, upon them pour  
The best of blessings to their latest hour.

To you who rule above the sun,  
To you who fly in fluid air,  
We leave to finish what's begun,  
Still to reward and watch the Pair.  
Thus far the muse, who did an answer wait,  
And heard the gods name happiness their fate.

---

To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq; on his  
*being chosen Member of Parliament.*

MY Burchet's name! well pleas'd, I saw  
Amang the chosen leet,  
Wha are to give *Britannia* law,  
And keep her rights complete.

O may the rest wha fill the house  
Be of a mind with thee,  
And *British* liberty espouse;  
We glorious days may see.

The name of Patriot is mair great  
Than heaps of ill-win gear:  
What boots an opulent estate  
Without a conscience clear?

While

## *The* GENERAL MISTAKE. 116

While sneaking sauls for cash wad troke  
Their Country, GOD and King,  
With pleasure we the villain mock,  
And hate the worthless thing.

With a' your pith, the like of you  
Superior to what's mean,  
Shou'd gar the truckling rogues looke blue,  
And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them—down with a' that dare  
Oppose the nation's right ;  
Sae may your fame like a fair star  
Throu' future times shine bright.

Sae may kind heaven propitious prove,  
And grant what e'er ye crave ;  
And him a corner in your love,  
Wha is your humble slave.

---

*The* GENERAL MISTAKE: *A* Satire.  
*Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Lord*  
ERSKINE.

**T**HE finish'd mind in all its movements bright,  
Surveys the self-made sumph in proper light,  
Allows for native weakness, but disdains  
Him who the character with labour gains :  
Permit me then, my Lord (since you arise  
With a clear saul aboon the common size)  
To place the following sketches in your view ;  
The world will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.

## 115 *The* GENERAL MISTAKE,

Is there a fool, frae *Senator* to *Swain*?  
Take ilk ane's verdict for himsell,—there's nane.  
A thousand other wants make thousands fret,  
But nane for want of *Wisdom* quarrels fate.  
Alas! how gen'ral prove the great mistake,  
When others throu' their neighbours failings rake?  
Detraction then, by spite, is born too far,  
And represents men worse than what they are.  
Come then, *Impartial Satire*, fill the stage  
With fools of ilka station, sex and age;  
Point out the folly, hide the person's name,  
Since obduration follows publick shame:  
Silent conviction calmly can reform,  
While open scandal rages to a storm.

Proceed, but in the list, poor things forbear,  
Who only in the human form appear,  
Scarce animated with that heavenly fire  
Which makes the soul with boundless thoughts  
aspire;

Such move our pity,——nature is to blame—  
'Tis fools, in some things wise, that satire claim;  
Such as *Nugator*, mark his solemn mien,  
Stay'd are his features, scarcely move his een,  
Which deep beneath his knoted eye-brows sink,  
And he appears as ane wad guess to think;  
Even sae he does, and can exactly shaw  
How mony beans make five, tak three awa!  
Deep read in *Latin Folios*, four inch thick,  
He probs your crabit points into the quick;  
Delights in dubious things to give advice,  
Admires your judgment, if you think him wise:  
And stily stands by what he anes thought right,  
Altho' oppos'd with reason's clearest light.  
On him ilk argument is thrown away,  
Speak what ye will, he tents not what you say:

He

The GENERAL MISTAKE. II 7

He hears himself, and currently runs o'er  
All on the subject he has said before :  
'Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,  
Th' opponent rests,—*Nugator* thinks him dung.  
Thou solemn trifler—ken thou art despis'd,  
Thy stiff pretence to wisdom, nathing priz'd  
By sic as can their notions fause decline,  
When truth darts on them with convicting shine.  
How hateful's dull opinion! prop'd with words,  
That nought to any ane of sense affords,  
But tiresome jargon.—Learn to laugh, at least,  
That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to smooth *Cbicander* next,  
In whom good sense seems with good humour mixt ;  
But only seems :—for envy, malice, guile,  
And sic base vices, crowd behind his smile.  
Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,  
He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end ;  
A crime ! no, 'tis his brag ; he names it *Wit*,  
And triumphs o'er a better man he'as bit.  
Think shame, *Cbicander*, of your creeping slights,  
True wisdom in sincerity delights ;  
The sumphish mob of penetration shawl,  
May gape and ferly at your cunning faul,  
And make ye fancy that there is desert  
In thus employing a' your sneaking art.  
But do not think that men of clearer sense  
Will e'er admit of sic a vile pretence,  
To that which dignifies the human mind,  
And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverse of this fause face, observe yon youth,  
A strict plain dealer, aft o'er-stretching truth ;

## 118 *The* GENERAL MISTAKE.

Severely sown, he's ready to reprove  
 The least wrang step in those who have his love :  
 Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates ;  
 But much they're to be pitied whom he hates.  
 Here his mistake, his weakest side appears,  
 When he a character in pieces tears ;  
 He gives nae quarter, nor to great or sma',  
 Even beauty guards in vain ; he lays at a'.  
 This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,  
 Too deeply mony a reputation wounds ;  
 For which he's hated by the suffering crowd,  
 Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,  
 And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,  
 As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.  
*Censorious*, learn sometimes at faults to wink,  
 The wisest ever speak less than they think ;  
 Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt,  
 Yet this proud worm-wood show o't, speaks a want :  
 A want in which your folly will be seen,  
 'Till you increase in wit, and have less spleen.

Make way there—when a mortal god appears !  
 Why do ye laugh ? King *Midas* wore sic ears—  
 How wise he looks ? Well, wad he never speak,  
 People wad think him neither dull nor weak :  
 But ah ! he fancies, 'cause he's chos'n a tool,  
 That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool ;  
 Straight he, with paughty mien, and lordly glooms,  
 A vile affected air, not his, assumes ;  
 Stawks stify by, when better men salute,  
 Discovering less of senator than brute.  
 Yet, is there e'er a wiser man than he ?  
 Speer at himsell ; and, if he will be free,  
 He'll tell you, *Nane*.—Will judges tell a lie ?

}  
 But

## The GENERAL MISTAKE. 119

But let him pass, and with a smile observe  
Yon tatter'd shadow, amais't like to starve ;  
And yet he struts, proud of his vast ingine,  
He is an author, writes exquisite fine :  
Sae fine, in faith ! that every vulgar head  
Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.  
He hates the world for this ;—with bitter rage  
He damns the stupid dulness of the age.  
The printer is unpaid.—Booksellers swear  
Ten copies will not sell in ten lang year :  
And wad not that sair fret a learned mind,  
To see those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind,  
Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,  
Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains ?  
And a' for nought, but to be vilely us'd,  
As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.  
Ah ! fellow-lab'ers for the press, take heed,  
And force nae fame that way, if ye wad speed :  
Mankind must be (we have nae other) judge,  
And if they are displeas'd, why should we grudge ?  
If happily you gain them to your side,  
Then bauldly mount your *Pegasus*, and ride :  
Value your fell only what they desire ;  
What does not take, commit it to the fire.

Next him a penman with a bluffer air,  
Stands 'tween this twa best friends that lull his care,  
Nam'd *Money in baith Pouches*—with three lines  
Yclipt a bill, he digs the *Indian* mines,  
Jobs, changes, lends, extorfes, cheats and grips,  
And no ae turn of gainfu' us'ry slips,  
'Till he has won, by wise pretence and snell,  
As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,  
His ain lang hame —This sucker thinks nane wife,  
But him who can to immense riches rise :



Lear, honour, vertue, and sic heavenly beams,  
 To him appear but idle airy dreams,  
 Not fit for men of business to mind,  
 That are for great and golden ends design'd.  
 Send for him, de'el!—'till then, good men, take  
 care

To keep at distance frae his hook and snare;  
 He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,  
 He'll draw, indorse, and horn to death his prey.

Not thus *Macfomno* pushes after praise,  
 He treats, and is admir'd in all he says;  
 Cash well bestow'd, which helps a man to pass  
 For wise in his ain thinking, that's an as:  
 Poor skybalds, curs'd with less of wealth than wit,  
 Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, fit  
 With look attentive, ready all about,  
 To give the laugh when his dull juke comes out;  
 Accustom'd with his conversation bright,  
 They ken as by a watch the time of night,  
 When he's at sic a point of sic a tale,  
 Which to these parasites grows never stale,  
 Tho' often tald.—Like *Lethe's* stream, his wine  
 Makes them forget!—that he again may shine.  
 ' Fy! satire, hald thy tongue, thou art too rude  
 ' To jeer a character that seems fae good:  
 ' This man may beet the poet bare and clung,  
 ' That rarely has a shilling in his spung.'  
 Hang him!—there's patrons of good sense enew  
 'To cherish and support the tuneful few,  
 Whose penetration's never at a los  
 In right distinguishing of gold frae dross:  
 Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,  
 Experience may teach thee not to fear.

But

But see another gives mair cause for dread,  
He thraws his gab, and aft he shakes his head ;  
A slave to self-conceit, and a' that's fow'r,  
T' acknowledge merit, is not in his power :  
He reads,—but ne'er the author's beauties minds,  
And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.  
Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,  
To be a wirry-kow to writing fools ;  
Thy fell the greatest, only learn'd in words,  
Which naithing but the cauld and dry affords.  
Dâr'it thou of a' thy betters slighting speak,  
That have nae gruten sae meikle learning *Greek* ?  
Thy depths well kend, and a' thy silly vaunts,  
To ilka solid thinker shaw thy wants.  
Thus cowards deave us with a thousand lies  
Of dangerous vict'ries they have won in pleas.  
Sae shallow upstarts strive with care to hide  
Their mean descent (which inly gaws their pride)  
By counting kin, and making endless faird,  
If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.  
Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,  
Appear just what ye are, and dread nae scorn ;  
Labour in words—keep hale your skins : why not ?  
Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,  
But to your praise.—Walk aff, till we remark

Yon little coxy wight, that makes sic wark  
With tongue and gate : how croussly does he stand ?  
His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand ;  
The right beats time a hundred various ways,  
And points the *Pathos* out in a' he says.  
Wow ! but he's proud ! when amaisit out of breath,  
At ony time he clatters a man to death,  
Wha is oblig'd sometime t' attend the sot,  
To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat.

Thou

122 *The P H O E N I X and the O W L.*

Thou din some jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease  
This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please ;  
Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane  
To think this way the name of *Sage* to gain.

Now, lest I shou'd be thought too much like thee,  
I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee ;  
If they allow my picture's like the life,  
Mae shall be drawn ; originals are rise.

---

*The P H O E N I X and the O W L.*

**P**H O E N I X the first, th' *Arabian* lord,  
And chief of all the feather'd kind,  
A hundred ages had ador'd  
The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, he maun yield to fate,  
He heard the summons with a smile,  
And unalarm'd, without regret,  
He form'd himself a fun'ral pile.

A *Howlet*, bird of mean degree,  
Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,  
Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,  
Cursing the sun loot him be cauld.

Said *Phoenix*, Brother, why so griev'd,  
To ban the being gives the breath ?  
Learn to die better than thou'st liv'd ;  
Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that ? the *Owl* reply'd ;  
Preach as ye will, death is an ill :  
When young I ilka pleasure try'd,  
But now I die against my will.

For you, a species by yourself,  
Near eeldins with the sun your god,  
Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,  
Ye're tired, and incline to nod.

It shou'd be fae ; for had I been  
As lang upon the warld as ye,  
Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my een,  
For tinsel of my hollow tree.

And what, return'd th' *Arabian* sage,  
Have ye t' observe ye have not seen ?  
Ae day's the picture of an age,  
'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.

Come, let us baith together die :  
Bow to the sun that gave thee life ;  
Repent thou frae his beams did flee,  
And end thy poortith, pain and strife.

Thou wha in darkness took delight,  
Frae twangs of guilt could't ne'er be free :  
What won thou by thy shunning light ?—  
But time flees on ;—I haste to die.

Ye'r fervant, sir, reply'd the *Owl*,  
I likena in the dark to lowp :  
The byword ca's that cheit a fool,  
That slips a certainty for hope.

Then straight the zealous feather'd king  
To's aromatick nest retir'd,  
Collected sun-beams with his wing,  
And in a spicy flame expir'd.

124 *To Sir JOHN CLERK,*

Mean time there blew a westlin gale,  
Which to the *Howlet* bore a coal ;  
The faint departed on his pile,  
But the blasphemers in his hole.

He died for ever—fair and bright,  
The *Phoenix* frae his ashes sprang.  
Thus wicked men sink down to night,  
While just men join the glorious thrang.

---

*To the Honourable Sir JOHN CLERK of  
PENNYCUIK, Bart. one of the Barons of  
the Exchequer, on the Death of his most ac-  
complished Son, JOHN CLERK, Esq;  
who died in the 20th Year of his Age.*

**I**F tears can ever be a duty found,  
'Tis when the deaths of dear relations wound ;  
Then you must weep, you have too just a ground.

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,  
Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd ;  
Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load  
Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod :  
But who may contradict the will of God !

By his great Author, man was sent below,  
Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,  
To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,  
He calls the soul home to its native clime,  
To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus

Thus some in youth like eagles mount the steep,  
Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep ;  
Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,  
In muddy pools they long unactive stand,  
'Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain,  
The mountain rill flows eagerly to gain,  
With a full tide, its origin the main.

Thus your lov'd *Youth*, whose bright aspiring mind  
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,  
Sai'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,  
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noen,  
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to rore,  
And ere his broken vessel was no more,  
His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,  
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,  
Where crowding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

*Southeska's* smiling cherub \* first appear'd,  
With *Garlies'* consort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,  
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of sp'rits, with how much joy  
His tender *Mother* would receive her boy,  
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

\* James Lord Carnegie. See p. 46.

† Lady Garlies, p. 49, both his near relations.

126 *On receiving a LETTER, &c.*

His good *Grandfire*, who lately went to rest,  
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,  
And welcome him to regions of the blest !

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,  
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan;  
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel coast,  
Expecting every minute to be lost,  
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast.

Where happy land-men safely breathe the air,  
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,  
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to bliss lay claim,  
Must, like your *Son*, each vicious passion tame,  
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex yourself in vain,  
To latest age the character maintain  
You now possess, you'll find your *Son* again.

---

*On receiving a Letter to be present at the Burial  
of Mr. ROBERT ALEXANDER of  
Blackhouse.*

**T**HOU fable-border'd sheet, be gone,  
Harbour to thee I must refuse ;  
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,  
Who carries such ungrateful news.

Who

Who can attend thy mournful tale,  
And ward his soul from piercing woe?  
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,  
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow,

From eyes of all that knew the man,  
And in his friendship had a share;  
Who all the world's affections won,  
By vertues that all natural were.

His merits dazzle, while we view;  
His goodness is a theme so full,  
The muse wants strength to pay what's due,  
While estimation prompts the will.

But she endeavours to make known  
To farrest down posterity,  
That good *Blackbouse* was such an one  
As every one should wish to be.

---

*The FAIR ASSEMBLY: A Poem.*

**A**WAKE, *Tbalia*, and defend,  
With chearfu' carroling,  
Thy bonny care,—thy wings extend,  
And bear me to your spring;  
That harmony full force may lend  
To reasons that I bring:—  
Now *Caledonian* nymphs attend,  
For 'tis to you I sing.



128 *The FAIR ASSEMBLY.*

As lang as minds maun organs wear,  
 Compos'd of flesh and blood,  
 We ought to keep them hale and clear,  
 \* With exercise and food.  
 Then, but debate, it will appear  
 That dancing must be good,  
 It stagnant humours sets a steer,  
 And fines the purple blood.

Diseases, heaviness and spleen,  
 And ill things mony mae,  
 That gar the lazy fret and grane,  
 With visage dull and blaе.  
 'Tis dancing can do mair alane,  
 Than drugs frae far away,  
 To ward aff these, make nightly pain,  
 And sower the shining day.

Health is a prize ;—yet meikle mair  
 In dancing we may find ;  
 It adds a lustre to the fair,  
 And, when the fates unkind  
 Cloud with a blate and aukward air  
 A genius right refin'd,  
 † The sprightly art helps to repair  
 This blemish on the mind.

\* The wise for health on exercise depend,

God never made his works for man to mend. DR YD.

† Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing; I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For tho' this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion; yet I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing. LOCKE.

How

How many do we daily see,  
\* Right scrimp of wit and sense,  
Wha gain their aims aft easily  
By well-bred confidence ?  
Then what e'er helps to qualifie  
A rustick negligence,  
Maun without doubt a duty be,  
And shou'd give nae offence.

Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs  
Together join their hands,  
And vow to sooth ilk other's cares,  
In haly wedlock bands :  
Sae when to dance the maid prepares,  
And flush'd with sweetness stands,  
At her the wounded lover itares,  
And yields to heaven's commands.

The first command † he soon obeys,  
While love inspires ilk notion ;  
His wishing look his heart displays,  
While his lov'd mate's in motion :  
He views her with a blyth amaze,  
And drinks with deep devotion  
That happy draught, that throu' our days  
Is own'd a cordial potion.

\* It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the publick loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbiass'd probity, purely for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance ; while the pressing knave or fool shoulders him out, and gets the prize. Mr. WEAVER.

† Dixit eis Deus, sœtificate, augete, & implete terram.

130 *The FAIR ASSEMBLY.*

The cordial which conserves our life,  
 And makes it smooth and easy :  
 Then, ilka winter, wale a wife,  
 Ere eild and humdrums seize ye,  
 Whase charms can silence dumps or strife,  
 And frae the rake release ye,  
 Attend th' *Assembly*, where there's rife  
 Of vertuous maids to please ye.

These modest maids inspire the muse,  
 In flowing strains to shaw  
 Their beauties, which she likes to roose,  
 And let the envious blaw :  
 That task she canna well refuse,  
 Wha sinle says them na. —  
 To paint *Belinda* first we chuse,  
 With breasts like driven snaw.

Like lilly-banks see how they rise,  
 With a fair glen between,  
 Where living streams, blue as the skies,  
 Are branching upward seen,  
 To warm her mouth, where rapture lyes,  
 And smiles, that banish spleen,  
 Wha strikes with love and fast surprize,  
 Where e'er she turns her een.

*Sabella* gracefully complete,  
 Straight as the mountain-pine,  
 Like pearl and rubies set in jet,  
 Her lovely features shine :  
 In her the gay and solid meet,  
 And blended are fae fine,  
 That when she moves her lips or feet,  
 She seems some power divine.

O *Daphne*! sweeter than the dawn,  
When rays glance on the height,  
Diffusing gladness o'er the lawn,  
With strakes of rising light.  
The dewy flowers when newly blawn,  
Come short of that delight,  
Which they far fresher beauties can  
Afford our joyfu' sight.

How easy fits sweet *Celia*'s dress,  
Her gait how gently free ;  
Her steps, throu'out the dance, express  
The justest harmony ;  
And when she sings, all must confess,  
Wha're blest to hear and see,  
They'd deem't their greatest happiness  
T'enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,  
That hears *Aminia* speak ?  
Against love's arrows, shields are vain,  
When he aims frae her cheek ;  
Her cheek, where roses free from stain,  
In glows of youdith beek :  
Unmingl'd sweets her lips retain ;  
These lips she ne'er shou'd steek,

Unless when fervent kisses close  
That av'new of her mind,  
Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,  
As speaks the nymph design'd :  
The brag and toast of wits and beaux,  
And wonder of mankind ;  
Whae breast will prove a blest repose  
To him with whom she'll bind.

See with what gayety, yet grave,  
*Serena* swims along;  
 She moves a goddess' mang the lave,  
 Distinguish'd in the thrang.  
 Ye sourocks, haффines fool, haf knave,  
 Wha hate a dance or sang,  
 To see this stately maid behave,  
 'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang.

Your hearts! said I, trowth I'm to blame,  
 I had amaiст forgotten,  
 That ye to nae sic organ-claim;  
 Or if ye do, 'tis rotten.  
 A saul with sic a thowless flame,  
 Is sure a silly for ane:  
 Ye scandalize the human frame,  
 When in our shape begotten.

These lurdanes came just in my light,  
 As I was tenting *Chloe*,  
 With jet-black een that sparkle bright,  
 She's all o'er form'd for joy;  
 With neck and waist, and limbs as tight  
 As her's wha drew the boy,  
 Frae feeding flocks upon the height,  
 And fled with him to *Troy*.

Now *Myra* dances; mark her mien,  
 Sae disengag'd and gay,  
 Mix'd with that innocence that's seen  
 In bonny ew-bught *May*,  
 Wha wins the garland on the green  
 Upon some bridal-day;  
 Yet she has graces for a queen,  
 And might a scepter sway.

What

What lays, *Calista*, can commend  
The beauties of thy face!  
Whase fancy can sae touring stend,  
Thy merits a' to trace!  
Frae 'boon the starns, some bard, descend,  
And sing her ev'ry grace,  
Whase wond'rous worth may recommend  
Her to a god's embrace.

A seraph wad our *Aikman* paint,  
Or draw a lively wit;  
The features of a happy faint,  
Say, art thou fond to hit?  
Or a *Madona* compliment,  
With lineaments maist fit?  
Fair copies thou need'ft never want,  
If bright *Calista* fit.

*Mella* the heaviest heart can heez,  
And sowrest thoughts expell,  
Her station grants her rowth and ease,  
Yet is the sprightly *Belle*  
As active as the eydent bees,  
Wha rear the waxen cell;  
And, place her in what light you please,  
She still appears herself.

Beauties on beauties come in view  
Sae thick, that I'm afraid  
I shall not pay to ilk their due,  
'Till *Phæbus* lend mair aid:  
But this in gen'ral will had true,  
And may be safely said,  
There's ay a something shining new  
In ilk delicious maid.

PROPERTY LISTINGS

[The following text is extremely blurry and illegible. It appears to be a list of property entries, possibly including addresses and descriptions.]

[The following text is also extremely blurry and illegible. It continues the list of property entries.]

*On the Royal Company of Archers.* 135

While, to gain sport and halefome air,  
The blythsome spirit draps dull care,  
And starts frae bus'ness free :  
Now to the fields the *Archers* bend,  
With friendly minds the day to spend,  
In manly game and glee ;  
First striving who shall win the bowl,  
And then gar't flow with wine :  
Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul  
Of stalwart men lang syne.

Ere parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,  
Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,  
And made ev'n brethren faes :  
Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,  
And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,  
And led them in a maze  
Of politicks ; — with cunning craft,  
The *Iffachars* of state,  
Frae haly drums first dang us daft,  
Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse ;  
Come, view the men thou likes to roose ;  
To *Bruntsfield-green* let's hy,  
And see the royal *Bowmen* strive,  
Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,  
All foughing thro' the sky ;  
Ilk ettling with his utmost skill,  
With artfu' draught and stark,  
Extending nerves with hearty will,  
In hopes to hit the mark.



136 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

See *Hamilton*, wha moves wjth grace,  
Chief of the *Caledonian* race  
Of peers ; to whom is due  
All honours, and a' fair renown ;  
Wha lays aside his ducal crown,  
Sometime to shade his brow  
Beneath St. *Andrew's* bonnet blue,  
And joins to gain the prize :  
Which shaws true merit match'd by few,  
Great, affable and wise.

This day, with univerfal voice,  
The *Archers* him their chieftain chose ;  
Consenting powers divine,  
They blest the day with general joy,  
By giving him a princely boy,  
To beautify his line ;  
Whose birth-day, in immortal sang  
Shall stand in fair record,  
While bended strings the *Archers* twang,  
And beauty is ador'd.

Next *Drummond* view, who gives their law,  
It glads our hearts to see him draw  
The bow, and guide the *Band* ;  
He, like the faul of a' the lave,  
Does with sic honour still behave,  
As merits to command.  
Blyth be his hours, hale be his heart,  
And lang may he preside :  
Lang the just fame of his desert  
Shall unborn *Archers* read.

How

*On the Royal Company of Archers.* 137

How on this fair propitious day,  
With conquest leal he bore away  
    The *Bowl* victoriously ;  
With following shafts in number four,  
Success the like ne'er kend before,  
    The prize to dignify.  
Haste to the garden then bedeen,  
    The rose and laurel pow,  
And plet a wreath of white and green,  
    To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,  
In spring of youth and am'rous glow,  
    Just fifty yeas sinsyne,  
The silver arrow made his prize,  
Yet ceases not in fame to rise,  
    And with new feats to shine.  
May every *Archer* strive to fill  
    His bonnet, and observe  
The pattern he has set with skill,  
    And praise like him deserve.



On the Royal Company of Archers, marching  
under the Command of his Grace the Duke of  
HAMILTON, in their proper Habits, to  
shoot for the Arrow at Musselburgh, August  
4, 1724.

---

APOLLO, Patron of the Lyre,  
And of the valiant Archers Bow,  
Me with sic Sentiments inspire,  
As may appear from thee they show,  
When, by the special Will, and high Command,  
I sing the Merits of the ROYAL BAND.

---

**N**OW like themselves again the Archers raise  
The Bow, in brave array, and claim our lays:  
*Ææbus* well pleas'd, shines from the blue serene,  
Glents on the stream, and gilds the checquer'd  
green.

The winds ly hush in their remotest caves,  
And *Forth* with gentle swell his margin laves.  
See to his shore, the gathering thousands roll,  
As if one gen'ral sp'rit inform'd the whole.  
The bonniest fair of a' Great Britain's isle,  
From chariots and the crowded casements smile;  
Whilst horse and foot promiscuous form a lane,  
Extending far along the destin'd plain,  
Where, like *Bellona's* troops, or guards of love,  
The Archers in their proper habits move.

Their guardian saint, from yon ethereal height,  
Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light;  
While on his care he chearfully looks down,  
The pointed thistle wears his ruby crown,

And

On the Royal Company of Archers. 139

And seems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,  
No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage.  
Well pleas'd the rampant Lyon smoothes his mane,  
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the sun, when wintry clouds are past,  
And fragrant gales succeed the stormy blast,  
Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay ;  
So seem the *Archers* on this joyful day :  
Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind,  
Their *Leader* raises every follower's mind,  
Who love the conduct of a youth, whose birth  
To nothing yields but his superior worth ;  
And happier is with his selected train,  
Than *Philip's* son who strove a world to gain.  
That *Prince* whole nations to destruction drove,  
This *PRINCE* delights his country to improve.  
A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,  
And pass amongst the vulgar for a god ;  
Whilst men of penetration justly blame  
Those who hang on their ancestors for fame ;  
But own the dignity of high descent,  
When the successor's spirit keeps the bent,  
Which through revolving ages grac'd the line,  
With all those qualities that brightest shine :  
The *Archers* chieftain thus with active mind,  
In all that's worthy never falls behind.  
These noble characters, from whom he sprung,  
In hist'ry fam'd : whom ancient bards have sung.  
Sees, from his steady hand, and aiming eye,  
How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly :  
Both at one end close by the mark they stand,  
Which points him worthy of his brave command ;  
That as they to his num'rous merits bow,  
This victory makes homage fully due.

140 *On the Royal Company of Archers.*

Sage *Drummond* next, the chief, with counsel  
grave,  
Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave :  
So *Pallas* seem'd, who *Mentor's* form put on,  
To make a heroe of *Ulysses'* son.

