

Sept 16. 1861

John Francis Campbell

7



THE
P O E M S
OF
ALLAN RAMSAY.

A NEW EDITION,
CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED;
WITH A GLOSSARY.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
FROM AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS:
AND REMARKS ON HIS POEMS,
FROM A LARGE VIEW OF THEIR MERITS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PASTORAL.



1721.

RICHY AND SANDY * :

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

RICHY.

WHAT gars thee look fae dowf, dear Sandy fay?
Cheer up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play
“ My apron deary,” or some wanton tune :
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

SANDY.

Na, na, it winna do ; leave me to mane :
This aught days twice o’er tell’d I ’ll whistle nane.

RICHY.

* Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Alexander Pope.

RICHY.

Wow, man, that 's unco' fad!—Is 't that
 ye'r jo
 Has ta'en the strunt? Or has some bogle-bo,
 Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws, gi'en ye a fleg?
 Or has some dauted wedder broke his leg?

SANDY.

Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were borne:
 What 's bogles, wedders, or what Maufy's scorn?
 Our los is meikle mair, and past remead:
 Adie, that play'd and sang fae sweet, is dead.

RICHY.

Dead! fay'ft thou?—Oh, had up my heart,
 O Pan!
 Ye gods, what laids ye lay on feckless man!
 Alake therefore! I canna wyt ye'r wae;
 I'll bear ye company for year and day.
 A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
 Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent:
 Blyth at the bught how aft ha' we three been,
 Heartfome on hills, and gay upon the green.

SANDY.

SANDY.

That 's true indeed; but now thae days are gane,
 And, with him, a' that 's pleafant on the plain.
 A fummer day I never thought it lang,
 To hear him make a roundel or a fang.
 How fweet he fung where vines and myrtles grow,
 Of wimbling waters which in Latium flow *.
 Titry the Mantuan herd, wha lang finfyne,
 Best fung on aeten reed the lover's pine,
 Had he been to the fore now in our days,
 Wi' Adie he had frankly dealt his bays.
 As lang 's the warld fhall Amaryllis ken,
 His Rosamond † fhall echo thro' the glen :
 While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ewes,
 His fame fhall laft : laft fhall his fang of weirs ‡,
 While Britifh bairns brag of their bauld forbears.
 We'll meikle mifs his blyth and witty jeft,
 At fpaining time, or at our Lambmas feaft.
 O, Richy ! but 'tis hard that death ay reaves
 Away the beft fowk, and the ill anes leaves.
 Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye fprings,
 Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherd fings.

RICHY.

* His poetic epistle from Italy to the Earl of Halifax.

† An opera wrote by him.

‡ His Campaign, an heroic poem.

RICHY.

Then he had ay a good advice to gie,
 And kend my thoughts amaist as well as me :
 Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins four,
 He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour :
 Had Rosie ta'en the dorts, or had the tod
 Worry'd my lambs, or were my feet ill shod,
 Kindly he 'd laugh when fae he saw me dwine,
 And tauk of happinefs like a divine.
 Of ilka thing he had an unco' skill ;
 He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill ;
 He kend (what kend he no ?) e'en to a hair
 He'd tell or night gin neist day wad be fair.
 Blind John *, ye mind, wha fang in kittle phrase,
 How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise ;
 Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,
 What 's bonny in that fang he loot me see.
 The lassies aft slung down their rakes and pails,
 And held their tongues, O strange ! to hear his
 tales.

SANDY.

Sound be his sleep, and fast his wak'ning be ;
 He 's in a better case than thee or me :

He

* The famous Milton, the author of the excellent poem on Paradise Lost, was blind.

He was o'er good for us ; the gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back—he was a borrow'd len :
Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
Then we may yet forgether 'boon the lift.
But see the sheep are wyfing to the cleugh ;
Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh ;
Maggy by this has bewk the fupper-scones ;
And muckle kye stand rowting in the loans :
Come, Richy, let us truse and hame o'er bend,
And make the best of what we canna mend.

1728.

ROBERT, RICHY, AND SANDY :

A PASTORAL ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW PRIOR.

ROBERT, the good, by a' the fwains rever'd,
 Wife are his words, like filler is his beard ;
 Near saxty shining fimmers he has seen,
 Tenting his hirsle on the moorland 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 fae cast down ; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
 By break of day he seeks the dowy glen,
 That he may scowth to a' his mourning len :
 Nane but the clinty craigs and scrogy briers
 Were witneffes 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, sighing, thus return'd :

ROBERT.

ROBERT.

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

RICHY.

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

SANDY.

Laſt ouk I dream'd my tup 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 its
 red.
 How dreigh 's our cares! our joys how ſoon away,
 Like ſun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!

Flow

Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me ;
 Dear sweet-tongu'd Matt ! thousands shall greet for
 thee.

ROBERT.

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 ;
 Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

RICHY.

But twice the summer's fun has thaw'd the
 snaw,
 Since frae our heights Addie * was tane awa' :
 Fast Matt has follow'd.—Of sic twa bereft,
 To smoothe our faults, alake ! wha have we left ?
 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 tall 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 fae :

But

* Secretary Addison.

But ae rough night the blatt'ring winds blew
 fnell,
 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 ?

SANDY.

How snackly cou'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 fang,
 By auld Purganty, and the Dutchman's ring ?
 And Lucky's filler ladle shaws how aft
 Our greatest wishes are but vain and daft.
 The wad-be wits, he bad them a' but pap
 Their crazy heads into Tam Tinman's shap ;
 There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells
 Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themfells.
 Thousands of things he wittily could fay,
 With fancy strang, and faul as clear as day ;
 Smart were his tales : but where 's the tongue can
 tell
 How blyth he was ? how much lamented fell ?

RICHY.

And as he blythfome was, fae was he wife,
 Our laird himsell wa'd aft take his advice.
 E'en cheek for chew he 'd feat him 'mang them a',
 And tauk his mind 'bout kittle points of law.
 When clan Red-yards *, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
 Had skail'd 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 weirs, and of a peacefu' mind,
 Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
 To make the peace our friend was sent wi' speed.
 The very faes had for him just regard,
 Tho' fair he jib'd their formast singing bard †.
 Careful was Matt: but where 's the tongue can tell
 How wife he was? how much lamented fell ?

SANDY.

Wha cou'd like him, in a short fang, define
 The bonny lass and her young lover's pine ?

I 'll

* Lewis XIV. king of France.

† Boileau, whose ode on the taking Namur by the French in 1692, he burlesqued, on its being retaken by the English in 1695.

I 'll ne'er forget that ane he made on May,
 Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay ;
 To gratify the paughty wench's pride,
 The filly 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 reese 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 fast he sung ? how much lamented fell ?

RICHY.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
 A minister nae better cou'd behave ;
 Far out of sight 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

These to repeat braid spoken I wad spill,
 Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
 He tow'rd aboon : but ah ! what tongue can tell
 How high he flew ? how much lamented fell ?

ROBERT.

My bennifon, dear lads, light on ye baith,
 Wha ha'e fae true a feeling of our skaith :
 O Sandy ! draw his likenefs in smooth verse,
 As well ye can ; then shepherds shall rehearse
 His merit, while the sun metes out the day,
 While ews 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, there let 's forget our care,
 I dinna want a routh of country fair,
 Sic as it is, ye'r welcome to a skair :
 Befides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,
 As good as ever wash'd a shepherd's lip ;
 We 'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain,
 For a' our tears and figs are but in vain :
 Come, help me up ; yon footy cloud shores rain.

1721.

KEITHA:

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MARY, THE COUNTESS OF WIGTON.

RINGAN.

O,ER ilka thing a gen'ral fadness hings :
 The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings ;
 My sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
 And seem to think as in a dumpish mood.
 Hark ! how the winds fouch mournfu' thro' the
 broom,
 The very lift puts on a heavy gloom.
 My neighbour Colin too, he bears a part,
 His face speaks out the fairness of his heart ;
 Tell, tell me, Colin, for my boding thought,
 A bang of fears into my breast has brought.

COLIN.

Where hast thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers
 The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears ?
 Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
 The world receives by lovely Keitha's death ?

The

The bonniest fample of what 's good and kind,
 Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind :
 But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain
 Leaves us to sigh ; tho' a' our sighs are vain,
 For never mair she 'll grace the heartsome green ;
 Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen.
 Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk ;
 Speak, flocks and burds, wha 've heard her sing
 or tauk ;

Did ever you fae meikle beauty bear ?
 Or ye so mony heav'nly accents hear ?
 Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air,
 Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye westlin winds, that gently us'd to play
 On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,
 Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
 Which gratefu' Flora took to feed her bees ;
 Bear on your wings round earth her spotless fame,
 Worthy that noble race from whence she came *.
 Resounding braes, where'er she us'd to lean,
 And view the crystal burn glide o'er the green,
Return

* She was daughter to the late Earl Marshal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

Return your echoes to our mournfu' fang,
 And let the streams in murmurs bear 't along.
 Ye unken'd pow'rs wha water haunt or air,
 Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face?
 Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace?
 Her een, which did with heav'nly sparkles low?
 Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow?
 Her fair brent brow, smoooth as th' unrunckled
 deep,
 When a' the winds are in their caves asleep?
 Her p'rence, like a fimmer's morning ray,
 Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look
 gay.
 Now twin'd of life, these charms look cauld and
 blae,
 And what before gave joy now makes us wae.
 Her goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed,—
 A subject, Ringan, for a lofty reed;
 A shepherd's fang maun sic high thoughts decline,
 Left rustic notes should darken what 's divine.
 Youth, beauty, graces, a' that 's good and fair,
 Lament! for lovely Keitha is nae mair!

RINGAN.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind,
 When round his manly waist her arms she twin'd,
 And look'd a thousand fast things to his heart,
 While native sweetness fought nae help frae art.
 To him her merit still appear'd mair bright,
 As yielding she own'd his superior right.
 Baith fast and sound he slept within her arms,
 Gay were his dreams, the influence of her
 charms.
 Soon as the morning dawn'd he 'd draw the
 screen,
 And watch the op'ning of her fairer een,
 Whence sweetest rays gush't out in sic a thrang,
 Beyond expression in my rural sang.

COLIN.

O Clementina! sprouting fair remains
 Of her wha was the glory of the plains;
 Dear innocence, with infant darkness blist,
 Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist,
 May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
 And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.

RINGAN.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
 And a' she ga'e, she geed it wi' good will ;
 Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day,
 On which frae us she 's tane fae soon away ;
 Baith hynds and herds whafe cheeks bespake nae
 fcant,
 And throu' the howms could whistle, sing, and rant,
 Will mis her fair till happily they find
 Anither in her place fae good and kind.
 The lassies wha did at her graces mint,
 Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
 O ! ilka ane who did her bounty skair,
 Lament ! for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair !

COLIN.

O Ringan, Ringan ! things gang fae unev'n,
 I canna well take up the will of Heav'n.
 Our crosses teughly laft us mony a year,
 But unco soon our blessings difappear.

RINGAN.

I 'll tell thee, Colin, my laft Sunday's note,
 I tented well mefs Thomas ilka jot.

The powers aboon are cautious as they 're just,
And dinna like to gie o'er meikle trust
To this unconstant earth, with what 's divine,
Lest in laigh damp they should their lustre tine.
Sae, let 's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years ;
But as we can in goodness it employ,
Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy.
Come, Colin, dight your cheeks and banish care,
Our lady 's happy, tho' with us nae mair.

AN ODE,

WITH A PASTORAL RECITATIVE,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES EARL OF WEMYSS
TO MISS JANET CHARTERIS.

RECITATIVE.

LAST morn young Rosalind, with laughing een,
Met with the singing shepherd on the green,
Armyas height, wha us'd with tunefu' lay
To please the ear when he began to play :
Him with a smile the blooming lass address'd ;
Her cheerfu' look her inward joy confess'd.

ROSALIND.

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

ARMYAS.

Out wi' them, bonny lass, and if they'll bear
But ceremony, you a sang shall hear.

ROSALIND.

They 'll bear, and do invite the blythest strains ;
 The beauteous Charteriffa of these plains,
 Still to them dear, wha late made us fae wae,
 When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,
 And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,
 Now 's ta'en in time, and fix'd by Hymen's band.

ARMYAS.

To whom ?—speak fast :—I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear ; 'tis true as we stand here.
 The thane of Fife, who lately wi' his flane,
 And vizey leel, made the blyth bowl his ain ;
 He, the delight of baith the sma' and great,
 Wha 's bright beginning spae his sonfy fate,
 Has gain'd her heart ; and now their mutual flame
 Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now, Rosalind, may never sorrow twine
 Sae near your heart as joys arise in mine.
 Come kiss me, lassie, and you 's hear me sing
 A bridal sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROSALIND.

ROSALIND.

Ye're ay fae daft ; come, take it and ha'e done ;
 Let a' the lines be faft, and fweet the tune.

ARMYAS fings.

Come, fhepherds, a' your whiffles join,
 And fhaw your blytheft faces ;
 The nymph that we were like to tine,
 At hame her pleasure places.
 Lift up your notes both loud and gay,
 Yet fweet as Philomela's,
 And yearly folemnize the day
 When this good luck befel us.

Hail to the thane defcended frae
 Macduff renown'd in ftory,
 Wha Albion frae tyrannic fway
 Reftor'd to ancient glory :
 His early bloffoms loud proclaim
 That frae this ftem he rifes,
 Whafe merits give him right to fame,
 And to the higheft prizes.

His lovely countefs fing, ye fwains,
 Nae fubject can be fweeter ;
 The beft of blood flows in her veins,
 Which makes ilk grace completer :

Bright are the beauties of her mind,
Which frae her dawn of reason,
With a' the rays of wit hath shin'd,
Which virtue still did feason.

Straight as the plane, her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder ;
Were Jove rampaging in the air,
Her smiles might stap his thunder.
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 fir'd,
When you the darling pair survey,
By a' the world admir'd.

A MASQUE *

PERFORMED AT CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF

JAMES DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LADY ANN COCHRAN.

CALLIOPE

(Playing upon a violoncello) sings,

Joy to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
 Lang may his blifs and greatnefs bloffom ;
 Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
 Who gains this day his Grace's bofom.

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 it here.

“ The present poem being a revival of a good old form of
 “ poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amifs to fay
 “ fomething of a diversion once fo agreeable, and fo long
 “ intèrrupted or difufed. The original of mafques feems to
 “ be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, prefented
 “ on occafion of fome ceremony performed in a great and noble
 “ family. The aétors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry
 “ have formerly been even kings, princes, and the firft per-
 “ fonage;

Appear, great Genius of his line,
 And bear a part in the rejoicing ;
 Behold your ward, by pow'rs divine,
 Join'd with a mate of their ain choosin'g.

Forfake

“ sonages of the kingdom ; and in private families, the noblest
 “ and neareſt branches. The machinery was of the greateſt
 “ magnificence ; very ſhewy, coſtly, and not uncommonly
 “ contrived by the ableſt architects, as well as the beſt poets.
 “ Thus we ſee in Ben Jonſon 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)
 “ which places him in the claſs of writers. Theſe ſhows 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, public 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 though 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.”

Forfake 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, blefs their nuptial vow,
 And them with mutual joys inspire:
 Descend, Minerva, for 'tis you
 With virtue beats the haly fire.

(At the clofe of this fang enters the GENIUS of the family, clad in a fcarlet robe, with a duke's coronet on his head, a fhield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.)

GENIUS.

Fair miftrefs of harmonious founds, we hear
 Thy invitation, gratefu' to the ear
 Of a' the gods, who from th' Olympian height
 Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight:
 Jove 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 drefses.)

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities, that guard
 The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;

All

All hail ! immortal progeny of Jove,
Who plaint, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

GENIUS.

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.

VENUS.

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 bare 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.

HYMEN.

I 'll busk their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka langing wish with raptures crown ;
The

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 cheer 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 fourth

Of joys the gods for thee provide ;

The rosy dawn,

The flow'ry lawn,

That spring has dress'd in a' its pride,

Claim no regard,

When they 're compar'd

With blooming beauties of thy bride.

MINERVA.

Fairest of a' the goddeffes, and thou
 That links the lovers to be ever true,
 The gods and mortals own 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 vulgar size.
 Those near related to the brutal kind,
 Ken nathing of the wedlock of the mind ;
 'Tis I can make a life a honey-moon,
 And mould a love shall last like that aboon.

A' these

A' these fma' 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.

GENIUS.

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.

MINERVA.

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 heav'n 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 rise, and left the crowd behind.

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,
 My charge thro' ages draws his lineage down.
 The paths of sic forbearis lang may he trace,
 And she be mother to as fam'd a race.

When blue diseases fill the drumly air,
 And red-het bowts thro' flaughts of lightning rair,
 Or mad'ning factions shake the fanguine sword,
 With watchfu' eye I 'll tent my darling lord
 And his lov'd mate; tho' furies should break loose,
 Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I. GRACE.

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

II. GRACE.

Thy mouth, great queen of goddesfes, 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. GRACE.

III. GRACE.

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

I. GRACE.

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.

VENUS.

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 safer blessings, fling aside :
 Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
 As frae its body slides the fainted shade,

Frac

Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
 Where all is harmony, and all is love ;
 Hastе to these blessings, kifs the night away,
 And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whisper and carefs shall shorten hours,
 While, kindly as the beams on dewy flowers,
 Thy fun, like him who the fresh bev'rage sips,
 Shall feast upon the sweetnesss of thy lips :
 My haly hand maun chastly now unloose
 That zone which a' thy virgin charms inclose ;
 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, the mair of honour
 bring.

MINERVA.

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

Enter BACCHUS.

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

MINERVA.

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

BACCHUS.

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

VENUS.

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

GENIUS.

GENIUS.

Maist welcome, Pow'r that cheers the vital
 streams,
 When Pallas guards thee frae the wild extremes ;
 Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
 My generous charge with open smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I 'm nae great dab at speeches that maun
 clink,
 But there 's my paw, I shall fou tightly drink
 A hearty health to thir fame lovely twa,
 That are fae meikle dauted by you a' :
 Then with my juice a reaming bicker crown ;
 I 'll gi'e a toast, and see it fairly round.

Enter GANYMEDE

[With a flaggon in one hand, and a glaß in the other].

To you, blyth beings, the benign directar
 Of gods and men, to keep your fauls in tift,
 Has sent you here a present of his neçtar,
 As good as e'er was brow'n aboon the lift.

BACCHUS.

Ha! Gany, come, my dainty boy,
 Skink 't up, and let us prieve;
 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:—O, 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 fyne let 's all advance,
 Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak a dance:
 Minerva mim, for a' your mortal ſtore,
 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

[The health about, music and dancing begin.—The dancing over, before her Grace retires with the ladies to be undressed, CALLIOPE sings the]

EPITHALAMIUM.

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 posselt.
 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 fet the twinkling fires ;
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their defires.
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 cafe ;
Minerva, thither lead the Bride ;
Neift, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
And lay him sweetly by her fide.

A PASTORAL EPITHALAMIUM

UPON THE HAPPY MARRIAGE OF GEORGE LORD RAMSAY AND
LADY JEAN MAULE.

HAIL 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, meet his love ;
Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,
And makes him grateful bow to Jove.

Both from the line of patriots rise,
Chiefs of Dalhousie 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 blest below ;
Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

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

* See note, vol. i. p. 329.

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,
Shall rise 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,
Ere 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.

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.

* The spread eagle fable, or a field argent, in the arms of the earl of Dalhousie.

BETTY AND KATE:

A PASTORAL FAREWELL TO MR. AIKMAN,
WHEN HE WENT FOR LONDON.

BETTY.

DEAR 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 heartsome when he cheer'd our fight,
 And leugh with us a' day.

KATE.

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

BETTY.

BETTY.

Na, Kate, for that we needna mourn,
 He is not giv'n to change ;
 But fauls of sic a shining turn,
 For honour like to range :
 Our laird, and a' the gentry round,
 Wha mauna be said nay,
 Sic pleasure in his art have found,
 They winna let him stay.
 Blyth I have stood frae morn to een,
 To see how true and weel
 He cou'd 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.
 Lafs, think na shame to ease your mind,
 I see ye 're like to greet :
 Let gae these tears, 'tis justly kind,
 For shepherd fae complete.

KATE.

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

For findle times they e'er come back,
 Wha anes are heftit there :
 Sure, Befs, their hills are nae fae black,
 Nor yet their howms fae bare.

BETTY.