Each officer his character maintains,  
While love and honour gratify their pains.  
No view inferior brings them to the field,  
To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield.

No hidden murmur swells the *Archer's* heart,  
While each with gladness acts his proper part.  
No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,  
Give birth to jealousies or dire debates :  
Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,  
Good order to preserve, as those who sway.  
O smiling muse, full well thou knows the fair  
Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share  
Their love with him that's generous and brave,  
And can with manly dignity behave ;  
Then haste to warn thy tender care with speed,  
• Lest by some random-shaft their hearts may bleed.  
Yon dangerous youths both *Mars* and *Venus* arm,  
While with their double darts they threat and  
charm ;  
Those at their side forbid invading foes,  
With vain attempt true courage to oppose ;  
While shafts mair subtle, darted from their eye,  
Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of HARTFORD,  
Lord PEIRCY, President, and the rest of  
the Honourable Members of the Society of  
British Antiquarians. A SCOTS ODE.

TO *Hartford* and his learned friends,  
Whose fame for science far extends,  
A *Scottish* muse her duty sends,  
From *Pi&isb* towers :  
Health, length of days, and happy ends,  
Be ever yours.

Your generous cares make light arise  
From things obscure to vulgar eyes,  
Finding where hidden knowledge lies,  
T' improve the mind ;  
And most delightfully surprize,  
With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,  
Or amongst antique ruins tread,  
And view remains of princes dead,  
In funeral piles,  
Your penetration seems decreed  
To bless these isles.

Where *Romans* form'd their camps of old,  
Their gods and urns of curious mold,  
Their medals struck of brass or gold,  
'Tis you can show,  
And truth of what's in story told,  
To you we owe.

How



To the Society of British Antiquarians. 143

*Pembroke's* a name to *Britain* dear,  
For learning and brave deeds of wiew ;  
The genius still continues clear  
In him whose art,  
In your rare fellowship can bear  
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn shall tune their lays,  
And monuments harmonious raise  
To *Winchelsea* and *Devon's* praise,  
Whose high desert,  
And vertues bright, like genial rays,  
Can life impart.

Nor want we *Caledonians* sage,  
Who read the painted vellum page,  
No strangers to each antique stage,  
And *Druids* cells,  
And sacred ruins of each age,  
On plains and fells.

Amongst all those of the first rate,  
Our learned \* *Clerk* blest with the fate  
Of thinking right, can best relate  
These beauties all,  
Which bear the marks of ancient date,  
Be-north the wall.

The wall which *Hadrian* first begun,  
And bold *Severus* carried on,  
From rising to the setting sun,  
On *Britain's* coast,  
Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,  
Which gall'd them most.

\* Sir John Clerk of Pennycuik, Bart.



144 *On the Marquess of Annandale.*

But now no need of walls or towers,  
Ag'd enmity no more endures,  
Brave *Britain* joins her warlike powers,  
That always dare,  
To open and to shut the doors  
Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wise design,  
And prosper in the task divine ;  
Draw from antiquity's deep mine  
The precious ore,  
And in the *British* annals shine  
'Till time's no more.

---

*On the Marquess of ANNANDALE'S conveying me a Present of Guineas in my Snuff-mill, after he had taken all the Snuff.*

**T**HE *Chief* requir'd my Sniffing-mill,  
And well it was bestow'd ;  
The *Patron*, by the rarest skill,  
'Turn'd all the snuff to gowd.

Gowd stamp't with royal *Anna's* face,  
Piece after piece came forth ;  
The pictures smil'd, gi'en with such grace  
By ane of so much worth.

Sure thus the patronizing *Roman*  
Made *Horace* spread the wing ;  
Thus *Dorset*, by kind deeds uncommon,  
Rais'd *Prior* up to sing.

That

*The Monk and the Miller's Wife.* 145

That there are patrons yet for me,  
Here's a convincing proof,  
Since *Annandale* gives gowd as free  
As I can part with sauff.

---

*The Monk and the Miller's Wife. A Tale.*

**N**OW lend your lugs, ye benders fine,  
Wha ken the benefit of wine;  
And you wha laughing scud brown ale,  
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest *Miller* wond in *Fife*,  
That had a young and wanton wife,  
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest  
To make her man a twa-horn'd beast:  
He paid right mony visits till her;  
And to keep in with *Hab* the miller,  
He endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,  
Where e'er he kend the ale was nappy,  
Sic condescension in a pastor,  
Knit *Halbert's* love to him the faster;  
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,  
*Hab* learn'd to preach when he was fou.  
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,  
The wife well serv'd, the men well eas'd.  
This ground his corns, and that did cherish  
Himself with dining round the parish.  
*Bess*, the good-wife, thought it nae skaith,  
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,  
And *Ceres* gives the schools the play,

146 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

A youth sprung frae a gentle Pair,  
 Bred at Saint *Andrew's Alma Mater*,  
 Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,  
 And him benighted by the gate:  
 To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him;  
 He couldna see his thumb before him;  
 But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,  
 Whilk led him to the higs the mill,  
 To tak the threed of tale along,  
 This mill to *Herbert* did belang,  
 Not less this note your notice claims,  
 The scholar's name was master *James*.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,  
 Smoothly relate a tale shall last  
 As lang as *Alps* and *Grampian* hills,  
 As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd *James*, *Hab* saw and kend him,  
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him  
 With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,  
 Baith fair his ain and father's sake.  
 The scholar thought himsell right sped,  
 And gave him thanks in terms well-bred.  
 Quoth *Hab*, I canna leave my mill  
 As yet;—but step ye west the kill  
 A bow-shot; and ye'll find my hame:  
 Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,  
 'Till I set aff the mill; syne we  
 Shall take what *Bessy* has to gi'e.  
*James*, in return, what's handsome said,  
 O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.  
 Out of the house some light did shine,  
 Which led him till't as with a line:  
 Arriv'd, he knock'd; for doors were steekit;  
 Straight throw a window *Bessy* keekit,

And

*The Monk and the Miller's Wife.* 147

And cries, ' Wha's that gies fowk a fright  
' At sic untimous time of night ?'

*James* with good humour, maist discreetly,  
Tald her his circumstance completely.

' I dinna ken ye, quoth the wife,  
' And up and down the thieves are rise :  
' Within my lane, I'm but a woman ;  
' Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man,  
' But since 'tis very like, my dow,  
' That all ye're telling may be true,  
' Hae there's a key, gang in your way  
' At the neist door, there's braw ait-strae ;  
' Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn  
' They're no ill-lodg'd that get a barn.'

Thus after meikle clister-clatter,  
*James* fand he coudna mend the matter ;  
And since it might not better be,  
With resignation took the key,  
Unlockt the barn——clam up the mou,  
Where was an opening near the hou,  
Throw whilk he saw a glent of light,  
That gave diversion to his sight :  
By this he quickly cou'd discern  
A thin wa' separate house and barn,  
And throw this rive was in the wa',  
All done within the house he saw :  
He saw (what ought not to be seen,  
And scarce gave credit to his een)  
The parish-priest of reverend fame  
In active courtship with the dame.—  
To lengthen out description here,  
Wou'd but offend the modest ear,  
And beet the lewder youthfu' flame,  
That we by satire strive to tame.

148 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

Suppose the wicked action o'er,  
 And *James* continuing still to glowre ;  
 Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,  
 Spread a clean servite on the table,  
 And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring bett  
 A pyping-het young roasted hen,  
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,  
 Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But wicked luck, just as the priest  
 Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,  
 Th' unwelcome Miller ga'e a roar,  
 Cry'd, *Bessy, haste ye ope the door.*—  
 With that the haly letcher fled,  
 And darn'd himsell behind a bed ;  
 While *Bessy* huddl'd a' things by,  
 That nought the cuckold might espy ;  
 Syne loot him in ;—but out of tune,  
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon ;  
*I come, said he, as manners claims,*  
*To crack and wait on master James,*  
*Whilk I shou'd do, tho' n'er sae bissy ;*  
*I sent him here, good wife, where is he ?*  
 ' Ye sent him here, (quoth *Bessy*, grumbling ;)   
 ' Kend I this *James!* a chiel came rumbling :   
 ' But how was I assur'd, when dark,   
 ' That he had been nae thievish spark,   
 ' Or soon rude wencher, gotten a dose,   
 ' That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ?'   
*And what came of him ? speak nae langer.*  
 Crys *Halbert* in a highland anger.  
 ' I sent him to the barn,' quoth she :  
 Gae quickly bring him in, quoth he.

*James* was brought in ;—the *Wife* was bawked ;  
 The *Priest* stood close ;—the *Miller* cracked :—

Then

*The Monk and the Miller's Wife.* 149.

Then ask'd his funkan gloomy spouse,  
What supper had she in the house,  
That might be suitable to gi'e  
Ane of their lodger's qualitie?

Quoth she, 'Ye may well ken, goodman,  
' Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan :  
' The stov'd or roasted we afford,  
' Are aft great strangers on our board.'

*Pottage, quoth Hab, ye senseless tarwapie!*  
*Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy;*  
*And that his gentle stamock's master*  
*To worry up a pint of plaister,*  
*Like our mill knives that lift the laiding,*  
*Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.*  
*Swiith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,*  
*And send for ale frae Maggy Pickens.*

' Hout !, quoth she, ye may well ken,  
' 'Tis ill brought but that's no there ben ;  
' When but last owk, nae farder gane,  
' The laird got a' to pay his kain.'

Then *James*, wha had as good a guess  
Of what was in the house as *Bess*,  
With pawky smile, this plea to end,  
To please himsell, and ease his friend,  
First open'd with a ssee oration  
His wondrous skill in conjuration.  
Said he, ' By this fell art I'm able  
' To whop aff any great man's table  
' What e'er I like, to make a mail of,  
' Either in part, or yet the hail of ;  
' And if ye please, I'll shaw my art.—  
Crys *Haltbert, Faith, with a' my heart!*  
*Bess* fain'd herself,—cry'd, *Lord, be here!*  
And near hand fell a swoon for fear.

150 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

James leugh, and bade her nathing dread,  
 Syne to his conjuring went with speed ;  
 And first he draws a circle round,  
 Then utters mony a magick sound  
 Of words, part *Latin, Greek and Dutch,*  
 Enow to fright a very witch :  
 That done, he says, *Now, now 'tis come,*  
*And in the boal beside the lum :*  
*Now set the board ; goodwife, gae ben,*  
*Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen.*  
 She wadna gang, but *Haby* ventur'd ;  
 And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,  
 It smell'd fae well, he short time fought it,  
 And, wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.  
 He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,  
 Syne with a gentle touch he felt it.  
 Thus ilka sence he did conveyen,  
 Lest glamour had beguil'd his een :  
 They all, in an united body,  
 Declar'd it a fine fat how-towdy.  
*Nae mair about it, quoth the Miller,*  
*The fowl looks well, and we'll fa' till her.*  
 Sae be't, says *James* ; and in a doup,  
 They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

‘ Neist, O ! crys *Halbert*, cou'd your skill,  
 ‘ But help us to a waught of ale,  
 ‘ I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,  
 ‘ And offer to the deel my wife,  
 ‘ To see if he'll discreeter make her,  
 ‘ But that I'm fled he winna take her.’  
 Said *James*, *Ye offer very fair ;*  
*The bargain's bidden, sae nae mair.*

Then

## The Monk and the Miller's Wife. 151

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,  
With kittle words thrice gave command;  
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,  
Said, *Now ye'll get what ye wad have;*  
*Twa bottles of us nappy-liquor*  
*As ever ream'd in horn or bicquor,*  
*Behind the ark that hads your meal,*  
*Ye'll find twa standing corkit well.*  
He said, and fast the Miller flew,  
And frae their nest the bottles drew;  
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,  
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;  
His father's neist,——and a' the rest  
Of his good friends that wish'd him best,  
Which were o'er-langsome at the time,  
On a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the Miller and the Youth  
Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,  
Bess fretting scarcely held frae greeting,  
The Priest enclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

*O wow! said Hab, if ane might speer,*  
*Dear master James, wha brought our chear?*  
*Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',*  
*We hardly think your learning lawfu'.*

' To bring your doubts to a conclusion,  
' Says James, ken I'm a Rosicrucian,  
' Ane of the set that never carries  
' On traffick with black deels or fairies:  
' There's mony a spirit that's no a deel,  
' That constantly around us wheel.  
' There was a sage call'd *Albumazor*,  
' Whase wit was gleg as ony razor.



## 152 *The Monk and the Miller's Wife.*

- Frae this great man we learn'd the skill,
- To bring these gentry to our will ;
- And they appear when we've a mind,
- In ony shape of human kind :
- Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
- I'll gar my *Pacolet* appear.'

*Hab* sidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,  
Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :  
At last his courage wan the day,  
He to the scholar's will gave way.

*Bessy* be this began to smell  
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell :  
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,  
But mean time tipt young *James* a wink.  
*James* frae his eye an answer sent,  
Which made the wife right well content :  
Then turn'd to *Hab*, and thus advis'd,  
• Whate'er you see, be nought surpriz'd ;  
• But for your saul move not your tongue,  
• And ready stand with a great rung ;  
• Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,  
• Be sure to lend him a sound rout.  
• I bidna this be way of mocking ;  
• For nought delytes him mair than knocking.'

*Hab* got a kent,—stood by the hallan,  
And straicht the wild mischievous callan,  
Cries, ' *Radamanthus Husky Mingo,*  
• *Monk-borner, Hipock, Jinko, Jingo,*  
• Appear in likeness of a Priest,  
• No like a deel in shape of beast,  
• With gaping chafts to fleg us a',  
• Wauk forth ; the door stands to the wa'.'

Then

*Advice to Mr. — on his Marriage.* 153

Then frae the hole where he was pent,  
The priest approach'd right well content,  
With silent pace strade o'er the floor,  
'Till he was drawing near the door ;  
Then, to escape the cudgel, ran ;  
But was not miss'd by the goodman,  
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,  
That gart him o'er the threshold founnder.  
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight ;  
Ben slew the Miller in a fright :  
*I trow, quoth he, I laid well on ;*  
*But woorw be's like our ain Mess John !*

---

*Advice to Mr. — on his Marriage.*

**A**LL joy to you and your *Amelie*,  
May ne'er your purse nor vigour fail ye ;  
But have a care how you employ  
Them baith ; and tutor well your joy.  
Frae me an auld dab tak advice,  
And hane them baith, if ye be wise ;  
For world's wasters, like poor cripples,  
Look blunt with poverty and ripples :  
There an auld saw to ilk ane *natum*,  
Better to save at braird than bottom ;  
Which means, your purse and person use  
As canny poets do their muse ;  
For whip and spurring never prove  
Effectual, or in verse or love.

Sae far, my friend, in merry strain,  
I've given a douse advice and plain,

And

254 *Advice to Mr. — on his Marriage.*

And honestly discharg'd my conscience  
In lines (tho' hamely) far frae nonsense.  
Some other chiel may daftly sing,  
That kens but little of the thing,  
And blaw ye up with windy fancies  
That he has thigit frae romances,  
Of endless raptures, constant glee,  
That never was, or ne'er will be.  
Alake! poor mortals are not gods,  
And therefore often fall at odds;  
But little quarrels, now and than,  
Are nae great faults 'tween wife and man:  
These help right aften to improve  
His understanding, and her love.  
Your rib and you, 'bout hours of drinking,  
May chance to differ in your thinking;  
But that's just like a shower in *May*,  
That gars the sun-blink seem mair gay.  
If e'er she tak the pet, or fret,  
Be calm, and yet maintain your state;  
And smiling, ca' her little foolie,  
Synce with a kifs evite a toolie.  
This method's ever thought the braver,  
Than either cuffs, or clish-ma-claver:  
It shaws a spirit low and common,  
'I hat with ill-nature treats a woman:  
They're of a make sae nice and fair,  
They must be manag'd with some care;  
Respect them, they'll be kind and civil,  
But disregarded, prove the devil.

*To Mrs. M. M. on her Painting.*

**T**O paint his *Venus*, auld *Apelles*,  
 Wal'd a' the bonny maids of *Greece* :  
 Thou needs nae mair, but paint *thyself*, lafs,  
 To ding the *Painter* and his *Piece*.

---

*The LURE: A Tale.*

**T**HE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,  
 The hynds arising, gentry sleeping,  
 The dogs wère barking, cocks were crawling,  
 Night-drinking fots counting their lawing ;  
 Clean wère the roads, and clear the day,  
 When forth a falconer took his way,  
 Nane with him but his shee-knight-errant,  
 That acts in air the bloody tyrant ;  
 While with quick wing, fierce beek and claws,  
 She breaks divine and human laws ;  
 Ne'er pleas'd, but with the hearts and livers  
 Of peartricks, teals, moor-powts and plivers ;  
 Yet is she much esteem'd and dandl'd,  
 Clean lodg'd, well fed, and saftly handl'd.  
 Reason for this need be nae wonder,  
 Her parasites share in the plunder.  
 Thus sneaking rooks about a court,  
 That make oppression but their sport,  
 Will praise a paughty bloody king,  
 And hire mean hackney-poets to sing  
 His glories ; while the deel be licket  
 He e'er attempt but what he sticket.

So, fir, as I was gawn to say,  
 This falconer had tane his way  
 O'er *Calder-moor*; and gawn the moss up,  
 He there forgather'd with a goffip:  
 And wha was't, trow ye, but the de'el,  
 That had disguis'd himsell sae weel  
 In human shape, sae snug and wylie;  
*Jude* took him for a burlie-bailie:  
 His cloven cloots were hid with shoon,  
 A bonnet coor'd his horns aboon:  
 Nor spat he fire, or brimstone risted,  
 Nor awsome glowr'd; but cawnly listid  
 His een and voice, and thus began,  
*Good-morning t'ye, bonest man,*  
*Ye're early out:—How far gae ye*  
*This gate?—I'm blyth of company—*  
*Whut fowl is that, may ane demand,*  
*That stands sae trigly on your hand?*  
 'Wow, man! quoth *Juden*, where won ye?  
 'The like was never speer'd at me!  
 'Man, 'tis a *Hawk*, and e'en as good  
 'As ever flew, or wore a hood.'  
*Friend, I'm a stranger, quoth auld Symmie,*  
*I hope ye'll be not angry wi' me;*  
*The ignorant maun ay be speering*  
*Questions, 'till they come to a clearing.*  
*Then tell me mair—what do you wi'?*  
*Is't good to sing? or good to eat?*  
 'For neither, answer'd simple *Juden*;  
 'But helps to bring my lord his food in:  
 'When fowls start up that I wad hae,  
 'Straight frae my hand I let her gae;  
 'Her hood tane aff, she is not langsome  
 'In taking captives, which I ranfome

' With

' With a dow's wing, or chicken's leg.<sup>\*</sup>  
*Trowth*, quoth the de'el, *that's nice! I beg*  
*Ye'll be sae kind, as let me see*  
*How this same bird of yours can flee.*  
 ' T' oblige ye, friend, I winna stand.'——  
 Syne loos'd the *Falcon* from his hand.  
 Unhooded, up she sprang with birr,  
 While baith stood staring after her.  
*But how d'ye get her back? said Nick.*  
 ' For that, quoth *Jude*, I have a trick:  
 ' Ye see this *Lure*——it shall command  
 ' Her upon sight down to my hand.'  
 Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu-whieu-whieu——  
 And straight upon't the *Falcon* flew.  
*As I'm a sinner! crys the de'el,*  
*I like this pastime wonder weel;*  
*And since ye've been sae kindly free,*  
*To let her at my bidding flee,*  
*I'll entertain ye in my gate.——*  
 Mean time it was the will of fate,  
 A hooded friar (ane of that clan  
 Ye have descriv'd by father \* *Gawin*,  
 In *Master-keys*) came up; good faul!  
 Him *Satan* cloek'd up by the spaul,  
 Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,  
 Ga'e him a tosq up in the air.  
 High flew the son of Saint *Loyola*;  
 While startled *Juden* gave a *Hola!*  
 Bumbaz'd with wonder, still he stood,  
 The ferly had 'maist crudled his blood,

\* The reverend Anthony Gawin, formerly a Spanish Roman-Catholic Priest, now an Irish Protestant Minister, who hath lately wrote three volumes on the tricks and whoredoms of the priests and nuns; which book he names *Master-keys to Popery*,

To see a monk mount like a falcon,  
 He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin :  
 Thrice did he rub his een to clear,  
 And having master'd part o's fear,  
 ' His presence be about us a' !  
 ' He cries, the like I never saw :  
 ' See, see ! he like a lavrock tours——  
 ' He'll reek the starns in twa'r three hours !  
 ' Is't possible to bring him back ?'  
*For tha', quatb Nick; I have a knack ;  
 To train my Birds I want na Lure,  
 Can manage them as ye do your's :  
 And there's ane coming, b'ie gate, kisher,  
 Shall soon bring down the haly brither.*

This was a fresh young landwart *Lais*,  
 With cheeks like cherries, een like glafs ;  
 Few coats she wore, and rhey were kilted,  
 And (*John come k'is me now*) she lilted,  
 As she skift o'er the benty knows,  
 Gawn to the bught to milk the ews ;  
 Her in his hand ssee *Belzis* hint up,  
 As eith as ye wad do a pint-stoup,  
 Inverted, wav'd her round his head ;  
*Whieu—whieu—* ha whistled, and with speed  
 Down, quick as shooting starns, the priest  
 Came soufe upon the *lais's* breast.

The moral of this tale shews plainly  
 That carnal minds attempt bot vainly  
 Aboon this laigher warld to mount,  
 While slaves to *Satan*.

## An ANACREONTICK on Love.

**W**HEN a' the world had clos'd their een,  
 Fatigu'd with labour, care and din,  
 And quietly ilka weary wight  
 Enjoy'd the silence of the night :  
 Then *Enria*, that ill-deedy gett,  
 With a' his pith rapt at my yett.  
 Surpriz'd, throw sleep, I cry'd, *Wha's that ?*  
*Quoth he, A yong young wean a' neat ;*  
*Oh! haste ye apen, — fear nae skair,*  
*Else soon this storm will be my death.*

With his complaint my faul grew wae,  
 For as he said I thought it fae ;  
 I took a light, and fast did rin  
 To let the chittaring infant in :  
 And he appear'd to be nae kow,  
 For a' his quiver, wings and bow,  
 His bairnly smiles and looks gave joy,  
 He seem'd sae innocent a boy :  
 I led him ben, but any pingle,  
 And beekt him brawly at my ingle ;  
 Dighted his face, his handies throw'd,  
 Till his young cheeks, like roses, glow'd.  
 But soon as he grew warm and fain,  
*Let's try, quoth he, if that the rain*  
*Has wrang'd ought of my sporting gear,*  
*And if my bow-firing's hale and fier.*  
 With that his arch'ry graith he put  
 In order, and made me his butt ;  
 Mov'd back a-piece, — his bow he drew,  
 Fast throw my breast his arrow flew.

That



160 *Address to Provost Drummond, &c.*

That done, as if he'd found a nest,  
He leugh, and with unsonsy jest,  
Cry'd, *Nibour, I'm right blyth in mind,*  
*That in good'tist my bow I find :*  
*Did not my arrow stie right smart ?*  
*Ye'll find it sticking in your heart.*

---

*On Mr. DRUMMOND's being chosen one of  
the Honourable Commissioners of the Customs.  
An Epigram.*

**T**HE good are glad, when merit meets reward;  
And thus they share the pleasure of another,  
While little minds, who only self regard,  
Will sicken at the success of a brother.  
Hence I am pleas'd to find myself right class'd,  
Even by this mark, that's worthy of observing ;  
It gives me joy, the patent lately pass'd  
In favour of dear *Drummond*, most deserving.

---

*The Address of the MUSE to the Right Hon.  
GEORGE DRUMMOND, Esq; Lord  
Provost, and Council of Edinburgh.*

**M**Y Lord, my patron, good and kind,  
Whose every act of generous care  
The patriot shews, and trusty friend ;  
While favours by your thoughts refin'd,  
Both publick and the private share.

To

*Address to Provost Drummond, &c.* 161

To you the muse her duteous homage pays,  
While *Edinburgb's* interest animates her lays.

Nor will the best some hints refuse :  
The narrow soul, that least brings forth,  
To an advice the rarest bows ;  
Which the extensive mind allows,  
Being conscious of its genuine worth,  
Fears no eclipse ; nor with dark pride declines  
A ray from light, that far inferior shines.

Our reason and advantage call  
Us to preserve what we esteem ;  
And each should contribute, tho' small,  
Like silver rivulets that fall  
In one, and make a spreading stream.  
So should a city all her care unite,  
T' engage with entertainments of delight.

Man for society was made,  
His search of knowledge has no bound ;  
Through the vast deep he loves to wade,  
But subjects ebb, and spirits fade,  
On wilds and thinly peopl'd ground.  
Then where the world, in minature, employs  
Its various arts, the soul its wish enjoys.

Sometimes the social mind may rove,  
And trace, with contemplation high,  
The natural beauties of the grove,  
Pleas'd with the turtle's making love,  
While birds chant in a summer sky.  
But when cold winter snows the naked fields,  
The city then its changing pleasure yields.

162 *Address to Provost Drummond, &c.*

Then you, to whom pertains the care,  
And have the power to act aright,  
Nor pains, nor prudent judging spare,  
The Good Town's failings to repair,  
And give her lovers more delight.  
Much you have done, both useful and polite ;  
O never tire ! 'till every plan's complete.

Some may object, we money want,  
Of every project soul and nerve.  
'Tis true ;——but sure, the parliament  
Will ne'er refuse frankly to grant  
Such funds as good designs deserve.  
The thriving well of each of *Britain's* towns,  
Adds to her wealth, and more her grandeur crowns.

Allow that fifteen thousand pounds  
Were yearly on improvements spent ;  
If luxury produce the funds,  
And well laid out, there are no grounds  
For murmuring, or the least complaint :  
Materials all within our native coast,  
The poor's employ'd, we gain, and nothing's lost.

Two hundreds, for five pounds a day,  
Will work like *Turkish* galley-slaves ;  
And, ere they sleep, they will repay  
Back all the publick forth did lay,  
For small support that nature craves.  
Thus kept at work, few twangs of guilt they feel,  
And are not tempt' by pinching want to steal.

Most

*Address to Provest Drummond, &c.* 163

Most wisely did our city move,  
When \* *Hope*, who judges well and nice,  
Was chosen fittest to improve,  
From rushy tufts the pleasing grove,  
From bogs a rising paradise.  
Since earth's foundation, to our present day,  
The beauteous plain in mud neglected lay.

Now, evenly planted, hedg'd and drain'd,  
Its' verdures please the scent and sight ;  
And here the FAIR may walk unpain'd,  
Her flowing silks and shoes unstain'd,  
Round the green *Circus* of delight :  
Which shall by ripening time still sweeter grow,  
And *Hope* be fam'd while *Scotsmen* draw the bow.

Ah ! while I sing, the northern air,  
Throu' gore and carnage gives offence ;  
Which should not, while a river fair,  
Without our walls flows by so near ;  
Carriage from thence but small expence :  
The useful *Corporation* too would find,  
By working there, more health, and ease of mind.

Then sweet our northern flow'rs would blow,  
And sweet our northern alleys end :  
Sweet all the northern springs would flow,  
Sweet northern trees and herbs would grow,  
And from the lake a field be gain'd :  
Where on the spring's green margent by the dawn,  
Our maids might wash, and blanch their lace and lawn.

\* Mr. Hope of Rankeilour, who has beautifully planted, hedged and drained Straiton's Meadow, which was formerly the bottom of a lake.

164 *Address to Provost Drummond, &c.*

• Forbid a nasty pack to place  
On stalls unclean their herbs and roots,  
On the high street a vile disgrace,  
And tempting to our infant-race,  
To swallow poison with their fruits.  
Give them a station, where less spoil'd and seen,  
The healthful herbage may keep fresh and clean.

Besides, they straiten much our street,  
When those who drive the hack and dray,  
In drunk and rude confusion meet,  
We know not where to turn our feet;  
Mortal our hazard every way.  
Too oft the ag'd, the deaf, and little fry,  
Hem'd in with stalls, crush'd under axles lie.

Clean order yields a vast delight,  
And genius's that brightest shine,  
Prefer the pleasure of the fight  
Justly, to theirs who day and night  
Sink health and active thought in wine.  
Happy the man that's clean in house and weed,  
Tho' water be his drink, and oats his bread.

Kind fate, on them whom I admire,  
Bestow neat rooms and gardens fair,  
Pictures that speak the painter's fire,  
And learning which the nine inspire,  
With friends that all his thoughts may share;

• With the more freedom some thoughts in these stanza's are advanced, because several citizens of the best thinking, both in and out of the magistracy, incline to, and have such views, if they were not oppos'd by some of gross old-fashion'd notions. Such will tell you, O! the street of Edinburgh is the finest garden of Scotland. And how can it otherwise be, considering how well 'tis dung'd every night? But this abuse we hope to see reform'd soon, when the cart and warning-bell shall leave the lazy slattern without excuse, after ten at night.

*Address to Provost Drummond, &c.* 165

A house in *Edinburgh*, when the sudden storm  
Defaces nature's joyous fragrant form.

O! may we hope to see a stage,  
Fill'd with the best of such as can  
Smile down the follies of the age,  
Correct dull pride and party-rage,  
And cultivate the growing man;  
And shew the virgin every proper grace,  
That makes her mind as comely as her face.

Nor will the most devout oppose,  
When with a strict judicious care,  
The scenes most vertuous shall be chose,  
That numerous are, forbidding those  
That shock the modest, good and fair.  
The best of things may often be abus'd;  
That argues not, when right, to be refus'd.

Thus, what our fathers wasting blood,  
Of old from the south *Britons* won,  
When *Scotland* reach'd to *Humber's* flood,  
We shall regain by arts less rude,  
And bring the best and fairest down,  
From *England's* northern counties, nigh as far  
Distant from court, as we of *Pictland* are.

Thus far inspir'd with honest zeal,  
These thoughts are offer'd with submission,  
By your own bard, who ne'er shall fail  
The interest of the common weal,  
While you indulge and grant permission  
To your oblig'd, thus humbly to rehearse  
His honest and well-meaning thoughts in verse.

*On his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON'S  
shooting an Arrow through the Neck of an  
Eel.*

**A**S from a bow a fatal flane,  
Train'd by *Apollo* from the main,  
In water pierc'd an eel ;  
Sae me the PATRIOT'S power and art,  
Sic fate to souple rogues impart,  
That drumble at the common weal.  
Tho' they, as ony eels, are slid,  
And thro' what's vile can scud,  
A bolt may reach them, tho' deep hid  
They sculk beneath their mud.

---

*BETTY and KATE: A Pastoral Fare-  
well to Mr. AIKMAN, when he went  
for LONDON.*

*B E T T Y.*

**D**EAR *Katie*, *Willy's* e'en away!  
*Willy*, of herds the wale,  
To feed his flock, and make his hay  
Upon a distant dale,  
Far to the southward of this height  
Where now we dowie stray ;  
Ay hartsome when he chear'd our sight,  
And leugh with us a' day.

*K A T E.*

K A T E.

O *Wily*, can dale dainties please  
Thee mair than moorland ream ?  
Does *Ifts* flow with sweeter ease  
Than *Fortba's* gentle stream ?  
Or takes thou rather mair delyt  
In the frae-hatted maid,  
Than in the blooming red and whyt  
Of her that wears the plaid ?

B E T T Y.

Na, *Kate*, for that we needna mourn,  
He is not gi'en to change ;  
But fauls of sic a shining turn,  
For honours like to range :  
Our laird, and a' the gentry round,  
Who mauna be said nay,  
Sic pleasure in his art have found,  
They winna let him stay.  
Blyth I have stood from morn to een,  
To see how true and weel  
He coud delyt us on the green  
With a piece cawk and keel,  
On a slid stane, or smoother slate,  
He can the picture draw  
Of you or me, or sheep or gait,  
The likest e'er ye saw.  
Lass, thinkna shame to ease your mind,  
I see ye're like to greet ;  
Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,  
For shepherd sae complete.



*K A T E.*

Far, far! o'er far frae *Spey* and *Clyde*,  
 Stands that great town of *Lud*,  
 To whilk our best lads rin and ride,  
 That's like to put us wood :  
 For findle times they e'er come back,  
 Wha anes are heftit there.  
 Sure, *Bess*, thir hills are no fae black,  
 Nor yet their howms fae bare.

*B E T T Y.*

Our riggs are rich, and green our heights,  
 And well our cares reward ;  
 But yield, nae doubt, far less delights,  
 In absence of our laird.  
 But we maun cawmly now submit,  
 And our ill luck lament,  
 And leav't to his ain sense and wit  
 To find his heart's content.  
 A thousand gates he had to win  
 The love of auld and young,  
 Did a' he did with little din,  
 And in nae deed was dung.

*K A T E.*

*William* and *Mary* never fail'd  
 To welcome with a smile,  
 And hearten us, when ought we ail'd,  
 Without designing guile.  
 Lang may she happily possess  
 Wha's in his brest infest,  
 And may their bonny bairns increase,  
 And a' with rowth be left.

To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH. 169

O *William*, win your laurels fast,  
And syne we'll a' be fain,  
Soon as your wand'ring days are past,  
And you're return'd again.

B E T T Y.

Revive her joys by your return,  
To whom you first gave pain ;  
Judge how her passions for you burn,  
By these you bear your ain.  
Sae may your kirk with fatness flow,  
And a' your ky be fleek ;  
And may your hearts with gladness glow,  
In finding what ye seek.

---

To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH, on his De-  
parture from Scotland.

SINCE fate, with honour, bids thee leave  
Thy country for a while,  
It is nae friendly part to grieve,  
When powers propitious smile.

The task assign'd thee's great and good  
To cultivate two *Grabams*,  
Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood  
Of brave immortal names.

Like wax the dawning genius take  
Impressions, throwin or even ;  
Then he wha fair the molding makes,  
Does journey-work for heaven.

The

170 To Mr. DAVID MALLOCH.

The four weak pedants spoil the mind  
Of those beneath their care,  
Who think instruction is confin'd  
To poor grammatick ware.

But better kens my friend, and can  
Far nobler plans design,  
To lead the boy up to a man  
That's fit in courts to shine.

Frae *Grampian* heights, some may object,  
Can you sic knowledge bring?  
But those laigh thinkers ne'er reflect,  
Some sauls ken ilka thing.

With vaster ease at the first glance,  
Than misty minds that plod  
And thresh for thought, but ne'er advance  
Their stawk aboon their clod.

But he \* that could in tender strains  
Raise *Margaret's* plaining shade,  
And paint distress that chills the veins,  
While *William's* crimes are red;

Shaws to the world, could they observe,  
A clear deserving flame——  
Thus I can roose without reserve,  
When truth supports my theme.

\* *William* and *Margaret*, a ballad in imitation of the old manner, wherein the strength of thought and passion is more observed than a rant of unmeaning words.

To CALISTA: *An Epigram.* 171

Gae, Lad; and win a nation's love,  
By making those in trust,  
Like *Wallace's* \* *Aschates*, prove  
Wife, generous, brave and just.

Sae may his grace, the illustrious *Sire*,  
With joy paternal see  
Their rising breeze of manly fire,  
And pay his thanks to thee.

---

To CALISTA: *An Epigram.*

ANES wisdom, majesty and beauty,  
Contended to allure the swain,  
Wha fain wad pay to ilk his duty;  
But only ane the prize could gain.

Were *Jove* again to redd debate  
Between his spouse and daughters twa,  
And were it dear *Calista's* fate  
To bid amang them for the ba':

When given to her, the shepherd might  
Then with the single apple serve a';  
Since she's possess of a' that's bright  
In *Juno*, *Venus*, and *Minerva*.

\* The heroick Sir John Graham, the glory of his name  
and nation, (and dearest friend of the renowned Sir William  
Wallace) ancestor of his grace the Duke of Montrose.

INSCRIPTION on the Tomb-stone of  
*Mr. ALEXANDER WARDLAW, late  
Chamberlain to the Right Hon. the Earl of  
Wigton, erected by his Son Mr. JOHN  
WARDLAW in the Church of Biggar.*

**H**ERE lies a man, whose upright heart  
With virtue was profusely stor'd,  
Who acted well the honest part  
Between the tenants and their lord.

Between the sands and flinty rock  
Thus steer'd he in the golden mean,  
While his blyth countenance bespoke  
A mind unruffled and serene.

As to great *Bruce* the *Flemings* prov'd  
Faithful, so to the *Flemings* heir  
*Wardlaw* behav'd, and was belov'd  
For's justice, candor, faith and care:

His merit shall preserve his fame  
To latest ages, free from rust,  
'Till the arch-angel raise his frame  
To join his soul amongst the just.

*An ODE, sacred to the Memory of her Grace*  
*ANNE Dutcheſs of HAMILTON.*

**W**HY ſounds the plain with ſad complaint?  
Why hides the ſun its beams?  
Why fights the winds ſae bleak and cauld?  
Why mourn the ſwelling ſtreams?

Wail on, ye heights; ye glens, complain;  
Sun, wear thy cloudy veil:  
Sigh, winds, frae frozen caves of ſnaw;  
*Clyde*, mourn the rueful tale.

She's dead, the beauteous *Anna's* dead;  
All nature wears a gloom:  
Alas! the comely budding flower  
Is faded in the bloom.

Clos'd in the weeping marble-vault,  
How cauld and blaë ſhe lies;  
Nae mair the ſmiles adorn her cheek,  
Nae mair ſhe lifts her eyes.

Too ſoon, O ſweeteſt, faireſt, beſt,  
Young parent, lovely mate,  
Thou leaves thy lord and infant ſon  
To weep thy early fate.

But late thy chearfu' marriage-day  
Gave gladneſs all around;  
But late in thee, the youthful chief  
A heaven of bleſſings found.

174 Ode to the Memory of, &c.

His bosom swells, for much he lov'd ;  
Words fail to paint his grief :  
He starts in dreams, and grasps thy shade,  
The day brings nae relief.

The fair illusion skims away,  
And grief again returns ;  
Life's pleasures make a vain attempt,  
Disconsolate he mourns.

He mourns his loss, a nation's loss,  
It claims a flood of tears,  
When sic a lov'd illustrious star  
Sae quickly disappears.

With roses and the lilly-buds,  
Ye nymphs, her grave adorn,  
And weeping tell, thus sweet she was,  
Thus early from us torn.

To silent twilight shades retire,  
Ye melancholy swains,  
In melting notes repeat her praise,  
In sighing vent your pains.

But haste, calm reason, to our aid,  
And paining thoughts subdue,  
By placing of the pious Fair  
In a mair pleasing view :

Whose white immortal mind now shines,  
And shall for ever bright,  
Above th' insult of death and pain,  
By the *first Spring of light*.

There

To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton. 175

There joins the high melodious thrang,  
That strike eternal strings :  
In presence of *Omnipotens*,  
She now a *Seraph* sings.

Then cease, great *Janes*, thy flowing tears,  
Nor rent thy soul in vain :  
Frae bowers of blifs she'll ne'er return  
To thy kind arms again.

With goodness still adorn thy mind,  
True greatness still improve ;  
Be still a patriot just and brave,  
And meet thy Saint above.

---

ODE to the Memory of Sir ISAAC NEWTON. Inscribed to the Royal Society of London, for the Improving of Natural Knowledge.

GREAT *Newton's* dead,—full-ripe his fame ;  
Cease, vulgar grief, to cloud our song :  
We thank the *Author* of our frame,  
Who lent him to the earth so long.

The god-like *Man* now mounts the sky,  
Exploring all yon radiant spheres ;  
And with one view can more descry,  
Than here below in eighty years :

Tho' none, with greater strength of soul,  
Could rise to more divine a height,  
Or range the *Orbs* from *Pole* to *Pole*,  
And more improve the human sight.

Now



176 *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*

Now with full joy he can survey  
\* These worlds, and ev'ry shining blaze  
That countles in the *Milky Way*,  
Only thro' glasses shew their rays.

Thousands in thousand arts excell'd,  
But often to one part confin'd ;  
While ev'ry science stood reveal'd  
And clear to his capacious mind.

His penetration, most profound,  
Launch'd far in that extended sea,  
Where human minds can reach no bound,  
And never div'd so deep as he.

Sons of the east and western world,  
When on this *Leading Star* ye gaze,  
While magnets guide the sail unfurl'd,  
Pay to his memory due praise.

Thro' ev'ry maze he was the guide ;  
While others crawl'd, he soar'd above :  
Yet modesty, unstain'd with pride,  
Increas'd his merit, and our love.

He shun'd the sophistry of words,  
Which only hatch contentious spite ;  
His learning turn'd on what affords  
By *Demonstration* most delight.

*Britain* may honourably boast,  
And glory in her *matchless Son*,  
Whose genius has *invented* most,  
And *finish'd* what the rest begun.

Ye *Fellows* of the *Royal Class*,  
Who honour'd him to be your *Head*,  
Erect in finest stone and brass  
Statues of the *Illustrious Dead*.

Altho' more lasting than them all,  
Or ev'n the *Poet's* highest strain,  
His *Works*, as long as wheels this ball,  
Shall his great memory sustain.

May from your *Learned Band* arise  
*Newtons* to shine thro' future times,  
And bring down knowledge from the skies,  
To plant on wild *Barbarian* climes.

Till nations, few degrees from brutes,  
Be brought into each proper road,  
Which leads to wisdom's happiest fruits,  
To know their Saviour and their God:

---

To WILLIAM SOMERVILE of War-  
wickshire, Esq; on reading several of his  
*excellent Poems*.

SIR, I have read, and much admire  
Your muse's gay and easy flow,  
Warm'd with that true *Idalian* fire  
That gives the bright and chearful glow.

I con'd each line with joyous care,  
As I can such from sun to sun;  
And like the glutton o'er his fare  
Delicious, thought them too soon done.

178 To William Somerville, Esq;

The witty smile, nature and art,  
In all your numbers so combine,  
As to complete their just desert,  
And grace them with uncommon shine.

Delighted we your muse regard,  
When she like *Pindar's* spreads her wings;  
And virtue being its own reward,  
Expresses by the *Sister Springs*.

Emotions tender croud the mind,  
When with the royal bard you go,  
To sigh in notes divinely kind,  
*The mighty fall on mount Gilbo.*

Much surely was the virgin's joy,  
Who with the *Iliad* had your lays;  
For e'er, and since the siege of *Troy*,  
We all delight in love and praise.

These heaven-born passions, such desire,  
I never yet cou'd think a crime;  
But first-rate virtues which inspire  
The soul to reach at the sublime.

But often men mistake the way,  
And pump for fame by empty boast;  
Like your *gilt Ass*, who stood to bray,  
'Till in a flame his tail he lost.

Him th' incurious bencher hits,  
With his own tale, so right and clean,  
That while I read, streams gush, by fits  
Of hearty laughter, from my een.

To William Somerville, Esq; 179

Old *Chaucer*, bard of vast ingine,  
*Fontaine* and *Prior*, who have sung  
Blyth tales the best; had they heard thine  
On *Lob*, they'd own'd themselves out-dons.

The plot's pursu'd with so much glee,  
The two officious *Dog* and *Priest*,  
The '*Squire oppress'd*, I own, for me;  
I never heard a better jest.

*Pope* well describ'd an *Ombre Game*,  
And *King revenging Captive Queen*;  
He merits; but had won more fame,  
If author of your *Bowling-green*.

You paint your parties, play each bowl;  
So natural, just, and with such ease;  
That while I read, upon my soul!  
I wonder how I chance to please.

Yet I have pleas'd, and please the best;  
And sure to me laurels belong,  
Since *British* fair, and 'mongst the best,  
*Somerville's* comfort likes my song.

Ravish'd I heard th' harmonious fair  
Sing, like a dweller of the sky,  
My verses with a *Scotian* air;  
Then faints were not so blest as I.

In her the valu'd charms unite;  
She really is what all would seem,  
Gracefully handsome, wife and sweet:  
'Tis merit to have her esteem.

180 To William Somerville, Esq;

Your noble kinsman her lov'd mate,  
Whose worth claims all the world respect,  
Met in her love a smiling fate,  
Which has, and must have good effect.

You both from one great lineage spring,  
Both from *de Somerville*, who came  
With *William*, *England's* conquering king,  
To win fair plains, and lasting fame.

*Whichmour* he left to's eldest son,  
The first-born chief you represent:  
His second came to *Caledon*,  
From whom our *Somer'le* takes descent.

On him and you may fate bestow  
Sweet balmy health and cheerful fire,  
As long's ye'd wish to live below,  
Still blest with all you wou'd desire.

O Sir! oblige the world, and spread  
In print\* those and your other lays;  
This shall be better'd while they read,  
And after-ages found your praise.

I cou'd enlarge——but if I shou'd  
On what you've wrote, my *Ode* wou'd run  
Too great a length——your thoughts so croud,  
To note them all, I'd ne'er have done.

Accept this offering of a muse,  
Who on her *Pitland* hills ne'er tires;  
Nor shou'd (when worth invites) refuse  
To sing the person she admires.

\* Since the writing of this Ode, Mr. Somerville's poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo vol.

*An Epistle from Mr. SOMERVILE.*

**N**EAR fair *Avona's* silver tide,  
 Whose waves in soft meanders glide,  
 I read, to the delighted swains,  
 Your jocund songs, and rural strains.  
 Smooth as her streams your numbers flow,  
 Your thoughts in vary'd beauties show,  
 Like flow'rs that on her borders grow. }  
 While I survey, with ravish'd eyes,  
 This \* friendly gift, my valu'd prize,  
 Where sister *Arts*, with charms divine,  
 In their full bloom and beauty shine,  
 Alternately my soul is blest.  
 Now I behold my welcome guest,  
 That graceful, that engaging air,  
 So dear to all the brave and fair.  
 Nor has th' ingenious artist shown  
 His outward lineaments alone,  
 But in th' expressive draught design'd  
 The nobler beauties of his mind;  
 True friendship, love, benevolence,  
 Unstudied wit, and manly sense.  
 Then, as your book, I wander o'er,  
 And feast on the delicious store,  
 (Like the laborious busy bee,  
 Pleas'd with the sweet variety)  
 With equal wonder and surprize,  
 I see resembling portraits rise.  
 Brave archers march in bright array,  
 In troops the vulgar line the way.

\* Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his own picture,  
 and Mr. Ramsay's works.

182 *An Epistle from Mr. Somerville.*

Here the droll figures slyly sneer,  
 Or coxcombs at full length appear.  
 There woods and lawns, a rural scene,  
 And swains that gambol on the green.  
 Your pen can act the pencil's part  
 With greater genius, fire and art.

Believe me, bard, no hunted hind  
 That pants against the southern wind,  
 And seek the stream thro' unknown ways;  
 No matron in her teeming days,  
 E'er felt such longings, such desires,  
 As I to view those lofty spires,  
 Those domes, where fair *Edina* shrouds  
 Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.  
 But oh! what dangers interpose?  
 Vales deep with dirt, and hills with snows,  
 Proud winter-floods with rapid force,  
 Forbid the pleasing intercourse.  
 But sure we bards, whose purer clay  
 Nature has mixt with less alloy,  
 Might soon find out an easier way.  
 Do not sage matrons mount on high,  
 And switch their broom-sticks thro' the sky;  
 Ride post o'er hills, and woods, and seas,  
 From *Thule* to th' \* *Hesperides*?  
 And yet the men of *Gresham* own  
 That this and stranger feats are done,  
 By a warm fancy's power alone.  
 This granted; why can't you and I  
 Stretch forth our wings, and cleave the sky?  
 Since our poetick brains, you know,  
 Than theirs must more intensely glow.

\* The Scilly Islands were so called by the antients, as Mr. Camden observes.

Did not the *Theban* swan take wing,  
Sublimely soar, and sweetly sing?  
And do not we of humbler vein,  
Sometimes attempt a loftier strain,  
Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,  
Obscurely lost in clouds and night?

Then climb your *Pegasus* with speed,  
I'll meet thee on the banks of *Tweed* :  
Not as our fathers did of yore,  
To swell the flood with crimson gore ;  
Like the *Cadmean* murd'ring brood,  
Each thirsting for his brother's blood.  
For now all hostile rage shall cease ;  
Lull'd in the downy arms of peace,  
Our honest hands and hearts shall join,  
O'er jovial banquets, sparkling wine.  
Let *Peggy* at thy elbow wait,  
And I shall bring my bonny *Kate*.  
But hold——oh ! take a special care,  
T' admit no prying *Kirkman* there ;  
I dread the *Penitential Chair*.  
What a strange figure shou'd I make,  
A poor abandon'd *English* rake ;  
A squire well-born, and six foot high,  
Perch'd in that sacred pillory ?  
Let spleen and zeal be banish'd thence,  
And troublesome impertinence,  
That tells his story o'er again :  
Ill-manners and his saucy train,  
And self-conceit, and stiff-rumprt pride,  
That grin at all the world beside ;  
Foul scandal, with a load of lies,  
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies ;



184 *An Epistle from Mr. Somerville.*

Fame's busy hawker, light as air,  
 That feeds on frailties of the fair ;  
 Envy, hypocrisy, deceit,  
 Fierce party-rage, and warm debate ;  
 And all the hell-hounds that are foes  
 To friendship, and the world's repose.  
 But mirth instead, and dimpling smiles,  
 And wit, that gloomy care beguiles ;  
 And joke, and pun, and merry tale,  
 And toasts, that round the table sail :  
 While laughter, bursting thro' the crowd  
 In volleys, tells our joys aloud,  
 Hark ! the shrill piper mounts on high,  
 The woods, the streams, the rocks reply,  
 To his far-sounding melody. }  
 Behold each lab'ring squeeze prepare  
 Supplies of modulated air. }  
 Observe *Croudero's* active bow,  
 His head still nodding to and fro,  
 His eyes, his cheeks with raptures glow,  
 See, see the bashful nymphs advance,  
 To lead the regulated dance ; }  
 Flying still, the swains pursuing,  
 Yet with backward glances wooing.  
 This, this shall be the joyous scene ;  
 Nor wanton elves that skim the green  
 Shall be so blest, so blyth, so gay,  
 Or less regard what dotards say.  
 My *Rose* shall then your *Thistle* greet,  
 The *Unioa* shall he more compleat ;  
 And, in a bottle and a friend,  
 Each national dispute shall end,

*Answer*

*Answer to the above Epistle from WILLIAM  
SOMERVILE, Esq; of Warwickshire.*

SIR, I had your's, and own my pleasure,  
 On the receipt, exceeded measure.  
 You write with so much spirit and glee,  
 Sae smooth, sae strong, correct and free;  
 That any he (by you allow'd  
 To have some merit) may be proud.  
 If that's my fault, bear you the blame,  
 Wha've lent me sic a lift to fame.  
 Your ain tours high, and widens far,  
 Bright glancing like a first-rate star,  
 And all the world bestow due praise  
 On the *Collection* of your lays;  
 Where various arts and turns combine,  
 Which even in parts first poets shine:  
 Like *Mat* and *Swift* ye sing with ease,  
 And can be *Waller* when you please.  
 Continue, sir, and shame the crew  
 That's plagu'd with having nought to do,  
 Who fortune in a merry mood  
 Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,  
 But has deny'd a genius fit  
 For action or aspiring wit;  
 Such kenna how t' employ their time,  
 And think activity a crime:  
 Aught they to either do, or say,  
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray!  
 When money, their *Facotum*'s able  
 To furnish them a numerous rabble,

Who

186 *Answer to Mr. Somerville's Epistle.*

Who will, for daily drink and wages,  
Be chair-men, chaplains, clerks, and pages :  
Could they, like you, employ their hours  
In planting these delightful flowers,  
Which carpet the poetick fields,  
And lasting funds of pleasure yields ;  
Nae mair they'd gaunt and gove away,  
Or sleep or loiter out the day,  
Or waste the night damning their fauls  
In deep debauch, and bawdy brawls :  
Whence pox and poverty proceed  
An early eild, and spirits dead.  
Reverse of you ;—and him you love,  
Whose brighter spirit tours above  
The mob of thoughtless lords and beaus,  
Who in his ilka actions shows  
*True friendship, love, benevolence,  
Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense.*  
Allow here what you've said your sell,  
Nought can b' exprest so just and well :  
To him and her, worthy his love,  
And every blessing from above,  
A son is given, God save the boy,  
For theirs and every *Som'ril's* joy.  
Ye wardins, round him take your place,  
And raise him with each manly grace ;  
Make his *Meridian* vertues shine,  
To add fresh lustres to his line :  
And many may the mother see  
Of such a lovely progeny.

Nor, sir, when *Boreas* nae mair thuds  
Hail, snaw and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds ;  
While *Caledonia's* hills are green,  
And a' her *Straths* delight the een ;

While

While ilka flower with fragrance blows,  
And a' the year its beauty shows ;  
Before again the winter lour,  
What hinders then your northern tour ?  
Be sure of welcome : nor believe  
These wha an ill report would give  
To *Ed'nburgh* and the land of cakes,  
That nought what's necessary lacks.  
Here plenty's goddess frae her horn  
Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,  
In blyth abundance ; — and yet mair,  
Our men are brave, our ladies fair.  
Nor will *North Britain* yield for south  
Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,  
To ony but her sifter *South*.