Our rigs are rich, and green our heights,
 And well our cares reward ;
 But yield, nae doubt, far lefs delights,
 In absence of our laird :
 But we maun cawmly now submit,
 And our ill luck lament,
 And leave 't to his ain fense 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.

KATE.

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

O, William !

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

BETTY.

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 kirn with fatness flow,
And a' your kye be fleek ;
And may your hearts with gladness glow,
In finding what ye feek.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A PASTORAL COMEDY.

1725.

DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE 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 among 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 their sentiments with the Countess of Eglintoun, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shine 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 is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is 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: it is 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 flattered; but your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for whilst you are possessed 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 in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard who fondly hopes for 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

hope and fear : but if I shall prove fo 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 Taffo, and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

“ If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
“ One half of round eternity is mine.”

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH,
25th June 1725.

TO THE 'COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN,

WITH THE FOLLOWING PASTORAL *.

ACCEPT, 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 blisful plains ;
 That oft has fung, 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
 In flame the breast that real love inspires !
 The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,
 All that a lover hopes, and all he fears :

Hence

* This address was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, an elegant and original poet, and a most accomplished and amiable man.

Hence too, what passions in his bosom rise !
 What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes !
 When first the fair-one, piteous of his fate,
 Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,
 With willing mind is bounteous to relent,
 And, blushing beautiful, smiles the kind consent.
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shewn,
 In Charlotte'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 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 love 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 seat ;
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 dow'rlless 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 falsehood puts on truth's disguise :
The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms ;
The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms ;

The

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 forfakes the guilty swains.

O Happiness ! from human race 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 fire Content, thou lov'st to dwell,
 Or say, dost thou, a duteous handmaid, wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel and to midnight ball ?
 Or the full banquet, when we feast our soul,
 Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl ?
 Or, with th' industrious planter dost 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 Stairs's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms ?

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 power to dwell :
 Nor need mankind despair those 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 Eglintoun ! 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

What transports shall they to thy soul impart,
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart,)
When thou behold'st 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 happy who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days.

Meanwhile, 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 shewn,
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.

TO JOSIAH BURCHET, SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY,

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD *.

THE nipping frosts, and driving sna,
 Are o'er the hills and far awa ;
 Bauld Boreas fleeps, the Zephyrs blaw,
 And ilka thing
 Sae dainty, youthfou', gay, and bra,'
 Invites to sing.

Then let 's begin by creek of day,
 Kind muse skiff to the bent away,

To

* The eclogue, intituled " Patie and Roger," which now forms the first scene of the " Gentle Shepherd," was published several years before the author composed the pastoral comedy of that name. It was from observing the talents displayed in that eclogue, and a sequel to it, intituled " Jenny and Meggy," likewise separately published, that his friends advised him to attempt a complete drama in the pastoral style.

To try anes mair the landart lay,
 With a' thy speed,
 Since Burchet awns that thou can play
 Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
 Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
 To him wha has fae courteously,
 To weaker fight,
 Set these rude sonnets * sung by me
 In truest light.

In truest light may a' that 's fine
 In his fair character still shine,
 Sma' need he has of fangs like mine,
 To beet his name ;
 For frae the north to fouthern line,
 Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
 Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrants' pride,

Wha

* Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly.

Wha vainly strave upon the tide
 T' invade these lands,
 Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
 Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen †,
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,
 How free-born Britons fought like men,
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
 This country sang, my fancy flew,
 Keen your just merit to pursue ;
 But ah ! I fear,
 In giving praises that are due,
 I grate your ear.

Yet, tent a poet's zealous prayer ;
 May powers aboon with kindly care,
 Grant you a lang and muckle skair
 Of a' that 's good,
 'Till unto longest life and mair
 You 've healthfu' stood.

May

† His valuable Naval History.

May never care your blessings four,
And may the muses, ilka hour,
Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r !
I'm but a callan ;
Yet, may I please you, while I 'm your
Devoted ALLAN.

THE PERSONS.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON, }
GLAUD, } two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.

BAULDY, a hynd, engaged with Neps.

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 sifter.

SCENE—A shepherd's village and fields some few miles from
Edinburgh.

TIME OF ACTION—Within twenty-four 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.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE TO THE SCENE.

Beneath the fouth fide of a craigy bield,
Where cryftal fprings the halefome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' fhepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and fmg.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune—"The wauking of the faulds."

PATIE.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Juft enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and fweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay :

My

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I 'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wifh nae wair to lay my care,
I wifh nae mair of a' that 's rare,
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To all the lave I 'm cauld ;
But she gars a' my fpirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy fmiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whifper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy fmiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld ;
And nathing gi'es me fic delight
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy fings fae faftly,
When on my pipe I play,
By a' the reft it is confest,
By a' the reft that she fings beft.

My Peggy fings fae faftly,
 And in her fangs are tald,
 With innocence the wale of fenfe,
 At wauking of the fauld.

This funny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How hartfom is 't to fee the rifing plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleafing rants !
 How halefome is 't to fnuff the cawler air,
 And all the fweets it bears, when void of care !
 What ails thee, Roger, then ? what gars thee
 grane ?
 Tell me the caufe of thy ill-feafon'd pain.

ROGER.

I 'm born, O Patie ! to a thrawart fate ;
 I 'm born to ftrive with hardfhips fad and great :
 Tempefts may ceafe to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grien for lambkins' blood ;
 But I, oppreff with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

PATIE.

The bees fhall loath the flow'r, and quit the
 hive,
 The faughs on boggie ground fhall ceafe to thrive,
 VOL. II. F Ere

Ere 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 eafy done
By ane whafe faul 's fae fadly out of tune.
Ye have fae fast a voice, and flid a tongue,
You are the darling baith of auld and young.
If I but ettle at a fang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, fyne up their leglens cleek,
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I 'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought :
Yet I am tall and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's ee ;
For ilka sheep ye have I 'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farther 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 finoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd :

In

In winter last my cares were very sma',
 Tho' scores of wethers perish'd in the snaw.

PATIE.

Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as
 mine,
 Lefs ye wad los, and lefs ye wad repine.
 He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
 The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a crofs,
 That thou may'ft thole the pangs of mony a los:
 O may'ft 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 clute
 At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
 A dainty whistle, with a pleasant sound:
 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 nae sic churlish beast;
 Some other thing lies 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, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-feen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
 Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but yourfell.

ROGER.

Indeed now, Patie, ye have guefs'd o'er true;
 And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
 Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,
 To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
 In ilka place she jeers me ear 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 Bauldy looes, Bauldy that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

PATIE.

PATIE.

But Bauldy looes not her ; right well I wat,
He fighs for Neps : fae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'd na looe 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 shewn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd ; ye never heard sic spite ;
“ O'er Bogie ” was the spring, and her delyte :
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she 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 fae, Roger, wha can help misluck ?
Saebins she be sic a thrawin gabbit 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 mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I 'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk ! leave aff that filly whingin way ;
Seem careless, there 's my hand ye 'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lafs I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring 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 ;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou fleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear ;
And O ! her mouth 's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :
Blythfome I cry'd, " My bonny Meg, come here,
" I ferly wherefore, ye 're so soon asteen ?
" But I can guess, ye 're gawn to gather dew."
She scour'd away, and said, " What 's that to you ?"
" Then,

“ Then, fare ye well, 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; then bad me hound my dog,
 To wear up three waff ewes stray’d on the bog.
 I leugh; and fae did she; then with great haste
 I clasp’d my arms about her neck and waist;
 About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kiffes frae 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 fae too, and never fash your thumb.
 Seem to forsake her, foon she ’ll change her
 mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she ’ll gang clean wood.

SANG II.

Tune—“ Fye, gar rub her o’er with frae.”

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a flight,
 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 bauldly 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 fae cadgy, and have sic an art
 To hearten ane; for now, as clean 's a leek,
 Ye 've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 Sae, for your pains, I 'll mak ye a propine
 (My mother, rest her faul! she made it fine);
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hawlock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue:
 With sprains like gowd and filler cross'd with
 black;
 I never had it yet upon my back.
 Weel are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
 Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

PATIE.

PATIE.

Weel, had ye there; and since ye' ve frankly
made

To me a present of your braw new plaid,
My flute 's be yours, and the too that 's fae nice,
Shall come a-will, gif ye 'll take my advice.

ROGER.

As ye advise, I 'll promise to observe 't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv 't:
Now tak it out and gie 's a bonny spring,
For I 'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

PATIE.

But first we 'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right;
Be that time bannocks and a sheeve of cheefe
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wife
To season meat with health, instead of spice.
When we have tane the grace drink at this well,
I 'll whistle fyne, and sing t' ye like myfell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

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

PEGGY and JENNY.

JENNY.

Come, Meg, let 's fa to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean ;
 The water 's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will make them like a lily wet with dew.

PEGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' that 's sweet in spring and summer
 grow :
 Between twa birks 'out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's, and makes a singand din :
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs,
 Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grafs.

We

We 'll end our washing while the morning 's cool,
 And when the day grows het we 'll to the pool,
 There wash ourfells; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
 And sweetly cauler on fae warm a day.

JENNY.

Daft lassie, when we 're naked, what 'll ye say,
 Giff our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us fae?—that jeering fellow, 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 hight;
 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 care na by.
 What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
 He 's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

JENNY.

I dinna like him, Peggy, 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

Whilk penfylie he wears a thought a-jee,
 And fpreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
 He falds his owrelay down his breaft with care,
 And few gangs trigger to the kirk or fair ;
 For a' that, he can neither fing nor fay,
 Except, " How d' ye ?"—or, " There 's a bonny
 " day."

PEGGY.

Ye dafh the lad with conftant flichting pride,
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide :
 But ye 'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld,
 Wha likes a dorty maiden when fhe 's auld ?
 Like dawted wean that tarries at its meat,
 That for fome fecklefs whim will orp and greet :
 The lave laugh at it till the dinner 's paf, t,
 And fyne the fool thing is oblig'd to faft,
 Or fcart anither's leavings at the laft.
 Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

SANG III.

'Tune—" Polwart on the green."

The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane her fmlles will tent,
 Soon as her face looks auld.

The

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 itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they 've refus'd.

JENNY.

I never thought a fingle life a crime.

PEGGY.

Nor I : but love in whifpers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.

JENNY.

If Roger is my jo, he kens himfell,
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
 He glowrs and fighs, and I can guesf the cause :
 But wha 's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws ?
 Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
 I'fe tell him frankly ne'er to do 't again.
 They 're fools that flav'ry like, and may be free ;
 The chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

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

JENNY.

Heh ! Jafs, how can ye loo that rattle-skull ?
A very deel, that ay maun have his will.
We foon will hear what a poor feightan life
You twa will lead, fae foon '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 lay my head.
There he may kifs as lang as kissing 's good,
And what we do there 's nane dare call it rude.
He 's get his will ; why no ? 'tis good my part
To give him that, and he 'll give me his heart.

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 foon as your newfanglenefs is gane,

He

He 'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
 And think he 's tint his freedom for your fake.
 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 ;
 Better far to do as I do,
 Lest a harder luck betide you.
 Lassies, when their fancy 's carried,
 Think of nought but to be marry'd ;
 Running to a life destroys
 Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

PEGGY.

Sic coarfe-spun thoughts as that want pith to
 move
 My settl'd mind ; I 'm o'er fare 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 mufic thro' my heart.

How

How blythly 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 feil 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 Pate;
 His better sence will lang his love secure:
 Ill-nature hefts in fauls are weak and poor.

SANG V.

Tune—“ How can I be fad on my wedding-day?”

How shall I be fad when a husband I hae,
 That has better sence than ony 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 lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife,
 He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

JENNY.

Hey, “ bonny las of Branksome!” or 't be
 lang,
 Your witty Pate will put you in a fang.
 O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride!
 Syne whindging gets about your ingle-side,
 Yelping

Yelping for this or that with fasheous din :
 To make them brats then ye man toil and spin.
 Ae wean fa's sick, an scads itself wi' brue,
 Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe :
 The " Deel gaes o'er John Wabster : " hame grows
 hell,
 When Pate miscaws ye war than tongue can tell.

PEGGY.

Yes, it 's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
 When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are
 rife.

Gif I 'm fae happy, I shall have delight
 To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
 Wow, Jenny ! can there greater pleasure be,
 Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee ;
 When a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs ?
 Can there be toil in tenting day and night
 The like of them, when love makes care delight ?

JENNY.

But poortith, Peggy, is the warft 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 speat may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay ;
 The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blasby thows,
 May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewes ;
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheefe,
 But or the day of payment breaks and flees ;
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent,
 'Tis no to gie, your merchant's to the bent ;
 His honour maunna want, he poinds your gear ;
 Syne driven frae house and hald, where will ye
 steer ?—

Dear Meg, be wife, and lead a sngle life ;
 Troth, it 's nae mows to be a married wife.

PEGGY.

May sic ill luck befa' that filly 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 heaven 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 healfome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.

A flock

A flock of lambs, cheefe, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fald 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 geer grows rife,
 He 'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

JENNY.

But what if some young gigit 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, whensoe'er they flight 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 cheerfu', 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 thro' wind and rain,
 A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane;
 And foon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
 The feething pot 's be ready to take aff;
 Clean hag-abag 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 foon grows cauld,
 And dozins down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

PEGGY.

But we 'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
 The los of youth, when love grows on the
 mind.
 Bairns and their bairns make fure a firmer tye,
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon 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 fingle, (a state fae lik'd by you,)
Beneath ilk storm frae every airt man bow.

JENNY.

I've done.—I yield, dear lassie, I man 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—"Nanfy's to the green-wood gane."

I yield, dear lassie, you have won,
And there is nae denying,
That sure as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or fay
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds 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 well'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 not yet begun
To freath the graith : if canker'd Madge, our
 aunt,
Come up the burn, she 'll gie us a wicked rant :
But when we 've done, I 'll tell you a' my mind ;
For this seems true—nae lafs can be unkind.

[Exeunt.]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

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

GLAUD and SYMON.

GLAUD.

Good 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 fauld your Crummock, and her baffand quey.
 I 'll warrant ye 've coft a pund of cut and dry :
 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 oppreffors stend like flaes,
 And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

GLAUD.

Fy blaw!—Ah! Symie, rattling chiels ne'er
 stand
 To cleck, and spread the grossest lies aff-hand ;
 Whilk foon flies round like wild-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 play'd the Rump a right flee begunk ;
 Restor'd king Charles, and ilka thing 's in tune ;
 And Habby says, we 'll see Sir William foon.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

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

SYMON.

They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
 Like greedy bears, dare nae mair do 't again,
 And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII.

Tune—"Cauld Kail in Aberdeen."

Cauld be the rebels cast,
 Oppressors bafe and bloody,
 I hope we 'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.

Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high in 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 racket rent ;
 Nor grumbl'd if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
 Our mailens when we put on Sunday's claiiths.

SYMON.

Nor wad he lang, with fenfelefs faucy air,
 Allow our lyart noddles to be bare :
 “ Put on your bonnet, Symon ; tak a feat :—
 “ How 's all at hame ?—how 's Elspa?—how does
 “ Kate?—
 “ How fells black cattle?—what gi'es woo this
 “ year ?”
 And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.

Tune — “ Mucking of Geordy's byre.”

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 unfother'd
 And burthen'd, will tumble down faint :
 Thus virtue by hardships are smother'd,
 And rackers aft tine their rent.

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen
 The nappy bottle ben, and glaffes clean,
 Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythfome 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 Elspith 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 wethers prime and fat;
 A furlet of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hangs reesting in the nook:
 I saw mysell, 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 gusty ingans with a curn of spice;

Fat

Fat are the puddings ; heads and feet well fung :
 And we 've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pass this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our master's health and welcome hame:
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,
 Since ye 're my nearest friend that I like best :
 Bring wi' ye all your family ; and then,
 Whene'er you please, I 'll rant wi' you again.

GLAUD.

Spoke like ye'rfell, auld birky ; never fear
 But at your banquet I shall first appear :
 Faith, we shall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 'Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld ;—
 Auld, 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,
 d' ye hear ?

Enter MADGE.

MADGE.

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

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

Spin ! Snuff!—Gae break your wheel, and burn
 your tow,
 And fet the meikleft peet-ftack in a low ;
 Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
 Since now again we 'll foon Sir William fee.

MADGE.

Blyth news indeed!—And wha was 't tald you
 o't ?

GLAUD.

What 's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
 coat ;
 Wale out the whitest of my bobit bands,
 My whyt fkin hofe, and mittans for my hands ;
 Then frae their washing cry the bairns in hafte,
 And mak ye'rfells as trig, head, feet, and waift,
 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 fee that a' be done as I wad hae 't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'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 half-rais'd look, ye see

BAULDY his lane.

What 's this ?—I canna bear 't !—'tis war than
 hell,
 To be fae burnt with love, yet darna tell !
 O Peggy ! sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay ;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows ;
 Straighter than aught that in the forest grows :
 Her een the clearest blob of dew out-shines ;
 The lily 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 loo's her, (waes me !) and she loo's 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 darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.

'Tis

'Tis fair to thole.—I 'll try some witchcraft art,
To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch that for sma' price
Can cast her cantraips, and gi'e me advice :
She can o'ercaft the night, and cloud the moon,
And mak the deils obedient to her crune :
At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yard she raves,
And howks unchristen'd weans out of their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow :
Rins witherfhins about the hemlock low ;
And feven times does her prayers backwards pray,
Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
Mixt with the venom of black taid and fnakes :
Of this unfonfy pictures aft she makes
Of any ane she hates, and gars expire
With flow and racking pains afore a fire,
Stuck fou of pins ; the devilish pictures melt ;
The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
And yonder 's Maufe :—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, amaisf I 'm fear'd :
But I maun do 't, tho' I should never thrive :
They gallop faft that deils and lasses drive.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

PROLOGUE.

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

MAUSE.

S A N G IX.

Tune—"Carle and the king come."

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

Enter BAULDY.

BAULDY.

How does auld honest lucky of the glen ?
 Ye look baith hale and fair at threescore-ten.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

E'en twining out a thread with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate fae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead, to thresh nae corn?

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 wifer far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

MAUSE.

Of what kind wisdom think ye I 'm possessit,
That lifts my character aboon the rest ?

BAULDY.

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

MAUSE.

What fowk fay 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 flaw.
 When last the wind made Glau'd a roofless barn ;
 When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;
 When Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame ;
 When Tibby kirk'd, and there nae butter came ;
 When Befsy 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 himsell amais't amang the snaw ;
 When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi'
 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,

You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out ;
 And ilka ane here dreads ye round about,
 And fae they may that mean to do ye skaith :
 For me to wrang ye, I 'll be very laith ;
 But when I neift make groats, I 'll strive to please
 You with a firLOT of them mixt with peafe.

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 Pate ; and Patie 's bauld and flee,
 And loo's 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 peafe and groats, tak ye na care.

BAULDY.

Well, Maufe, I 'll come, gif I the road can
find :

But if ye raise the de'il, he 'll raise the wind ;
Syne rain and thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
Will make the night fae mirk, I 'll tine the gate.
We 're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
O ! will ye come like badrans for a jest ?
And there you 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.

MAUSE

MAUSE her lane.

This fool imagines, as do mony fic,
 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 gros 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 shepherdef's is daughter to a lord.
 The bonny foundling that 's brought up by Glauf,
 Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,
 Her infant life I fav'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 know 't but me :—and if the morn were
 come,
 I 'll tell them tales will gar them all fing dumb.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree upon the plain,
 Pate and his Peggy meet,
 In love without a vicious stain,
 'The bonny lafs and chcerfu' fwain
 Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PEGGY.

O Patie! let me gang; I mauna stay;
 We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away.

PATIE.

I'm laith to part fae foon, 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.

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 fae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy aught 's fae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast 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 aught 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 should steal,
 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 ye mony a year:
 I mind it well, when thou could'st hardly gang,
 Or lip out words, I choos'd thee frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the tanfy know or rashy strand;

Thou

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 ewes first try'd my skill,
 To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
 When at the bught at ev'n I met with thee.

SANG X.

Tune—" Winter was cauld, and my claithing was thin."

PEGGY.

When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
 And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
 To bear the milk bowie no pain was to me,
 When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE.

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

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

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

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings fastly the " Cowden broom
 " knows ;"
 And Rosie liltis swiftly the " Milking the ewes ;"
 There 's few " Jenny Nettles" like Nanfy can sing ;
 At " Throw the wood, laddie," Befs gars our lugs
 ring :

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
 The " Boatman," " Tweed-side," or the " Lafs
 " of the mill,"

'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
 For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

PEGGY.