True, rugged roads are cursed driegh,  
And speats att roar frae mountains hiegh :  
The body tires, — poor tottering clay,  
And likes with ease at hame to stay ;  
While fauls stride warlds at ilka stend,  
And can their widening views extend.  
Mine sees you, while you chearfu' roam  
On sweet *Avona's* flow'ry howm,  
There recollecting, with full view,  
These follies which mankind pursue ;  
While, conscious of superior merit,  
You rise with a correct'ing spirit ;  
And, as an agent of the gods,  
Lash them with sharp satyrick rods :  
Labour divine ! — Next, for a change,  
O'er hill and dale I see you range  
After the fox or whidding hare,  
Confirming health in purest air ;

While

## 188 *Reasons for not answering the Scribblers.*

While joy frae heights and dales resounds,  
Rais'd by the *Hola, Horn and Hounds* :  
Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out-run,  
I see the friend, and setting fun,  
Invite you to the temp'rate bicquor,  
Which makes the blood and wit flow quicker.  
The clock strikes twelve, to rest you bound,  
To save your health by sleeping sound.  
Thus with cool head and healsome breast  
You see new day stream frae the east :  
Then all the muses round you shine,  
Inspiring every thought divine ;  
Be long their aid—Your years and bleffes,  
Your servant *Allan Ramsay* wishes.

---

## REASONS *for not answering the Hackney Scribblers, my obscure Enemies.*

**T**HES E to my blyth indulgent friends ;  
Dull faes nought at my hand deserve :  
To pump an answer's a' their ends ;  
But not ae line, if they shou'd starve.

Wha e'er shall with a midding fight,  
Of victory will be beguil'd ;  
Dealers in dirt will be to dight,  
Fa' they aboon or 'neath, they're fil'd.

It helps my character to heez,  
When I'm the butt of creeping tools ;  
The world, by their daft medley, fees,  
That I've nae enemies but fools.

But

*Reasons for not answering the Scribblers.* 189

But sae it has been, and will be,  
While real poets rise to fame,  
Sic poor *Macfiechnas* will let flee  
Their venom, and still miss their aim.

Should ane like *Young* or *Somer'le* write,  
Some canker'd coof can fay 'tis wrang;  
On *Pope* sic mungrels shaw'd their spite;  
And shot at *Addison* their stang.

But well dear *Spec* the feckless asses  
To wiest insects even'd and painted,  
Sic as by magnifying glassses  
Are only kend when throu' them tented.

The blundering fellows ne'er foryet,  
About my tade to f—— their fancies,  
As if, forsooth, I wad look blate  
And what my honour maist advances.

Auld *Homer* sang for's daily bread;  
Surprizing *Shakespear* fin'd the wool;  
Great *Virgil* creels and baskets made;  
And famous *Ben* employ'd the trowel:

Yet *Dorset*, *Launsdown*, *Lauderdale*,  
*Bucks*, *Stirling*, and the son of *Angus*,  
Even monarchs, and of men the wale,  
Were proud to be inrow'd amang us.

Then, hackneys, write 'till ye gae wood,  
Drudge for the hawkers day and night;  
Your malice cannot move my mood,  
And equally your praise I slight.

190 To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN.

I've gotten mair of fame than's due,  
Which is secur'd amang the best ;  
And shou'd I tent the like of you,  
A little faul wai'd be confest.

Nae mastive minds a yamphing cur ;  
A craig dotes a frothy wave ;  
Nor will a lyon raise his fur,  
Altho' a monkey misbehave.

*Nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere.*

---

To Mr. DONALD MACEWEN, Jeweller,  
at St. Petersburg.

**H**OW far frae hame my friend seeks fame !  
And yet I canna wyte ye,  
T' employ your fire, and still aspire  
By vertues that delyte ye.

Should fortune lour, 'tis in your power,  
If heaven grant bawmy health,  
T' enjoy ilk hour a faul unfowr ;  
Content's nae bairn of wealth.

It is the mind that's not confin'd  
To passions mean and vile,  
That's never pin'd, while thoughts refin'd  
Can gloomy cares beguile.

Then *Donald* may be e'en as gay  
On *Russia's* distant shore,  
As on the *Tay*, where *Uiquebas*  
He us'd to drink before.

But howsoe'er, haste, gather gear,  
And syne pack up your treasure ;  
Then to *Auld Reekie* come, and beek ye,  
And close your days with pleasure.

---

*To the same, on receiving a Present from him of  
a Seal, Homer's Head finely cut in Crystal,  
and set in Gold.*

**T**HANKS to my frank ingenious friend ;  
Your present's most gentile and kind,  
Baith rich and shining as your mind ;  
And that immortal laurell'd pow,  
Upon the gem sae well design'd  
And execute, sets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breast,  
Whillt I unweary'd am in quest  
Of fame, and hope that ages nieft  
Will do their highland bard the grace,  
Upon their seals to cut his crest,  
And blytheft strakes of his short face.

Far less great *Homer* ever thought  
(When he, harmonious beggar ! sought  
His bread throu' *Greece*) he should be brought  
Frae *Russia's* shore by Captain \* *Hugh*,  
To *Piceland* plains, sae finely wrought  
On precious stone, and set by you.

\* Capt. Hugh Eccles, master of a fine merchant-ship, which he lost in the unhappy fire at St. Petersburg.



192 *On Lady Katharine Cochran.*

*A Ballad on bonny K A T E.*

**C**EASE, poets, your cunning devising  
Of rhimes that low beauties o'er-rate ;  
They all, like the stars at the rising  
Of *Phæbus*, must yield to fair *Kate*.

We sing, and we think it our duty  
To admire the kind blessings of fate,  
That has favour'd the earth with such beauty,  
As shines so divinely in *Kate*.

In her smiles, in her features and glances,  
The graces shine forth in full state,  
While the god of love dang'rously dances  
On the neck and white bosom of *Kate*.

How straight, how well-turn'd, and gentile, are  
Her limbs ! and how graceful her gait !  
Their hearts made of stone, or of steel are,  
That are not adorers of *Kate*.

But ah ! what a sad palpitation  
Feels the heart, and how simple and blate  
Must he look, almost dead with vexation,  
Whose love is fixt hopeless on *Kate* ?

Had I all the charms of *Adonis*,  
And galleons freighted with plate,  
As *Solomon* wife ; I'd think none is  
So worthy of all, as dear *Kate*.

Ah! had she for me the same passion,  
 I'd tune the lyre early and late;  
 The sage's song on his *Circassian*  
 Should yield to my sonnets on *Kate*.

His pleasure each moment shall blossom,  
 Unfading, gets her for his mate;  
 He'll grasp every bliss in his bosom,  
 That's linked by *Hymen* to *Kate*.

Pale envy may raise up false stories,  
 And hell may prompt malice and hate;  
 But nothing shall fully their glories,  
 Who are shielded with virtue like *Kate*.

This name, say ye, many a lass has,  
 And t'apply it may raise a debate;  
 But sure he as dull as an ass is,  
 That cannot join *Cochran* to *Kate*.

To Dr. J. C. who got the foregoing to give to  
 the young Lady.

**H**ERE, happy Doctor, take this sonnet,  
 Bear to the Fair the faithful strains:  
 Bow, make a leg, and d'off your bonnet;  
 And get a kiss, for *Allan's* pains.

For such a ravishing reward,  
 The *Cloud-Compeller's* self would try  
 To imitate a *British* bard,  
 And bear his ballads from the sky.

PROLOGUE, *before the acting of AU-RENZEBE and the DRUMMER, by the young Gentlemen of the Grammar-School of Haddington, August 1727, spoke by Mr. Charles Cockburn, Son to Colonel Cockburn.*

**B**E hush, ye crowd, who pressing round appear  
 Only to stare——we speak to those can hear  
 The nervous phrase, which raises thoughts more high,  
 When added action leads them thro' the eye.  
 To paint fair vertue, humours and mistakes,  
 Is what our school with pleasure undertakes,  
 Thro' various incidents of life, led on  
 By *Dryden*, and immortal *Addison* :  
 Those study'd men, and knew the various springs  
 That mov'd the minds of *Coachmen* and of *Kings*,  
 Altho' we're young—allow no thought so mean,  
 That any here's to act the *Harlequin* :  
 We leave such dumb-show mimickry to fools,  
 Beneath the sp'rit of *Caledonian Schools*.  
 Learning's our aim, and all our care, to reach  
 At elegance and gracefulness of speech.  
 And the address, from bashfulness refin'd,  
 Which hangs a weight upon a worthy mind.  
 The *Grammar's* good, but pedantry brings down -  
 The gentle *Dunce* below the sprightly *Clown*.  
*Get seven score verse of Ovid's Trist by heart,*  
*To rattle o'er, else I shall make you smart,*  
 Cry snarling *Dominies* that little ken :  
 Such may teach parrots, but our \* *Lesly* men.

\* Mr. John Lesly, master of the school, a gentleman of true learning, who, by his excellent method, most worthily fills his place.

E P I-

EPILOGUE, *after the acting of the*  
**DRUMMER**, *spoke by Mr. Maurice*  
*Cockburn, another Son of Colonel Cockburn's.*

**O**UR plays are done—now criticise, and spare not;  
 And tho' you are not fully pleas'd, we care not.  
 We have a reason on our side——and that is,  
 Your treat has one good property——'tis *gratis*.  
 We've pleas'd ourselves; and if we have good  
 judges,

We value not a head where nothing lodges.  
 The generous men of sense will kindly praise us,  
 And, if we make a little snapper, raise us :  
 Such know th' aspiring soul at manly dawn,  
 Abhors the sow'r rebuke, and carping thrawin ;  
 But rises, on the hope of a great name,  
 Up all the rugged roads that lead to fame.  
 Our breasts already pant to gain renown  
 At *Senates, Courts, by Arms, or by the Gown*;  
 Or by improvements of *Paternal fields*;  
 Which never-failing joy and plenty yields ;  
 Or by deep draughts of the *Castalian springs*,  
 To soar with *Mantuan* or *Horatian* wings.

Hey boys! the day's our ain! the *Ladies* smile!  
 Which over-recompenses all our toil!  
 Delights of mankind, tho' in some *small Parts*  
 We are deficient, yet our wills and hearts  
 Are your's; and, when more perfect, shall  
 endeavour,  
 By *acting better*, to secure your favour :

196 PROLOGUE *spoke by, &c.*

To spinnets then retire, and play a few tunes,  
'Till we get thro' our *Gregories* and *Newtons* ;  
And, some years hence, we'll tell another tale ;  
'Till then, ye bonny blooming buds,—farewell.

---

PROLOGUE *spoken by Mr. Anthony*  
*Aston, the first Night he acted in Winter*  
1726.

'TIS I,—dear *Caledonians*, blythsome *Tony*,  
That oft, last winter, pleas'd the brave and  
bonny  
With medley, merry song, and comick scene ;  
Your kindness *then* has brought me here again :  
After a circuit round the queen of isles,  
To gain your friendship and approving smiles,  
Experience bids me hope ;—tho' fouth the *Tweed* .  
The dastards said, ' He never will succeed :  
' What ! such a country look for any good in !  
' That does not relish plays,—nor pork,—nor  
' pudding !'

Thus great *Columbus*, by an idiot crew,  
Was ridicul'd, at first, for his just view ;  
Yet his undaunted spirit ne'er gave ground,  
'Till he a new and *better* world had found.  
So I — laugh on—the simile is bold ;  
But faith 'tis just : for 'till this body's cold,  
*Columbus* like, I'll push for fame and gold.

}

A

## A CHARACTER.

**O**F judgment just, and fancy clear,  
 Industrious, yet not avaritious;  
 No slave to groundless hope and fear,  
 Cheerful, yet hating to be vitious.

From envy free, tho' prais'd not vain,  
 Ne'er acting without honour's warrant;  
 Still equal, generous and humane,  
 As husband, master, friend and parent.

So modest, as scarce to be known  
 By glaring, proud, conceited asses,  
 Whose little spirits often frown  
 On such as their less worth surpasses.

Ye'll own he's a deserving man,  
 That in these out-lines stand before ye;  
 And trowth the picture I have drawn,  
 Is very like my friend \* ———.

\* The Character, tho' true, has something in it so great, that my too modest friend will not allow me to set his name to it. But this, and some few other wants, shall be made out afterwards from my register of supplies.

Ode to ALEXANDER MURRAY, of  
Brughton, Esq; on his Marriage with Lady  
EUPHEMIA, Daughter to the Right  
Hon. the Earl of Galloway.

'TIS conquering love alone can move  
The best to all that's great ;  
It sweetly binds two equal minds,  
And makes a happy state,  
When such as *Murray*, of a temper even,  
And honour'd worth, receives a mate from heaven.

Joy to you, Sir, and joy to her,  
Whose softer charms can sooth,  
With smiling pow'r, a fullen hour,  
And make your life flow smooth.  
Man's but unfinish'd, 'till by *Hymen's* ties  
His sweeter half lock'd in his bosom lies.

The general voice approve your choice,  
Their sentiments agree,  
With fame allow'd, that she's a good  
Branch sprung from a right tree.  
Long may the graces of her mind delight  
Your soul, and long her beauties bless your sight.

May the bright guard, who love reward,  
With man recoyn'd again,  
In offspring fair make her their care,  
In hours of joyful pain :  
And may my PATRON healthful live to see,  
By her a brave and bonny progeny.

Let

Ode to the Memory of, &c. 199

Let youthful swains who 'tend your plains,  
Touch the tun'd reed, and sing;  
While maids advance in sprightly dance,  
All in the rural ring;  
And with the *Muse* thank the immortal powers,  
Placing with joy *Euphemia's* name with your's.

---

Ode to the Memory of Mrs. FORBES,  
*Lady Newhall.*

AH life! thou short uncertain blaze,  
Scarce worthy to be wish'd, or lov'd;  
When by strict death, so many ways,  
So soon the sweetest are remov'd.

In prime of life and lovely glow,  
'The dear *Brucina* must submit;  
Nor could ward off the fatal blow,  
With every beauty, grace and wit.

If outward charms, and temper sweet,  
The chearful smile, and thought sublime,  
Could have preserv'd, she ne'er had met  
A change, 'till death had sunk with time.

Her soul glanc'd with each heavenly ray,  
Her form with all these beauties fair,  
For which young brides and mothers pray,  
And wish for to their infant care.

Sow'r spleen or anger, passion rude,  
These opposites to peace and heaven,  
Ne'er pal'd her cheek, or fir'd her blood;  
Her mind was ever calm and even.



200    *On a Slate's falling, &c.*

Come, fairest nymphs, and gentle swains,  
Give loose to tears of tender love ;  
Strow fragrant flowers on her remains,  
While fighting round her grave you move.

In mournful notes your pain express,  
While with reflection you run o'er,  
How excellent, how good she was !  
She was ! alas ! but is no more !

Yet piously correct your moan,  
And raise religious thoughts on high,  
After her spotless soul, that's gone  
To joys that ne'er can fade or die.

---

*On a Slate's falling from a House on Mrs.  
M. M——k's Breast.*

**W**AS *Venus* angry, and in spite  
Allow'd that stone to fa',  
Imagining these breasts so white  
Contain'd a heart of snaw ?

Was her wing'd *Son* sae cankert set  
To wound her lovely skin,  
Because his arrows could not get  
A passage farder in ?

No : She is to love's goddess dear,  
Her smiling boy's delight——  
It was some hag that doughtna bear  
Sic charms to vex her fight.

Some filly sow'r pretending faint,  
In heart an imp of hell,  
Whafe hale religion lies in cant,  
Her vertue in wrang zeal;

She threw the flane, and ettled death :  
But watching *Zylphs* flew round,  
To guard dear *Madie*. from all skaith,  
And quickly cur'd the wound.

---

To my kind and wortby Friends in Ireland,  
who, on a Report of my Death, made and  
published feveral Elegies Lyrick and Pastoral,  
very much to my Honour.

**S**ighing shepherds of *Hibernia*,  
Thank ye for your kind concern a',  
When a faufe report, beguiling,  
Prov'd a draw-back on your smiling ;  
Dight your een, and ceafe your grieving,  
*Allan's* hale, and well, and living,  
Singing, laughing, sleeping foundly,  
Cowing beef, and drinking roundly ;  
Drinking roundly *Rum* and *Claret*,  
*Ale* and *Ufquae*, bumpers fair out,  
*Supernaculum* but spilling,  
The leaft diamond \* drawing, filling ;  
Sowfing fonnets on the lasses,  
Hounding fatires at the affes ;

\* See Note Vol. I. p. 18.

202 . *To my Friends in Ireland.*

Smiling at the furly criticks,  
 And the pack-horse of politicks ;  
 Painting meadows, schaws and mountains,  
 Crooking burns and flowing fountains ;  
 Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan,  
 Grows about the borders glowan,  
 Smelling sweetly, and inviting  
 Poets lays, and lovers meeting ;  
 Meeting kind to niffer kisses,  
 Bargaining for better blisses.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,  
 And ye *Zephyrs* swiftly flying,  
 And ye rivers gently turning,  
 And ye *Philomelas* mourning,  
 And ye double sighing echoes,  
 Cease your sobing, tears, and hoy ho's !  
 Banish a' your care and grieving,  
*Allan's* hale, and well, and living,  
 Early up on morning's shining,  
 Ilka fancy warm refining,  
 Giving ilka verse a burnish  
 That maun *Second Volume* furnish,  
 To bring in frae lord and lady  
 Meikle fame and part of Ready ;  
 Splendid thing of constant motion,  
 Fish'd for in the southern ocean ;  
 Prop of gentry, nerve of battles,  
 Prize for which the gamester rattles ;  
*Belzie's* banes, deceitfu', kittle,  
 Risking a' to gain a little.

Pleasing *Philip's* tunefu' tickle,  
*Philomel*, and kind *Arbuckle* :

Singers

*To my Friends in Ireland.* 202

Singers sweet, baith lads and lasses,  
Tuning pipes on hill *Parnassus*,  
*Allan* kindly to you wishes  
Lasting life, and rowth of blisses;  
And that ye may, when ye surrender  
Sauls to heaven, in number tender  
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,  
And gratefully immortalize ye.



T H B



THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD,  
A  
Pastoral Comedy.

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable  
SUSANNA Countess of EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

**T**HE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with cheerfulness. But conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild; I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the awkward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree  
in

*in their sentiments with the Countess of Eglington, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.*

*If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what's due to merit, but in praises misplaced.*

*Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field's ample, and presents us with numberless great and good patriots, that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: be that the care of the herald and historian. 'Tis personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the Fair, that inspire the tuneful lays. Here every Lesbia must be excepted, whose tongues give liberty to the slaves, which their eyes had made captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect: for whilst you are possess'd of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.*

*All this is very true, cries one of better sense than good-nature: but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, To speak what every body thinks. Indeed there might be some strength*

## 206 DEDICATION.

*Strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard, who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating to posterity the fame of distinguished Characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: but if I shall prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour; I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,*

If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,  
One half of round eternity is mine.

M A D A M,

*Your Ladyship's most obedient,*

*and most devoted Servant,*

A L L A N R A M S A Y.

To the Countess of EGLINTOUN, with the  
following Pastoral.

**A**cept, O *Eglintoun*! the rural lays,  
That, bound to thee, thy poet humbly pays:  
The muse, that oft has rais'd her tuneful strains;  
A frequent guest on *Scotia's* blestful plains,  
That oft has sung, her list'ning youth to move,  
The charms of beauty, and the force of love,  
Once more resumes the still successful lay,  
Delighted, thro' the verdant meads to stray.  
O! come, invoc'd, and pleas'd, with her repair  
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,  
In the cool evening negligently laid,  
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,  
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve  
The *Gentle Shepherd's* tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires  
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!  
The fair shall read of ardors, sighs and tears,  
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears.  
Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise!  
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!  
When first the Fair One, pitious of his fate,  
Kind of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,  
With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,  
And blushing beauteous smiles the kind consent!  
Love's passion here in each extreme is shown,  
In *Charlot's* smile, or in *Maria's* frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,  
Love courted beauty in a golden age,

Pure



208 *To the Countess of Eglington.*

Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,  
 Ere yet the Fair affected phrase desir'd.  
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,  
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart.  
 He speaks his loves so artless and sincere,  
 As thy *Eliza* might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the *Rural State* bestows  
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes;  
 Secure alike from envy and from care,  
 Nor rais'd by hope, nor yet depress'd by fear:  
 Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
 Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
 No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,  
 No wild ambition interrupts its joys.  
 Blest still to spend the hours that heav'n has lent,  
 In humble goodness, and in calm content.  
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
 Sinless and pure, in fair *Humeia's* soul.

But now the *Rural State* these joys has lost;  
 Even swains no more that innocence can boast.  
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,  
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.  
 Now *Happiness* forsakes her blest retreat,  
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her feat.  
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
 Companion to an upright sober race;  
 When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,  
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
 She uninvited came a welcome guest:  
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
 Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts;  
 Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,  
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed;

Then

Then dowrless beauty lost the power to move ;  
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love.  
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,  
 The genial hearth first blush'd with strangers blood :  
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
 And semblant falshood puts on truth's disguise.  
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms,  
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms ;  
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around ;  
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :  
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,  
 And *Happiness* forsakes the guilty swains.

O *Happiness* ! from human search retir'd,  
 Where art thou to be found by all desir'd ?  
 Nun sober and devout ! why art thou fled,  
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head !  
 Virgin, of aspect mild ! ah why, unkind,  
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind ?  
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
 Where, with thy sire *Content*, thou lov'st to dwell.  
 Or say, do'st thou a duteous handmaid wait  
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?  
 Do'st thou pursue the voice of them that call  
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?  
 Or the full banquet when we feast our soul,  
 Do'st thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?  
 Or, with th' industrious planter, do'st thou talk,  
 Conversing freely in an evening walk ?  
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold ?  
 Seeks *Knowledge*, not in vain, thy much-lov'd pow'r,  
 Still musing silent at the morning hour ?  
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
 In *Stair's* wisdom, or in *Erskine's* charms.

210 *To the Countess of Eglington.*

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,  
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil :  
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,  
 Alone with virtue knows the pow'r to dwell.  
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,  
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow.  
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast ;  
 But many passions must the blessing cost :  
 Infernal malice, inly pining hate,  
 And envy, grieving at another's state.  
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,  
 Or burning lust, or avarice of gain.  
 When these are in the human bosom nurst,  
 Can peace reside in dwellings so accurst ?  
 Unlike, O *Eglington* ! thy happy breast,  
 Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest ;  
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed.  
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,  
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind ;  
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,  
 How swift to praise, how guiltless to defame ?  
 Bold in thy presence *Bashfulness* appears,  
 And backward *Merit* loses all its fears.  
 Supremely blest by heav'n, heav'n's richest grace,  
 Confest is thine, an early blooming race ;  
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm,  
 Divine instruction ! taught of thee to charm.  
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart,  
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)  
 When thou beholdest them of each grace possess,  
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest ;  
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,  
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine ?

Thrice

To the Countess of Eglintoun: 211

Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise,  
The lovely *Eglintouns* of other days.

Mean while peruse the following tender scenes,  
And listen to thy native poet's strains.  
In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,  
The garb our muses wore in former years ;  
As in a glass reflected, here behold  
How smiling goodness look'd in days of old.  
Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,  
Or virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;  
While 'midst the various gifts that gracious heaven  
To thee, in whom it is well pleas'd, has given,  
Let this, O *Eglintoun!* delight thee most,  
T' enjoy that *Innocence* the world has lost.

W. H.



# *The* P E R S O N S.

## M E N.

*Sir* WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in Love with Peggy.*

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in Love with Jenny.*

SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir*  
GLAUD, } *William.*

BAULDY, *a Hynd engaged with Neps.*

## W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some  
few Miles from Edinburgh.*

*Time of Action, within Twenty Hours.*

*First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.*

*Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.*

*Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.*

*Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.*

*Fifth Act begins by Day-Light next Morning.*



THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE *to the* SCENE.

*Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,  
Where cristal springs the hale some waters yield,  
Twa youths' shepherds on the gowans lay,  
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.  
Poor Roger granes, 'till hollow echo's ring;  
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing.*

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I. *Tune, The wawking of the faults.*

PATIE. **M***Y* Peggy is a young thing,  
*Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay.*

*My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet well I like to meet her at  
The warwking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
When'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
But she gars a' my spirits glow  
At warwking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
When'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown.  
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It makes me blythe and bauld,  
And naething gi'es me sic delight,  
As warwking of the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae softly,  
When on my pipe I play;  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
My Peggy sings sae softly,  
And in her sangs are tald,  
With innocence, the wale of sense,  
At warwking of the fauld.*

**T**HIS sunny morning, Reger, cheers my blood,  
And puts all nature in a jovial mood,  
How hartsom is't to see the rising plants,  
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants ?

How

How halefom is't to snuff the cawler 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.

*Roger*. 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 lambkins blood:  
 Bat I, opprest with never-ending grief,  
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

*Patie*. The bees shall loath the flour, and quit  
 the hive,  
 The saughs on boggie ground shall cease to thrive,  
 E're scornfu' queans, or los of warldly gear,  
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

*Roger*. Sae might I say; but it's no easy doen  
 By ane whafe saul is sadly out of tune.  
 You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,  
 You a'e the darling baith of auld and young.  
 If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,  
 They dit their lugs, syne 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 las's eye.  
 For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten,  
 And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

*Patie*. 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.

*Roger*. 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.



216 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Patie.* Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as  
mine,  
Lefs you wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.  
He that has just enough cand soundly sleep :  
The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

*Roger.* May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,  
That thou may'st thole the pangs of moi.y a los :  
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,  
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench :  
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool !  
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

*Patie.* Sax good fat lambs, I fauld them ilka cute  
At the *West-port*, and bought a winsome flute,  
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round ;  
A dainty whistle, with a pleasant found :  
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool !  
Than you with all your cash, ye dowie fool.

*Roger.* Na, *Patie*, na ! I'm na 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.

*Patie.* Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence  
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens.  
Daft are your dreams, and daftly wad ye hide  
Your well-seen love, and dorty *Jenny's* pride :  
Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,  
And safely think nane kens them but your fell.

*Roger.* Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have gues'd o'er  
true,  
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.  
Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon aiquint ;  
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint :  
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,  
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate :  
But yesterday I met her yont a know,  
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.

She

She *Bauldy* looes, *Baul'y* that drives the car,  
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

*Patie.* But *Bauldy* looes not her, right well I wat,  
He fighs for *Neps*;—sae that may stand for that.

*Roger.* I wish I cou'dna loo her—but in vain,  
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.

My *Bawty* is a cur I dearly like,  
'Till he yowl'd fair she strak the poor dumb tyke:  
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,

She wad have shawn mair kindnes to my beast.

When I begin to tune my stock and horn,

With a' her face she thaws a caulrise 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 cusin spear'd,

Gif she could 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.

*Patie.* E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help misluck?

Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabit chuck,

Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,

Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp

*Roger.* I needna mack sic speed my blood to spill,

I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

*Patie.* Daft gowk! leave off that silly whinging  
way;

Seem careles, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I ferv'd my las, I love as weel

As ye do *Jenny*, and with heart as leel.

Last morning I was gay and early out,

Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowing about,

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

I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me:

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,

And she was close upon me e'er she wist.