How easy can lassies trow what they desire !
 And praises fae kindly increas'es love's fire ;
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

PATIE.

PATIE.

When corns grew yellow, and the hetherbells
 Bloom'd bonny on the moor and rising fells,
 Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,
 Gif I could find blae-berries ripe for thee.

PEGGY.

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

PATIE.

Jenny fings fast the "Broom of Cowden-
 "knows;"
 And Rosie lilt the "Milking of the ews;"
 There 's nane like Nanfy "Jenny Nettles
 fings;"
 At turns in "Maggy Lawder" Marion dings:
 But when my Peggy fings, with sweeter skill,
 The "Boatman," or the "Lafs of Patie's mill,"
 It is a thousand times mair sweet to me;
 Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

PEGGY.



PEGGY.

How eith can lasses trow what we desire !
 And, rees'd by them we love, blaws up the 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 ferly, 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 hearken, yon 's auld aunty's cry,
 I ken they 'll wonder what can make us stay.

PATIE.

PATIE.

And let them ferly.—Now a kindly kifs,
 Or fivescore good anes wad not be amifs ;
 And fyne we 'll fing the fang with tunefu' glee,
 That I made up laft owk on you and me.

PEGGY.

Sing first, fyne claim your hyre.

PATIE.

Well, I agree.

SANG XI.

To its awn tune.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 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.

But ken ye lad, gif we confes o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and fyne the wooing's done :
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

PATIE.

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

PEGGY

(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 wishes to this kind embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we 've got the grace.

PATIE

(With his left hand about her waist.)

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

BOTH.

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

[Curtain falls while they kifs.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lyme,
 And tent a man whafe beard fecms bleach'd with time ;
 Ane elwand fills his hand, his habit mean,
 Nae doubt ye 'll think he has a pedlar been:—
 But whisht, it is the knight in mafquerade,
 That comes hid in this cloud to fee his lad.
 Obferve how pleas'd the loyal fuff'rer moves
 Thro' his auld av'nues, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM folus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low difguife,
 I 'll for a fpace, unknown, delight mine eyes
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I loft, which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midft my joy, fome prospects pain renew,
 Whilft I my once fair feat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me ! it defolately ftands,
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their
 bands ;
 The cafements all broke down, no chimney left,
 The naked walls of tapeftry all bereft.

My

My stables and pavilions, broken walls,
That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
My gardens once adorn'd the most complete,
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 hyacinths 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 to the use.
All round in gaps the walls in ruin lye,
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 heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair :
Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
Till we should see what changing times brought
forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
After his fleecy charge serenely gay,
With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.

Thrice

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 blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleating flocks.

Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chaunts and whistles out the day ;
Untaught to smile and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisy,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'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 his time.

Now tow'rds good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day ;
All on the green in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And vify '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 skelfs forgainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best
 With the brown cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

GLAUD.

We anes were young ourfells.—I like to see
 The bairns bob round with other merrylie.
 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 make him good, and hide him ay frae skaith;
 He

He is a bairn, I 'll fay 't, well worth our care,
That gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

GLAUD.

I trow, good wife, 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 not tell,
I 'd rather be mixt with the mools myfell.

GLAUD.

What reasons can ye have ?—there 's nane, I 'm
fure,
Unless ye may cast up that she 's but poor :
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I 'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind :
Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,
Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,
I 'll gie to Peggy 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 difna flight his bairn.

GLAUD.

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

GLAUD.

GLAUD.

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

Enter JENNY.

O father, there 's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was feen ;
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 grey, and lang and grey his beard,

SYMON.

Gae bring him in, we 'll hear what he can fay,
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 grey mare.

GLAUD.

Spae-men ! the truth of a' their saws I doubt,
For greater liars never ran thereout.

Re-enter JENNY, bringing in SIR WILLIAM ;
PATIE following.

SYMON.

Ye 're welcome, honest carle :—here tak a feat.

SIR WILLIAM.

I give thee thanks, good man, Ise no be blate,

GLAUD

(Drinks).

Come, t' ye, friend.—How far came ye the day ?

SIR WILLIAM.

I 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 do gang.

SYMON.

Ye 're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And tak sic bed and board as we can gi'e.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM.

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 WILLIAM.

Young man, let 's fee your hand.—What gars
 ye sneer?

PATIE.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

Ye cut before the point :—but, billy, bide,
 I 'll wager there 's a moufe-mark on your side.

ELSPA.

Betootch-us-to ! and well I wat that 's true :
 Awa ! awa ! the deel 's owre girt wi' you.
 Four inch aneath his oexter is the mark,
 Scarce ever feen since he first wore a fark.

SIR WILLIAM.

I 'll tell ye meir : if this young lad be spair'd
 But a short while, 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.

A laird of twa good whistles and a kent,
 Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,

Is

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 ow'r 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 endea-
vour 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 himsell)

How

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 usquebæ.

SIR WILLIAM.

(Starts up and speaks).

A knight that for a lion fought
 Against a herd of bears,
 Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
 In which some thousands shares :
 But now again the lion rares,
 And joy spreads o'er the plain ;
 The lion has defeat the bears,
 The knight returns again.

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.

SYMON.

Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and well:
 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 WILLIAM.

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 prophefy shall soon appear.

SYMON.

You prophefying fowks are odd kind men!—
 They're here that ken, and here that disna ken
 The wimpld meaning of your unko tale,
 Whilk soon will mak a noise 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

SIR WILLIAM.

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

GLAUD.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

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

SYMON.

Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some meat,
 And of your best gar this auld stranger eat.

SIR WILLIAM.

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 grey.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

ROGER and JENNY.

ROGER.

Dear Jenny, I wad speak t' ye, wad ye let;—
 And yet I ergh, ye 'r ay sae scornfu' fet.

JENNY.

And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?
 Am I oblig'd to guesf what ye 'r to seek?

ROGER.

Yes, ye may guesf 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 ev'n and
 morn.

Ah!

Ah ! cou'd I loo ye lefs, 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 ye 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, coufin Meg I love ;
But to this day nae man my heart cou'd 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 rue, and pity me ?

JENNY.

JENNY.

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

What sugar'd 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 fleety clouds mirk a' the skies ;
 I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear ;

The

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 rin 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 mair complain ;
The easy maid, beset with love,
 Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own now, since you 're free,
 This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-fole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

ROGER.

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

JENNY.

Were I but fure ye lang wou'd love maintain,
 'The fewest words my eafy heart cou'd gain ;
 For I man own, fince now at laft 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, 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 briz thy bonny 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 kiffes thou hast 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 want na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.

Tune—"O'er Bogie."

JENNY.

Well, I agree, ye 're fure of me ;
 Next to my father gae ;
 Make him content to give consent ;
 He 'll hardly fay ye 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 faid and fworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, nor learn to change,
 Like these in high degree ;
 And if you faithful prove in love,
 You 'll find nae fault in me.

ROGER.

My faulds contain twice fifteen farrow nowt ;
 As mony newcal in my byers rowt ;
 Five pack of woo I can at Lammas fell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :

Good

Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
 With meikle care my thrifty mither made :
 Ilk thing that makes a hartfome houfe and tight,
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.
 They left me all, which now gi'es joy to me,
 Because I can give a', my dear, to thee :
 And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my Jenny shou'd the famen skair :
 My love and all is yours ; now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

JENNY.

I 'll do my best :—but see wha gangs this way,
 Patie and Meg :—besides, I mana stay :
 Let 's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;
 If we be feen, we 'll dree a deal of scorn.

ROGER.

To where the faugh-tree shades the menin 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 fae sweet.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

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

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

SIR WILLIAM.

To whom belongs this house so much decay'd?

SYMON.

To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail,
 Against the laws of nature, did prevail.
 Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Wha fills us all with joy, now he 's come hame.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William draps his masking beard :—
 Symon, transported, sees
 The welcome knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe,
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith,
 Return'd

Return'd to cheer his wishin' tenants' fight ;
 To blefs his fon, my charge, the world's delight ?

SIR WILLIAM.

Rife, 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 ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty ; since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and
 blate.

SIR WILLIAM.

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, you 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 scrimpt of manners as of sence 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 ain family as to gi'e him trust.

SIR WILLIAM.

Such usefess branches of a commonwealth
 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.

SYMON.

To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
 Wad be owre short, could I them right display.
 In word and deed he can fae well behave,
 That out of sight he rins before the lave ;

And

And when there 's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick 's made judge, to tell whafe 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 WILLIAM.

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 gi'e him at the school enough of lear ;
 And he delights in books ; he reads and speaks,
 With fowks that ken them, Latin words and
 Greeks.

SIR WILLIAM.

Where gets he books to read, and of what
 kind ?—
 Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

SYMON.

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 Shakespar and a famous Ben
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthornden 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 fraze
 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 WILLIAM.

He anfw'er'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 fae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book ?

When

When we a leaf or twa haf read, haf spell,
Till a' the rest sleep round as weel 's ourfell.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well jested, Symon.—But one question more
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
The youth 's arriv'd the age when little loves
Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves :
Has nae young lassie with inviting mien
And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart ?

SYMON.

I fear'd the warft, but ken'd the smallest part ;
Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet
With Glau'd'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 WILLIAM.

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

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.

SYMON.

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

[Exit.

SIR WILLIAM folus.

Whene'er th' event of hope's success appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years :
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares vanish like a morning dream ;
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning light,
 The pain that 's past enhances the delight.
 These joys I feel, that words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known, without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love
 I must in haste my Patrick soon remove
 To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG

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 drove,
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.

{Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,
 Claud's onset.—Enter Mause and Madge.

MAUSE.

OUR 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 meikle 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 pawkylie pretended he could spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad naithing hae.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

Then sure the lassies, 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 Lowrie hads without his now,
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 foretell,
Without the help of conjuring or spell.
At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
Pou'd off his beard to Symon.—Symon knew
His welcome master :—round his knees he gat,
Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythnefs grat.
Patrick was sent for :—happy lad is he !—
Symon tald Elfpa—Elfpa tald it me.
Ye 'll hear out a' the secret storry foon :
And troth 'tis e'en right odd, when a' is done,
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no fae meikle as to Pate himsell.
Our Meg, poor thing, alake ! has lost her jo.

MAUSE.

It may be fa, wha kens, and may be no :
To lift a love that 's rooted is great pain :

E'en

E'en kings have tane a queen out of the plain ;
And what has been before may be again.

MADGE.

Sic nonsense !—love tak root, but to chergood,
'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 forfakes her, Bauldy she may gain :—
Yonder he comes ; and vow ! 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

Enter BAULDY

(Singing.)

Jocky faid 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'ens ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.

MADGE.

Weel liltet, Bauldy, that 's a dainty fang.

BAULDY.

I 'll gie ye 't a'—'tis better than 'tis lang.

(Sings again.)

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land eneugh,
 I have feven 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 ha' house, a barn, and a byer,
 A peat-ftack 'fore the door; we 'll mak a rantin
 fire;

I 'll mak a rantin fire, and merry fall we be:
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye fall be the lad, I 'll be the lafs myfell;
 Ye 're a bonny lad, and I 'm a lassie free;
 Ye 're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow fae : lasses will come to at last,
 Tho' for a while they man their snaw-baws cast.

MAUSE.

Well, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?

BAULDY.

Faith, unco right;
 I hope we 'll a' fleep found but ane this night.

MADGE.

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

BAULDY.

To find out that is nae difficult task :
 Poor bonny Peggy, wha man think nae mair
 On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
 Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand
 be ;
 While Meg 's in dumps, put in a word for me :

I 'll

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 lasfs will trow a mansworn herd ?
 The curse of heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
 That 's ever guilty of sic sinfu' deeds.
 I 'll ne'er advise my niece fae grey a gate ;
 Nor will she be advis'd, fou well I wate.

BAULDY.

Sae grey a gate ! mansworn ! and a' the rest !—
 Ye lied, auld roudes ; and in faith had best
 Eat in your words, else I shall gar you stand,
 With a het face, afore the haly band.

MADGE.

Ye 'll gar me stand ! ye shevelling-gabbit brock ;
 Speak that again, and trembling dread my rock,
 And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
 Can flyp the skin o' y'er cheeks out o'er your chin.

BAULDY.

I take ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say
That I 'm manfworth :—I winna let it gae.

MADGE.

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

[Flees to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—Maufe
endeavours to redd them.]

MAUSE.

Let gang your grips :—fye, Madge !—howt,
Bauldy, leen :—
I widna wish this tulzie had been seen,
'Tis fae 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 fets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young ;

They

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 fame.

MADGE.

Auld roudes !—filthy fellow, I shall auld ye.

MAUSE.

Howt, no :—ye 'll e'en be friends with honest
Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands ; this man nae farder
gae ;
Ye man forgi'e 'm :—I see the lad looks wae.

BAULDY.

In troth now, Mause, I have at Madge nae spite ;
For she abusing first, was a' the wyte

Of what has happen'd, and shou'd 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 swear.
Vow and lowp back! — was e'er the like heard
tell ?
Swith tak him deel, he 's o'er lang out of hell.

BAULDY.

His prefence be about us !—curst were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[Runs off.

MADGE

(Laughing.)

I think I have towzled his harigalds a wee ;
He 'll no foon grein to tell his love to me.
He 's but a rascal that would mint to ferve
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

MAUSE.

MAUSE.

Ye towin'd him tightly ; I commend ye for 't ;
His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport ;
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith, to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a witch, and wadna stand
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

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 feeble joints like mine,
Obliges fowk repentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, that we
With cunning can the lack of pith supply :
Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
Syn e bade 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 linen sheet wound round me like ane dead,
 I 'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head:
 We 'll fleg him fae, he 'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

MAUSE.

Then let us go ; for fee, 'tis hard on night,
 The westlin cloud shines with a setting light.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

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.

PATIE and ROGER.

ROGER.

Wow! but I 'm cadgie, and my heart lowps
 light :
 O, Mr. Patrick, ay your thoughts were right.
 Sure gentle fowks are farer seen than we,
 That naithing hae to brag of pedigree.

My

My Jenny now, who 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 kifs'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 exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast :

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

“ Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth,

“ Wha set too soon.”—And while he praise be-
 stow'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-ken'd fire I view'd,

While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd :

Unusual transports made my head turn round,

Whilst I myself with rising raptures found

The happy son of ane fae much renown'd.

But

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 haften 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 parent's side ;
 Which love superior calls treason ;—
 The strongest must be obey'd.

For now, tho' I'm one of the gentry,
 My constancy falsehood repels ;
 For change in my heart is no entry,
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

ROGER.

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 your master and yourself to stay
Amang us here ; or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts ?

PATIE.

To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London next, 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 shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,

For

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 wha have just enough can foundly
 “ sleep,
 “ The owrecome only fashes fowk to keep : ” —
 Good master Patrick, take your ain tale hame.

PATIE.

What was my morning thought, at night 's the
 fame ;
 The poor and rich but differ in the name :
 Content 's the greatest blifs we can procure
 Frae 'boon the lift ; without it kings are poor.

ROGER.

But an estate like yours yields braw content,
 When we but pick it scanty on the bent :
 Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, sparkling
 wine,
 Rich fare, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine,
 Submissive

Submissive fervants, honour, wealth, and ease ;
Wha 's no content with these are ill to please.

PATIE.

Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amifs ;
But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er their
blifs :

The passions rule the roaft ; and if they 're four,
Like the lean kye, they 'll soon the fat devour.
The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side :
The gouts, and gravels, and the ill difease,
Are frequentest with fowk owrelaid with ease ;
While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
Enjoys his sober wish, and halefome air.

ROGER.

Lord, man, I wonder, ay, and it delights
My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights ;
How gat ye a' that fense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier difappointments bear ?

PATIE.

Frae books, the wale of books, I gat some skill ;
These best can teach what 's real good and ill.
Ne'er

Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheefe,
To gain these filent 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 fell my kye.
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love?

PATIE.

Then here it lies;—his will man be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride;
But I some time this last design man 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.

PATIE solus.

With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!

I ken

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 remains
 To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
 My father has forbid our loves, I own;
 But love's superior to a parent's frown.

I false-

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.

PEGGY.

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 airs 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 express
 By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest ;
 Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,
 When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang ;
 Nae mair, alake ! we 'll on the meadows 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 foggy know I 'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee while asleep.—
 But hear my vow—'t will help to give me ease :—
 May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
 And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a wife.

SANG

SANG XVII.

Tune—"Wae 's my heart that we should funder."

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 funder.
 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 funder.
 Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
 Ye bauks 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, heav'n, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shoul'st prove a wand'ring lover,
 Thro' 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 man interpose a while,
 And I man 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 sceptres laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid,
 For thee I 'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as have the patience to be kings.—
 Wherefore that tear?—believe, and calm thy mind.

PEGGY.

I greet for joy to hear my love fae 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'ler's arms :

I'll

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.

SANG XVIII.

Tune—" Tweed-side."

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 save 't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever 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 wifely said ;
 And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,
 Yet now, left in our station we offend,
 We must learn modes to innocence unken'd ;
 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 blyth, 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 ought with thee.

PATIE.

PATIE.

No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
 With gentry's apes ; for still, amang the best,
 Good manners give integrity a bleeze,
 When native virtues join the arts to please.

PEGGY.

Since with nae hazard, and fae small expence,
 My lad frae books can gather ficcan sense,
 Then why, ah ! why should the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me ?
 Sir William 's cruel, that wad force his son,
 For watna whats, fae great a risque to run.

PATIE.

There is nae doubt but travelling 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, hame to thee I 'll haste.

PEGGY.

SANG XIX.

Tune—" Bush aboon Traquair."

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 hid my blush,
 Whilft round thou didst enfold me.

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

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 hizel shaw, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
 I 'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flow'rs,
 With joy, that they 'll bear witness I am yours.

PATIE.

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

PEGGY.

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 we '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.

[They embrace while the curtain is let down.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
 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.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early 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 fae
 wan?
 Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

BAULDY.

O len me foon some water, milk, or ale,
 My head 's grown giddy,—legs with shaking
 fail :—

I'll

I 'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane.—
 Alake ! I 'll never be myfell 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 ado ?—
 You 've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed.—
 He comes, I fear ill pleas'd ; I hear his tread.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

SIR WILLIAM.

How goes the night ? does day-light yet appear ?
 Symon, you 're very timeously after.

SYMON.

I 'm forry, 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 ghait.

BAULDY.

O ! ay ; dear Sir, in troth, 'tis very true ;
 And I am come to make my plaint to you.

SIR

SIR WILLIAM

(Smiling.)

I lang to hear 't.

BAULDY.

Ah ! Sir, the witch caw'd Maufe,
 That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
 First promis'd that she 'd help me with her art,
 To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart :
 As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night ;
 But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright !
 For the curst 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 fheet 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 loup,
 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, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your help to gi'e the deel his due.

I 'm

I 'm fure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

SIR WILLIAM.

Well, Bauldy, whate'er 's just shall granted be ;
Let Maufe 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.

SIR WILLIAM.

Troth, Symon, Bauldy 's more afraid than hurt,
The witch and ghairt have made themselves good
sport.

What filly 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

Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell?

SIR WILLIAM.

Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who were rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp;
 Appearing fometimes 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 an 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 cupboards, 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 sence, or yet was rich:
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life;
 That gars me think this hobleflew that 's past
 Will end in naithing but a joke at last.

SIR WILLIAM.

I 'm fure it will :—but fee increasing light
 Commands the imps of darknefs down to night.
 Bid raife my fervants, and my horfe prepare,
 Whilft I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX.

Tune—" Bonny grey-ey'd morn."

The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darknefs flies before the rifing ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy fleep,
 To follow healthfu' labours of the day ;
 Without a guilty fting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
 And he joins the concert, driving the plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluffer'd with wine, or madden'd with lofs
 Of half an eftate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamefter tumble and tofs,
 Wifhing for calmnefs and flumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietnefs of mind,
 Plac'd at a due diftance from parties and ftate ;
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happinefs link'd to his fate.

[Excunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair :
 Gland by his morning ingle takes a beck ;
 The rising sun shines motty throw the reek :
 A pipe his mouth, the lassies please his een,
 And now and then his joke man interveen.

GLAUD.

I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
 Ye do not use so soon to see the light :
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To take your leave of Patrick or he gang :
 But do you think that now, when he 's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lassies will regard ?

JENNY.

'Tho' he 's young master now, I 'm very fure
 He has mair sense than flight auld friends, tho'
 poor :
 But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
 And kifs'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

GLAUD.

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, you 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 fae 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 you 're debauch'd.
 Be wary then, I say, and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Sir William 's virtuous, 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 wifer, better are than we ;
But thinner fawn : they 're fae puft up with pride,
There 's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide
That fhaws the gate to heav'n :—I 've heard mysell
Some of them laugh at doomsday, fin, and hell.

JENNY.

Watch o'er us, father !—heh, that 's very odd ;
Sure him that doubts a doomsday, 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 no faying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gates 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.

MADGE.

Haste, haste ye, we 're a' fent for owre the gate,
To hear, and help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft
spell,
At Symon's house ; the knight sits judge himfell.

GLAUD.

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

[Exit GLAUD.

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 taks his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros :

To change his kent cut frae the branchy plane,
 For a nice sword, and glancing headed cane ;
 To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,
 For gentler tea that smells like new-won hay ;
 To leave the green-fward dance, when we gae
 milk,
 To rustle amang the beauties clad in filk.
 But Meg, poor Meg ! man with the shepherds
 stay,
 And tak what God will fend, in hodden grey.

PEGGY.

Dear aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your
 scorn ?
 That 's no my faut that I 'm nae gentler born.
 Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,
 I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green :
 Now since he rises, 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
 Defigns him mine, I yet his wife may be.

MADGE.

A bonny story, troth !—But we delay ;
 Prin up your aprons baith, and come away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

And was that all?—Well, Archbald, you was
 ferv'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.

Sir, I confes my faut thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

MAUSE.

Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score,
I ken'd not that they thought me sic before.

BAULDY.

An 't like your Honour, I believ'd it well ;
But troth I was e'en doilt to feek the deel.
Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' she 's nae
 witch,
She 's baith a flee and a revengfu' ——,
And that my some place finds :—but I had best
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghait,
And the young bonny witch whafe rosie cheek
Sent me without my wit the deel to feek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

SIR WILLIAM

(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 sifter to my mind :

Such

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 WILLIAM.

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 WILLIAM.

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 bonny foundling, ae clear morn of May,
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 could they be (thought I) did thee forsake?
Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young ;—for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms—the bairnie smil'd
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.
I hid the story, and she pass'd sincefyne
As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine :—
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,
For she 's well worth the care that I have tane.
Ye see she 's bonny ; 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.

SIR WILLIAM.

This tale seems strange !

PATIE.

The tale delights my ear.

SIR WILLIAM.

Command your joys, young man, till truth
appear.

MAUSE.

That be my task.—Now, Sir, 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 Worthy name
The best and nearest parent she can claim.
He saw 't at first, and with quick eyes did trace
His sifter's beauties in her daughter's face.

SIR WILLIAM.

Old woman, do not rave ; prove what you say ;
'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

PATIE.

What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she 's fae near her grave?—
 But how or why it should be truth, I grant,
 I everything that looks like reason want.

OMNES.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

Make haste, good woman, and resolve each
 doubt.

MAUSE

(Leading PEGGY to SIR WILLIAM.)

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 WILLIAM.

Ha, honest nurse!—where were my eyes before?
 I know thy faithfulness, and need no more:

Yet

Yet from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind?—

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

Yes, surely thou 'rt my niece;—truth must prevail:—

But no more words till Maufe relate her tale.

PATIE.

Good nurse, dispatch thy story wing'd with
blisses,
That I may give my cusin 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 lang:—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 ere day.

All

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 cheerful swains,
 For fear of being found out, and 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 very day
 Frae Roger's father took my little cove.

GLAUD

(With tears of joy running down his beard.)

I well remember 't.—Lord reward your love!—
 Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought
 Sic knowledge some time shou'd 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 wou'd, tho' still unknown,
 Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

SIR WILLIAM.

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

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to SIR WILLIAM.]

PATIE.

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

SIR WILLIAM

(Raises them.)

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

PEGGY.

My wishes are complete ; my joys arise,
 While I 'm haf dizzy with the blest surprize !—
 And am I then a match for my ain lad,
 That for me so much generous kindness had ?—

Lang

Lang may Sir William blefs 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 gi'e :—
Th' estate be yours, my Peggy 's ane to me.

GLAUD.

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

SIR WILLIAM.

The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
That eyes above watch the affairs below :
I 'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

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.

SYMON.

What double blythnefs wakens up this day!—
 I hope now, Sir, you 'll no soon hafte away :
 Shall I unfaddle your horfe, 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 Maufe's plot.

SIR WILLIAM.

Kindly old man ! remain with you this day !
 I never from thefe fields again will ftray :
 Mafons and wrights fhall soon my houfe repair,
 And bufy gardeners fhall new planting rear ;
 My father's hearty table you soon fhall fee
 Reftor'd, and my beft friends rejoice with me.

SYMON.

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

GLAUD.

CLAUD.

God fave the king, and fave Sir William lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherd's fang!

ROGER.

Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to fang?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

BAULDY.

I'm friends with Maufe; with very Madge I'm
gree'd;
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and fang, 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 witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll with the youngest of you rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

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 pleasure of this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

SIR WILLIAM.

To faithful Symon, and, kind Glau'd, 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, here 's my trusty friend, that always thar'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 nane may wear a face of discontent.

SIR WILLIAM.

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 crowd your bounties, Sir!—what can we say,
 But that we 're dyvours that can ne'er repay ?—
 Whate'er your Honour wills I shall obey.
 Roger, my daughter with my blessing take,
 And still our master's right your business make ;
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld grey head
 Shall nod with quietness down among the dead.

ROGER.

ROGER.

I ne'er was good at speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise;
 But for my master, father, and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of all my life.

SIR WILLIAM.

My friends, I 'm fatisfy'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.

PEGGY.

When you demand, I readiest should obey:
 I 'll sing you aye, the newest that I hae.

SANG 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 fhape is handsome, middle fize,
He 's comely in his wauking,
The fhining of his een furprife,
'Tis heaven to hear him tauking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he fpak,
That fet my heart a glowing :
He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony ;
That gars me like to fing finfyne,
O corn-riggs are bonny !

Let lasses of a filly mind
Refufe what maift they 're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chaftefy fhould be granting :
Then I 'll comply and marry Pate,
And fyne my cockernony
He 's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.



L Y R I C.



1724 — 1727.

THE
DEDICATION

PREFIXED TO

THE TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY;

A COLLECTION OF SONGS,

FROM WHICH

THE FOLLOWING, COMPOSED BY ALLAN RAMSAY,

ARE EXTRACTED.

Behold, and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet sounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do first inspire:
What reason can that love controul,
Which more than one way courts the soul?

E. W.

TO

Ilka lovely British lass,
 Frae ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
 Down to ilk bonny finging Bess
 Wha dances barefoot on the green.

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave,
 Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
 Kneeling wad your acceptance crave,
 When he presents this sma' propine :

Then take it kindly to your care,
 Revive it with your tunefu' notes ;
 Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
 Arising fastly thro' your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
 When tented by a sparkling eye,
 The spinnet tinkling with her voice,
 It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
 Or clafhes stay the lazy lass,
 Their fangs may ward ye frae the four,
 And gayly vacant minutes pass.

E'en

E'en while the tea 's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' foud,
Syne safely sip when ye have fung.

May happinefs had up your hearts,
And warm ye lang with loving fires !
May powers propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires !

A. RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH,
January 1, 1724.

1721.

WINE AND MUSIC.

SYMON.

O COLIN! how dull is 't to be,
When a foul is finking wi' pain,
To one who is pained like me ;
My life 's grown a load,
And my faculties nod,
While I figh for cold Jeanie in vain.
By beauty and scorn I am flain,
The wound it is mortal and deep,
My pulfes beat low in each vein,
And threaten eternal sleep.

COLIN.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds ;
O boy, the cordial bowl !
With soft harmonious founds ;
Wounds ! these can cure all wounds,
With soft harmonious founds,
And pull of the cordial bowl.
O Symon ! fink thy care, and tune up thy droop-
ing foul.

Above,

Above, the gods beinly bouze,
 When round they meet in a ring ;
 They cast away care, and carouse
 Their nectar, while they sing :
 Then drink and cheerfully sing,
 These make the blood circle fine ;
 Strike up the music,
 The safest physic,
 Compounded with sparkling wine.

HORACE TO VIRGIL.

O CYPRIAN goddess! twinkle clear,
 And Helen's brithers ay appear ;
 Ye stars wha shed a lucky light,
 Auspicious ay keep in a sight ;
 King Æol, grant a tydie tirl,
 But boast the blasts that rudely whirl ;
 Dear ship, be canny with your care,
 At Athens land my Virgil fair,
 Syne soon and safe, baith lith and spaul,
 Bring hame the tae haff o' my faul.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
 With heart hool'd in three floughs of brafs,
 Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
 With hempen branks, and horse of tree ;

Wha

Wha in the weak machine durst ride
 Thro' tempests and a rairing tide ;
 Not clinty craigs, nor hurricane
 That drives the Adriatic main,
 And gars the ocean gowl and quake,
 Cou'd e'er a foul fae sturdy shake.
 The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,
 Without a wink at death might glowr,
 Wha unconcern'd can take his sleep
 Among the monsters of the deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the sea and eard,
 Since mariners are not afraid
 With laws of nature to 'dispense,
 And impiously treat Providence.
 Audacious men at nought will stand,
 When vicious passions have command :
 Prometheus ventur'd up, and staw
 A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha' ;
 Unsonfy thift, which fevers brought
 In bikes, which fowks like fybows hought ;
 Then death, erst slaw, began to ling,
 And fast as haps to dart his sting :
 Neist Dedalus must contradict
 Nature forfooth, and feathers stick
 Upon his back, fyne upward streek,
 And in at Jove's high winnocks keek ;
 While Hercules, wi 's timber-mell,
 Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

What

What is 't man winna ettle at ?
 E'en wi' the gods he 'll bell the cat :
 Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,
 They winna let his bowt lye still.

1721.

AN ODE TO MR. F——.

Now gowans sprout, and lavrocks sing,
 And welcome west winds warm the spring,
 O'er hill and dale they fastly blaw,
 And drive the winter's cauld awa.
 The ships, lang gyzen'd at the peer,
 Now spread their fails, and smoothly steer ;
 The nags and nowt hate wiffen'd strae,
 And friking to the fields they gae ;
 Nor hinds wi' elfon and hemp lingle,
 Sit soleing shoon out o'er the ingle.
 Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
 That late were clad wi' snaw and frost ;
 With her gay train the Paphian queen
 By moon-light dances on the green ;
 She leads, while nymphs and graces sing,
 And trip around the fairy ring :

Meantime

Meantime poor Vulcan, hard at thrift,
 Gets mony a fair and heavy lift,
 Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
 Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your fitted on the dew,
 And bulk yerfell in habit new ;
 Be gratefu' to the guiding pow'rs,
 And blythly spend your eafy hours.
 O kanny F—— ! tutor time,
 And live as lang 's y're in your prime ;
 That ill-bred death has nae regard
 To king or cottar, or a laird ;
 As foon a caftle he 'll attack,
 As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack ;
 Immediately we 'll a' take flight,
 Unto the mirk realms of night,
 As ftories gang, with ghaifts to roam,
 In gloumy Pluto's goufty dome ;
 Bid fair good-day to pleasure fyne
 Of bonny laffes and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
 Dares wafte an hour of precious time ;
 And fince our life 's fae unco fhort,
 Enjoy it a', ye 've nae mair for 't.

1721.

AN ODE TO THE PH—.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring top,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk fear, and flap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's no nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douffer fowk wyfing a-jee
The byast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the houfe baith but and ben,
That mutchkin stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter foon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his faul beyond the moon.

Leave

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while,
They can a' rowth of bleffings spare,
Which will our fasheous fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wood ;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' fight the hailstains thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, " Be quiet,"
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute 's only ours ;
On pleafure let 's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's fecklefs powers.

Be fure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blyth and heartfome time ;
Then, lads and lasses, while it 's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she keep ony skaith.

“Haith, ye 're ill-bred,” she 'll smiling say,
“Ye 'll worry me, you greedy rook;”
Syne frae your arms she 'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kifs,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons, I 'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, furly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

1728.

A BALLAD ON BONNY KATE.

CEASE, poets, your cunning devising
Of rhymes that low beauties o'er-rate ;
They all, like the stars at the rising
Of Phœbus, 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 genteel, 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

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 ev'ry 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 THE YOUNG LADY.

HERE, happy Doctor, take this fonnet ;
 Bear to the fair the faithful strains :
 Bow, make a leg, and d' off your bonnet ;
 And get a kifs 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.

AN ODE ON DRINKING.

HENCE every thing that can
 Disturb the quiet of man !
 Be blyth, my soul,
 In a full bowl
 Drown thy care,
 And repair
 The vital stream :
 Since life 's a dream,

Let

Let wine abound,
 And healths go round,
 We 'll sleep more sound ;
 And let the dull unthinking mob pursue
 Each endless wish, and still their care renew.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me :
 Ye pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,
 When soft ideas mind me !
 Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pity'd all beneath the skies,
 E'en kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may furround me ;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there 's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth
To press 'em with his hand :
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extasy of blifs,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopeton's high mountains * fill,
 Infur'd lang life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Shou'd share the fame wi' me.

YE WATCHFUL GUARDIANS OF THE FAIR.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover,
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love, and truth ;
 Till I return her passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be

* Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
 With foul funk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her ;
 Tell her for me she was design'd,
 For me who know how to be kind,
 And have more plenty in my mind
 Than one who 's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy
 In shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,
 Proves nothing in fruition :

But cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul 's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets in sublimest lays
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds, to please her.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
 grow :

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sang his loves ev'ning and morn ;
 He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung :—Tho' young Maya be
 fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing,
 Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the spring.

That Madia in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
 But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
 dow'r,
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour :—
 Then sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

NANNY-O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais * and the bagnio,
 I'll fave myself, and without stealth
 Kifs and carefs my Nanny-O.
 She bids more fair to engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did or Danae-O †:
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should fit but Nanny-O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O ;
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannio,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long 's ye grant me Nanny-O.

CHORUS.

My bonny bonny Nanny-O,
 My loving charming Nanny-O,
 I care not tho' the world do know
 How dearly I love Nanny-O.

* A famous Corinthian courtesan.

† Two beauties to whom Jove made love ; to one in the figure of a swan, to the other in a golden shower.

BONNY JEAN.

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, "Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
"Nor let the shaft at random rove,
"For Jenny's haughty heart must bleed."
The smiling boy, with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willie's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is fullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst every day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jeanie is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The cheerful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which, e'en in summer, shorten'd seems ;
 When sunk in down, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen :
 With breaking day he lifts his fight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars ?
 These are the noblest hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars.
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest
 As I was lang fyne.

Methinks around us on each bough
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay.
 Since your return, the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang fyne.

Despise

Despise the court and din of state ;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball :
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline ;
We 'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may pursue the chace ;
And after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace :
And in a vacant rainy day,
You shall be wholly mine ;
We 'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above.
Next day, with glad consent and haste,
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

THE PENITENT.

TUNE—"THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON."

PAIN'D with her flighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear, Bell dropt a tear,
 The gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear, well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the praises of the youth,
 From her own tongue, from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth ;
 And thus she sung, and thus she sung :

Blest days, when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind, more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind, but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return, wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause to mourn, or cause to mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame, yet still thought
 shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame, to own my flame ?

Why

Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem'd too coy, and seem'd too coy ?
Which makes me now, alas ! lament
My slighted joy, my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty 's in its spring,
Own your desire, own your desire,
While love's young power with his soft wing
Fans up the fire, fans up the fire.
O do not with a silly pride,
Or low design, or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain, but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes, with flowing eyes ;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
With sweet surprize, with sweet surprize :
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd, his mind unchang'd—
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd.

LOVE'S CURE.

TUNE—"PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE."

As from a rock past all relief,
 The shipwreckt Colin spying
 His native home, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying ;
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprize,
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion :

So when, by her whom I long lov'd,
 I scorn'd was and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I 've hit,
 I 'll have no more delaying ;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :

I'll ha'fte dull courtship to a clofe,
 Since marriage can my fears oppofe,
 Why fhould we happy minutes lofe,
 Since, Peggy, I muft love thee?

Men may be foolifh, if they please,
 And deem 't a lover's duty
 To figh, and facrifice their eafe,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my cafe for many a year,
 Still hope fucceeding to my fear,
 Falfe Betty's charms now difappear,
 Since Peggy's far outfhone them.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY

O, BESSY BELL and Mary Gray !
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theck'd it o'er with rafhes :
 Fair Befsy Bell I loo'd yeftreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now

Now Bessy's hair 's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet 's fou genty,
 With ilka grace she can command,
 Her lips, O wow ! they 're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the crow,
 Her eyes like diamonds glances ;
 She 's ay fae clean red up and brow,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
 And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
 O Jove ! she 's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair opprefs us,
 Our fancies jee between you twae,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies :
 Wae 's me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we 're stinted ;
 Then I 'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

THE YOUNG LAIRD AND EDINBURGH KATY.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo ?
My mistrefs, in her tartan screen,
 Fou' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, (quoth I,) thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill ;
Since ye 're out of your mother's fight,
 Let 's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy! wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while ?
The blossom 's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the summer 's gawn to smile ;
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs, and whistling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, fhaw, and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Does bend his morning draught of dew,
We 'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow.

We'll

We 'll pou the daizies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog ;
Between hands now and then we 'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There 's up into a pleafant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, faft, and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks has form'd a bower :
Whene'er the fun grows high and warm,
We 'll to the cawler fhade remove ;
There will I lock thee in mine arms,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATY'S ANSWER.

My mither 's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me,
 I canna get leave
 To look to my love,
Or else she 'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I 'll tine my tocher,
 Then, Sandy, ye 'll fret,
 And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he 's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear ;
And fae we hae need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag well o' ye'r land,
 And there 's my leal hand,
Win them, I 'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOTT.

HAPPY 's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see, mark'd for my marrow,
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah no ! her form 's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above must share,
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O, lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile ;
Alas ! if not, you 'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears ! I 'll not despair,
My Mary 's tender as she 's fair ;
Then I 'll go tell her all my anguish,
She is too good to let me languish.
With success crown'd, I 'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky ;
When Mary Scott 's become my marrow,
We 'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

O'ER BOGIE

I WILL awa wi' my love,
 I will awa wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had fworn and faid,
 I 'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae,
 Tho ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa wi' her I 'll gae.
 I will awa, &c.

For now she 's mistress of my heart,
 And worthy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part,
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
 I will awa, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, traits, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare ;

Her

Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I 'll be when she 's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms.
 I will awa, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I 'll cry, Your humble servant, king,
 Shamefa' them that wad change.
 A kifs of Betty and a smile,
 Ab'eet ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me your crown.
 I will awa, &c.

O'ER THE MOOR TO MAGGIE

AND I 'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I 'll shew my mind,
 Whatever may befall me :
 If she love mirth I 'll learn to sing ;
 Or likes the nine to follow,
 I 'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If ſhe admire a martial mind,
I 'll ſheath my limbs in armour ;
If to the ſofter dance inclin'd,
With gayeſt airs I 'll charm her ;
If ſhe love grandeur, day and night
I 'll plot my nation's glory,
I'nd favour in my prince's fight,
And ſhine in future ſtory.

Beauty can wonders work with eaſe,
Where wit is correſponding,
And braveſt men know beſt to pleaſe,
With complaiſance abounding.
My bonny Maggy's love can turn
Me to what ſhape ſhe pleaſes,
If in her breaſt that flame ſhall burn,
Which in my boſom bleazes.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

JONNY.

Tho' for seven years and mair honour should
 reave me
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee ;
 For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee ! I 'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I 'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye 'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,
 If you prove inconstant, and fancy ane fairer,
 Grieve me, grieve me ! Oh it wad grieve me,
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress thee,
 For while my blood 's warm I 'll kindly carefs
 ye :

Your

Your blooming saft beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it flame ay the
 higher.

Leave thee, leave thee ! I 'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow
 ye ;

And gin ye prove fa'fe, to ye'rsell be it said then,
 Ye 'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind
 maiden.