218 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

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 cheeks sae ruddy, and her eyen sae clear ;  
 And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.  
 Neat, neat she was, in buftine waistcoat clean,  
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :  
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bony *Meg* come here,  
 & terly wherefore ye're so soon after ?  
 But I can gues, ye're gawn to gather dew :  
 She scour'd awa', and said, What's that to you ?  
 Then fare ye weel, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,  
 I careles cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.  
 I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,  
 She came with a right thieveles errand back :  
 Miscaw'd me first—than band me hound my dog,  
 To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.  
 I leugh ; and sae did she ; then with great haste  
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist ;  
 About her yielding waist, and took a south  
 Of sweetest kisses trae her glowing mouth.  
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,  
 My very faul came lowping to my lips.  
 Sair, fair she flet wi' me tween ilka smack,  
 But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.  
 Dear *Roger*, when your jo puts on her gloom,  
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.  
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood :  
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. *Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er with Strae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,  
And answer kindness with a slight,  
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,  
For women in a man delight :  
But them despise who're soon defeat,  
And with a simple face give way  
To a repulse——then be not blate,  
Push bau'dly on, and win the day.*

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

*Roger.* Kind *Patie*, now fair-fa your honest heart,  
Ye're ay sae 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 hawslock woo,  
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue :  
With spraings like gowd, and filler cross'd with  
black ;

I never had it yet upon my back.  
Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have sae kind  
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

*Patie.* Weel, hald ye there——and since ye've  
frankly made  
To me a present of your braw new plaid,

My

220 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD,

My flute's be your's, and she too that's fae nice,  
Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

*Roger.* 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 bony spring;  
For I'm in tist to hear you play and sing.

*Patie.* But first we'll take a turn up to the height,  
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right:  
Be that time bannock, and a shave of cheese  
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please:  
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wise  
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 my sell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*A flowrie bowm between twa verdant braes,  
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claitbs,  
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the g'ound,  
Its channel peebles, skining smooth and round,  
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;  
First please your eye, then gratify your ear;  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
And Meg with better sense true love defends.*

PEGGY and JENNY.

*Jenny.* **C**OME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon  
this green,  
The shining day will bleach our linen clean;  
The water's clear, the list unclouded blew,  
Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

*Peggy.*

*Peggy.* Gae farer up the burn to *Habie's How*,  
 Where a' that's sweet in spring and simmer 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,  
 Kisses with easy whirls the bordering grafs.  
 We'll end our washing, while the morning's cool,  
 And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,  
 There wash our sells—'tis healthfou now in *May*,  
 And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

*Jenny.* Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye  
 say,

Gif our twa *Herds* come brattling down the brae,  
 And see us fae ? that jeering fallow, *Pate*,  
 Wad taunting say, Haith lasses, ye're no blate.

*Peggy.* We're far frae ony road, and out of sight ;  
 The lads they're feeding far beyont the height :  
 But tell me now, dear *Jenny*, we're our-lane,  
 What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain ?  
 The neighbours a' tent this as well as I,  
 That *Roger* loo's ye, yet ye carena by.  
 What ails ye at him ? Troth, between us twa,  
 He's worthy you the best day e'er ye saw.

*Jenny.* I dinna like him, *Peg y*, there's an end,  
 A *Herd* mair sheepish yet I never kend.  
 He kames his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,  
 With ribbon-knots at his blue bonnet lug ;  
 Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,  
 And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.  
 He falds his owrelay down his breast with care,  
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair ;  
 For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,  
 Except, *How d'ye ?* — or, *I here's a bony d.g.*

*Peggy.* Ye dash the lad with constant slighting pride,  
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide ;

But

222 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow 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.

SANG III. *Tune, Po'wart on the Green.*

*The dorty will repent,  
 If lover's heart grow cauld,  
 And nane her smiles will tent,  
 Soon as her face looks auld:*

*The dawted bairn thus takes 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 dinner's past,  
 Thus by it sell abus'd,  
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,  
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

*Jenny.* I never thought a single life a crime.

*Peggy.* Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,  
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

*Jenny.* If *Roger* is my jo, he kens himsel,  
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.  
 He glows and sighs, and I can guess the cause;  
 But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?  
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,  
 I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free ;  
The chieils may a' knit up themselves for me.

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

*Jenny.* Heh, lafs ! how can ye loo that rattle-  
sku' l ?

A very deel, that ay maun have his will.  
We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan life  
You twa will lead, fae soon's ye're man and wife.

*Peggy.* 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 he may kifs as lang as kissing's good,  
And what we do, there's none dare call it rude.  
He's get his will : why no ? 'tis good my part  
To give him that, an he'll give me his heart.

*Jenny.* He may indeed for ten or fifteen days  
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unco fraise,  
And daut ye baith afore fowk, and your lane :  
But soon as his newfanglenefs is gane,  
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,  
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.  
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,  
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte :  
And may be, in his barlichoods ne'er stick  
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG IV. *Tune,* O dear mother, what shall I do ?

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,  
We ought not to trust his smiling ;  
Eetter far to do as I do,  
Lest a harder luck betide you.*

*Lassez*



224 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Lasses when their fancy's carry'd,  
Think of nought but to be marry'd;  
Running to a life destroys  
Heartsome, free, and youths' joys.*

*Peggy.* Sic coarse-spun thoughts as that want pith  
to move

My settl'd 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 throw my heart.  
How blithely can he sport, and gently rave,  
And jest at little fears that fright the lave.  
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,  
He reads tell 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 gate,  
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear *Patie*.  
His better sense will lang his love secure:  
Ill-nature heffs in fauls are weak and poor.

SANG V. *Tune,* How can I be sad on my, &c.

*How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,  
That has better sense than any of thae  
Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools,  
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.  
The man who is prudent ne'er ligs his wife,  
Or with aull reproaches encourages strife;  
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse  
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

*Jenny.* Hey *Boxy Les*, of *Branksome*, or't be lang,  
Your witty *Patie* will put you in a fang.

O'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride ;  
 Syne whindging getts about your ingle-side,  
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous din :  
 To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.  
 Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads it sell wi' broe,  
 Ane breaks his shuin, anither tines his shoe.  
 The *Deel ga'es o'er* John Wabster : hame grows hell ;  
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

*Peggy.* Yes, it's a heartfom thing to be a wife,  
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.  
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight  
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them tight.  
 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 there be toil in tenting day and night  
 The like of them, when love makes care delight ?

*Jenny.* But poortith, *Peggy,* is the warst of a',  
 Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw.  
 There little love or canty cheer 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 blasby thows,  
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.  
 A dyvcr buys your butter, woo and cheese,  
 But or the day of payment breaks and flees.  
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent :  
 'Tis not to gie ; your merchant's to the bent.  
 His honour manna want, he poinds your gear :  
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer ?  
 Dear *Meg,* be wise, and lead a single life :  
 Troth, it's nat mows to be a married wife.

*Peggy.* May sic ill-luck befa' that silly she  
 Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.  
 Let fowk bode weel, and strive to do their best;  
 Nae mair's requir'd; let heav'n make out the rest.  
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,  
 That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray:  
 For the maist thrifty man could 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, tron, or fair,  
 For halefom, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware. }  
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,  
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due.  
 Syne a' behind's our ain;—thus without fear,  
 With love and rowth we throw the warld will steer:  
 And when my *Pate* in bairns and gear grows rise,  
 He'll blest the day he gat me for his wife.

*Jenny.* But what if some young giglit on the green,  
 With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,  
 Shou'd gar your *Patie* think his half-worn *Meg*,  
 And her kend kiffes, hardly worth a feg?

*Peggy.* 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 caumly, and with kindness smile,  
 When our short passions wad our peace beguile:  
 Sae, whensce'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 chearfu', and secure his heart.  
 At ev'n, when he comes weary frae the hill,  
 I'll have a' things made ready to his will;

In winter, when he toils throw 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 tak aff.  
 Clean hag-a-bag 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.

*Jenny.* A dish of married love right soon grows  
 cauld,

And dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

*Peggy.* But we'll graw auld together, and ne'er find  
 The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.  
 Bairns and their bairns make sure a firmer tye,  
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.  
 See yan twa elms that grow up side by side ;  
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride ;  
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,  
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,  
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.  
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,  
 That in return defends it frae the west.  
 Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you !)  
 Beneath ilk storm frae every airth maun bow.

*Jenny.* I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun  
 yield,

Your better sense has fairly won the field,  
 With the assistance of a little fae  
 Lies dern'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. *Tune, Nanzy's to the green-wood gane.*

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have wone,  
 And there is nae denying,  
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,  
 Frae love proceeds complying ;*

228 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*For a' that we can do or say  
'Gainst love nae thinker beads us,  
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,  
That by the heartstrings leads us.*

*Peggy. Alake! poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no fair,  
That ye'll no let the wie thing take the air:  
Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,  
Gif he be Bauldy's, or poor Roger's man.*

*Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see the sun  
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun  
To freath the gtaith;—if canker'd Marge, 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.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug thack house, before the door a green;  
Flens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.  
On this side stands a barn, on that a byer:  
A peet-stack joins, and forms a rural square.  
The house is Glaud's;—there you may see him lean,  
And to his direct-sit invite his frien.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

*Glaud. G*ood-morrow, nibour Symon,—come, sit  
down,  
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in town?  
They tell me ye was in the ither day,  
And sold your Crummock, and her bassend quey.

I'll warrant ye've cost a pund of cat and dray;  
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

*Symon.* 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.

*Glaud.* Fy blaw!—Ah *Symmie!* rattling chieft  
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.

*Symon.* 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 shine, or set in glory with *Montrose*.

Now *Cromwell's* gane to *Nick*; and ane ca'd *Monk*,  
Has plaid the *Rumple* a right slee begunk;  
Restor'd king *Charles*, and ilka thing's in tune;  
And *Habby* says, we'll see fir *William* soon.

*Glaud.* That makes me blyth indeed—but dinna  
flaw,

Tell o'er your news again! and swear til'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 lard's come hame,  
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

*Symon.* They that hag-rid us 'till our guts did  
grane,

Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again,  
And good fir *William* fall enjoy his ane.

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SANG VII. *Tune, Cald Kale it Aberdeen.*

*Could be the rebels cast,  
Oppressors base and bloody,  
I hope we'll see them at the last  
Strung a' up in a woody.  
Bliss be he of worth and sense,  
And ever high his station,  
That bravely stands in the defence  
Of conscience, king and nation.*

*Glaud.* And may he lang, for never did he stent  
Us in our thriving with a racker rent;  
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
Our mailens, when we pat on *Sunday's* claiths.

*Symon.* Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare:

' Put on your bonnet, *Symon*—tak a seat——

' How's all at hame?—How's *Elspa*?—How does  
*Kate*?

' How sells black cattle?—What gies woo this year?'  
And sic like kindly questions wad he spear.

SANG VII. *Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byer.*

*The Laird who in riches and honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,  
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour  
To rise aboon poverty:  
Else like the pack-horse that's unsotber'd  
And burthen'd, will tumble down saint;  
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,  
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedcen  
The nappy bottle ben, and glasses clean,

Whilk

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 *Elspit* too.—and upo' fight,  
 I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the height.  
 I'll yoke my sled, and fend to the neist town,  
 And bring a draught 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.

*Symon*. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,  
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :  
 For here-yestreen, I brew'd a bow of maut,  
 Yestreen I slew twa wathers prime and fat ;  
 A furler of good cakes my *Elspa* beuk,  
 And a large ham hangs resting in the nook.  
 I saw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,  
 Our meikle 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.  
 Small are they shorn ; and she can mix fou nice  
 The gussy ingans with a corn of spice.  
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well sung ;  
 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 manna then refuse to join the rest,  
 Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.  
 Bring wi' ye all your family, and then,  
 When'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

*Glaud*. 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.



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Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger be a score,  
With this good news, than what I was before.  
I'll dance or een! hey, *Madge*, come forth, & ye  
hear?

*Enter MADGE.*

*Madge.* The man's gain gyte! Dear *Symon*, wel-  
come here:

What wad ye, *Glaud*, with a' this haste and din?  
Ye never let a body fit to spin.

*Glaud.* Spin! Snuff!—Gae break your wheel,  
and burn your tow,  
And set the meikleft peet-stack in a low:  
Syne dance about the bane-fire 'till ye die,  
Since now again we'll soon fir *William* see.

*Madge.* Blyth news indeed!—And wha was't tald  
you o't?

*Glaud.* What's that to you?—gae get my *Sun-*  
*day's* coat;

Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,  
My whyt-skin hose, and mittans for my hands;  
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,  
And mak ye'r fells as trig, head, feet and waist,  
As ye were a' to get young lads or een;  
For we're gawn o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeen.

*Symon.* Do, honest *Madge*—and, *Glaud*, I'll o'er  
the gate,  
And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

## P R O L O G U E.

*The open field — A cottage in a glen,  
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end,  
At a small distance, by a blasted tree,  
With falded arms, and baff-rai'd look ye see*

B A U L D Y *his lane.*

*Bauldy.* **W**HAT's this! — I canna bear't! 'Tis  
war than hell,  
To be sae 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 out-shines:  
The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.  
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,  
Will be my deid, that will be shortly seen!  
For *Pate* loes her — waes 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,  
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.  
'Tis fair to thole — I'll try some witchcraft art,  
To brak with ane, and win the other's heart.  
Here *Mausy* lives, a witch, that for sma' price,  
Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice;  
She can o'ercastr the night, and cloud the moon,  
And mak the deils obedient to her crune.

At

234 *The* GENTLE SHEPHERD,

At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,  
 And howks uncriften'd weans out of their graves ;  
 Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,  
 Rins withershins about the humlock low ;  
 And seven times does her prayers backwards fay,  
 'Till *Plotcock* comes with lumps of *Lapländ* clay,  
 Mixt with the venom of black taid and snakes.  
 Of this unfonfy pictures aft she makes  
 Of any ane she hates ;—and gars expire  
 With flaw and racking pains afore a fire,  
 Stuck fou of prines ; the devilish pictures melt,  
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.  
 And yonder's *Mause* : Ay, ay, she kens fou weil,  
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.  
 She and her cat fit beeking in her yard,  
 To speak my errand, faith amaiſt I'm fear'd :  
 But I maun do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive ;  
 They gallop fast, that deels and lassies drive. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

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

S A N G IX. *Tune, Carle and the King come.*

MAUSE. **P**EGGY, 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*

*Nae mair the hawkys foalt thou milk,  
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,  
And be a lady of that ilk,*

*Now, Peggy, face the king's come.*

*Enter BAULDY.*

*Bauldy.* How does auld honest lucky of the glen?  
Ye look baith hale and rash at threescore ten.

*Mause.* E'en twining out a thread with little din,  
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.

What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?  
Is there nae muck to lead,——to thresh, nae corn?

*Bauldy.* Enough of baith—— But something that  
requires

Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

*Mause.* My helping hand, alake! what can I do  
That underneath baith eild and poortith bow?

*Bauldy.* Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than we,  
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

*Mause.* Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm possess,  
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

*Bauldy.* Well vers'd in herbs and seasons of the  
moon,

By skilfu' charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

*Mause.* What fowk say of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;  
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear.

*Bauldy.* Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'  
That ilk ane talks about you, but a faw.

When last the wind made *Glaud* a roofless barn,

When last the burn bore down my *Mitche's* yarn,

When *Brawny* elf-shot never mair came hame;

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

When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked wean

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

When *Wattie* wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,

And tint himsel amaist amang the snaw;

When

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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 ye round about ;  
 And sae they may that mean 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 furler of them mixt with pease.

*Mause.* I thank ye, lad—now tell me your demand,  
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

*Bauldy.* Then I like *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me—  
*Peggy* likes *Patie* ;—and *Patie's* bauld and flee,  
 And looes sweet *Meg*—But *Neps* I downa see—  
 Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* love to *Neps*, and then  
*Peggy's* to me,——I'd be the happiest man.

*Mause.* 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 things prepare,  
 Worth all your pease and grots, tak ye na care.

*Bauldy.* Well, *Mause*, 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 *Symmie'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.

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

*Bauldy.* If I aught of your secrets e'er advance,  
 May ye ride on me ilka night to *France*.

[Exit *Bauldy*.  
*Mause*.

*Mause.* [*her lane.*] This fool imagines, as do  
mony sic,

That I'm a witch in compact with *Auld Nick*,  
Because by education I was taught  
To speak and act aboon their common thought.  
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear,  
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me  
here.

Now since the royal *Charles*, and right's restor'd,  
A shepherdes is daughter to a lord.  
The *bony foundling* that's brought up by *Glaud*,  
Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,  
Her infant life I sav'd, when a false friend  
Bow'd to th' *Usurper*, and her death design'd,  
To establish him and his in all these plains  
That by right heritage to her pertains.  
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood and charms  
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms:  
None knows't but me;—and if the morn were come,  
I'll tell them tales will gat them all sing dumb.

## S C E N E IV.

## P R O L O G U E.

*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 maanna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny*  
she's away.

*Patie.*

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*Patie.* I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,  
And *Roger* he's away with *Jenny* gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean:  
Hark how the lav'rocks chant aboon our heads,  
How fast the westlin winds fough through the reeds!

*Peggy.* The scented meadows——birds——and  
healthy breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than *Peggy* please.

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

Gif I could fancy aught's sae sweet or fair

As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,

Thy cheek and breaft the finest flow'rs appear:

Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,

That warble through the merle 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.

*Peggy.* But *Patrick* for some wicked end may  
fleech,

And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.

I darna stay,——ye joker, let me gang,

Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me wrang.

*Patie.* 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 gaits to clim—the sheep to yield the fleece,

Ere ought by me be either said or doon,

Shall do thee wrang, I swear by all aboon.

*Peggy.* Then keep your aith——But mony lads  
will swear,

And be mansworn to twa in half a year :  
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel ;  
But if anither las your heart shou'd steel,  
Your *Meg*, forsaken, bootless might relate  
How she was dauted anes by faithless *Pate*.

*Patie.* I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,  
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a year :  
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst 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 tanfy-know or rashy strand ;  
Thou smiling by my side——I took delight  
To pou the rashes green, with roots fae white,  
Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt and snood.

*Peggy.* 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 bought at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG X. *Tune,* Winter was cauld, and my  
Cleathing was thin.

P E G G Y.

*When first my dear laddie gade to the green-hill,  
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk-bowie, no pain was to me,  
When I at the boughting forgather'd with thee.*

P A T I E.

*When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hetber-bells  
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,  
Nae*



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*Nae birns, brier, 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 off the victor, my heart was ay fain :  
Thy itka sport manny gave pleasure to me ;  
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings safely the Cowdon-broom knows,  
And Rosie liltis swiftly the Milking the ews ;  
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nansy can sing,  
At Throw the wood laddie, Bess gars our iugs ring :  
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,  
The Boatman, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill,  
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me ;  
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

*How e' sy can lasses throw what they desire ?  
And prais'es frae kindly increases love's fire ;  
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be  
To make myse'f better and sweeter for thee.*

*Patie. 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.*

*Peggy. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the  
stane,  
And wan the day, my heart was fighting fain :  
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.*

*Patie.* Jenny sings saft the *Broom of Cowdon-Knows,*

And *Roselilts* the *Milking of the Ews*;  
 There's nane, like *Narfie*, *Jenny Nettles* sings:  
 At turns in *Magey Lawder*, *Marion* dings:  
 But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter skill  
 The *Boatman*, 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.

*Peggy.* How eith can lasses trow what we desire,  
 And roos'd, by them we love, blaws up thae 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.

*Patie.* Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,  
 That little better than our nowt behave,  
 At naught they'll farley,—senseless tales believe;  
 Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—  
 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.

*Peggy.* Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's  
 cry,  
 I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

*Patie.* 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.

*Peggy.* Sing first, syne claim your hyre—

*Patie.* Well, I agree.

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SANG XI. To its ane Tune.

PATIE [*sings.*]

*By the delicious warmth of thy moutb,  
And rowing eye that smiling tells the truth,  
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,  
Ye're made for love, and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY [*sings.*]

*But ken ye, had, gif we confess o'er saon,  
Ye think us cheap, and fyne the wooing's done:  
The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,  
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE [*sings.*]

*But gin they bang o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may time, and sae may ye:  
Red-checked ye compleatly ripe appear,  
And I have thol'd and wood a lang half-year.*

PEGGY [*sings, falling into Patie's arms.*]

*Then dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a':  
But stint your wiftres to this kind embrace,  
And mint nae farther, till we've got the grace.*

PATIE [*with his left hand about her waist.*]

*O charming armsfu'! hence ye cares away,  
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;  
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the wastlin skies,  
Gang soor to bed, and quickly rise;*

*O lass your steeds; post time away,  
And haste about our bridal-day;  
And if you're weary'd, honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Let down the curtain, and let them kiss.]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,  
And tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd with  
time;*

*An stward fills his hand, his habit mean,  
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:  
But whist it is the knight in masquerade,  
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves  
T' brow his auld aw'news, 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 ev'ry 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 fal'n from their bands;  
The casements all broke down, no chimney left,  
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.  
My stables and pavillions, broken walls!  
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:

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My gardens once adorn'd the most compleat,  
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;  
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble-walks,  
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:  
 But overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,  
 No *Jaccacinths* or *Eglantines* appear.  
 Here fail'd and broke's the rising ample shade,  
 Where *peach* and *nect'rine* trees their branches spread,  
 Basking in rays, and early did produce  
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;  
 All round in gaps, the walls in ruin lie,  
 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 shou'd 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 cheerfully  
 A calm, contented mortal spends his time  
 In health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII. *Tune, Happy Clown.*

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn  
 He starts as fresh as roses blown,  
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,  
 After his bleating flocks:*

*Healthful,*

*Healthful, and innocently gay,  
He chants and whistles out the day;  
Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life kept from ambition free,  
Envy and vile hypocrisie,  
When truth and love with joy agree,  
Unful'y'd with a crime:  
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,  
In propping of their pride and state,  
He lives, and unafraid of fate,  
Contented spends bis time.*

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,  
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;  
Ah on the green in a fair wanton ring,  
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing.

[Exit Sr William.]

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## SCENE II.

### PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,  
And wiffy't 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, beech-luggies mingle  
On skelf's foregainst the door.

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*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 take their rest.*

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

*Glaud.* **W**E anes were young our fells—I like  
to see

The bairns bob round with other merrylic :  
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 clev'rest of them a'.

*Elspa.* 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 gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

*Glaud.* I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,  
He seems to be with *Peggy's* beauty tane,  
And troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,  
As ye well ken ; a bonnyer needna be,  
Nor better——be't she were nae kin to me.

*Symon.* 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 he mixt with the mools my fell.

*Glaud.* 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 ane *Jenny* kind ;  
Fourscore of breeding ews of my ain birn,  
Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gie to *Peggie* that day she's a bride;  
By and attour, if my good-luck abide,  
Ten lambs, at spaining-time, as lang's I live,  
And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

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

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

*Glaud.* Well, nae mair o't;—come, gi's the other  
bend,  
We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

*Symon.* But will you tell me *Glaud*?—By some  
'tis said

Your niece is but a *findling*, that was laid  
Down at your hallon-side, a morn in *May*,  
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

—*Glaud.* That clattetn *Madge*, my titty, tells sic  
flaws,

Whene'er our *Meg* her cankart humour gaws.

Enter JENNY.

*Jenny.* 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 owre 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.

*Sym.* 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 mare.

*Glaud.* Spae-men! the truth of a' their faws I doubt,  
For greater liars never ran thereout. [*Returns Jenny,*  
*bringing in Sir William ; with them Patie.*]



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*Sym.* Ye're welcome, honest carle—here, take a seat.

*Sir Will.* I give ye thanks, goodman, Ise be no blate.

*Glaud* [*drinks*]. Come, t'ye, friend—How far came ye the day?

*Sir Will.* I'll pledge ye, nibour, e'en but little way:  
Rousted with eild, a wie piece gate seems lang,  
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

*Sym.* Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,  
And take sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

*Sir Will.* 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—alack!  
I have nae mae,  
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

*Sir Will.* Young man, let's see your hand—  
what gars ye sneer?

*Patie.* Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

*Sir Will.* Ye cut before the point—But billy, byde,  
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

*Elspa.* Beteech-us-to! and well I wat that's true;  
Awa, awa, the deel's owre grit wi' you:  
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a fark.

*Sir Will.* I tell ye mair, if this young lad be spair'd  
But a short whie, he'll be a braw rich laird.

*Elspa.* A laird!—Hear ye, goodman—what  
think ye now?

*Symon.* 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.*

*Patie.*

*Patie.* 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.

*Symon.* Whisht, *Patie*——let the man look 'owre  
your hand,  
Aftymes 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.*]

*Elspa.* Preserve's!——the man's a warlock, or posselt  
With some nae good, or second-fight at least:  
Where is he now?——

*Glaud.* ——He's seeing a' that's done  
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

*Elspa.* These second-fighted fowks, 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.

*Symon.* He'll soon grow better——*Elspa*, haste  
ye, gae  
And fill him up a tafs of *Ujquebae*.

*Sir Will.* [*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 raves,
- “ And joy spreads o'er the plain,
- “ The LYON has defeat the bears,
- “ The *Knight* returns again.

“ The

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“ *The Knight* in a few days shall bring  
 “ A shepherd frae the fauld ;  
 “ And shall present him to the 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.”

*Symon.* Friend, may your spacing happen soon  
 and weel ;  
 But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deel,  
 To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep ;  
 Or do you get them tald you in your sleep ?

*Sir Will.* Howe'er I get them, never fash your  
 beard,  
 Nor come I to redd fortunes for reward :  
 But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,  
 That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

*Symon.* You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !  
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken  
 The wimpled meaning of your unko tale,  
 Whilk soon will mak a noife o'er moor and dale :

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

*Sir Will.* Whisht ! doubtfu' carle ; for e'er the sun  
 Has driven twice down to the sea,  
 What I have said, ye shall see done  
 In part, or nae mair credit me.

*Glaud.* Well, be't fae, friend ; I shall say naithing  
 mair,

But I 'ave twa sonfy lasses young and fair,  
 Plump, ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee  
 Sic fortunes for them might bring joy to me.

Sir

*Sir Will.* Nae mair through secrets can I sift,  
 'Till darkness black the bent;  
 I have but anes a day that gift,  
 Sae rest a while content.

*Symon.* *Elpha*, cast on the claith, fetch butt some  
 meat,

And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

*Sir Will.* 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.

*Symon.* Soon as you please I'll answer your desire—  
 And, *Glaud*, you'll tak 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.

*Glaud.* I'll out a space, and see the young anes  
 play;  
 My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

## P R O L O G U E.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame,  
 Young Roger draps the rest,  
 To whisper out his melting flame,  
 And throw his lassie's breast.*

*Behind a bush, well bid frae fight, they meet:  
 See Jenny's laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

*Poor Shepherd!*

## ROGER and JENNY.

*Roger.* **D**EAR *Jenny*, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let,  
 And yet I ergh ye'r ay sae scornfu' set.

*Jenny.* And what wad *Roger* say, if he cou'd speak?  
 Am I oblig'd to guess what ye'r to seek?

252 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Roger.* Yes, ye may guess, right eith for what I  
grein,

Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een :  
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn,  
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith even and morn.  
Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be,  
But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

*Jenny.* And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?  
Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye nay.

*Roger.* Alake ! my frighted heart begins to fail,  
Whene'er I mint to tell you out my tale,  
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,  
Has win your love, and near your heart may lie.