Reave me, reave me, heav'ns ! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid icicles hammer red gauds on the studdy,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy ;
 Bid Britons think ae gate ; and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I 'll betray ye :
 Leave thee, leave thee ! I 'll never leave thee,
 The stars shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

AT Polwart on the green
 If you 'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conveen
 To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome ye shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete—
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames fay na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze ;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee ;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Among the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen,
 We 'll pafs the heartfome day :
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, O hey ! man I still live pining
Myself thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover.

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger,
If she 's not my bride, my days are nae langer ;
Then I 'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She 's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good
morrow ;
The sward of the mead enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
sweeter :
'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eyes set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I 'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded ;
I 'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

GENTY TIBBY AND SONSY NELLY.

TIBBY has a store of charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms,
 How starkly can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad wha looks but at her!
 Frae ancle to her slender waist,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
 Her rosie cheek and rising breast
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fou' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, faft and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May,
 Ilk ane that sees her cries, Ah hey!
 She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her,
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyzen with the maiden shore*,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,

When

* Divide my windpipe with the maiden.—The maiden was an engine for beheading, formerly used in Scotland; it was of a construction similar to that of the guillotine.

When these twa stars appear the gither.
 O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we 're oblig'd to nither
 Our spacious fauls' immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin swither?

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine ;
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye gods! give ear to my petition,
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect plano and fruition.

UP IN THE AIR.

Now the sun 's gane out o' fight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light ;
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France ;
 Up in the air,
 On my bonny grey mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
 Up in, &c.

The wind 's drifting hail and sna'
 O'er frozen hags like a footba' ;
 Nae starns keek thro' the azure flit,
 'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit ;
 The man i' the moon
 Is caroufing aboon,
 D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet ?
 The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir haes the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puff the lover's fire,
 Up in the air,
 It drives away care.
 Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye,
 lads, yet,
 Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
 Come, Willy, gi'e 's about ye'r toast ;
 Tilt it, lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythfome bowt ;
 Up wi't there, there,
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair ;
 Huzza ! huzza ! and huzza ! lads, yet,
 Up wi't, &c.

TO MRS. E. C.

" NOW PHŒBUS ADVANCES ON HIGH."

Now Phœbus advances on high,
No footsteps of winter are seen ;
The birds carol 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 of wealth.

View every gay scene all around,
That are, and that promise to be ;
Yet in them all nothing is found
So perfect, Eliza, 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 lilies 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

What can we compare with thy voice,
 And what with thy humour fo sweet ?
 No mufic can blefs with fuch joys ;
 Sure angels are juft fo complete.

Fair bloffom of every delight,
 Whofe beauties ten thousands outfhone,
 Thy sweets fhall be laftingly bright,
 Being mixt with fo many divine.

Ye powers ! who have given fuch charms
 To Eliza, your image below,
 O fave her from all human harms,
 And make her hours happily flow.

TO CALISTA.

“ SHE SANG; THE YOUTH ATTENTION GAVE.”

SHE fung ; the youth attention gave,
 And charms on charms espies,
 Then, all in raptures, falls a flave
 Both to her voice and eyes !
 So fpoke and fmil'd the eastern maid,
 Like thine, feraphic were her charms,
 That in Circaffia's vineyards stray'd,
 And bleft the wifeft 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 hand 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.

GIVE ME A LASS WITH A LUMP OF LAND.

GI'E me a lafs with a lump of land,
 And we for life fhall gang the gither ;
 Tho' daft or wife I 'll never demand,
 Or black or fair it maks na whether.
 I 'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is no worth a fhilling ;
 But she that 's rich her market 's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lafs with a lump of land,
 And in my bofom I 'll hug my treafure ;
 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'fe never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There 's meikle good love in bands and bags,
 And filler and gowd 's a fweet complexion ;
 But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection.
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles, and riggs, and moors, and
 meadows ;
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL 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 wear,
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes arise, 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 naithing 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, man 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.

VIRTUE AND WIT:

THE PRESERVATIVE OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

CONFESS thy love, fair blushing maid ;
 For since thine eyes consenting,
 Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na'fays 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 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 na mair a rover,
 But find out heav'n in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover.

SHE.

What you design by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination ;
 That willy-wisp bewilds us a'
 By its infatuation :

R 3

When

When that gaes out, careffes tire,
 And love 's nae mair in feason;
 Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason.

HE.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection;
 But charms like thine man 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 completer.

ADIEU FOR A WHILE MY NATIVE GREEN PLAINS.

HE.

ADIEU 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.

SHE.

SHE.

Then tell me the reason thou dost not obey
 The pleading of love, but thus hurries away :
 Alake ! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A lover far roving will never mind me.

HE.

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.

SHE.

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.

HE.

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 flow'rs,
 Bear witness ye watchful invisible pow'rs,
 If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
 May nothing propitious e'er smile upon me.

AND I 'LL AWA' TO BONNY TWEED-SIDE.

AND I 'll awa'
To bonny Tweed-side,
And see my deary come throw,
And he fall 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 myself in a jo ;
I 'm no sic a fool,
To let my blood cool,
And fyne 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

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 fet up for a 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 Johny,
And never lead apes below.

THE WIDOW.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 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 manna 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 a 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 till her, and kill her with courtesy dead,
 Tho' stark love and kindnefs be all ye can plead ;
 Be heartfome 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 thowlefs and cauld,
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

THE STEP-DAUGHTER'S RELIEF.

I WAS anes a well-tocher'd las,
 My mither left dollars to me ;
 But now I 'm brought to a poor pas,
 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 lawtith nor shame,
 And keeps the hale houe in a steer.

She 's barmy-fac'd, thriftless, and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine,
 While hungry, haff naked, and cauld,
 I see her destroy what 's 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 take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.

'Tis

'Tis only yourfell that I want ;
Your kindnefs is better to me
Than a' that your ftep-mother, fcant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer, 'tis true,
And ye are the fprout of a laird ;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard :
Ye fhall have naithing to fafh ye ;
Sax fervants fhall jouk to thee :
Then kilt up thy coats, my laffie,
And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reafon employ'd,
Not thinking the offer amifs,
Confented ;—while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
Receiv'd her with mony a kifs.
And now fhe fits blythly fingan,
And joking her drunken ftep-dame,
Delighted with her dear Ringan,
That makes her goodwife at hame.

BONNY CHIRSTY.

How sweetly smells the summer green!

Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Chirsty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightfome is 't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chirsty tunes her voice,
I'm wrapt in admiration,
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she 'll prove a woman;

But

But dubious of my ain defert,
My sentiments I fmother,
With secret figs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
His Chirfty did o'erhear him ;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
But, ere he wist, drew near him.
She spake her favour with a look,
Which left nae room to doubt her :
He wifely this white minute took,
And flang his arms about her.

My Chirfty !—witness, bonny stream,
Sic joys frae tears arising !
I wish this may not be a dream ;
O love the maist surprising !
Time was too precious now for tauk ;
This point of a' his wishes
He wad na with set speeches bauk,
But wair'd it a' on kisses.

THE SOGER LADDIE.

My foger 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 bleffing gang with my foger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a foger and lover behave ;
True to his country, to love he is steady,
'There 's few to compare with my foger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my langing arms ;
Syne frae all my care ye 'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wifhes my foger ye gi'e me.

O ! foon may his honours bloom fair on his
 brow,
As quickly they must if he get his due ;
For in noble aëtions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

THE BONNY SCOT.

TUNE—"THE BOATMAN."

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scotman.
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithful lover.

But I lure chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scotman.
 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

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawfe thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board ;
 Fair winds, and tenty boatman,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot—man.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 Ere 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 monkies draw tears frae these een,
 That look with indifference on poor dying me ?

Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful 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 fae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine ?

Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And dinna prefer your 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 Sanny,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' 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 flade away fastly between thee and me,
 Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.

Rouze

Rouze up thy reafon, my beautifu' Annie,
 And let thy defires be a' center'd in me ;
 O ! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha 's langing to centre in thee.

THE BOB OF DUNBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I 'll lend you my thripling kame ;
 For fainnefs, deary, I 'll gar ye keckle,
 If ye 'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.
 Haste ye, gang to thee ground of ye'r trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think fhame ;
 Confider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

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

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence cou'd ease me,
When naithing can please me;
Now dowie I fish on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lavrocks are finging,
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 no 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 languor till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we 'll dance, sing,
and play.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

AN thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee ;
 An thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee.

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

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

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

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

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.
An 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.
An thou were, &c.

THERE'S MY THUMB I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee
 T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
 And as your constant slave regard it,
 Syne 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 kifs and smily,
 There 's my thumb it will ne'er beguile thee.

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 thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
 Tenting my flocks, lest they should wander;
 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 wooer 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.

THE Lawland lads think they are fine,
But O they 're vain and idly gaudy ;
How much unlike that gracefu' mien
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 far in 's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

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

A painted room and filken bed
May please a Lawland laird and lady,
But I can kifs and be as glad
Behind a bush, in 's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pafs,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie ;
And he ca's me his Lawland las,
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 preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

THE COALIER'S DAUGHTER.

THE 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 ;
Wha can its depths discover ?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected ;
His airs fat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The coalier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lily,
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

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 naithing 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.

THE MILL, MILL-O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid
 Was sleeping sound and still-O,
 A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will-O :
 Her bosom I pres'd, but, sunk in her rest,
 She stir'd na my joy to spill-O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill-O.

Oblig'd

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill-O,
 Frae 'er quietly I staw, hois'd sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the hill-O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fracing fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill-O,
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool *,
 Nor kend wha 'd done her the ill-O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlyng speer'd how she fell-O :
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell-O.
 Love gae the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her a' fears expel-O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed myfell-O.

My bonny sweet las, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling-hill-O † ;
 If I did offence, I 'se make ye amends,
 Before I leave Peggy's mill-O.
 O! the mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O,
 And the cogging of the wheel-O,
 The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye man leave,
 And round with a foger reel-O.

* Of repentance.

† Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

COLIN AND GRISY PARTING.

WITH broken words and downcast eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his passion tender,
And parting with his Grify, cries,
Ah ! woe 's my heart that we should funder.

To others I am cold as snow,
But kindle with thine eyes like tinder ;
From thee with pain I 'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my heart that we should funder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
No beauty new my love shall hinder,
Nor time nor place shall ever change
My vows, tho' we 're oblig'd to funder.

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy fwain in this,
You 'll ne'er engage a heart that 's kinder ;
Then seal a promise with a kifs,
Always to love me, tho' we funder.

Ye gods ! take care of my dear lasfs,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest time shall come to pass,
We 'll meet again, and never funder.

TO L. L. IN MOURNING.

TUNE—"WHERE HELEN LIES."

AH! 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.

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

Then must I hide my love and die,
When such a sov'reign 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.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

MUSIC BY L. BOCCHI.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Jonny faintly tald fair Jean his mind ;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang ;
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind,
 Which gart him in despair tune up this fang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis fae,
 That I 'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live ; but O ! I 'm wae
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdain ;
 Ah ! shou'd a breast fae fast as yours
 Contain a heart of stane ?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move ;
 With melting heart she listen'd to the boy :
 O'ercome, she smil'd, and promis'd him her love ;
 He in return thus fang his rising joy.

AIR.

AIR.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care !
 Ye 've tint the power to pine ;
 My Jeany 's good, my Jeany 's fair,
 And a' her sweets are mine.
 O ! spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 ' Of dear enchanting blifs,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth,
 Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

THE TOAST.

COME, let 's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus loos nae dwining,
 Let 's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull ! here t' ye, Sir ;
 Ye'r mistress, Robie, gi'e 's her ;
 We 'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha 's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That 's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye ;

Sweet

Sweet is she to me :
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wifh ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her,
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let 's join our glaffes,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking.
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking
 Give our cares the lie.

A SOUTH-SEA SANG.

TUNE—"FOR OUR LANG BIDDING HERE."

WHEN we came to London town,
 We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
 And rantinly ran up and down,
 In risin' stocks to buy a skair :
 We daftly thought to row in rowth,
 But for our daffin paid right dear ;
 The lave will fare the war in trowth,
 For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purfes toom,
 And dainty stocks began to fa',
 We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom,
 Girn'd at stock-jobbing ane and a'.
 If we gang near the South-Sea houfe,
 The whillywhas will grip ye'r gear,
 Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
 For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL ! thy looks have kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain,
 When night returns I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm ;
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms ;
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms :

But

But waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those pleasures which can only cure
This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just reward that 's due to love,
And let true passion die.
O! turn and let compassion seize
That lovely breast of thine ;
Thy petticoat could give me ease,
If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
That beautiful form of thine,
And thou 'rt too good its laws to slight,
By hind'ring the design.
May all the powers of love agree
At length to make thee mine ;
Or loose my chains, and set me free
From ev'ry charm of thine.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kifs, and let her gae ;
 But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blyth and heartfome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kiffes, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

“ Haith, ye 're ill-bred,” she 'll smiling fay,
 “ Ye 'll worry me, ye greedy rook.”
 Syne frae your arms she 'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-fays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs ;
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons, I 'm very sure,
 Are of the gods' indulgent grant :
 Then, furly carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.

THE CORDIAL.

HE.

WHERE wad bonny Anne ly ?
 Alane ye nae mair man ly :
 Wad ye a goodman try ?
 Is that the thing ye 're laking ?

SHE.

Can a lass fae young as I
 Venture on the bridal tye,
 Syne down with a goodman ly ?
 I 'm fled he 'd keep me wauking.

T 3

HE.

HE.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

SHE.

What if I should wauking ly,
When the hautboys are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I 'm faint and iry?

HE.

In my bosom thou shall ly,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

SHE.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I 'll wi' a goodman ly,
 Wha can a cordial gi' me.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat,
What verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthful heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
All day the am'rous youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All night, when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Alas! your love must be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
He stole away my virgin heart;
Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
Then chuse some heart that 's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

O MARY! THY GRACES AND GLANCES.

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour display.
But say not thou 'lt imitate angels
Ought farrer, tho' scarcely (ah me!)
Can be found, equalizing thy merit,
A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
Who, despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee
Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me ?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure ;
 And shipwreck'd on landscapes on shore :
Be still more divine, and have pity ;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
For, Mary, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor loves nor expects to be free ;
Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slavery 's a pleasure to me.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.

'THIS is no mine ain houfe,
I ken by the rigging o't ;
Since with my love I 've changed vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't :
For now that I 'm young Robie's bride,
And miftrefs of his fire-fide,
Mine ain houfe I 'll like to guide,
And pleafe me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's houfe,
I gang where love invites me ;
The ftrictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie 's nearer than my kin,
And to refufe him were a fin,
Sae lang 's he kindly treats me.

When I 'm in mine ain houfe,
True love fhall be at hand ay,
'To make me ftill a prudent fpoufe,
And let my man command ay ;
Avoiding ilka caufe of strife,
The common peft of married life,
'That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

MY DADDY FORBAD, MY MINNY FORBAD.

WHEN I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am fad,
 For now he is far frae me :
 My daddy was harsh,
 My minny was warfe,
 That gart him gae yont the sea :
 Without an estate,
 That made him look blate,
 And yet a brave lad is he :
 Gin fae he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He 'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
 Of parents o'erwife,
 That have but ae bairn like me,
 That looks upon cash
 As naithing but trash,
 That shackles what shou'd be free.
 And tho' my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he,
 Abeit I 'm an heirefs,
 I think it but fair is
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then

Then my dear Jamie,
To thy kind Jeanie
Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
To her wha can find
Nae ease in her mind,
Without a blyth fight of thee.
Tho' my daddy forbad,
And my minny forbad,
Forbidden I will not be ;
For since thou alone
My favour hast won,
Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I 'll not grieve,
Or without their leave,
Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
Be content with a heart
That can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be :
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see ;
Then I with pleasure
Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders, to thee.

STEER HER UP AND HAD HER GAWN.

O STEER her up and had her gawn,
 Her mither 's at the mill, jo ;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away ;
 Let 's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
 How invitingly it looks !
 Take it aff, and let 's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let 's have pleasure while we 're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Place 't on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou as ever it can hold :
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.
 By you 've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinkler to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders:
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we 've a bad run;
 Gae tell the lady of the place,
 I 'm come to clout her caldron.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I 'll do 't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a fingle flea
 For any man's resentment:
 For, lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a tinkler,
 Yet to yourfell I 'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turn'd, for his lovely Leda;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran
 To carry off Europa:

Then

Then may not I as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler?
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you 'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you 'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I 've a tinkler under tack,
 That 's us'd to clout my caldron.
 Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

THE MALTMAN.

THE maltman comes on Monday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my filler,
 Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

When

When maltmen come for filler,
And gaugers with wands o'er foon,
Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
And clear them as I have done.
'This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
Will keep them frae making din,
The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
The fnackest of a' my kin.

The maltman is right cunning,
But I can be as flee,
And he may crack of his winning,
When he clears scores with me :
For come when he likes, I 'm ready ;
But if frae hame I be,
Let him wait on our kind lady,
She 'll anfwer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

BESSY'S beauties fhine fae bright,
Were her many virtues fewer,
She wad ever give delight,
And in transport make me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alane
Love I, naithing else about thee ;
With thy comeliness I 'm tane,
And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bosom 's fast and warm,
Milk-white fingers still employ'd ;
He who takes her to his arm,
Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
My dear Bessy, when the roses
Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
Will keep love frae growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
Yet her face and foul discovers
These enchanting sweets in plenty
Must entice a thousand lovers.
It 's not money, but a woman
Of a temper kind and easy,
That gives happiness uncommon ;
Petted things can nought but teeze ye.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Are still my heart's delight,
 I sing their fangs by day,
 And read their tales at night.
 If frae their books I be,
 'Tis dullness then with me ;
 But when these stars appear,
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon stile,
 And wit that flows with ease,
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright Sandy greatly sings
 Of heroes, gods, and kings :
 He well deserves the bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines ;
 Young, with Horacian flame,
 Corrects these false designs
 We push in love of fame.

Blyth

Blyth Gay, in pawky strains,
 Makes villains, clowns, and swains
 Reprove, with biting leer,
 Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Long may you give delight ;
 Let all the dunces bray,
 You 're far above their spite :
 Such, from a malice four,
 Write nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For who the trash will read ?

THE COMPLAINT.

“ WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH I LOVE.”

WHEN absent from the nymph I love,
 I 'd fain shake off the chains I wear ;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More fetters I 'm oblig'd to bear :
 My captiv'd fancy, day and night,
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda, form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the groves,
And, sighing, hear from every tree
The happy birds chirping their loves,
Happy compar'd with lonely me.
When gentle sleep with balmy wings
To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thousand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting smiles and killing air,
Appears the cause of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her sweets with thrilling joy,
Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I 'm all o'er transport and desire,
My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myself I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan :
Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
I scarcely look or move a man.

THE CARLE HE CAME O'ER THE CROFT.

THE carle he came o'er the croft,
 And his beard new fhaven,
 He look'd at me as he 'd been daft,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa ! I winna hae him,
 Na forfooth I winna hae him,
 For a' his beard 's new fhaven,
 Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me nieft,
 To faften on my curtchea nooked ;
 I wor'd a wee upon my breast,
 But foon, alake ! the tongue o't crooked ;
 And fae may his : I winna hae him,
 Na forfooth I winna hae him ;
 Ane twice a bairn 's a lafs's jeft ;
 Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has nae fault but ane,
 For he has land and dollars plenty ;
 But waes me for him ! skin and bane
 Is no for a plump lafs of twenty.
 Howt awa ! I winna hae him,
 Na forfooth I winna hae him ;
 What signifies his dirty riggs
 And cash, without a man with them ?

But shou'd my canker'd daddy gar
 Me take him 'gainst my inclination,
 I warn the fumbler to beware,
 That antlers dinna claim their station.
 Howt awa ! I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth I winna hae him ;
 I 'm flee'd to crack the haly band,
 Sae Lawty says I shou'd na hae him.

O MITHER DEAR ! I 'GIN TO FEAR.

CHORUS.

UP stairs, down stairs,
 Timber stairs fear me ;
 I 'm laith to ly a' night my lane,
 And Johny's bed fae near me.

O mither dear ! I 'gin to fear,
 Tho' I 'm baith good and bonny,
 I winna keep ; for in my sleep
 I start and dream of Johny.
 When Johny then comes down the glen
 To woo me, dinna hinder ;
 But with content gi'e your consent,
 For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better

Better to marry than miscarry,
 For shame and skaith 's the clink o't ;
 To thole the dool, to mount the fool,
 I downa bide to think o't :
 Sae while 'tis time, I 'll shun the crime,
 That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
 With hainches fow, and een fae blew,
 To a' the bedrals bindging.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
 The kirk had ne'er a kend it ;
 But when the word 's gane thro' the town,
 Alake ! how can she mend it ?
 Now Tam man face the minister,
 And she man mount the pillar ;
 And that 's the way that they man gae,
 For poor folk has na filler.

Now ha'd ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
 Replied the kindly mither ;
 Get Johny's hand in haly band,
 Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
 I 'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 Ye 'll do your part discreetly,
 And prove a wife will gar his life
 And barrel run right sweetly.

A SONG.

TUNE—"BUSK YE, MY BONNY BRIDE."

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow ;
 There will we sport and gather dew,
 Dancing while lavrocks sing the morning ;
 There learn frae turtles to prove true :
 O Bell ! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom.
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Hasten ye, hasten ye, my bonny Bell,
 Hasten to my arms, and there I 'll guard thee ;
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I 'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
 O queen of smiles ! I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell 's consenting.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they 're four and unco faucy ;
 Sae proud they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd Highland lassie.
 O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
 My hearty smiling Highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches motie,
 I 'd tak my Katie but a gown,
 Barefooted, in her little coatie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kifs and court my dautie,
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I 'll sten,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lasses on dishes dainty.
 O my bonny, &c.

There 's

There 's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my fide whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their plea-
 sure.
 O my bonny, &c.

THE AULD MAN'S BEST ARGUMENT.

O WHA 's that at my chamber door?—
 “ Fair widow, are ye wawking ? ”—
 Auld carle, your fuit give o'er,
 Your love lies a' in tawking :
 Gi'e me the lad that 's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow ;
 'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight
 And bosom of a widow.

“ O widow !

“ O widow ! wilt thou let me in,
“ I ’m pawky, wife, and thrifty,
“ And come of a right gentle kin ;
“ I ’m little mair than fifty.”

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
What signifies how pawky,
Or gentle born ye be ; but youth,
In love you ’re but a gawky.

“ Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
“ That powerfully plead clinkan ;
“ And if they fail my mouth I ’ll steek,
“ And nae mair love will think on.”

These court indeed, I man confes,
I think they make you young, Sir,
And ten times better can expres
Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

TO MRS. A. C.

"WHEN BEAUTY BLAZES."

WHEN 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 hy ;
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
The inspir'd 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
E'er 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 breast resort.

But

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 should shun ;
The eagle 's only fit to view the fun.

She 's as the opening lilly fair,
Her lovely features are complete ;
Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share,
With angels, all that 's wife 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.

I HAVE A GREEN PURSE, AND A WEE PICKLE GOWD.

I HAVE a green purse, and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land and planting on 't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;
 But the best thing of a's yet wanting on 't ;
 To grace it, and trace it,
 And gi'e me delight ;
 To blefs me, and kifs me,
 And comfort my fight
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on 't.

My Christy she 's charming, and good as she 's fair,
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet ;
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair ;
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By heaven were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hynds
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine :
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our
 minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and cheer me
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament ;
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF LORD G. AND LADY K. C.

TUNE—"THE HIGHLAND LADDIE."

BRIGANTIUS.

Now all thy virgin sweets are mine,
 And all the shining charms that grace thee ;
 My fair Melinda, come recline
 Upon my breast, while I embrace thee,
 And tell, without dissembling art,
 My happy raptures on thy bosom :
 Thus will I plant within thy heart
 A love that shall for ever blossom.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave, and bonny!
 Sure the gods well pleas'd behold ye;
 Their work admire, so great, so fair,
 And will in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I 'm thine,
 To own my love in transport tender,
 Since that so brave a man is mine,
 To my Brigantius I surrender.
 By sacred ties I 'm now to move,
 As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
 And while my smiles engage thy love,
 Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew
 New life on blowing flowers bestowing:
 Thus kindly yielding, makes me bow
 To heaven, with spirit grateful glowing.

My

My honour, courage, wealth, and wit,
 Thou dear delight, my chiefeft treasure,
 Shall be employ'd as thou thinks fit,
 As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
 In lonely cot, beside a mountain,
 And nature's eafy wants relieve
 With fhepherds' fare, and quaff the fountain-
 What pleafes thee, the rural grove,
 Or congreff of the fair and witty,
 Shall give me pleasure with thy love,
 In plains retir'd, or focial city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

How fweetly canft thou charm my foul,
 O lovely fum of my defires !
 Thy beauties all my cares controul,
 Thy virtue all that 's good infpires.

Tune every instrument of sound,
Which all the mind divinely raises,
Till every height and dale rebound,
Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
My happiness is now completed,
Since all that 's generous, great, and fine,
In my Brigantius is united ;
For which I 'll study thy delight,
With kindly tale the time beguiling ;
And round the change of day and night,
Fix throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

JENNY NETTLES.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles ;
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
 Coming frae the market ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap ;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a babie in her oexter ?

I met ayont the cairny
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin Rattle's bastard.
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about feeks Robin out,
 To flap it in his oexter.

Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle ;
 Fy, fy ! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly :
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Take hame your wean, make Jenny fain,
 The leel and leesome gate o't.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

FOR the fake of somebody,
 For the fake of somebody,
 I cou'd wake a winter night
 For the fake of somebody.
 I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy ;
 I have three flane of woo,
 Carling, is thy daughter ready ?
 For the fake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassie, say 't thyfell,
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
 First we 'll buckle, then we 'll tell,
 Let her flyte and fyne come too :
 What signifies a mither's gloom,
 When love and kisses come in play ?
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
 And in fimmer mak nae hay ?
 For the fake, &c.

SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The haff mark bridal band wi' me :
 I 'll flip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the tryfting-place we 'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.
 For the fake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sic a heartfome gate,
 It me frae a' my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate :
 Then let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an appetite
 Shou'd eat ; and lovers shou'd embrace ;
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
 For the fake, &c.

THE GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.

TUNE—"THE BONNY LASS OF BRANKSOME."

As I came in by T'iviot side,
 And by the braes of Branksome,
 There first I saw my bonny bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome :
 Her skin was faster than the down,
 And white as alabaster ;
 Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
 In straightness nane surpass her,

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
 Her clear een were surprising,
 And beautifully turn'd her neck,
 Her little breasts just rising :
 Nae filken hose with gushets fine,
 Or shoon with glancing laces,
 On her fair leg forbad to shine,
 Well shapen native graces.

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
 Was sum of a' her clathing ;—
 Even these o'er mickle ;—mair delyte
 She 'd given cled wi' naithing.

She

She lean'd upon a flow'ry brae,
By which a burnie trotted ;
On her I glowr'd my faul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And but defigning, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;
Wha smil'd, and said, without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I couldna want her ;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I should grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a routh,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and troth,
And a young lady made her.

THE COCK LAIRD.

A cock laird fou cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
And ca'd her his fweet.
Wilt thou gae along
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thoufe be my ane lemmane,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae along wi' ye,
Ye manna fail,
To feaft me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deel 's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he ;
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee ?

And I man hae pinners
With pearling fet round,
A fkirt of pudgy,
And a waftcoat of broun.

Awa

Awa with sic vanities,
 Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a year,
As had us in pottage
 And good knockit beer :
But having nae tenants,
 O Jenny, Jenny !
To buy ought I ne'er have
 A penny, quoth he.

The borrowftoun merchants
 Will fell ye on tick,
For we man hae braw things,
 Abeit they foud break.
When broken, frae care
 The fools are fet free,
When we make them lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth she.

LET MEANER BEAUTIES USE THEIR ART.

LET meaner beauties use their art,
And range both Indies for their drefs ;
Our fair can captivate the heart,
In native weeds, nor look the less.
More bright unborrow'd beauties shine,
The artless sweetness of each face
Sparkles with lustres more divine,
When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph, on scorching plains,
May use the aid of gems and paint,
Deck with brocade and Tyrian stains
Features of ruder form and taint :
What Caledonian ladies wear,
Or from the lint or woolen twine,
Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear
Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
The dirty drefs may lovers cool,
But clean, our maids need have no care,
If clad in linen, filk, or wool.
T' adore Myrtilia who can cease ?
Her active charms our praise demand,
Clad in a mantua, from the fleece
Spun by her own delightful hand.

Who

Who can behold Calista's eyes,
Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
And mind what artists can devise
To rival more superior charms?
Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
Lawns, satins, and the velvets fade,
The soul with her attractions full
Can never be by these betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native sweets,
Not the false glare of dress regards,
Her wit her character completes,
Her smile her lover's sighs rewards.
When such first beauties lead the way,
The inferior rank will follow soon;
Then arts no longer shall decay,
But trade encouraged be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
And flax that on the vallies blooms,
Shall make the naked nations love
And bless the labours of our looms.
We have enough, nor want from them
But trifles hardly worth our care;
Yet for these trifles let them claim
What food and cloth we have to spare.


How happy 's Scotland in her fair!
Her amiable daughters shall,
By acting thus with virtuous care,
Again the golden age recal:

Enjoying


Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
Shall miss a court ; but soon advance
In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
And lazy pride to useful arts,
When such dear angels in defence
Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
Blest guardians of our joys and wealth !
True fountains of delight and love !
Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
Till, tir'd with earth, you mount above.





EPISTOLARY.





1721.

AN EPISTLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY,

BY JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

WELL fare thee, Allan, who in mother tongue
So sweetly hath of breathless Addie sung :
His endless fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd,
And thou hast written as if he inspir'd.
Richy and Sandy, who do him survive,
Long as thy rural stanzas last, shall live ;
The grateful swains thou 'st made, in tuneful verse,
Mourn sadly o'er their late, lost patron's hearse.
Nor would the Mantuan bard, if living, blame
Thy pious zeal, or think thou 'st hurt his fame,
Since Addison's inimitable lays
Give him an equal title to the bays.

When

When he of armies sang in lofty strains,
It seem'd as if he in the hostile plains
Had present been ; his pen hath to the life
Trac'd every action in the sanguine strife.
In council now sedate the chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in Bavarian ears ;
And still pursuing the destructive theme,
He pushes them into the rapid stream :
Thus beaten out of Blenheim's neighb'ring fields,
The Gallic gen'ral to the victor yields,
Who, as Britannia's Virgil hath observ'd,
From threaten'd fate all Europe then preserv'd.

Nor dost thou, Ramsay, fightless Milton wrong,
By ought contain'd in thy melodious song ;
For none but Addie could his thoughts sublime
So well unriddle, or his mystic rhyme.
And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where sun-burnt shepherds to the nymphs make
love,
No one e'er told in softer notes the tales
Of rural pleasures in the spangled vales.

So much, O Allan ! I thy lines revere,
Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my thanks refrain
For what thou 'st sung of the lamented swain.

THE ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

THIRSTING for fame, at the Pierian spring,
 The poet takes a waught, then 'seys to sing
 Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit
 Her bonny fide with bauldest turns of wit.
 Streams slide in verse, in verse the mountains rise ;
 When earth turns toom, he rummages the skies,
 Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of rest,
 Doups down to visit ilka lawland ghaist.
 O heartsome labour ! wordy time and pains !
 That frae the best esteem and friendship gains :
 Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike,
 Stock-job the warld among them as they like.

In blyth braid Scots allow me, Sir, to shaw
 My gratitude, but * fleetching or a flaw.
 May rowth o' pleasures light upon you lang,
 Till to the blest Elyfian bow'rs ye gang,
 Wha 've clapt my head fae brawly for my sang.
 When honour'd Burchet and his maikes are pleas'd
 With my corn-pipe, up to the stars I 'm heez'd ;
Whence

* "But" is frequently used for "without;" i. e. without flattering.

Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time,
 And view the warld delighted wi' my rhyme :
 That when the pride of sprush new words are laid,
 I, like the claffic authors, shall be read.
 Stand yond, proud czar, I wadna niffer fame
 With thee, for a' thy furs and paughty name.

If sic great ferlies, Sir, my muse can do,
 As spin a three-plait praise where it is due,
 Frae me there 's nane deserves it mair than you.
 Frae me!—frae ilka ane ; for fure a breaft
 Sae gen'rous is, of a' that 's good poffest !
 Till I can ferve ye mair, I 'll wish ye weel,
 And aft in sparkling claret drink your heal ;
 Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
 Sweet Addifon, the wale of human blood,
 Wha fell (as Horace anes said to his billy)
 “ Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili.”

1719.

SEVEN FAMILIAR EPISTLES,

WHICH PASSED BETWEEN LIEUT. HAMILTON * AND THE AUTHOR.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, June 26th, 1719.

O FAM'D and celebrated Allan !
 Renown'd Ramsay ! canty callan !
 There 's nowther Highland-man nor Lawlan,
 In poetrie,
 But may as foon ding down Tamtallan †,
 As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that 's a hunder,
 I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
 When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder,
 Wi' wit and skill ;
 Wherefore I 'll soberly knock under,
 And quat my quill.

Of

* For some account of this gentleman, see the Life of Ramsay prefixed.

† An old castle upon the firth of Forth in East Lothian.

Of poetry the hail quintescence
 Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excrescence
 To petty poets, or sic messens,
 Tho' round thy stool
 They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons
 At Ramsay's school.

Tho' Ben * and Dryden of renown
 Were yet alive in London town,
 Like kings contending for a crown,
 'Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words found
 And best to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 Wer't in my pow'r, but I 'd create
 Thee upo' fight the laureat †
 Of this our age,
 Since thou may'ft fairly claim to that
 As thy just wage.

Let

* The celebrated Ben Jonson.

† Scots Ramsay prefs'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
 He 'd fight for the laurel before he would want it :
 But risit Apollo, and cry'd, Peace there, old stile,
 Your wit is obscure to one half of the isle.

Let modern poets bear the blame,
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great los, and
 And fend them a' right sneaking hame
 Be Weeping-crofs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
 When thou consults thy dictionary
 Of ancient words,
 Which come from thy poetic quarry
 As sharp as fwords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as Aristotle,
 At Ed'nburgh we fall ha'e a bottle
 Of reaming claret,
 Gin that my half-pay * filler shottle
 Can safely spare it.

At

* He had held his commission honourably in Lord Hyndford's regiment.

And may the stars who shine aboon,
 With honour notice real merit,
 Be to my friend auspicious soon,
 And cherish ay fae fine a spirit.

At crambo then we 'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aking pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain
 Of true content ;
Woy, woy ! but we's be wonder fain,
 When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we 'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue ;
 And, gin you please it,
Like princes when met at the Hague,
 We 'll folemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I 've done it :
Sae I conclude and end my sonnet,
 Who am most fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet,

Yours,

WANTON WILLY.

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline
To let you ken my hail design
Of sic a long imperfect line
 Lies in this sentence,
To cultivate my dull engine
 By your acquaintance.

Your answer therefore I expect ;
And to your friend you may direct
At Gilbertfield * ; do not neglect,
 When ye have leisure,
Which I 'll embrace with great respect,
 And perfect pleasure.

* Nigh Glasgow.

ANSWER I.

EDINBURGH, July 10th, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, Wanton Willy,
 Gin blyth I was na as a filly ;
 Not a fou pint, nor short-hought gilly,
 Or wine that 's better,
 Cou'd please fae meikle, my dear Billy,
 As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
 In goffy Don's be candle-light,
 There first I saw 't, and ca'd it right,
 And the maist feck
 Wha 's seen 't finfyne, they ca'd as tight
 As that on Heck.

Ha, heh ! thought I, I canna say
 But I may cock my nose the day,
 When Hamilton the bauld and gay
 Lends me a heezy,
 In verse that slides fae smooth away,
 Well tell'd and easy.

Sae

Sae roos'd by ane of well-kend mettle,
 Nae fma' did my ambition pettle,
 My canker'd critics it will nettle,
 And e'en fae be 't :
 This month I 'm fure I winna fettle,
 Sae proud I 'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
 And cou'd your Ardry whins * rehearse,
 Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
 It warm'd my breast ;
 Then emulation did me pierce,
 Whilk since ne'er ceast.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
 Gin of your numbers I think little,
 Ye 're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby,
 And hit the spirit to a tittle
 Of standart Habby †.

Ye 'll

* The last words of "Bonny Heck," of which he was the author. It is printed in a Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems, by Watfon, Edinburgh, 1706.

† The elegy on Habby Simpson, piper of Kilbarchan ; a finished piece of its kind, which was printed in the same Choice Collection.

Ye 'll quat your quill!—that were ill, Willy,
 Ye's fing some mair yet nill ye will ye,
 O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
 And gar ye four ;
 Then up and war them a' yet, Willy,
 'Tis in your pow'r.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
 And then to card them round about,
 Syne to tell up, they downa lout
 To lift the gear ;
 The malifon lights on that rout,
 Is plain and clear.

The chiels of London, Cam, and Ox,
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks
 Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks, and Locks,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters ; this provokes
 Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell * ;
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell,

Europe

* Gawn Douglafs, the brother of the earl of Angus, the bishop of Dunkell, who, besides several original poems, hath left a most exact translation of Virgil's *Æneis* into the Scottish language of his age : he died in 1522.

Europe had nane mair snack and snell
At verse or prose :
Our kings * were poets too themself,
Bauld and jocosse.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,
I 'll wait upon ye, there 's my thumb,
Were 't frae the gill-bells to the drum †,
And tak' a bout,
And faith I hope we 'll not fit dumb,
Nor yet cast out.

* James the First, and Fifth.

† From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music-bells begin to play, (frequently called the gill-bells, from people's taking a whetting dram at that time,) to the drum at ten o'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, July 24th, 1719.

DEAR RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
 It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;
 O sic a fike and sic a fistle
 I had about it!
 That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle *
 Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
 How to the nines they did content me;
 Tho', Sir, fae high to compliment me
 Ye might deferr'd,
 For had ye but haff well a kent me,
 Some lefs wad fer'd.

With

* The ancient and most noble order of knighthood, instituted by king Achaius, and renewed by James VII. The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the order, is a green ribband, to which is appended a thistle of gold crowned with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, "Nemo me impune laceffet."

With joyfu' heart beyond expression,
 They 're safely now in my possession :
 O gin I were a winter session

Near by thy lodging,
 I 'd close attend thy new profession,
 Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there 's but few
 To vie with Ramsay dare avow,
 In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
 And without fleetching,
 Thou 's better at that trade, I trow,
 Than some 's at preaching *.

For my part, till I 'm better lear't,
 To troke with thee I 'd best forbear 't,
 For an' the fouk of Ed'nburgh hear 't,
 They 'll ca' me daft ;
 I 'm unco' iri, and dirt feart
 I mak' wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nicked,
 Made me as canty as a cricket ;

I ergh

* This compliment is entirely free of the fulsome hyperbole.

I ergh to reply, left I stic it ;
 Syne like a coof
 I look, or ane whose pouch is pickit
 As bare 's my loof.

Heh winfom ! how thy fast sweet style,
 And bonny auld words gar me smile ;
 Thou 's travell'd fure mony a mile
 Wi' charge and coft,
 To learn them thus keep rank and file,
 And ken their post.

For I man tell thee, honest Allie,
 (I use the freedom so to call thee,)
 I think them a' fae braw and walie,
 And in sic order,
 I wad nae care to be thy vallie,
 Or thy recorder.

Has thou with Rosicrucians * wandert,
 Or thro' some doncie defart dandert ?

That

* A people deeply learned in the occult sciences, who conversed with aerial beings : gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or so.

That with thy magic, town and landart,
 For ought I fee,
 Man a' come truckle to thy standart
 Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
 As if I charg'd thee with black art ;
 'Tis thy good genius, still alert,
 That does inspire
 Thee with ilk thing that 's quick and smart
 To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny nacky tale
 Bra to fit o'er a pint of ale :
 For fifty guineas I 'll find bail
 Against a bodle,
 That I wad quat ilk day a meal
 For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby
 As either thee or honest Habby,
 That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
 Or velvet plush,
 And then thou 'd be fae far frae shabby,
 Thou 'd look right sprush.

What

What tho' young empty airy sparks
 May have their critical remarks
 On thir my blyth diverting warks ;
 'Tis sma presumption,
 To say they 're but unlearned clarks,
 And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether
 To tye up a' their lang loose leather ;
 If they and I chance to forgether,
 The tane may rue it ;
 For an they winna had their blether,
 They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
 In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I,
 Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
 And ca' them skellums ;
 I 'm fure thou needs fet little by
 To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I 'm fae bleirt and doited,
 That when I raise, in troth I stoited ;
 I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
 For wi' a gird,
 Upon my bum I fairly cloited
 On the cald eard ;

Which

Which did oblige a little duple
Upon my doup, clofe by my rumple :
But had ye feen how I did trumple,
 Ye 'd split your fide,
Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
 Like trough of Clyde.