*Jenny.* I loo my father, cusin *Meg* I love ;  
But to this day, nae man my heart could move :  
Except my kin, ilk lad's alyke to me ;  
And frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

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

*Jenny.* Ye have my pity else, to see you sett  
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon foryet :  
Wow ! but we're bony, 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 prison'd in four waws a wife right tame,  
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

*Roger.* That only happens, when for sake of gear,  
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mare :  
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 should scorn) still to delight in thee.

*Jenny.*

*Jenny.* What fuggard words frae wooers lips  
can fa'!

But girning marriage comes and ends them a':  
I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,  
And soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies;  
I've seen the silver spring a-while rin clear,  
And soon in mossy puddles disappear:  
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;  
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

*Roger.* I've seen the morning rise with fairest  
light,

The day unclouded, sink in calmest night:  
I've seen the spring run wimpling throw the plain,  
Increase and join the ocean, without stain:  
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;  
Rejoice throw life, and all your fears beguile.

SANG XIII. *Tune, Leith-wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,  
You should nae m'ir complain;  
The ealy maid, beset with love,  
Few words will quickly gain:  
For I must own, now since you're free,  
This too foud heart of mine  
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,  
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah! let my head  
Upon thy breast recl ne!  
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;  
Is Jenny then jae kind?—*

254 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*O let me brize thee to my heart!  
And round my arms entwine:  
Dehlyful thought, we'll never part!  
Come press thy mouth to mine.*

*Jenny.* Were I but sure ye lang wou'd love  
maintain,  
The fewest words my easy heart could 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.

*Roger.* I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my  
head! —

This gush of pleasure's like to be my deid.  
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd  
With wond'ring love! let's kifs 'till we be tir'd.  
Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,  
And ferly at the quick return of day!  
O *Jenny!* let my arms about thee twine,  
And brize thy bony breasts and lips to mine.

*[They embrace.]*

*Jenny.* With equal joy my faster heart does yield,  
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.  
Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,  
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

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

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

## SANG XIV. Tune, O'er Bogie.

Well, I agree, ye're sure of me;  
 Next to my father gae:  
 Make him content to give consent,  
 He'll hardly say you nae:  
 For ye have what he wad be at,  
 And will commend you weel,  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld  
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Should he deny, I care na by,  
 He'd contradict in vain:  
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,  
 But thee I will have nane.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like these in high degree:  
 And if you prove faithful in love,  
 You'll find nae fault in me.

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow  
 nowt,

As mony newcal in my byers rowt:  
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammass sell,  
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell.  
 Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,  
 With meikle care, my thrifty mither made:  
 Ilk thing that makes a hartsome house and right  
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.  
 They left me all, which now gies joy to me,  
 Because I can give a', my dear, to thee:  
 And had I fifty times as mickle mair,  
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the samen skair.  
 My love and all is yours; now had them fast,  
 And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny.



256 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Jenny.* I'll do my best; but see wha gangs this way,

*Patie and Meg*—besides I maunna stay;  
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn;  
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal of scorn.

*Roger.* To' where the faugh-tree shades the  
    miennin pool,  
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool:  
Keep tryft, and meet me there, there let us meet.  
To kifs and tell our loves; there's nought sae sweet.

S C E N E IV.

P R O L O G U E.

*This scene presents the Knight and Sim,  
    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' weel.*

*Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.*

*Sir Will.* **T**O whom belongs this house, so much  
    decay'd?

*Symon.* To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid,  
To bear the *Head* up, when rebellous *Tail*  
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

*Sir William Worthby* is our master's name,  
Wha fills us all with joy, now *He's come bame.*

P R O L O G U E.

*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 breath!  
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith!  
 Return'd to cheer his wishing tenants fight!  
 To bless his SON, my charge, the world's delight.

Sir *Will.* 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.

*Symon.* The due obedience to your strict command  
 Was the first lock—neist my ane judgment fand  
 Out reasons plenty—Since, without estate,  
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and  
 blate.

Sir *Will.* And aften vain and idly spend their time,  
 'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,  
 Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a cast,  
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

*Symon.* Now, well I wat, sir, ye have spoken true;  
 For there's laird *Kytie's* son, that's loo'd 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 a' as punishment o' their sin  
 That are within his tenth degree of kin:  
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust  
 To his ane fam'ly as to gi' him trust.

Sir *Will.* Such uselefs 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.

258 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Symon.* To speak his praise, the langest simmer-  
day

Wad be owre short—cou'd I them right display.  
In word and deed he can sae well behave,  
That out of fight 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 decree 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.

*Sir Will.* Your tale much pleases—my good  
friend, proceed :

What learning has he ? can he write and read ?

*Symon.* Baith wonder well ; for, troth, I didna  
spare

To gie him at the school enough of lair ;  
And he delysts in books—He reads and speaks  
With fowks that ken them, *Latin* words and *Greeks*.

*Sir Will.* Where gets he books to read—and of  
what kind ?

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

*Symon.* 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 *Shakespear* and a famous *Ben*

He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.

How sweetly *Harwtbornden* and *Stirling* sing,

And ane caw'd *Cowley*, loyal to his king,

He kens fou well, and gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought, that he made o'er great fraize

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.

Sir

Sir Will. 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.

Symon. What ken we better, that sae findle look,  
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a book ?  
When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell;  
'Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's our sell.

Sir Will. 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 mein  
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,  
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart ?

Symon. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest  
part,  
'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet  
(With *Glaud's* fair niece) than I thought right or  
meet.

I had my fears ; but now have nought to fear,  
Since like yourself, your son will soon appear ;  
A gentleman enrich'd with all these charms,  
May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

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

260 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Symon.* With how much joy I on this errand flee,  
There's nane can know that is not down-right me.

[*Exit Symon.*]

*Sir William solus.* Whene'er th' event of hope's  
succes 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 rustick 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 artful polishing has made it shine :  
Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. *Tune,* Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

*Now from rusticity, and love,  
Whose flames but over-lowly burn,  
My gentle shepherd must be drowe,  
His soul must take another turn :  
As the rough diamond from the mine,  
In breakings only shews its light,  
'Till polishing has made it shine,  
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

## P R O L O G U E.

*The scene describ'd in former page,  
Glaud's onset—Enter Maufe and Madge.*

*Maufe.* **O**UR laird come hame! and owns young  
*Pate* his heir,  
That's news indeed!

*Madge.* —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 mickle at his unco look,  
While frae his poutch he whirl'd 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 pawkylic pretended he cou'd spae,  
Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

*Maufe.* Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,  
Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

*Madge.* As fast as fleas skip to the tate of woo,  
Whilk flee tod *Lawrie* hads without his mow,  
When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,  
In summer-days slides backward in a pool:  
In short, he did for *Pate* braw things foretel,  
Without the help of conjuring or spell;  
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,  
Pou'd aff his beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew  
His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,  
Hang at his coat, and syne 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 soon;

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.

*Mause*. It may be fae, wha kens, and may be no.

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

Even kings has tane a queen out of the plain,

And what has been before, may be again.

*Madge*. 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.

*Mause*. 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.

*Madge*. He get her! flaverin doof! it sets him well

To yoke a plough where *Patrick* thought to teil!

Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young master see—

*Mause*. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he;

And so wad I: but whisht! here *Bauldy* comes.

*Enter BAULDY* [*singing*.]

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't,

Ne'er a fit, quoth Jenny, for my tocher-good;

For my tocher-good, I winna marry thee,

E'en's ye l ke, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

*Madge*. Weel liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty sang.

*Bauldy*. I'll gie ye't a', 'tis better than 'tis lang.

[*sings again*.]

*I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough;  
I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh;  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkan o'er the lee,  
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a good ba' house, a barn and a bayer,  
A peatstack fore the door, we'll make a rantin fire;  
I'll make a rantin fire, and merry fall we be,  
And gin we winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass myself;  
Ye're a bony lad, and I'm a lassie free;  
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.*

I trow sae,——lasses will come to at last,  
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-baws cast.

*Mause.* Well, *Bauldy*, how gaes a'.—

*Bauldy.* ——Faith, unco right:

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

*Madge.* And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

*Bauldy.* To find out that, is nae difficult task.

Poor bony *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair

On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William's* heir.

Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Mause*, stand be,

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

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

Lefs wilfu', and ay constant in my love.

*Madge.* 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 lass 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 sae gray a gate,

Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.



264 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Bauldy.* Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the  
rest;

Yet leed, auld roudes,—and in faith had best  
Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand  
Wit a het face afore the haly band.

*Madge.* 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 fly the skin o'ye'r cheeks out-o'er your chin.

*Bauldy.* I tak ye witness, *Mause*, ye heard her say,  
That I'm mansworn,—I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bony 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.]

*Mause.* Let gang your grips; fy, *Madge*! howt,  
*Bauldy*, leen,

I wadna wish this tuilzie had been seen;  
'Tis sae daft like—

[*Bauldy* gets out of *Madge's* clutches with a  
bleeding nose.]

*Madge.* —'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 have seen.

*Mause.* That's true; and, *Bauldy*, ye was far to  
blame.

To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd name.

*Bauldy.* My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the  
same.

*Madge.* Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I shall auld ye.

*Mause.* Howt, no;—ye'll e'en be friends with  
honest *Bauldy*:

Come,

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder gae:  
Ye maun forgie'm: I see the lad looks wae.

*Bauldy.* In troth now, *Mause*, I have at *Madge*  
nae spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wyte  
Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave  
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

*Madge.* I crave your pardon! Gallows-face, gae  
greet,

And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.  
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,  
'Till ye learn to perform as well as sweer,  
Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?  
Swiath tak him deel, he's owre lang out of hell.

*Bauldy* [*running off.*] His presence be about us!  
Curst were he

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

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

*Madge* [*laughing*] I think I have towzled his  
harigalds a-wee;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.  
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve  
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

*Mause.* Ye towin'd him tightly—I commend ye  
for't,

His bleeding snout gae me na 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.

*Madge.* A *witch*!—how had ye patience this to  
bear,

And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear.

*Mause.* Auld wither'd hands, and feebl: joints  
like mine,

Obliges folk resentment to decline,

'Till

266 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

'Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we  
 With cunning can the lack of pith supply :  
 Thus I put aff revenge 'till it was dark,  
 Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark ;  
 I'm sure he'll keep his tryft ; and I came here  
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

*Madge.* And special sport we'll hae as I protest ;  
 Ye'll be the witch, and I shall play the ghaist.  
 A linnen sheet wond round me like ane dead,  
 I'll cawk my face, and grane and shake my head.  
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang  
 A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

*Maise.* Then let us go ; for see, 'tis hard on night,  
 The westlin clouds shine with a setting light. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

P R O L O G U E.

*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 throw the broom with Roger ever leel,  
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewel.*

*Roger.* **W**OW! but I'm cadgie, and my heart  
 lowps light ;

O Mr. *Patrick*, as your thoughts were right :  
 Sure gentle-fowk are farrer seen than we,  
 That nathing hae to brag of pedigree.

My *Jenny* now, wha' brak my heart this morn,  
 Is perfect yielding—sweet—and nae mair scorn.

I spak my mind—she heard—I spak again,  
She smil'd—I kiss'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

*Patie.* 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 express,

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 o' my youth !

Wha set too soon !—And while he praise bestow'd,

Adown his gracefu' 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 fire I view'd,

While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd :

Unusual transports made my hand turn round,

Whilst I myself with rising raptures found,

The happy son of ane so 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 must sooner cease.

*Roger.* How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :

But were't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

*Patie.* Duty, and hasten reason plead his cause :

But love rebels against all bounding laws ;

Fixt in my soul the shepherdes excels,

And part of my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. *Tune,* Kirk wad let me be.

*Duty and part of reason,*

*Plead strong on the parents side,*

*Which love superior calls treason,  
The strongest must be obey'd :  
For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,  
My constancy falshood repels ;  
For change in my heart is no entry,  
Still there my dear Peggy excels.*

*Roger.* Enjoy them baith——Sir *William* will be won :

Your *Peggy's* bonny——you're his only son.

*Patie.* She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love,

And frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move.  
I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true,  
But still obedience is a parent's due.

*Roger.* Is not our master and yourfell to stay  
Amang us here——or are you gawn away  
To *London* court, or ither far aff parts,  
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts ?

*Patie* To *Edinburgh* straight to-morrow we  
advance,  
To *London* neilt, 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 strutting in my red-heel'd thoon.  
Then 'tis design'd, when I can weel 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.

*Roger.* *They wba have just enough can soundly sleep,  
The owreccome only fashes forwk to keep—*

Good

Good master *Patrick*, tak your ain tale hame.

*Patie*. 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.

*Roger*. But an estate like yours yields braw content,  
When we but pike it scanty on the bent :

Fine claihs, soft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,

Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,

Submissive servants, honour, wealth and ease,

Wha's no content w' these are ill to please.

*Patie*. Sae *Roger* thinks, and thinks not far amiss,  
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their bliss :

The passions rule the roast—and if they're four,

Like the lean ky, they'il soon the fat devour :

The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,

Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.

The gout, and gravels, and the ill disease,

Are frequentest with fook owrelaid with ease;

While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,

Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

*Roger*. Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and 'it delights  
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights :

How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,

That I may easier disappointments bear ?

*Patie*. Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some  
skill,

These best can teach what's real good and ill :

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,

To gain these silent friends that ever please

*Roger*. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to  
buy :

Faith I've hae books, tho' I shou'd sell my ky :

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move

Between Sir *William's* will and *Peggy's* love.

*Patie*.

*Patie.* Then here it lies——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.

*Roger.* And proud of being your secretary, I  
To wyle it frae me a' the deels defy. [*Exit Roger.*]

*Patie* [*solus.*] With what a struggle must I now  
impart

My father's will to her that had's my heart :  
I ken she loves, and her fast soul will sink,  
While it stands trembling on the hated brink  
Of disappointment——heav'n 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.

*Peggy.* 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 withouten pain see frae the coast  
The ship that bears his all like to be lost ?  
Like to be carried by some rever's hand,  
Far frae his wishes to some distant land.

*Patie.* Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me re-  
mains

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.

*Peg.*

*Peg.* 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 envied by the tattling gang,  
 When *Pattie* 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 aft-times I have fled from thee right fain,  
 And fawn on purpose that I might be tane:  
 Nae mair around the *foogynow* I'll creep,  
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.  
 But hear my vow——'twill help to give me ease,  
 May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,  
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,  
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG XVII. *Tune,* Waes my heart that we  
 shou'd surrender.

*Speak on, speak thus, and still my grief,  
 Hold up a heart that's sinking under  
 These fears, that soon will want relief,  
 When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.  
 A gentler face and silk attire,  
 A lady rich in beauty's blossom,  
 Alake 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 sunder.*



272 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

*Ye meadows where we often 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 with silent duty,  
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
And wonder at thy manly beauty ?  
Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
Tho' thou should'st prove a wand'ring lover,  
Throw life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a wife to any other.*

*Patie.* Sure heaven approves—and be assur'd of  
me,

I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee :  
And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,  
And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this isle ;  
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,  
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.  
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move  
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.  
If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,  
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid,  
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things  
To sit as have the patience to be kings.

Wherefore that tear ? believe, and calm thy mind.  
*Peggy.* I greet for joy, to hear my love sae kind ;  
When hopes were sunk, 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 gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me :  
With patience then, I'll wait each wheeling year,  
Dream thro' that night, 'till my day-star appear ;  
And all the while I'll study gentler charms  
To make me fitter for my trav'ller's arms :

I'll gain on uncle *Glaud*——he's far frae fool,  
 And will not grudge to put me throw ilk school,  
 Where I may manners learn——

S A N G XVIII. *Tune, Tweed-side.*

*Peggy.* *When hope was quite sunk in despair,*  
*My heart it was going to break ;*  
*My life appear'd worthless my care,*  
*But now I will sav't for thy sake.*  
*Where-er my love travels by day,*  
*Where-ever he lodges by night,*  
*With me his dear image shall stay ;*  
*And my soul keep him ever in fight.*

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

*For beauty that's only skin deep,*  
*Must fade like the gowans of 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 have sense to approve.*

*Patie.* —— That's wisely said,  
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.

274 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

Tho' without a' the little helps of art,  
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,  
 Yet now, lest in our station we offend,  
 We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;  
 Affect aft-times to like the thing we hate,  
 And drap serenity, to keep up state;  
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought  
 to say,

And, for the fashion, when we're blith seem wae:  
 Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd,  
 Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

*Peggy.* If this is gentry, I had rather be  
 What I am still—but I'll be oughs with thee.

*Patie.* No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest  
 With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,  
 Good-manners give integrity a bleeze,  
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

*Peggy.* Since with nae hazard, and sae small  
 expence,

My sad frae books can gather siccan sense,  
 Then why, ah! why shou'd the tempestuous sea  
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?  
 Sir *William's* cruel that wad force his son,  
 For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

*Patie.* There is nae doubt but trav'ling does  
 improve;

Yet I wou'd shun it for thy sake, my love:  
 But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast  
 In foreign cities, home to thee I'll haste.

SANG XIX. *Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*Peggy.* At setting day and rising morn,  
 With soul that still shall love thee,  
 I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,  
 With all that can improve thee.

*I'll visit aft the birken-bush,  
Where first thou kindly told me  
Sweet tales of love, and bid my blush,  
Whilft round thou didst unfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,  
By green-wood-shaw or fountain ;  
Or where the summer-day I'd share  
With thee, upon yon mountain.  
There will I teil 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.*

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 Hiffel-shaw, where first ye vow'd  
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,  
I'll aften gang, and teil the trees and flowers,  
With joy that they'll bear witness I am yours.

*Patie.* 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 kiss, and wear about my arm.

*Peggy.* Were ilka hair that appertains to me  
Worth an estate, they all belong to thee :  
My sheers are ready, take what you demand,  
And aught what love with virtue may command.

*Patie.* Nae mair I'll ask ; but since we've little  
time,

To ware't on words, wad border on a crime,  
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,  
When it's with kisses on the heart imprest.

[Here they embrace, and the curtain's let down.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*See how poor Bauldy stares like ane possess't,  
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:  
Bare-legg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,  
See the auld man comes forward to the fot.*

*Symon.* **W**HAT want ye, *Bauldy*, at this silent  
hour,

When nature nods beneath the drowsy pow'r:  
Far to the *North* the scant approaching light  
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night  
What gars ye shake, and glowre and look sae wan?  
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

*Bauldy.* O len me soon some water, milk, or ale,  
My head's grown giddy—legs with shaking fail;  
I'll ne'er däre venture forth at night my lane:  
Alake! I'll never be mysell again.  
I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon, O Symon! O!*

*[Symon gives him a drink.]*

*Symon.* What ails thee, gowk!—to make so loud  
adö.

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.*

*Sir Will.* How goes the night? Does day-light  
yet appear?

*Symon,* you're very tymously afeer.

*Symon.* 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 wrestled with a ghaist.

*Bauldy.*

*Bauldy.* O! ay—dear fir, in troth 'tis very true,  
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

*Sir Will.* (*Smiling.*) I lang to hear't——

*Bauldy.* —Ah! fir, the witch caw'd *Mause*,  
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 trysted, 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't's like to freeze my blood!)  
Rais'd up a ghaist, or deel, 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,  
Lows'd down my breeks, while I like a great fool,  
Was labour'd 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 haf dead with anger, fear and spite,  
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, fir, to you,  
Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.  
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,  
'Till in a fat tar-barrel *Mause* be brunt.

*Sir Will.* Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall  
granted be;  
Let *Mau'e* be brought this morning down to me.

*Bauldy.* Thanks to your honour, soon shall I obey;  
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,  
To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,  
And cast her cantraips that bring up the deel.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

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*Sir Will.* Froth *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, throw want of education, blind!

*Symon.* But does your honour think there's nae sic thing,

As witches raising deels up throw a ring,  
Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,  
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

*Sir Will.* Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,  
Amongst a few old women, craz'd and poor,  
Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp  
O'er bræs and bogs, with candles in his dowp,  
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,  
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;  
Then with his train throw airy paths to glide,  
While they on cats or clowns, or broomstuffs 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-boards, chairs and stools.  
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,  
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

*Symon.* 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch

Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich:  
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,  
And lives a quiet and very honest life.  
That gars me think this hoblefshew that's past  
Will end in naething but a joke at last.

*Sir Will.* I'm sure it will; but see increasing light  
Commands the imps of darkness down to night;  
Bid rise my servants, and my horse prepare,  
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG

SANG XX. *Tune, Bony gray-ey'd morn.*

*The bony gray-ey'd morn begins to peep,  
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,  
 The bearty hynd starts from his lax; sleep,  
 To follow healthfu' labours of the day,  
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,  
 The lark and the linnnet tend his lewes,  
 And he joins their concert, driving the plow,  
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss  
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,  
 Wishing 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.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

B R O L O G U E.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,  
 With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;  
 Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,  
 The rising sun shines mottly throw the reek:  
 A pipe bis mouth, the losses please his een,  
 And now and then his joke maun interveen.*

*Glaud.* **I** Wish, my bairns, it may keep fair 'till  
 night,  
 Ye do not use so soon to see the light;



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Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,  
To tak your leave of *Partick* or he gang :  
But, do ye think, that now when he's a lard,  
That he poor landwart lassies will regard ?

*Jenny.* Tho' he's young master now, I'm very sure,  
He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor :  
But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,  
And kifs'd my cufin there frae lug to lug.

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

*Peggy.* A rake, what's that?—Sure if it means  
ought ill,  
He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

*Glaud.* 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 thinks sin to name ;  
Sic are sae void of shame, they'll never stap  
To brag how aften they have had the clap ;  
They'll tempt young things like you, with youdith  
flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest when ye're debauch'd.  
Be warry then I say, and never ge'e  
Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

*Peggy.* Sir *William's* vertuous, and of gentle blood ;  
And may not *Patrick* too, like him be good ?

*Glaud.* That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,  
As they are wiser better are than we ;  
But thinner sawn ; they're sae puft up with pride,  
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,

That

That shaws the gate to heaven ;—I've heard myself,  
Some of them laugh at doom's day, sin and hell.

*Jenny.* Watch o'er us, father! heh, that's very-  
odd,

Sure him that doubts a doom's day, doubts a God.

*Glaud.* Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor  
judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink:  
But I'm not saying this, as if I thought  
That *Patrick* to sic gait's will e'er be brought.

*Peggy.* The Lord forbid! Na, he kens better things:  
But here comes aunt, her face some ferly brings.

*Enter Madge.*

*Ma'ge.* Haft, haft ye, we're a' sent for owre the  
gate,

To hear, and help to red some odd debate  
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some witchcraft  
spell

At *Symon's* house, the knight fits judge himself.

*Glaud.* Lend me my staff—*Madge*, lock the  
outer door,

And bring the lassies wi' ye; I'll step before. [*Exit.*

*Madge.* 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 strut a gentle spark at *Edinburgh* cross;  
To change his kent cut frae the branchy plain  
For a nice sword, and glanc ng-headed cane;  
To leave his ram-horn spoons and kitted whey,  
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay;  
To leave the green-sward dance, when we gae milk,  
To rustle among the beauties clad in silk.  
But *Meg*, poor *Meg!* maun with the shepherd stay,  
And take what God will send in bodden-gray.

*Peggy.*

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*Peggy.* Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your  
scorn ?

That's no my fault 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 rife, 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.

*Mad. e.* A bony story, trowth !—But we delay ;  
Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

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

*Sir Will.* **A**ND was that all ?—Well, *Archbald,*  
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.

*Bauldy.*

*Bauldy.* Sir, I confes my faut thr' a' the steps,  
And ne'er again shall be untrue to *Neps*.

*Mause.* Thus far, sir, he oblig'd me on the score,  
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

*Bauldy.* An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;  
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deel:  
Yet with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,  
She's baith a flee and a revengefu' ——  
And that my *some-place* finds;—but I had best  
Haud in my tongue; for yonder comes the *Ghaisht*,  
And the young bony *Witch*, whafe rosie cheek  
Sent me without my wit the deel to seek.

*Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.*

*Sir Will.* [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's  
she that wears th' *Aurora* gown,  
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?  
How sparkling are her eyes! what's this I find!  
The girl brings all my sister to my mind.  
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,  
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.  
Is this your daughter, *Glaud*?——

*Glaud.* —— Sir, she's my niece——  
And yet she's not——but I should had my peace.

*Sir Will.* This is a contradiction; what d'ye mean?  
She is, and she is not! pray, *Glaud*, explain.

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should make appear  
What I have kept a secret thirteen year——

*Mause.* You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

*Sir Will.* Speak soon: I'm all impatience!—

*Patie.* ——So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

*Glaud.* Then, since my master orders, I obey—  
This bony fundling, ae clear morn of *May*,

*Close*

284 *The GENTLE SHEPHERD,*

Close 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, warse 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 pass'd since  
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine:  
 Nor do I rue my care about the wean,  
 For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.  
 Ye see she's bony; I can swear she's good,  
 And am right sure she's come of gentle blood;  
 Of whom I kenna——naithing ken I mair,  
 Than what I to your honour now declare.

*Sir Will.* This tale seems strange!—

*Patie.* ——The tale delights my ear!

*Sir Will.* Command your joys, young man, till  
 truth appear.

*Mause.* That be my task—Now, fir, bid all be  
 hush,

*Peggy* may smile—Thou hast no cause to blush.  
 Lang have I wish'd to see this happy day,  
 That I might safely to the truth give way;  
 That I may now *Sir William Wortby* name,  
 The best and nearest parent she can claim.  
 He saw't at first, and with quick eyes did trace  
 His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

*Sir Will.* Old-woman, do not rave—prove what  
 you say;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

*Patie.* What reason, fir, can an old woman have  
 To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?

But

But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,  
I every thing that looks like reason want.

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

*Sir Will.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve  
each doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir Will.*]

*Mause.* Sir, view me well, has fifteen years so  
plew'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.

*Sir Will.* Ha, honest nurse, where were my 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 Will. embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

*Sir Will.* Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece! truth  
must prevail;

But no more words, till *Mause* relate her tale.

*Patie.* Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with  
blisses,

That I may give my cousin fifty kisses.

*Mause.* Then it was I that sav'd her infant-life,  
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.

The story's long; but I the secret knew,  
How they pursu'd with avaricious 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 sakeless 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 travell'd some few miles e'er day.

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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.  
 For fear of being found out, I, to secure  
 My charge, I 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* himsel, and *Symon* may  
 Remember well how I that ve y 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.

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

*Sir Will* 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 Will.*

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

*Sir Will. raises them.*] I give you both my blessing;  
 may your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

*Peggy.*

*Peggy.* My wishes are compleat,—my joys arise,  
While I'm half dizzy with the blest surpris;  
And am I then a match for my ain lad,  
That for me so much generous kindness had?  
Lang may Sir *William* bless these happy plains,  
Happy while heaven grant he on them remains.

*Patie.* Be lang our guardian, still our master be,  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie?  
Th' estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

*Glaud.* I hope your honour now will tak amends  
Of them that sought her life for wicked ends.