ANSWER II.

EDINBURGH, August 4th, 1719

DEAR Hamilton, ye 'll turn me dyver.
 My muse fae bonny ye describe her;
 Ye blaw her fae, I 'm fear'd ye rive her,
 For wi' a whid,
 Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
 She 'll rin red-wood*.

Said I.—“ Whisht,” quoth the vougy Jade,
 “ William 's a wife judicious lad,
 “ Has havins mair than e'er ye had,
 “ Ill-bred bog-ftaker †;
 “ But me ye ne'er fae crouse had craw'd,
 “ Ye poor scull-thacker ‡.

“ It

* Run distracted.

† The muse, not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic.

‡ Thatcher of skulls.

- “ It fets ye well indeed to gadge * !
 “ Ere I t’ Apollo did ye cadge,
 “ And got ye on his Honour’s badge,
 “ Ungratefu’ beast !
 “ A Glasgou capon and a fadge †
 “ Ye thought a feast.

 “ Swith to Castalius’ fountain brink,
 “ Dad down a grouf ‡, and tak’ a drink,
 “ Syne whisk out paper, pen, and ink,
 “ And do my bidding :
 “ Be thankfou, else I’fe gar ye stink
 “ Yet on a midding.”

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
 Said I, I shou’d be laith to drumble

Your

* Ironically she says, It becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily, and affront my benefactress, by alleging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.

† A herring, and a coarse kind of leavened bread used by the common people.

‡ Fall flat on your belly.

Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble ;
 'Tis ne'er be me
 Shall scandalize, or fay ye bummil
 Ye'r poetrie.

Frae what I 've tell'd, my friend may learn
 How fadly I ha'e been forfairn,
 I 'd better been ayont fide Cairn-
 amount *, I trow ;
 I 've kifs'd the taz †, like a good bairn.
 Now, Sir, to you :

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
 Lang may ye help to toom a barrel ;
 Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,
 When thou inclines
 To knoit thrawn-gabbit fumphs that snarl
 At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel fays, ye 're well worth gowd,
 And blythnefs on ye 's well bestow'd,
 'Mang witty Scots ye'r name 's be row'd,

Ne'er

* A noted hill in Kincardineshire.

† Kiffed the rod ; owned my fault like a good child.

Pegh, fry, and girn, wi' spite and teen,
And fa' a flyting ;
Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us ;
Gin I can snifter thro' mundungus,
Wi' boots and belt on,
I hope to see you at St. Mungo's *,
Atween and beltan.

* The high church of Glasgow.

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD. August 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and last essay
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
 Bright Ramfay, and altho' it may
 Seem doilt and donfie,
 Yet thrice of all things, I heard fay,
 Was ay right fonfie.

Wherefore I scarce cou'd fleep or flumber,
 Till I made up that happy number :
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber
 In every part,
 And snoovt away * like three-hand ombre,
 Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
 August the fourth, I grant receipt ;
 It was fae braw, gart me look blate,
 'Maist tyne my senses,
 And look just like poor country Kate,
 In Lucky Spence's †.

I shaw'd

* Whirl'd smoothly round. "Snooving" always expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.

† Vide Elegy on Lucky Spence, vol. i. p. 301.

I shaw'd it to our parish priest,
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast ;
 He says, thou may had up thy creest,
 And craw fu' croufe,
 The poets a' to thee 's but jest,
 Not worth a soufe.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
 Of compliments is fae profuse,
 For my good havins dis me roofe
 Sae very finely,
 It were ill breeding to refuse
 To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes, in angry mood,
 When she puts on her barlichood,
 Her dialect seem rough and rude,
 Let 's ne'er be fleet,
 But tak our bit, when it is good,
 And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
 And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
 She 'll tak' the flings *, verse may grow scanter ;
 Syne wi' great shame
 We 'll rue the day that we do want her ;
 Then wha 's to blame ?

But

* Turn fullen, restive, and kick.

But let us still her kindness culzie,
 And wi' her never breed a tulzie,
 For we 'll bring aff but little spulzie
 In sic a barter ;
 And she 'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
 And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth 's my rhyning ware,
 My pack I scarce dare apen mair,
 'Till I tak' better wi' the lair,
 My pen 's fae blunted ;
 And a' for fear I file the fair *,
 And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink † makes me fae dowff,
 A' I can do 's but bark and yowff ;
 Yet fet me in a claret howff,
 Wi' fouk that 's chancy,
 My muse may lend me then a gowff
 To clear my fancy.

'Then Bacchus-like I 'd bawl and bluster,
 And a' the muses 'bout me muster ;

Sae

* This phrase is used when one attempts to do what is handsome, and is affronted by not doing it right :—not a reasonable fear in him.

† Heavy malt-liquor.

Sae merrily I 'd squeeze the cluster,
And drink the grape,
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,
And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
To thy atchievements maist delicious ;
Thy poems sweet, and nae way vicious,
But blyth and canny,
To see I 'm anxious and ambitious,
Thy Miscellany.

A' bleffings *, Ramsay, on thee row ;
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
Until thou claw an auld man's pow ;
And thro' thy creed,
Be keeped frae the wirricow,
After thou 's dead.

* All this verse is a succinct cluster of kind wishes, elegantly expressed, with a friendly spirit ; to which I take the liberty to add, Amen.

ANSWER III.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 2, 1719.

MY TRUSTY TROJAN,

THY laft oration orthodox,
 Thy innocent auld farren jokes,
 And fonfy faw of three, provokes
 Me anes again,
 Tod lowrie like *, to loofe my pocks,
 And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
 I eithly fcan the man well-bred,
 And foger that, where honour led,
 Has ventur'd bauld ;
 Wha now to youngfters leaves the yed,
 To 'tend his fauld †.

That bang'fter billy, Cæfar July,
 Wha at Pharfalia wan the tooly,

Had

* Like Reynard the fox, to betake myfelf to fome more of my wiles.

† Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

Had better sped had he mair hooly
 Scamper'd thro' life,
 And 'midst his glories sheath'd his gooly,
 And kifs'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd *,
 Upon burn banks the muses woo'd,
 Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
 Wha 'd been aboon him,
 The fenate's durks, and faction loud,
 Had ne'er undone him.

Yet fometimes leave the riggs and bog,
 Your howms, and braes, and shady scrog,
 And helm-a-lee the claret cog,
 To clear your wit :
 Be blyth, and let the warld e'en shog
 As it thinks fit.

Ne'er fash about your neist year's state,
 Nor with superior pow'rs debate,
 Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate ;
 There 's ills anew
 To cram our days, which soon grow late ;
 Let 's live just now.

When

* It is well known he could write as well as fight.

Contentment ruins,
 I 'd rather roost wi' caufey-rakers,
 And fup cauld fowens.

I think, my friend, an fowk can get
 A doll of roast beef piping het,
 And wi' red wine their wyfon wet,
 And cleathing clean,
 And be nae fick, or drown'd in debt,
 They 're no to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,
 Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,
 Or fic and fic good belly timmer :
 Quoth she, and leugh,
 “ Sicker of thae, winter and fimmer,
 “ Ye 're well enough.”

My hearty gofs, there is nae help,
 But hand to nive we twa man skelp
 Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alp-
 pines and Pyrenians.
 The cheerfou carles do fae yelp
 To ha'e 's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme fae rare,
 Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,

Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare *
 To ha'e them by them ;
 Tho' gaffin they wi' fides fae fair,
 Cry, " Wae gae by him †!"

Fair fa' that foger did invent
 To ease the poet's toil wi' print :
 Now, William, we man to the bent,
 And poufs our fortune,
 And crack wi' lads wha 're well content
 Wi' this our sporting.

Gin ony four-mou'd girning bucky
 Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
 That we, like nags whafe necks are yucky,
 Ha'e us'd our teeth ;
 I 'll answar fine, Gae kifs ye'r Lucky ‡,
 She dwells i' Leith.

I ne'er

* Make people very earnest.

† It is usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore fides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest : but the folks of more tender consciences have turned expletives to friendly wishes, such as this, or "sonse fa' ye," and the like.

‡ Is a cant phrase, from what rise I know not ; but it is made use of when one thinks it is not worth while to give a direct answer, or think themselves foolishly accused.

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,
But when I speak, I speak indeed :
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
I'll own I am fae ;
And while my champers can chew bread,
Yours,—ALLAN RAMSAY.

AN EPISTLE TO LIEUTENANT HAMILTON,
ON RECEIVING THE COMPLIMENT OF A BARREL OF LOCHFINE
HERRINGS FROM HIM.

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer *,
In healfome brine a' foumin,
Fu' fat they are, and gufty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on ;
 Bra fappy fish
 As ane cou'd wish
To clap on fadge or fcon ;
 They relifh fine
 Good claret wine,
That gars our cares stand yon.

Right mony gabs wi' them fhall gang
About Auld Reekie's ingle,
When kedgy carles think nae lang,
When ftoups and trunchers gingle :
 Then my friend leal,
 We tofs ye'r heal,

And

* Whole, without the leaft fault or want.

And with bald brag advance,
 What 's hoorded in
 Lochs Broom and Fin *
 Might ding the stocks of France.

A jelly fum to carry on
 A fishery 's design'd †,
 Twa million good of sterling pounds,
 By men of money 's fig'n'd.
 Had ye but seen
 How unco keen
 And thrang they were about it,
 That we are bald,
 Right rich, and ald-
 farran, ye ne'er wad doubted.

Now, now, I hope, we 'll ding the Dutch,
 As fine as a round-robin,
 Gin greedinefs to grow soon rich
 Invites not to stock-jobbing :
 That poor bofs shade
 Of finking trade,

And

* Two lochs on the western seas, where plenty of herrings are taken.

† The royal fishery ; success to which is the wish and hope of every good man.

And weather-glafs politic,
 Which heaves and sets
 As public gets
 A heezy, or a wee kick.

Fy, fy!—but yet I hope 'tis daft
 To fear that trick come hither ;
 Na, we 're aboon that dirty craft
 Of biting ane anither.

The subject rich
 Will gi' a hitch
 T' increafe the public gear,
 When on our seas,
 Like bify bees,
 Ten thousand fishers steer.

Could we catch th' united shoals
 That crowd the western ocean,
 The Indies would prove hungry holes,
 Compar'd to this our Goshen :

Then let 's to wark
 With net and bark,
 Them fish and faithfu' cure up ;
 Gin fae we join,
 We 'll cleek in coin
 Frae a' the ports of Europe.

Thanks t' ye, Captain, for this swatch
Of our store, and your favour ;
Gin I be spar'd, your love to match
Shall still be my endeavour.
Next unto you,
My service due
Please gi'e to Matthew Cumin *,
Wha with fair heart
Has play'd his part,
And sent them true and trim in.

* Merchant in Glasgow, and one of the late magistrates of that city

1721.

TO THE MUSIC CLUB.

ERE on old Shinar's plain the fortrefs rose,
Rear'd by those giants who durst heav'n oppose,
An universal language mankind us'd,
Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd ;
Discord and jar for punishment were hurl'd
On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar speech with notes harmonious clear,
(Transporting thought !) gave pleasure to the ear :
Then music in its full perfection shin'd,
When man to man melodious spoke his mind.

As when a richly-fraughted fleet is loft
In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,
Down many fathoms of the liquid mass,
The artist dives in ark of oak or brass ;
Snatches some ingots of Peruvian ore,
And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore :
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find ;
They swell in wealth, tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's fons, with minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight,
And daily gain new stores of pleasing sounds,
To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds ;
While vocal tubes and consort strings engage
To speak the dialect of the golden age.
Then you, whose symphony of souls proclaim
Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame,
And shew that music may have as good fate
In Albion's glens, as Umbria's green retreat ;
And with Correlli's soft Italian song
Mix " Cowdenknows," and " Winter nights are
 " long :"
Nor should the martial " Pibrough " be despis'd ;
Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be
 priz'd.

Each ravish'd ear extols your heav'nly art,
Which soothes our care, and elevates the heart ;
Whilst hoarser sounds the martial ardours move,
And liquid notes invite to shades and love.

Hail ! safe restorer of distemper'd minds,
That with delight the raging passions binds ;
Extatic concord, only banish'd hell,
Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell.
Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
Long may they relish thy transported sweets.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE;
DESCRIBING THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH, January 1719.

As errant knight, with sword and pistol,
Bestrides his steed with mighty fistle;
Then stands some time in jumbled swither,
To ride in this road, or that ither;
At last spurs on, and disna care for
A how, a what way, or a wherefore.

Or like extemporary quaker,
Wasting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanting,
With formless phrase, and formal canting;
While Jacob Bœhmen's * falt does season,
And saves his thought frae corrupt reason,
Gowling aloud with motions queereft,
Yerking those words out which lye nearest.

Thus

* The Teutonic philosopher, who wrote volumes of unintelligible enthusiastic bombast.

Thus I (no longer to illustrate
 With similes, lest I should frustrate
 Design laconic of a letter,
 With heap of language, and no matter,)
 Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd whistle,
 To sow ye o'er a short epistle,
 Without rule, compasses, or charcoal,
 Or serious study in a dark hole.
 Three times I ga'e the muse a rug,
 Then bit my nails, and claw'd my lug ;
 Still heavy—at the last my nose
 I prim'd with an inspiring dose *,
 Then did ideas dance (dear safe us!)
 As they 'd been daft.—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,
 (That 's merchants' style as clean as fir,)
 Ye 're welcome back to Caledonie †,
 Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
 Harvest, winter, spring, and summer,
 And ay keep up your heartfome humour,
 That ye may thro' your lucky task go,
 Of brushing up our sifter Glasgow ;

Where

* Vide Mr. Arbuckle's Poem on Snuff.

† Having been in his native Ireland, visiting his friends.

Where lads are dext'rous at improving,
 And docile lasses fair and loving :
 But never tent these fellows' girning,
 Wha wear their faces ay in mourning,
 And frae pure dulness are malicious,
 Terming ilk turn that 's witty, vicious.

Now, Jamie, in neist place, secundo,
 To give you what 's your due in mundo ;
 That is to fay in hame-o'er phrases,
 To tell ye, men of mettle praises
 Ilk verse of yours, when they can light on 't,
 And trowth I think they 're in the right on 't ;
 For there 's ay something fae auld-farran,
 Sae flid, fae unconstrain'd, and darin,
 In ilka sample we have seen yet,
 That little better here has been yet :
 Sae much for that.—My friend Arbuckle,
 I ne'er afore roos'd ane so muckle :
 Faufe flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,
 That gars me hate it like auld Nicol :
 But when ane 's of his merit conscious,
 He 's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunfhes.

Thirdly, not tether'd to connection,
 But rattling by inspir'd direction,
 Whenever fame, with voice like thunder,
 Sets up a chield a warld's wonder,

Either

Either for flashing fowk to dead,
 Or having wind-mills in his head,
 Or poet, or an airy beau,
 Or ony twa-legg'd rary-show,
 They wha have never seen 't are biffy
 To speer what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis then, for tallness, I
 Am five foot and four inches high ;
 A black-a-vic'd snod dapper fallow,
 Nor lean, nor over-laid wi' tallow ;
 With phiz of a Morocco cut,
 Resembling a late man of wit,
 Auld gabbet Spec *, wha was fae cunning
 To be a dummie ten years running.

Then for the fabric of my mind,
 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd :
 I rather choofe to laugh at folly,
 Than shew dislike by melancholy ;
 Well judging a four heavy face
 Is not the truest mark of grace.

I hate

* The Spectator ; who gives us a fictitious description of his short face and taciturnity ; that he had been esteemed a dumb man for ten years.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
 Yet I 'm nae fae to wine and mutton :
 Great tables ne'er engag'd my wifhes,
 When crowded with o'er mony dishes ;
 A healthfu' stomach sharply fet
 Prefers a back-sey piping het.

I never cou'd imagine 't vicious
 Of a fair fame to be ambitious :
 Proud to be thought a comic poet,
 And let a judge of numbers know it,
 I court occasion thus to shew it.

Second of thirdly, pray take heed,
 Ye's get a short swatch of my creed.
 To follow method negatively,
 Ye ken, takes place of positively :
 Well then, I 'm nowther whig nor tory *,
 Nor credit give to Purgatory ;

Tranſub.,

* Ramſay was a zealous tory from principle. But he was much careſſed by Baron Clerk and other gentlemen of oppoſite principles, which made him outwardly affect neutrality. His "Viſion," and "Tale of Three Bonnets," are ſufficient proofs of his zeal as an old Jacobite : but, wiſhing to diſguiſe himſelf, he publiſhed this, and the "Eagle and Redbreast," as ancient poems, and with the fictitious ſignature of "A. R. Scor ;" whence they are generally attributed to an

Transtub., Loretta-houfe, and mae tricks,
 As prayers to faints Katties and Patricks;
 Nor Afgilite *, nor Befs Clarkfonian †,
 Nor Mountaineer ‡, nor Mugletonian §;
 Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,
 In Cotmoor fowk and Andrew Harlay ||.

Neist,

an old poet, Alexander Scot, of whose composition there are several pieces in the collection published by Ramsay, called "The Evergreen."

* Mr. Afgil, a late member of parliament, advanced (whether in jest or earnest I know not) some very whimsical opinions; particularly, that people need not die if they pleased, but be translated alive to heaven like Enoch and Elijah.

† Bessy Clarkfon, a Lanarkshire woman. Vide the history of her life and principles.

‡ Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill side to a church under any civil authority.

§ A kind of quakers, so called from one Mugleton. See Leslie's Snake in the Grass.

|| A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain repetitions in prayers of six or seven hours long: were pleased with ministers of no kind. Andrew Harlaw, a dull fellow of no education, was head of the party.

Neist, Anti-Toland, Blunt, and Whifton,
 Know positively I 'm a Christian,
 Believing truths and thinking free,
 Wishing thrawn parties wad agree.

Say, wad ye ken my gate of fending,
 My income, management, and spending?
 Born to nae lairdship, (mair 's the pity!)
 Yet denison of this fair city;
 I make what honest shift I can,
 And in my ain house am good-man,
 Which stands on Edinburgh's street the sun-side:
 I check the out, and line the inside
 Of mony a douse and witty path,
 And baith ways gather in the cash;
 Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
 And keep my wife ay great wi' poet:
 Contented I have sic a skair,
 As does my business to a hair;
 And fain wad prove to ilka Scot,
 That poortith 's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and lastly baith together,
 Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
 There 's mony a canty carle and me
 Wad be much comforted to see ye:
 But if your outward be refractory,
 Send us your inward manufactory,

That

That when we 're kedgy o'er our claret,
We correspond may with your spirit.

Accept of my kind wishes, with
The fame to Dons Butler, and Smith ;
Health, wit, and joy, fauls large and free,
Be a' your fates :—fae God be wi' ye.

1721.

TO THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld descent,
 My chief, my stoup, and ornament,
 For entertainment a wee while,
 Accept this sonnet with a smile.
 Setting great Horace in my view,
 He to Mæcenas, I to you ;
 But that my muse may sing with ease,
 I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,
 There 's hardly twa of the same mind !
 Some like to study, some to play,
 Some on the Links to win the day,
 And gar the courser rin like wood,
 A' drappin down with sweat and blood :
 The winner fyne assumes a look
 Might gain a monarch or a duke.
 Neist view the man with pawky face
 Has mounted to a fashious place,
 Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
 He 's pleas'd with his uneasy state ;

Glowr'd

Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
Till frae his kittle post he fa'.

The Lothian farmer he likes best
To be of good faugh riggs posselt,
And fen upon a frugal stock,
Where his forbears had us'd the yoke ;
Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
And venture in a rotten bark,
Syne unto far aff countries steer,
On tumbling waves to gather gear.

The merchant wreck'd upon the main,
Swears he 'll ne'er venture on 't again ;
That he had rather live on cakes,
And shyrest fwats, with landart maiks,
As rin the risk by storms to have,
When he is dead, a living grave.
But seas turn smooth, and he grows fain,
And fairly takes his word again,
Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink,
Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,
To dance while pipes or fiddles play ;
And have nae sence of ony want,
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rattling drum and trumpet's tout
Delight young fwankies that are stout ;
What his kind frightened mother ugs,
Is mufic to the foger's lugs.