*Sir Will.* The bale unnatural villain soon shall know  
That cyes above watch the affairs below:  
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

*Peggy.* 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.

*Symon.* 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* tawz, and pawky *Mause's* plot.

*Sir Will.* Kindly old man, remain with you this day!  
I never from these fields again will stray;  
Masons and wrights shall soon my house 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.

*Symon.* That's the best news I heard this twenty  
year!

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

*Glaud*



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*Glaud.* God save the king, and save Sir *William*  
lang,

To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's sang.

*Roger.* Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?  
What shepherd's whistle winna like the spring?

*Bauldy.* I'm friends with *Mause*,—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.

*Madge.* Lang may he live;—and *Archbald* 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 with the youngest of ye rant,

And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt

Of our young lady,——my dear bonny bairn!

*Pegey.* 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?

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

*Sir Will.* 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.

*Mause*, in my house, in calmness, close your days,

With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

*Omnes.* The LORD of heaven return your honour's  
love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

*Patie.* [*presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir,

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

*Sir Will.* 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.

*Glaud.* You croud 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 among the dead.

*Roger.* I ne'er was good a-speaking a' my days,  
 Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a fraise;  
 But for my master, father, and my wife,  
 I will employ the cares of all my life.

*Sir Will.* My friends, I'm satisfy'd you'll all  
 behave,

Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.  
 Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'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 dispels our care,  
 Now all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear. }

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*Peggy.* When you demand, I readiest should obey;  
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I hae.

S A N G XXI. *Tune, 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 fixe,  
He's comely in his warwking,  
The shining in his een surprise,  
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bowk,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There mony a kindly word he spak  
That set my heart a glowing.  
He kiss'd, and wou'd he wad be mins,  
And lo'd me best of ony,  
That gars me like to sing finsyne,  
O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding were design'd,  
We chafly should be granting.  
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,  
And syne my Cockernony  
He's free to touzel, air or late,  
Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

To Mrs. A. C. A Song. To the Tune of,  
All in the Downs.

**W**HEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,  
The muse can no more cease to sing,  
Than can the lark, with rising light,  
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.  
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount high;  
The dawning beauties smile, and poets fly.

Young *Annie's* budding graces claim  
Th' inspired thought, and softest lays;  
And kindle in the breast a flame,  
Which must be vented in her praise.  
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen  
Or one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;  
When she appears, take the alarm:  
Love on her beauty points his darts,  
And wings an arrow from each charm.  
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,  
And to her snowy neck and breasts resort.

But vain must every caution prove,  
When such enchanting sweetness shines,  
The wounded swain must yield to love,  
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.  
Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun;  
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair,  
 Her lovely features are complete ;  
 Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share  
 With angels all that's wise and sweet.  
 These virtues, which divinely deck her mind,  
 Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,  
 Or sparkle in the airy town,  
 O! happy he her favour gains,  
 Unhappy ! if she on him frown.  
 The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme,  
 Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

---

*To Mrs. E. C. A Song. To the Tune of,  
 Tweed-side.*

**N**OW *Phæbus* advances on high ;  
 No footsteps of winter are seen ;  
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,  
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Thro' groves, and by rivulets clear,  
 We wander for pleasure and health,  
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,  
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View every gay scene all around,  
 That are, and that promise to be ;  
 Yet in them all nothing is found  
 So perfect, *Elija*, as thee.

Thine eyes the clear fountains excel;  
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove;  
 When Zephyrs these pleasingly swell,  
 Each wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,  
 And flowers of most delicate hue,  
 By thy cheek and thy breasts are out-shin'd,  
 Their tinctures are nothing so true.

What can we compare with thy voice,  
 And what with thy humour so sweet?  
 No musick can blest with such joys;  
 Sure angels are just so complete.

Fair blossom of every delight,  
 Whose beauties ten thousands out-shine,  
 Thy sweets shall be lastingly bright,  
 Being mixt with so many divine.

Ye powers, who have given such charms  
 To *Elisa*, your image below,  
 O! save her from all human harms,  
 And make her hours happily flow.

To CALISTA: A Song. To the Tune of,  
 I wish my Love were in a Mire.

**S**HE sung,—the youth attention gave,  
 And charms and charms espies;  
 Then all in raptures falls a slave,  
 Both to her voice and eyes.

So spoke and smil'd the Eastern maid,  
 Like thine, seraphick were her charms,  
 That in *Circassia's* vineyards stray'd,  
 And blest the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair, of high desert,  
 Strave to enchant the amorous king ;  
 But the *Circassian* gain'd his heart,  
 And taught the royal bard to sing.  
*Calista* thus our sang inspires,  
 And claims the smooth and highest lays ;  
 But while each charm our bosom fires,  
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,  
 To paint, surpasses human skill ;  
 Her majesty, mixt with the sweet ;  
 Let seraphs sing her if they will :  
 Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,  
 We all that's perfect in her view,  
 Viewing a sister of the sky,  
 To whom an adoration's due.

## A S O N G.

*Tune of, Lochaber no more.*

**F**arewell to *Lochaber*, and farewell, my *Jean*,  
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day  
 been ;  
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,  
 We'll, may be, return to *Lochaber* no more.  
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on weir,

Tho'

L A S S *with a Lump of Land.* 295

Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind,  
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind :  
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
That's nathing like leaving my love on the shore.  
To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,  
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;  
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuse ;  
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
And without thy favour I'd better not be.  
I gae then, my las, to win honour and fame ;  
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

---

L A S S *with a Lump of Land.*

G I'E me a las with a lump of land,  
And we for life shall gang thegither ;  
Tho' daft or wise I'll never demand,  
Or black or fair it maksna whether.  
I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,  
And blood alane is no worth a shilling ;  
But she that's rich, her market's made,  
For ilka charm about her is killing.



Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,  
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure;  
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,  
 Shou'd love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.  
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand;  
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle;  
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,  
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,  
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complection;  
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,  
 Have unt the art of gaining affection.  
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,  
 And castles, and riggs, and moors, and meadows;  
 And nathing can catch our modern sparks,  
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

V I R T U E *and* W I T *the Preservatives of*  
 Love *and* Beauty.

*To the Tune of, Gillikranky.*

*To Mrs. K. H.*

**C**onfess thy love, fair blushing maid;  
 For since thine eye's consenting,  
 Thy saster thoughts are a' betray'd,  
 And nasays no worth tenting.  
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,  
 With words thy wish denying?  
 Since nature made thee to be kind,  
 Reason allows complying.

Nature

Nature and reason's joint consent  
 Make love a sacred blessing ;  
 Then happily that time is spent,  
 That's war'd on kind careffing.  
 Come then, my *Katie*, to my arms,  
 I'll be nae mair a rover,  
 But find out heaven in a' thy charms,  
 And prove a faithful lover.

## S H E.

What you design by nature's law,  
 Is fleeting inclination ;  
 That *Will,-Wisp* bewilds us a',  
 By its infatuation.  
 When that gaes out, careffes tire,  
 And love's nae mair in season ;  
 Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,  
 With all our boasted reason.

## H E.

The beauties of inferior cast  
 May start this just reflection ;  
 But charms like thine maun always last,  
 Where wit has the protection.  
 Virtue and wit, like *April* rays,  
 Make beauty rise the sweeter ;  
 The langer then on thee I gaze,  
 My love will grow compleater.

S O N G.

*To the Tune of, I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.*

*H E.*

**A** DIEU for a while, my native green plains,  
My nearest relations, and neighbouring  
swains ;

Dear *Nelly*, frae these I'd start easily free,  
Were minutes not ages while absent frae thee.

*S H E.*

Then tell me the reason thou do'st not obey  
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away :  
Alake ! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,  
A lover far roving will never mind me.

*H E.*

The reason unhappy is owing to fate,  
That gave me a being without an estate,  
Which lays a necessity now upon me,  
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

*S H E.*

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway ;  
Then, *Johnny*, be counsel'd nae langer to stray ;  
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,  
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

*H E.*

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray  
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way  
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,  
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers;  
 Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,  
 If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,  
 May nothing propitious e'er smile upon me.

---

## S O N G.

*To the Tune of, We'll a' to Kelfo go.*

**A** N N I'll awa' to bonny *Tweed* side,  
 And see my deary come throw,  
 And he shall be mine  
 Gif fae he incline;  
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

While young and fair,  
 I'll make it my care,  
 To secure mysel in a jo;  
 I'm no sic a fool,  
 To let my blood cool,  
 And syne gae lead *Apes* below.

Few words, bonny lad,  
 Will eithly persuade,  
 Tho' blushing, I daftly say no,  
 Gae on with your strain,  
 And doubt not to gain;  
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,  
 Do whate'er we can,  
 We never can thrive or dow;  
 Then I will do well,  
 Do better wha will,  
 And let them lead *Apes* below.

Our time is precious,  
 And Gods are gracious,  
 That beauties upon us bestow ;  
 'Tis not to be thought  
 We got them for nought,  
 Or to be set up for show.

'Tis carry'd by votes,  
 Come kilt up your coats,  
 And let us to *Edinburgh* go,  
 Where she that's bonny  
 May catch a *Jobny*,  
 And never lead *Apes* below.

*The W I D O W.*

**T**HE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can  
 shew,  
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;  
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 With courage attack her baith early and late,  
 To kifs her and clap her ye mauna be blate :  
 Speak well, and do better ; for that's the best gate  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair  
 The war of the wearing, and has a good skair  
 Of every thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,  
 And has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What cou'd ye wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 With nathing, but draw in your stool, and sit down,  
 And sport with the widow, my laddie.

Then

*The Step-daughter's Relief.* 301

Then till her, and kill her with courtesy dead,  
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead;  
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald;  
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

---

*The STEP-DAUGHTER'S Relief.*

*To the Tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.*

**I** Was anes a well tocher'd las,  
My mither left dollars to me;  
But now I'm brought to a poor pass,  
My step-dame has gart them flee.  
My father he's aften frae hame,  
And she plays the deel with his gear;  
She neither has lateth nor shame,  
And keeps the hale house in a steer.  
She's barmy fac'd, thriftless and bauld,  
And gars me aft fret and repine;  
While hungry, half-naked and cauld,  
I see her destroy what is mine:  
But soon I might hope a revenge,  
And soon of my sorrows be free,  
My poortith to plenty wad change,  
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd  
This bonny las tenderly,  
I'll tak thee, sweet *May*, in thy inood,  
Gif thou wilt gae hame wi. h me.

## 302 *The SOGER LADDIE.*

'Tis only yourself that I want ;  
Your kindness is better to me,  
Then a' that your step-mother, scant  
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,  
And ye are the sprout of a laird ;  
But I have milk-cattle enow,  
And rowth of good rucks in my yard.  
Ye shall have naething to fast ye ;  
Sax servants shall jouk to thee :  
Then kilt up thy coats, my lassie,  
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason employ'd,  
Not thinking the offer amiss,  
Consented ;—while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,  
Receiv'd her with mony a kiss.  
And now she fits blithly fingan,  
And joking her drunken step-dame,  
Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,  
That makes her goodwife at hame.

---

## *The SOGER LADDIE.*

**M**Y soger laddie is over the sea,  
And he will bring gold and money to me,  
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady :  
My blessing gang with my soger laddie,

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,  
And can as a soger and lover behave :  
True to his country, to love he is steady ;  
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield

**The SOGER LADDIE. 303**

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,  
Return him with lawrels to my langing arms,  
Synne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,  
When back to my wishes my soger ye gi'e me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,  
As quickly they must, if he get his due ;  
For in noble actions his courage is ready,  
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.



**A GLOS.**





A  
G L O S S A R Y :

O R,

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words used by the Author, 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 a l after an a or u, the l is rarely sounded.*      II *The l changes to a w, or u, after o or a, and is frequently sunk before another Consonant; as,*

Scots.  
**A'** Fa,  
Ca,

English.  
**A** L.  
Ba'l.  
Cal'.

Scots.  
**B** Awm,  
Bauk,  
Bouk,

English.  
**B** Alm.  
Baulk.  
Bulk.

Fa,

<i>Scots.</i>	<i>Engliff.</i>
Fa,	Fall.
Ga,	Gall.
Ha,	Hall.
Sma,	Small.
Sta,	Stall.
Wa,	Wall.
Fou, or fu,	Full.
Pou, or pu,	Pull.
Woo, or U,	Wool.

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

Bow,	Boll.
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.
Faut,	Fault.
Faufe,	Falfe.
Fowk,	Folk.
Fawn,	Fallen.
Gowd,	Gold.
Haff,	Half.
How,	Hole or bol- low.
Howms,	Holms.
Maut,	Malt.
Pow,	Poll.
Row,	Roll.
Scawd,	Scald.
Stown,	Stoln.
Wawk,	Walk.

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III. An o before ld changes

to an a, or au; as,

*Scots.*      *Engliff.*

<b>A</b> Uld,	<b>O</b> Ld.
Bauld,	Bold.
Cauld,	Cold.
Fauld,	Fold.
Hald, or had,	Hold.
Sald,	Sold.
Tald,	Told.
Wad,	Would.

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

<b>A</b> E, or ane	<b>O</b> Ne.
Aeten,	Oaten.
Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn,	Own.
Alane,	Alone.
Amaist,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
Bair,	Boar.
Baith,	Both.
Blaw,	Blow.
Braid,	Broad.

X

*Scots.*

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
Claiþ,	Cloþ.	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,	Gaits.	Tae,	Toe.
Grane,	Groan.	Taiken,	Token.
Haly,	Holy.	Tangs,	Tongs.
Hale,	Whole,	Tap,	Top.
Halefome,	Wholesome.	Thrang,	Throng.
Hame,	Home.	Wae,	Woe.
Hait, or het,	Hot.	Wame,	Womb.
Laith,	Leath.	Wan,	Wan.
Laid,	Load.	War,	Worse.
Lain, or leat,	Loam.	Wark,	Work.
Lang,	Long.	Warld,	World.
Law,	Low.	Wha,	Who.
Mae,	Moe.		
Maitt,	Most.		
Mair,	More.		
Mane,	Many.		
Maw,	Mew.		
Na,	No.		
Nane,	None.		
Naithing,	Nothing.		
Pape,	Pope.		
Rae,	Roe.		
Rair,	Roar.		
Raip,	Rope.		
Raw,	Row.		
Saft,	Soft.		
Saip,	Soap.		
Sair,	Sore.		
Sang,	Song.		

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

<b>A</b> Nither,	<b>A</b> Nother.
Bill,	Bull.
Birn,	Burn.
Brither,	Brother.
Fit,	Foot.
Fither,	Fother.
Hinny,	Hony.
Ither,	Other.
Mither,	Mother.
Nits,	Nuts.
Nife,	Noſe.
Pit,	Put.
Rin,	Run.
Sin,	Sun.

## B A

**A** *Blins*, perhaps.  
*Abeit*, albeit.  
*Aboon*, above.  
*Aikerbraid*, the breadth of an acre.  
*Air*, long since. *Is* early. *Air up*, soon up in the morning.  
*Ambris*, cupboard.  
*Anew*, enow.  
*Arks*, earnest of a bargain.  
*Ase*, ashes.  
*Atains*, or *Atanes*, at once, at the same time.  
*Attour*, out-over.  
*Auld-farran*, ingenious.  
*Aunglebargain*, or *Eaglebargain*, to contend and wrangle.  
*Awsome*, frightful, terrible.  
*Aynd*, the breath.  
*Ayant*, beyond.

## B A

**B** *Ack-sey*, a furloin.  
*Batrans*, a cat.  
*Baid*, staid abode.  
*Bairns*, children.  
*Balen*, whalebone.  
*Bang*, is sometimes an

## B A

action of haste. We say, he or it *came with a bang*.—*A bang* also means a great number. *Of customs 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 a bark.  
*Barklibood*, a fit of drunken angry passion.  
*Barrow-trams*, the staves of a hand-barrow.  
*Batts*, colick.  
*Bawbie*, half-penny.  
*Bauch*, sorry, indifferent.  
*Bawsey*, bawfand-faced, is a cow or horse with a white face.  
*Bedeem*, immediately, in haste.  
*Bedrals*, beadles.  
*Befi*, beaten.  
*Begoud*, began.  
*Begrutten*, all in tears.  
*Beik*, to bask.  
*Beild*, or *beil*, a shelter.

## B I

- Bein*, or *begn*, wealthy. A *been house*, a warm well furnished one.
- Beit*, or *best*, to help, repair.
- Bells*, bubbles.
- Beltan*, the 3d of *May*, or *Rood-day*.
- Bend*, to drink.
- Bended*, drank hard.
- Benn*, the inner room of a house.
- Bennison*, blessing.
- Bensell*, or *bensail*, force.
- Bent*, the open field. A tough grass growing in sand.
- Beuk*, baked.
- Bewith*, something in the mean time.
- Bicker*, a wooden dish.
- Bickering*, fighting, running quickly; school-boys battling with stones.
- Bigg*, build. *Bigget*, built.
- Biggings*, buildings.
- Biggonet*, a linnen cap or coif.
- Billy*, brother.
- Bindging*, becking, courtesying.
- Byre*, or *byor*, a cow-stall.
- Birks*, birch-trees.
- Birle*, to drink. Common people joining their farthings for purchasing li-

## B O

- quor, they call it *birling* a *baubie*.
- Birn*, a burnt mark.
- Birns*, the stalks of burnt heath.
- Birr*, force, flying swiftly with a noise.
- Birsed*, bruised.
- Bittle*, or *beetle*, a wooden mull for beating hemp, or a fuller's club.
- Black-a-vised*, of a black complexion.
- Blæ*, pale blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
- Bl-flum*, beguile.
- Blate*, bashful.
- Blatter*, a rattling noise.
- Bleech*, to blanch or whiten.
- Bleer*, to make the eye-water.
- Bleex*, blaze.
- Blether*, foolish discourse.
- Bletherer*, a babler. Stammering is called *blethering*.
- Blin*, cease. *Never blin*, never have done.
- Blink*, glance of the eye.
- Blinkan*, the flame rising and falling, as of a lamp when the oil is exhausted.
- Bluter*, plunder.
- Boak*, or *bake*, vomit.
- Boal*,

## B R

*Boal*, a little press or cupboard in the wall.  
*Bode*, predict.  
*Bodin*, or *bodden*, provided or furnished.  
*Bodle*, one sixth of a penny *English*.  
*Bodworth*, an ominous message. *Bodwords* are now used to express ill-natured messages.  
*Boglebo*, hobgoblin or spectre.  
*Bony*, beautiful.  
*Bonyvalys*, toys, gurgaws.  
*Bofs*, empty.  
*Bongils*, founding horns.  
*Bauk*, bulk.  
*Bountith*, gratuity.  
*Bourd*, jest or dalley.  
*Bouze*, to drink.  
*Brachen*, 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.  
*Brankit*, primmed up.  
*Brankan*, prancing, a capering.  
*Branks*, wherewith the countrymen bridle their horses.

## B U

*Brattle*, noise, as of horse's feet.  
*Brats*, rags. Sometimes children.  
*Braw*, fine in apparel, brave.  
*Brecken*, fearn.  
*Brent-brow*, smooth high forehead.  
*Brigs*, bridges.  
*Bris*, to press.  
*Broach*, a buckle.  
*Brack*, broken parts or refuse.  
*Brock*, a badger.  
*Broe*, broth.  
*Brow*, forehead.  
*Browden*, fond.  
*Browster*, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing.  
*Bruliment*, a broil.  
*Bruik*, to love and enjoy.  
*Bucky*, the large sea-snail; a term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow, by *thrawn bucky*.  
*Buff*, nonsense; as, *he bletcher'd buff*.  
*Bu<sub>3</sub>b*, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time.  
*Buller*, to bubble. The motion on water at a  
 X 3                      spring-

## C A

- spring-head, or noise of a rising tide.  
*Bumbazed*, confused, made to stare and look like an idiot.  
*Bung*, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung.  
*Bunkers*, a bench, or sort of long low chests, that serve for seats.  
*Bumler*, a bungler.  
*Burn*, a brook.  
*Busk*, to deck. Dress.  
*Bustine*, sustain (cloth)  
*But*, often, for *without*.  
*As, but feed or favour*.  
*Byer*, a cowhouse.  
*Bykes*, or *bikes*, nests, or hives of bees.  
*Bygane*, bypast.  
*Byword*, a proverb.

## C A

- C* *Adge*, carry. *Cadger*, is a country carrier, &c.  
*Cadgie*, chearful.  
*Caff*, a calf. Chaff.  
*Callan*, boy.  
*Camschough*, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance.  
*Cangle*, to wrangle.  
*Cankerd*, angry, passionately snarling.  
*Canna*, cannot.

## C H

- Cant*, to tell merry old tales.  
*Cantraips*, incantations.  
*Cantry*, chearful and merry.  
*Capernoited*, whimsical, ill-natured.  
*Car*, sledge.  
*Carna*, care not.  
*Carle*, an old word for a man.  
*Carlina*, an old woman, parch'd pease. *Gire carline*, a giant's wife.  
*Catbel*, an hot-pot, made of ale, sugar and eggs.  
*Caudle*.  
*Cauldribe*, spiritless, wanting chearfulness in address.  
*Cauler*, cool or fresh.  
*Cawke*, chalk.  
*Chafis*, chops.  
*Chaping*, an ale-measure or stoup, somewhat less than an *Englisch* 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, the're *a-char*, or *a-jar*.  
*Charlewain*, Charleswain; the constellation called the plough, or *Ursa major*.  
*Chancy*, fortunate, good-natured. *Chat*,

- Chat*, a cant name for the gallows.
- Chiel*, a general term, like *fellow*, used sometimes with respect; as, *be's a very good chiel*; and contemptuously, *that chiel*.
- Chirm*, chirp and sing like a bird.
- Chucky*, a hen.
- Clag*, failing or imperfection.
- Clan*, tribe, family.
- Clank*, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise.
- Glasbes*, chat.
- Clate*, a rake.
- Clatter*, to chatter.
- Clauht*, took hold.
- Clawer*, to speak nonsense.
- Claw*, scratch.
- Cleek*, to catch as with a hook.
- Clough*, a den betwixt rocks.
- Clinty*, hard, stony.
- Clock*, a beetle.
- Cle'ed*, the fall of any soft moist thing.
- Closs*, 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 is wrapt or *snooded* up with a band or *snood*. A woman's head-dress or cap.
- 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.
- Coodies*, a small wooden vessel used by some for chamber-pots.
- Coof*, a stupid fellow.
- Coor*, to cover.
- Cooser*, a stoned horse.
- Coost*, did cast. *Coosten*, throw.
- Corby*, a raven.
- Cesie*, sheltered in a convenient place.
- Cotter*, a sub-tenant.
- Corwp*, to fall; also a fall.
- Corwp*, to change or barter.
- Corwp*, a company of people; as, merry, senseless, corky *corwp*.



C U

- Cow*, to crouch and creep.  
*Couth*, frank and kind.  
*Crack*, to chat.  
*Creel*, basket.  
*Crisb*, grease.  
*Croil*, a crooked dwarf.  
*Creon*, or *cruse*, to murmur, or hum o'er a song. The lowing of bulls.  
*Crouse*, bold.  
*Crove*, a cottago.  
*Crummy*, a cow's name.  
*Cryn*, shrink, or become less by drying.  
*Cudiegh*, a bribe, present.  
*Culzie*, intice or flatter.  
*Gun*, to taste, learn, know.  
*Cunzie*, or *coon'e*, coin.  
*Curn*, a small parcel.  
*Cursche*, a kerchief. A linnen dress wore by our *Highland* women.  
*Cutted*, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship.  
*Cuts*, lots. These *cuts* are usually made of straws unequally cut.  
*Cutty*, short.

D E

D A

- DAB*, a proficient.  
*Dad*, to beat one thing against another. *He fell with a dad*, he dadded his head against the wall, &c.  
*Dast*, foolish, and sometimes wanton.  
*Dassie*, folly, wagric.  
*Dail*, or *dale*, a valley, plain.  
*Dainties*, 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 carefs with tenderness.  
*Deave*, to stun the ears with noise.  
*Dees*, dairy maids,  
*Deray*,

## D O

*Deray*, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise.

*Dern*, secret, hidden, lonely.

*Deval*, to descend, fall, hurry.

*Dewgs*, rags or shapings of cloath.

*Didle*, to act or move like a dwarf.

*Dight*, decked. Made ready; also, to clean.

*Dinna*, do not.

*Dirle*, a smarting pain, quickly over.

*Dit*, to stop or close up a hole

*Divet*, broad turf.

*Docken*, a dock, (the herb)

*Doilt*, confused and silly.

*Doited*, dosed 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.

*Do fart*, a dull heavy-headed fellow.

*Dool*, or *drule*, the gaol which gamesters strive to gain first, (as at football.)

## D R

*Dool*, pain, grief:

*Dorts*, a proud pet.

*Dorty*, proud, not to be spoke to, conceited, appearing as disoblighd:

*Dofend*, cold, impotent.

*Dought*, could, availed,

*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 withered (plant.)

*Dowf*, mournful, wanting vivacity.

*Dowie*, melancholy, sad, doleful.

*Downa*, *dow not*, i. e. tho' one has the power, he wants the heart to it.

*Dowp*, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an eggshell.

*Better haff egg as toom dowp.*

*Drant*, to speak slow, after a sighing manner.

*Dree*, to suffer, endure.

*Dreery*, wearisome, frightful.

*Dreigh*,

## E L

*Dreigh*, slow, keeping at distance. Hence an ill payer of his debts, we call *dreigh*, tedious.

*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.

*Danty*, a doxy.

*Durk*, a poinyardordagger.

*Dynles*, trembles, shakes.

*Dyver*, a bankrupt.

## E A

*E Ags*, incites, stirs up.

*Eard*, earth, the ground.

*Edge*, of a hill, is the side or top.

*En*, eyes.

*Eild*, age.

*Eildeens*, of the same age.

*Eith*, easy. *Eitbar*, easier.

*Elbuck*, elbow.

*Elf-shit*, see note on *Patie* and *Roger*, vol. I. line 42.

*Elson*, a shoemaker's awl.

*Eritch*, wild, hideous,

## F A

uninhabited, except by imaginary ghosts.

*Enlarg*, along.

*Ergb*, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing without a steady resolution.

*Erst*, time past.

*Esster*, hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *Esster-work*.

*Esber*, an adder.

*Esle*, to aim, design.

*Esst'd*, compared.

*Eydent*, diligent, laborious.

## F A

*FA*, a trap, such as is used for catching rats and mice.

*Fadge*, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll.

*Fag*, to tire, or turn weary.

*Fail*, thick tuff, such as are used for building dikes for folds, inclosures, &c.

*Fain*, expresses earnest desire; as, *fain would I*. Also joyful, tickled with pleasure.

*Fait*, neat, in good order.

*Fairfaw*, when we wish well to one, that a good  
or

**F L**

or fair fate may befall him.  
**Fang**, the talons of a fowl.  
*To fang*, to grip or hold fast.  
**Fash**, vex or trouble. *Fashous*, troublesome.  
**Faub**, a colour between white and red. *Faub*  
**Riggs**, fallow ground.  
**Feck**, a part, quantity; as, *maist feck*, the greatest number; *nae feck*, very few.  
**Feckfow**, able, active.  
**Feckless**, feeble, little and weak.  
**Fedd**, or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel.  
**Feil**, many, several.  
**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.  
**Fistle**, to stir, a stir.  
**Fisted**, the print of the foot.  
**Fixxing**, whizzing.  
**Flassing**, moving up and down, rising wind by

**F O**

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.  
**Fleitch**, to coax or flatter.  
**Fleg**, fright.  
**Flewet**, a smart blow.  
**Fley**, or *flie*, to affright.  
*Fleyt*, afraid or terrified.  
**Flinfers**, splinters.  
**Flit**, to remove.  
**Flite**, or *flyte*, to scold, chide. *Flet*, did scold.  
**Flushes**, floods.  
**Fog**, mois.  
**Foordays**, the morning far advanced, fair day-light.  
**Forby**, besides.  
**Forbears**, forefathers, ancestors.  
**Forfairn**, abused, bespattered.  
**Forfoughten**, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting.  
**Forgainst**, opposite to.  
**Forgetber**, to meet, encounter.  
**Forleet**, to forsake or forget.  
**Forestem**, the forehead.  
*Fouth*,

## G A

*Fenth*, abundance, plenty.

*Foxy*, spongy, 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, a light, impertinent fellow.

*Fremit*, strange, not a-kin.

*Fristed*, trusted.

*Frusb*, brittle, like bread baked with butter.

*Fuff*, to blow. *Fuffin*, blowing.

*Furder*, prosper.

*Furtby*, forward.

*Fusb*, brought.

*Fyk*, to be restless, uneasy.

*Furlet*, four pecks.

## G A

*GAB*, the mouth. To prate, *gab sae gasb*.

*Gabbing*, prating pertly.

To *gab gain*, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded.

*Gabby*, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *aula gabte*.

*utze*, to dictate imperti-

nently, talk idly with a stupid gravity.

*Gafuw*, 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, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gasb-gabbet*, or *gasb-beard*.

*Gate*, way.

*Gaunt*, yawn.

*Gawky*, idle, staring, idiotical person.

*Gawn*, going.

*Gawi*, galls.

*Gawfy*, jolly, buxom.

*Geck*, to mock.

*Geed*, or *gade*, went.

*Gent*, handsome, genteel.

*Ger*, brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision.

*Gielainger*, an ill debtor.

*Gif*, if.

*Gilyacus*, or *gilygapus*, a staring gaping fool, a gormandizer.

*Gipy*, a roguish boy.

*Gimne*, a young sheep, (ew.)

*Gin*, if.

*Gird*,

## G O

*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. *Glaike*, 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.  
*Glowming*, 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 unfledg'd birds.

## G R

*Goffie*, go. lip.  
*Gowans*, dazies.  
*Goue*, to look broad and steadfast, holding up the face.  
*Gowf*, besides the known game, a racket or sound blow on the chaps, we call a *gowf on the bafset*.  
*Gowk*, the cuckow. In derision we call a thoughtless fellow, and one who harps too long on one subject, a *gowk*.  
*Gowl*, a howling, to bellow and cry.  
*Gouffy*, 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.  
*Groff*, gross, coarse.  
*Grotts*, mill'd oats.  
*Grouf*, to lie flat on the belly.  
*Grounsche*, or *glunsh*, to murmur, grudge.  
*Grutten*,

## H A

- Gratten*, wept.  
*Gryse*, a pig.  
*Gumption*, good sense.  
*Garty*, rough, bitter, cold  
 (weather.)  
*Gysned*, when the wood  
 of any vessel is shrunk  
 with dryness.  
*Gyttings*, young children.

## H A

- Haffet*, the cheek, side  
 of the head.  
*Hagabag*, course napery.  
*Haggis*, a kind of pud-  
 ding, 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  
*bale*, whole.  
*Hallen*, a screen. See note  
 vol. I. p. 131.  
*Hameld*, domestick.  
*Hamehly*, friendly, frank,  
 open, kind.  
*Hanty*, convenient, hand-  
 some.  
*Harle*, drag.  
*Harns*, brains. *Harn-pan*,  
 the scull.  
*Harship*, ruin.

## H I

- Hals*, a flossen.  
*Haueran*, or *baurel*, ibid.  
*Haags*, valleys, or low  
 grounds on the sides of  
 rivers.  
*Havins*, good breeding.  
*Haviour*, behaviour.  
*Flaws*, shothroat, or fore-  
 part of the neck.  
*Heal*, or *heel*, health or  
 whole.  
*Heepy*, a person hypocon-  
 driack.  
*Heeryfrien*, the night be-  
 fore yesternight.  
*Heex*, to lift up a heavy  
 thing a little. A *beexy*  
 is a good lift.  
*Hefst*, accustomed to live  
 in a place.  
*Heght*, promised; also  
 named.  
*Hemty*, a tricky wag, such  
 for whom the hemp  
 grows.  
*Herreit*, ruined in estate,  
 broke, spoiled.  
*Hesp*, a clasp or hook, bar  
 or bolt. Also, in yarn,  
 a certain number of  
 threads.  
*Hether-bells*, the heath-  
 blossom.  
*Heugh*, a rock, or steep  
 hill. Also, a coal-pit.  
*Hiddils*, or *hidlings*, lurk-  
 ing

ing, hiding places. To  
do a thing *in bidlings*,  
*i. e.* privately.  
*Hirple*, to move slowly  
and larsly.  
*Hirple*, to move as with a  
rustling noise.  
*Hirple*, or *birdsale*, a flock  
of cattle.  
*Ho*, a single stocking.  
*Hobblebow*, confused rac-  
ket, noise.  
*Hoel*, hulk. *Hoel*, in-  
closed.  
*Hoely*, slow.  
*Hoft*, or *whoft*, to cough.  
*Hou*, or *hu*, a cap or roof-  
tree.  
*How*, low ground, a hol-  
low.  
*How!* ho!  
*Howdered*, hidden:  
*Howdy*, a midwife.  
*Howh*, to dig.  
*Howms*, plains on river-  
sides.  
*Hiwt!* fy!  
*Howtorudy*, 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 gash of  
water.  
*Jawp*, the dashing of  
water.  
*Icesbogle*, 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*, gipsy.  
*Ilk*, each. *Ilka*, every.  
*Ingen*, onion.  
*Ingle*, fire.  
*Jo*, sweetheart.  
*Jonk*, a low bow:  
*Iris*, fearful, terrified, as  
if afraid of some ghost  
or apparition. Also  
melancholy.  
*Ise*, I shall; as *I'll* for I  
will.  
*Istee*, embers.  
*Junt*, a large joint or  
piece of meat.  
*Jute*, sour or dead liquor.  
*Jibe*, to mock. *Gibe*, taunt.



# K I

# L A

## K A

- K** *Aber*, a rafter.  
*Kale*, or *kail*, colewort, and sometimes broth.  
*Kachy*, to dung.  
*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.  
*Keit*, 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.  
*Kent*, a long staff, such as shepherds use for leaping over ditches.  
*Kopp*, to catch a thing that moves towards one.

- Kiest*; did cast. Vid. *Cinff*.  
*Kilted*, tuck'd up.  
*Kimmer*, a female gossip.  
*Kirn*, a churn, to churn.  
*Kirtle*, an upperpetticoat.  
*Kitchon*; all sort of eatables, except bread.  
*Kittle*, difficult, mysterious, knotty (writings)  
*Kittle*, to tickle, ticklish.  
*Knacky*, witty and facetious.  
*Knait*, to beat or strike sharply.  
*Knos'd*, buffeted and bruised.  
*Knooft*; 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.  
*Kowi*, goblin, or any person one stands in awe to d. foblige, and fears.  
*Ky*, kine or cows.  
*Kyrb*, to appear. *He'll kyrb in his ain colours*.  
*Kyrs*, the belly.

## L A

- L** *Agger*, bespattered, covered with clay.  
*Laigh*, low.

*Laitt*,

## L E

**Laits**, manners.  
**Lak**, or *lack*, undervalue, contemn; as, *He that lacks my mare, would buy my mare.*  
**Landart**, the country, or belonging to it. Rustick.  
**Lane**, alone.  
**Langour**, languishing, melancholy To hold one out of *langour*, i. e. divert him.  
**Lankale**, coleworts uncut.  
**Lap**, leaped.  
**Lapper'd**, crudled or clot- ted.  
**Lare**, a place for laying, or that has been lain in.  
**Lare**, bog.  
**Lave**, the rest or remain- der.  
**Larwin**, a tavern reckon- ing.  
**Lawland**, low country.  
**Lavrock**, the lark.  
**Lawty**, or *lawtith*, Justice, fidelity, honesty.  
**Leal**, true, upright, ho- nest, 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

## L O

with one *lug* or handle.  
**Leman**, a kept miss.  
**Lends**, buttocks, loins.  
**Leugh**, laughed.  
**Lew-warm**, lukewarm.  
**Libbit**, gelded.  
**Lick**, to whip or beat. *It* a wag or cheat, we call a great *lick*.  
**Lied**, ye lied, ye tell a lie.  
**List**, the sky or firmament.  
**Liggs**, lies.  
**Lills**, the holes of a wind- instrument of musick; hence, *lilt up a spring*; *lilt it out*, take off 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.  
**Live**, 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.

## M A

- Lqeb*, a lake.  
*Lso*, to love.  
*Loof*, the hollow of the hand.  
*Looms*, tools, instruments in general. Vessels.  
*Loot*, did let.  
*Low*, flame. *Lowan*, flaming.  
*Lowm*, calm. *Keep lowm*, be secret.  
*Loun*, rogue, whore, villain  
*Lounder*, a found blow.  
*Lout*, to bow down, making courtsey To stoop.  
*Luck*, to enclose, shut up, fasten: hence, *lucken banded*, close fitted, *luckengowan*, booths, &c.  
*Lucky*, grandmother, or goody.  
*Lug*, ear. Handle of a pot or vessel.  
*Lugzie*, a dish of wood, with a handle.  
*Lum*, the chimney.  
*Lure*, rather.  
*Lyart*, hoary, or grey-hair'd.

## M A

- M Agil*, to mangle.  
*Maik*, or *make*, match, equal.  
*Maiklefs*, matchless.

## M E

- Mailen*, a farm.  
*Makly*, seemly, well proportioned.  
*Makna*, 'tis no matter.  
*Malison*, a curse, malediction.  
*Mangit*, galled or bruised by toil or stripes.  
*Mank*, a want.  
*Mant*, to stammer in speech.  
*March*, or *merch*, a landmark, border of lands.  
*Marb*, the marrow.  
*Marrow*, mate, fellow, equal, comrade.  
*Mask*, to mash, in brewing. *Misking-loom*, mash-vat.  
*Maun*, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not.  
*Meikle*, much, big, great, large.  
*Meith*, limit, mark, sign.  
*Ments*, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation. *To make amends*, to make a grateful return.  
*Mense*, discretion, sobriety, good-breeding.  
*Mensou*, mannerly.  
*Menzie*, company of men, army, assembly, one's followers.  
*Messen*, a little dog, lap-dog.  
*Midding*,

N A

*Middling*, a danghill.  
*Midges*, gnats, liddle 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.  
*Misusibus*, malicious, rough.  
*Misters*, necessities, wants.  
*Mittans*, woollen 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, tho' they eat but slow.  
*Mow*, a pile or hing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.  
*Mows*, jests.  
*Muckle*, see *Meikle*.  
*Murgullied*, mismanaged, abused  
*Mutch*, coif.  
*Mutchkin*, an *English* pint.

N A

*N**Acky*, or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs.

O R

*Neefe*, nose.  
*Nettle*, to fret or vex.  
*Newfingle*, fond of a new thing.  
*Nedel*, 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*.  
*Niest*, next.  
*Niffer*, to exchange or barter.  
*Niffnasan*, 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 calved (cows.)

O E

*O**E*, a grandchild.  
*O'er*, or *o'wre*, too much; as, *a' o'ers is wice*.  
*O'ercome*, superplus.  
*O'er*, any.  
*Or*, sometimes used for e'er or before. *Or day*,

P E

*i. e.* before day-break.  
*Ora*, anything over what's  
 needful.  
*Orp*, to weep with a con-  
 vulsive pant.  
*Oughtlens*, in the least.  
*Owk*, week.  
*Owrlay*, a cravat.  
*Owsen*, oxen.  
*Owtbir*, either.  
*Oxter*, the arm-pit.

P A

*PAddock*, a frog. *Pad-  
 dock Ride*, the spawn  
 of frogs.  
*Paiks*, chastisement. *To  
 paik*, to beat or bela-  
 bour one soundly.  
*Pang*, to squeeze, press  
 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.  
*Pegb*, to pant.  
*Penfy*, finical, foppish, con-  
 ceited.  
*Perquire*, by heart.  
*Pett*, a favourite, a fond-  
 ling. *To pettle*, to dandle,  
 feed, cherish, flatter.  
 Hence to take the *Pett*,  
 is to be peevish or sullen,

P R

as commonly *Petts* are,  
 when in the least dis-  
 obliged.  
*Pibroughs*, such *Highland*  
 tunes as are play'd on  
 bag-pipes before them  
 when they go out to  
 battle.  
*Pig*, an earthen pitcher.  
*Pike*, to pick out, or chuse.  
*Pimpin*, pimping, mean,  
 scurvy.  
*Pine*, pain or pining.  
*Pingle*, to contend, strive,  
 or work hard.  
*Pirn*, the spool or quill  
 within the shuttle, which  
 receives the yarn. *Pir-  
 ny*, (cloth or a web): of  
 unequal threads or co-  
 lours, stripped.  
*Pitb*, strength, might, force  
*Plack*, two bodles, or the  
 3d of a penny *English*.  
*Pople*, or *paple*, the bub-  
 bling, purling or boiling  
 up of water. (Popling.)  
*Poortith*, poverty.  
*Powmy*, a little horse or  
 galloway; also a turkey.  
*Pouse*, to push.  
*Poutch*, a pocket.  
*Pratich*, practice, art; stra-  
 tagem. *Priving pratich*,  
 trying ridiculous experi-  
 ments.

*Prets*,

*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.

*Putt a stane*, throw a big stone.

Q.

*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*, a roar.

*Rak*, or *rook*, a mist or fog.

*Rampage*, to speak and act furiously.

*Rasbes*, rushes.

*Rawe*, did rive or tear.

*Raught*, reached.

*Rax*, to stretch. *Rax'd*, reach'd.

*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*, counsel, advice; as, *Iwadna redeye to do that*.

*Reek*, reach; also smook.

*Reest*, to rust, or dry in the smook.

*Reft*, 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*, bul-rushes, bramble-branches, or twigs of trees.

*Rife*, or *ryse*, plenty.

*Rift*, to belch.

*Rigging*, the back or rick-back, the top or ridge of a house.

*Ripples*, a weakness in the back and reins.

*Rock*, a distaff.

Y 3

*Roofe*,

## S A

- Roofs*, or *rife*, to commend, extol.  
*Roove*, to rivet.  
*Rottin*, a ratt.  
*Rounde*, a witty, and often fatyrick kind of rhyme.  
*Rowan*, rolling.  
*Rowt*, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows.  
*Rrowth*, plenty.  
*Ruck*, a rick or stack of hay or corn.  
*Rude*, the red taint of the complexion.  
*Riesu*, doleful.  
*Ruz*, to pull, take away by force.  
*Rumps*, the rump.  
*Rungs*, small boughs of trees lopp'd off.  
*Runkle*, a wrinkle. *Runkle*, to ruffle.  
*Rype*, to search.

## S A

- S Aebeins*, seeing it is. Since.  
*Saikless*, guiltless, free.  
*Sain'd*, bless'd.  
*Sall*, shall; like *soud* for *should*.  
*Sand-blind*, purblind, short sighted.  
*Sar*, favour or smell.  
*Sark*, a shirt.

## S H

- Saugb*, 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.  
*Scawp*, a bare, dry piece of stony ground.  
*Scon*, bread, the country people bake over the fire, thinner and broader than a *Bannock*.  
*Scowp*, to leap or move hastily from one place to another.  
*Scowth*, room, freedom.  
*Scrimp*, narrow, straitned, little.  
*Scroggs*, shrubs, thorns, briars. *Scroggy*, thorny.  
*Scuds*, ale. A late name given it by the benders.  
*Scanner*, to loath.  
*Sell*, self.  
*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.

Skill,

## S K

**Sbil'**, shrill, having a sharp sound.  
**Shire**, clear, thin. We call thin cloth, or clear liquor, *scire*; also a clever wag, a *scire lick*.  
**Sbog**, to wag, shake, or jog backwards and forwards.  
**Sbool**, shovel.  
**Scoon**, shoes.  
**Skore**, to threaten.  
**Shotle**, a drawer.  
**Sib**, a-kin.  
**Sic**, such.  
**Sicker**, firm, secure.  
**Sike**, a rill or rivulet, commonly dry in summer.  
**Siller**, silver.  
**Sindie**, or *finle*, seldom.  
**Sinsyne**, since that time.  
*Lang sinsyne*, long ago.  
**Skail**, to scatter.  
**Skair**, share.  
**Skaith**, hurt, damage, loss.  
**Skeigh**, skittish.  
**Shelf**, 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.

## S M

**Skirl**, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice.  
**Sklate**, slate. *Skalie*, is the fine blue slate.  
**Skourie**, ragged, nasty, idle.  
**Skreed**, a rent.  
**Skybald**, a tatterdemalion.  
**Skys**, fly out hastily.  
**Slide**, or *slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily.  
**Slap**, or *slak*, 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 bedawborplaster.  
**Slid**, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *he's a slid lown*. *Slidy*, slippery.  
**Slippery**, sleepy.  
**Slouk**, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade thro' a mire.  
**Slote**, a bar or bolt for a door.  
**Sloub**, husk or coat.  
**Smaik**, a silly little pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*.  
**Smirk**, smiling.  
**Smittle**, infectious or catching.

Smoo.



## S O

- 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*.  
*Sne'l*, shary, smarting, bitter, firm.  
*Snib*, snub, check or reprove, correct.  
*Snifter*, to snuff or breathe thro' the nose a little stopt.  
*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 groveling slave.  
*Snoove*, to whirl round.  
*Snutter*, snot.  
*Snurl*, to ruffle or wrinkle.  
*Sod*, a thick turf.  
*Sonfy*, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty.  
*Sore*, sorrel, redish colour'd.  
*Sorn*, to sponge.  
*Soss*, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground.  
*Sough*, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping.

## S T

- Sowens*, flumry, or oatmeal four'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 foretel or divine.  
*Spaem:n*, 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.  
*Spelder*, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder.  
*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.  
*Sprutzled*, speckled, spotted.  
*Spunk*, tinder.  
*Stalwart*, strong and valiant. *Stang*,

## S F

*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*, sleep; 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.

## S. W

*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's strong*.  
*Sture*, or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse.  
*Sturt*, trouble, disturbance, vexation.  
*Stym*, a blink, or a little sight of a thing.  
*Suddle*, to sully or defile.  
*Sumph*, blockhead.  
*Sunkan*, spleenatick.  
*Sunknots*, something.  
*Swak*, to throw, cast with force.  
*Swankies*, clever young fellows.  
*Swarf*, to swoon away.  
*Swash*, squat, fuddled.  
*Swatch*, a pattern.  
*Swais*, small ale.  
*Swecht*, burden, weight, force.  
*Sweer*, lazy, slow.  
*Sweeties*, confections.  
*Swelt*, suffocated, choked to death.  
*Switb*, begone quickly.  
*Swither*,

## T E

*Swither*, to be doubtful whether to do this or that.

*Syne*, afterwards, then.

## T A

*T'ckel*, an arrow.

*Taid*, toad.

*Tane*, taken.

*Tap*, a head. Such a quantity of lint as spinsters put upon the distaff, is called a *lint-tap*.

*Tape*, to use any thing sparingly.

*Tappet-ben*, the Scots quart-stoup.

*Tarrow*, to refuse what we love from a cross humour.

*Tartan*, cross striped stuff, of various colours, checker'd. The Highland plaids.

*Tas*, 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.

## T I

*Teen*, or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow.

*Teet*, to peep out.

*Tensome*, the number of ten.

*Tent*, attention. *Tenty*, cautious.

*Thack*, thatch.

*Thae*, those.

*Tharme*, fall tripes.

*Theek*, to thatch.

*Thig*, to beg or borrow.

*Thir*, these.

*Thole*, to endure, suffer.

*Thaw*, thaw.

*Thowless*, unactive, silly, lazy heavy.

*Thrawart*, froward, cross, crabbed.

*Thrawin*, stern and cross-grained.

*Threet*, or *threap*, to aver, alledge, urge and affirm boldly.

*Thrimal*, to press or squeeze thro' with difficulty.

*Thud*, a blast, blow, storm, or the violent sound of these. *Cry'd hey 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.

*Tinc*, to lose. *Tint*, lost.

*Tirse!*, loss.

*Tip*

## T W

*Tip*, or *tippony*, ale fold 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.  
*Toom*, empty, applied to a barrel, purse, house, &c.  
*It.* to empty.  
*Tosb*, tight, neat.  
*Toste*, warm, pleasant, half fuddled.  
*To the foie*, in being, alive, unconfumed.  
*Toufe*, or *toufle*, to rumple, tease.  
*Tout*, the found of a horn or trumpet.  
*Tow*, a rope.  
*Towmond*, a year or twelve months.  
*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.

## W A

*Tydie*, plump, fat, lucky.  
*Tynd*, vide *leen*.  
*Tyft*, to entice, stir up, allure.

## U G

*UGG*, to detest, hate; nauseate.  
*Ugsome*, hateful, nauseous.  
*Umwible*, the late, or deceased sometime ago. Of old.  
*Undocht*, or *wandocht*, a silly weak person.  
*Uneith*, not easy.  
*Ungeard*, naked, not clad, unharnes'd.  
*Unk*, or *unc*, uncouth; strange.  
*Unlusom*, unlovely.  
*Vougy*, elevated, proud.  
*Wad*, or *wed*, pledge, wagger, pawn; also, would.  
*Waff*, wandering 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.  
*Wanrace*, wickedness, want of grace.  
*War*, worse.

*War-*

## W I

*Warlock*, wizard.  
*Wat*, or *wit*, to know.  
*Waught*, a large draught.  
*Wee*, little.  
*Wean*, or *wee ane*, a child.  
*Ween*, thought, imagined,  
 supposed.  
*Weer*, to stop or oppose.  
*Weir*, war.  
*Weird*, fate or destiny.  
*Weit*, rain.  
*Wersb*, insipid, wallowish,  
 wanting salt.  
*Whauk*, whip. beat, flog.  
*Whid*, to fly quickly.  
*Whick*, which.  
*Whilly*, to cheat. *Whilly-  
 wha*, a cheat.  
*Whindging*, whining.  
*Whins*, furze.  
*Whisht*, hush. Hold your  
 peace.  
*Whisk*, to pull out hastily.  
*Whomilt*, turned upside  
 down.  
*Wight*, stout, clever, active.  
*Item*, a man or person.  
*Wimpling*, a turning back-  
 ward and forward,  
 winding like the mean-  
 ders of a river.  
*Win*, or *won*, to reside,  
 dwell.  
*Winna*, will not.  
*Winnocks*, windows.  
*Winsome*, gaining, desire-  
 able, agreeable, com-  
 plete, large.

## Y U

*Wirrykow*, a bug-bear.  
*Wisent*, parch'd, dry'd,  
 wither'd.  
*Wistle*, to exchange money  
*Witbersbins*, motion a-  
 gainst the sun.  
*Woo*, or *W*, wool.  
*Wood*, mad.  
*W'ody*, the gallows.  
*Wordy*, worthy.  
*Wow*, wonderful, strange.  
*Wreatbs*, of snow, when  
 heaps of it are blown to-  
 gether by the wind.  
*Wyssing*, inclining. *To wyse*,  
 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.  
*Yesk*, the hiccup.  
*Yett*, gate.  
*Yestreen*, yesternight.  
*Youth*, youthfulness.  
*Yowden*, wearied.  
*Yowf*, a swinging blow.  
*Yuke*, the itch.  
*Yule*, Christmas.

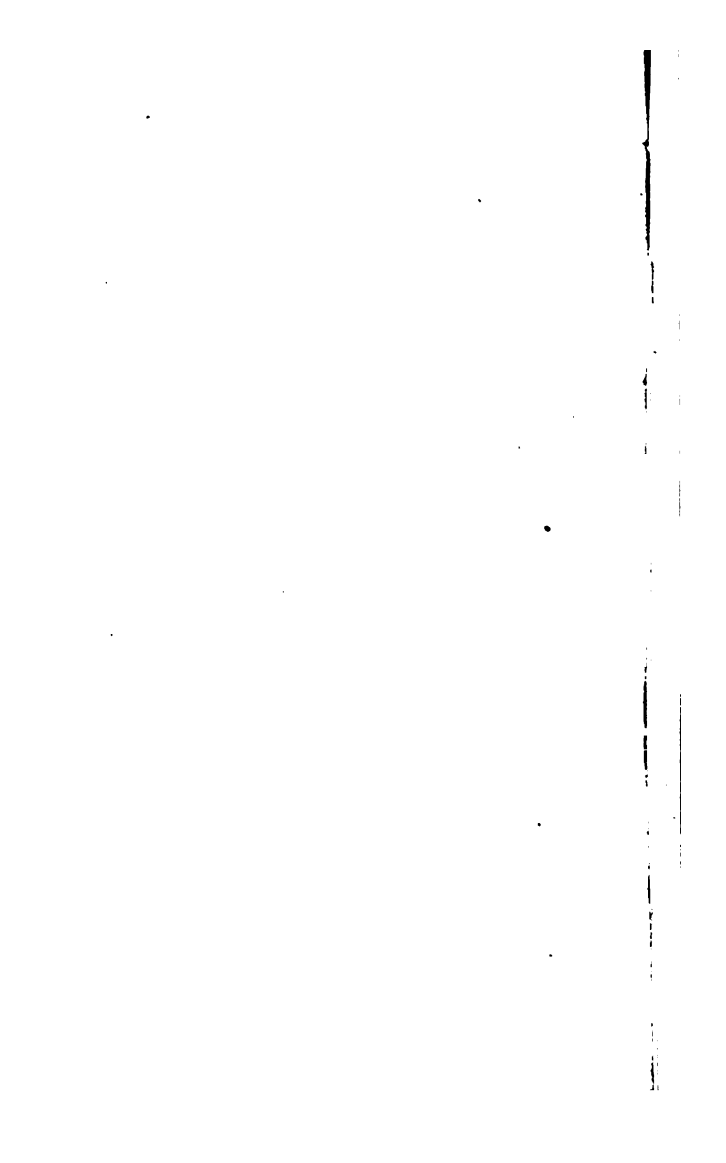


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