The hunter with his hounds and hawks
Bangs up before his wife awakes ;
Nor fpeers gin fhe has ought to fay,
But fcours o'er highs and hows a' day,
Thro mofs and moor, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his trusty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
And won a lafting wreath of bays,
Is a' my wifh ; well pleas'd to fing
Beneath a tree, or by a fpring,
While lads and lasses on the mead
Attend my Caledonian reed,
And with the fweeteft notes rehearse
My thoughts, and reefe me for my verfe.

If you, my Lord, clafs me amang
Thofe who have fung baith faft and strang,
Of fmiling love, or doughty deed,
To ftarns fublime I 'll lift my head.

1721.

TO MR. AIKMAN.

'TIS granted, Sir, pains may be spar'd
Your merit to set forth,
When there 's fae few wha claim regard,
That difna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame
To mortals that excel,
Which if neglected they 're to blame;
But you 've done that yourfell.

While frae originals of yours
Fair copies shall be tane,
And fix'd on brafs to busk our bow'rs,
Your mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain deeds the maist deny'd,
Or of a taste o'er fine,
May be ye 're but o'er right, afraid
To sink in verse like mine.

The

The last can ne'er the reason prove,
Else wherefore with good will
Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,
And help me up the hill ?

By your assistance unconstrain'd,
To courts I can repair,
And by your art my way I 've gain'd
To closets of the fair.

Had I a muse like lofty Pope,
For tow'ring numbers fit,
Then I th' ingenious mind might hope
In truest light to hit.

But comic tale, and sonnet flee,
Are casten for my share,
And if in these I bear the gree,
I 'll think it very fair.

1721.

TO SIR WILLIAM BENNET.

WHILE now in discord giddy changes reel,
 And some are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,
 You, with undaunted stalk and brow serene,
 May trace your groves, and press the dewy green;
 No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,
 Or horrid dreams to make your sleep unbound.

To such as you who can mean care despise,
 Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and skies.
 Not hurried with the thirst of unjust gain,
 You can delight yourself on hill or plain,
 Observing when those tender sprouts appear,
 Which crowd with fragrant sweets the youthful
 year.

Your lovely scenes of Marlefield abound
 With as much choice as is in Britain found:
 Here fairest plants from nature's bosom start
 From soil prolific, serv'd with curious art;
 Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,
 And wanders thro' an artificial wild,

While

While native flow'ry green, and crystal strands,
Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Most happy he who can these sweets enjoy
With taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy.
Not so plebeian souls, whom sporting fate
Thrusts into life upon a large estate,
While spleen their weak imagination fours,
They 're at a loss how to employ their hours :
The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show
Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow :
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son'rous page,
Where shine the raptures of poetic rage ;
Nor thro' the microscope can take delight
T' observe the tusks and bristles of a mite ;
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to descry
Those shining worlds which roll around the sky.
Bid such read hist'ry to improve their skill,
Polite excuse ! their memories are ill :
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make
 show,
But their contents they 're not oblig'd to know ;
And gen'rous friendship 's out of sight too fine,
They think it only means a glass of wine.

But he whose cheerful mind hath higher
 flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own ;

Has seen the world, and read the volume Man,
And can the springs and ends of action scan ;
Has fronted death in service of his king,
And drunken deep of the Castalian spring ;
This man can live, and happiest life 's his due ;
Can be a friend—a virtue known to view ;
Yet all such virtues strongly shine in you.

1721.

TO A FRIEND AT FLORENCE*.

YOUR steady impulse foreign climes to view,
 To study nature, and what art can shew,
 I now approve, while my warm fancy walks
 O'er Italy, and with your genius talks;
 We trace, with glowing breast and piercing look,
 The curious gall'ry of th' illustrious duke,
 Where all those masters of the arts divine,
 With pencils, pens, and chissels greatly shine,
 Immortalizing the Augustan age,
 On medals, canvas, stone, or written page.
 Profiles and busts originals express,
 And antique scrolls, old ere we knew the press.
 For 's love to science, and each virtuous Scot,
 May days unnumber'd be great Cosmus' lot!

The

* Mr. Smibert, a painter. Mr. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," characterises him as an ingenious artist, and a modest worthy man. He died at Boston, in New England, in 1751. Allan Ramsay, the painter, was a scholar of Smibert's.

The sweet Hesperian fields you'll next explore,
'Twixt Arno's banks and Tiber's fertile shore.
Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace,
With my fond muse and you these plains to trace ;
We'd enter Rome with an uncommon taste,
And feed our minds on every famous waste ;
Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,
Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes,
Old aerial aqueducts, and strong-pav'd roads,
Which seem to've been not wrought by men but
 gods.

These view'd, we'd then survey with utmost care
What modern Rome produces fine or rare ;
Where buildings rise with all the strength of art,
Proclaiming their great architect's desert.
Which citron shades surround and jessamin,
And all the soul of Raphael shines within.
Then we'd regale our ears with founding notes
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless throats,
Join'd with the vibrating harmonious strings,
And breathing tubes, while the soft eunuch sings.

Of all those dainties take a hearty meal ;
But let your resolution still prevail :
Return, before your pleasure grow a toil,
To longing friends, and your own native soil :
Preserve your health; your virtue still improve,
Hence you'll invite protection from above.

1721.

TO R. H. E.

O B——! cou'd these fields of thine
 Bear, as in Gaul, the juicy vine,
 How sweet the bonny grape wou'd shine
 On wau 's where now,
 Your apricots and peaches fine
 Their branches bow.

Since human life is but a blink,
 Why should we then its short joys sink?
 He disna live that canna link
 The glafs about,
 When warm'd with wine, like men we think,
 And grow mair stout.

The cauldrie carlies clog'd wi' care,
 Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
 If ram'd wi' red, they rant and rair,
 Like mirthfu' men,
 It foonly shaws them they can spare
 A rowth to spend.

What

What foger, when with wine he 's bung,
 Did e'er complain he had been dung,
 Or of his toil, or empty fpung ?
 Na, o'er his glafs,
 Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,
 Or fome sweet lafs.

Yet trowth 'tis proper we should stint
 Ourfells to a fresh mod'rate pint,
 Why shou'd we the blyth blessing mint
 To waste or spill,
 Since aften when our reason 's tint,
 We may do ill.

Let 's fet these hair-brain'd fowk in view,
 That when they 're stupid, mad, and fow,
 Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue
 For a' their days,
 Which frequently prove very few
 To fuch as these.

Then let us grip our blifs mair ficker.
 And tap our heal and sprightly liquor,
 Which sober tane, makes wit the quicker,
 And fense mair keen,
 While graver heads that 's muckle thicker
 Grane wi' the spleen.

May ne'er sic wicked fumes arise
In me, shall break a' sacred ties,
And gar me like a fool despise,
 With stiffness rude,
Whatever my best friends advise,
 Tho' ne'er so gude.

'Tis best then to evite the fin
Of bending till our fauls gae blin,
Left, like our glafs, our breasts grow thin,
 And let fowk peep
At ilka secret hid within,
 That we should keep.

1721.

TO MR. JOSEPH MITCHELL,

ON THE SUCCESSFUL REPRESENTATION OF A TRAGEDY*.

BUT jealousy, dear Jos. which aft gives pain
 To scrimpit fauls, I own myself right vain
 To see a native trusty friend of mine
 Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies shine.
 Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the frozen north
 Can tow'ring minds with heav'nly heat bring
 forth :

Minds

* The piece here alluded to was "Fatal Extravagance," a Tragedy, 1721; which Mitchell himself afterwards avowed to have been written by Aaron Hill, Esq. who, with a generosity peculiar to himself, allowed this author, who was himself a tolerable poet, both the reputation and the profits of this piece, to extricate him from some pecuniary embarrassments brought on by his own extravagance: thus in the very title of the piece conveying a gentle reproof, while he generously relieved him. Mitchell was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poems; "Fatal Extravagance," a tragedy, 8vo, 1721; the "Fatal Extravagance," enlarged, 12mo, 1725; "The Highland Fair," a ballad opera, 8vo, 1731. Mitchell died in 1738.

Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,
 And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains sing,
 As fast as he that haughs Hesperian treads,
 Or leans beneath the aromatic shades;
 Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,
 Still something great a Scottish bosom warms;
 Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in snaw,
 Honour and liberty eggs him up to draw
 A hero's sword, or an heroic quill,
 The monst'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal design
 To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine
 The wrang opinion which they lang have had,
 That a' which mounts the stage is surely bad.
 Stupidly dull!—but fools ay fools will be,
 And nane's fae blind as them that winna see.
 Where's vice and virtue fet in juster light?
 Where can a glancing genius shine mair bright?
 Where can we human life review mair plain,
 Than in the happy plot and curious scene?

If in themfells sic fair designs were ill,
 We ne'er had prieve'd the sweet dramatic skill,
 Of Congreve, Addison, Steele, Rowe, and Hill;
 Hill, wha the highest road to fame doth chuse,
 And has some upper seraph for his muse;

It

It maun be fae, else how could he display,
With fo just strength, the great tremendous
day ?

Sic patterns, Joseph, always keep in view,
Ne'er fash if ye can please the thinking few,
Then, spite of malice, worth shall have its due.

TO ROBERT YARDE OF DEVONSHIRE.

FRAE 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 grey right hafhly clad,
 Skelping o'er frozen hags with pingle,
 Picking up peets to beet his ingle,
 While fleet that freezes as it fa's,
 Thecks as with glafs the divot waws
 Of a laigh hut, where fax the gither
 Ly heads and thraws on craps of heather?

Thus, Sir, of us the story 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 heartfome beils,
 And can in Cumin's, Don's, or Steil's,

Bc

Be ferv'd as plenteously and civil
 As you in London at the Devil.
 You, Sir, 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
 Thro' regions of internal light,
 Frae fancy's field these truths to bring,
 That you should hear, and she should sing.

Langfyne, when love and innocence
 Were human nature's best defence,
 Ere party jars made lawtith 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 kend of fame,
 Divini vates was their name :
 It was, and is, and shall be ay,
 While they move in fair virtue's way ;
 Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,
 Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe

Believe me, Sir, 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,
 Whene'er this fashious quest gets in :
 But a fair competent estate
 Can keep a man frae looking blate ;
 Say 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 control
 The satisfaction of his soul.
 Poor is that mind, ay discontent,
 That canna use what God has lent,
 But envious girms at a' he fees,
 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 four.

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

If carelefs of his future fate,
He daftly wafte a good eftate,
And never thinks till thoughts are vain,
And can afford him nought but pain.
Thus will a joiner's fhavings' bleeze
Their low will for fome feconds pleafe,
But foon the glaring leam is pafte,
And cauldrie darknefs follows faft ;
While flaw the faggots large expire,
And warm us with a lafting fire.
Then neither, as I ken ye will,
With idle fears your pleasures spill ;
Nor with neglecting prudent care,
Do fkaith to your fucceeding heir :
Thus fteering cannily thro' life,
Your joys fhall lafting be and rife.
Give a' your paffions room to reel,
As lang as reafon guides the wheel :
Defires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
When they harmonioufly keep time ;
But when they fpång o'er reafon's fence,
We fmart 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-porter's, ban
The Being that made him a man,
When his fair gardens, houfe, and lands,
Are fa'n amongft the fharpers' hands.

A cheerfu'

A cheerfu' bottle fooths the mind,
 Gars carles grow canty, free, and kind,
 Defeats our care, and heals our strife,
 And brawly oils the wheels of life ;
 But when just quantums we transgress,
 Our blessing turns the quite reverse.

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 wildly bounds,
 And grazes on forbidden grounds,
 Where constantly like furies range
 Poortith, diseases, death, revenge :
 To toom anes poutch to dunty clever,
 Or have wrang'd husband probe ane's liver,
 Or void ane's faul out thro' a shanker,
 In faith 't wad 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, Sir, I 've made free
To give advice to ane can gi'e
As good again :—but as mafs John
Said, when the fand tald time was done,
“ Ha'e patience, my dear friends, a wee,
“ And take ae ither glafs frae me ;
“ And if ye think there 's doublets due,
“ I shanna bauk the like frae you.”

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. WILLIAM STARRAT.

A E windy day last owk, I 'll ne'er forget,
 I think I hear the hail-stanes rattling yet ;
 On Crochan-bufs my hirdfell took the lee,
 As ane wad wifh, just a' beneath my ee :
 I in the bield of yon auld birk-tree fide,
 Poor cauldriife Coly whing'd aneath my plaid.
 Right cozylic was fet to ease my stumps,
 Well hap'd with bountith hose and twa-sol'd pumps ;
 Syne on my four-hours luncheon 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 gae the Grecian bards their bonny rhymes,
 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 fangsters their mistak,
 That frae their Thames can fetch the laurel north,
 And big Parnassus on the firth of Forth.

Thy breast alane this gladfome 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 fung.
 Ramfay ! for ever live ; for wha like you,
 In deathless fang, 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 (shame fa's fool head !) as stories tell,
 Cou'd whistle back an auld dead wife frae hell ;
 Nor e'en the loyal brooker of bell trees,
 Wha fang with hungry wame his want of fees ;
 Nor Habby's drone, cou'd with thy wind-pipe
 please :
 When, in his well-ken'd 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 thy country bridal thou pursues,
 To red the regal tulzie sets thy muse,
 Thy soothing fangs bring canker'd carles to ease,
 Some louns to Lutter's pipe, some birls babies.

But gin to graver notes thou tunes thy breath,
 And sings poor Sandy's grief for Adie's death,
 Or Matthew's loss, the lambs in concert mae,
 And lanefome Ringwood yowls upon the brae..

Good

Good God! what tuneless heart-strings wadna
twang,

When love and beauty animate the sang?
Skies echo back, when thou blaws up thy reed
In Burchet's praise for clapping of thy head:
And when thou bids the paughty Czar stand yon,
The wandought seems beneath thee on his throne.
Now, be my faul, and I have nought behin,
And well I wat fause swearing is a fin,
I 'd rather have thy pipe and twa three sheep,
Than a' the gowd the monarch's coffers keep.

Coly, look out, the few we have 's gane wrang,
This se'enteen owks I have not play'd fae lang;
Ha! Crummy, ha! trowth I man quat my sang;
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 FOREGOING.

FRAE fertile fields where nae curs'd ethers creep,
 To stang the herds that in rash buffes sleep ;
 Frae where Saint Patrick's blessings freed the bogs
 Frae taids, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs ;
 Welcome to me the found 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 lassies 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 sail smoothest o'er the seas ;
 How wind-mills should be made ; and how they
 work
 The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk ;
How

How wedges rive the aik ; how pullifees
 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 pleugh fits a wet foil, 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 hail-ftanes
 ring ;
 But feckfu' folks can front the baldest wind,
 And flunk thro' moors, and never fash their mind.
 Aft have I wid thro' glens with chorking feet,
 When neither plaid nor kelt cou'd fend the weet ;
 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 reese
 The lawly mints of my poor moorland muse,
 Wha looks but blate, when even'd to ither twa,
 That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the Theban wa' ;
 But trowth 'tis natural for us a' to wiuk
 At our ain fauts, and praises frankly drink :

Fair

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 hov'ring clouds of rising dew
Maggy, the bonniest lass of a' our town,
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
I have a tryft with her, and man 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.

TO MR. GAY,

ON HEARING THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBURY 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-teed horn.

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

* Gay was a great admirer of the poems of Ramfay, particularly of his "Gentle Shepherd;" and they afterwards became personally acquainted, when Gay visited Scotland with the duke and duchess of Queensbury.

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

Come, shaw your loof;—ay, there 's the line
 Foretells thy verse shall ever shine,
 Dawted whilst living by the nine,
 And a' the best,
 And be, when past the mortal line,
 Of fame possfest.

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 fae do I, wha reefe 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 gi'en but due)
 Gangs unko far.

Here

* Dr. John Arbuthnot.

Here mettled men my muse maintain,
 And ilka beauty is my friend ;
 Which keeps me canty, brisk, and bein,
 Ilk wheeling hour,
 And a sworn fae to hatefu' spleen,
 And a' that 's four.

But bide ye, boy, the main 's to fay ;
 Clarinda, bright as rising day,
 Divinely bonny, great and gay,
 Of thinking even,
 Whase words, and looks, and smiles, display
 Full views of heaven :

To rummage nature for what 's braw,
 Like lilies, roses, gems, and snaw,
 Compar'd with hers, their lustre fa',
 And bauchly tell
 Her beauties, she excels them a',
 And 's like herfell :

As fair a form as e'er was blest
 To have an angel for a guest ;
 Happy the prince who is possesst
 Of sic a prize,
 Whose virtues place her with the best
 Beneath the skies :

O sonfy Gay ! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays with scorn ;
 Then bend thy knees,
And blefs the day that ye was born
 With arts to please.

She fays thy sonnet smoothly fings,
Sae ye may crawl and clap your wings,
And smile at ethercapit fings,
 With carelefs pride,
When fae much wit and beauty brings
 Strength to your fide.

Lilt up your pipes, and rife aboon
Your Trivia, and your Moorland tune,
And fing Clarinda late and foon,
 In towring strains,
Till gratefu' gods cry out, " Well done,"
 And praife thy pains.

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

Thus

Thus sing ;—whilst I frae Arthur's height,
 O'er Chiviot glowr with tired fight,
 And langing wish, like raving wight,
 To be fet down,
 Frae coach and sax baith trim and tight,
 In London town.

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

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

Farewell ;—but ere 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.

AN EPISTLE TO JOSIAH BURCHET,

ON HIS BEING CHOSEN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

MY Burchet's name well pleas'd I faw
Amang the chofen 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 espoufe ;
We glorious days may fee.

The name of patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill-won gear ;
What boots an opulent estate,
Without a conscience clear ?

While sneaking fauls for cash wad trock
Their country, God, and king,
With pleasure we the villain mock,
And hate the worthless thing.

With

With a' your pith, the like of you,
Superior to what 's mean,
Shou'd gar the trockling rogues look 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 whate'er ye crave ;
And him a corner in your love,
Wha is your humble slave.

TO MR. DAVID MALLOCH,
ON HIS DEPARTURE 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 Grahams,
Wha from bauld heroes draw their blood,
Of brave immortal names.

Like wax, the dawning genius takes
Impressions thraw'n or even ;
Then he wha fair the moulding makes,
Does journey-work for heaven.

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

But

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 tinkers ne'er reflect,
 Some fauls 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,
 Raife Margaret's plaining shade*,
 And paint distrefs that chills the veins,
 While William's crimes are red;

Shaws to the world, cou'd they observe,
 A clear deserving flame:—
 Thus I can reese without reserve,
 When truth supports my theme.

Gae,

* "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.

Gae, lad, and win a nation's love,
By making thofe in truſt,
Like Wallace's Achates *, prove
Wife, generous, brave, and juſt.

Sae may his Grace th' illuſtrious fire
With joy paternal fee
Their riſing blaze of manly fire,
And pay his thanks to thee.

* The heroic Sir John Graham, the glory of his name, the deareſt friend of the renowned Sir William Wallace, and the anceſtor of his Grace the duke of Montroſe.

1728.

TO WILLIAM SOMERVILLE OF WARWICKSHIRE.

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 cheerful glow.

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

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 crowd the mind,
When with the royal bard you go,
To sigh in notes divinely kind,
“ The Mighty fall'n on mount Gilbo.”

Much surely was the virgin's joy,
Who with the Iliad had your lays ;
For, ere 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 tight and clean,
That while I read, streams gush by fits
Of hearty laughter from my een.

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 themselves out-done.

The plot 's pursu'd with so much glee,
The too officious dog and priest,
The squire oppres'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 'mong 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 fairs were not so blest as I.

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

Your noble kinsman, her lov'd mate,
 Whose worth claims all the world's 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:

Whichnour, he left to 's eldest son,
 That 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

* Since the writing of this ode, Mr. Somerville's poems are printed by Mr. Lintot in an 8vo. volume.—Somerville died, in 1742. This *superior* to Pope is allowed by Johnson "to write well, for a gentleman."

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 crowd,
To note them all I 'd ne'er have done.

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

AN EPISTLE FROM MR SOMERVILLE.

NEAR 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

* Lord Somerville was pleased to send me his own picture, and Mr. Ramsay's Works. In 1730, Somerville concluded a bargain with James Lord Somerville, for the reversion of his estate at his death. His connection with Lord Somerville, probably occasioned his poetical correspondence with Ramsay, who was patronized by that nobleman.

But in th' expreffive draught defign'd
 The nobler beauties of his mind ;
 True friendship, love, benevolence,
 Unftudied wit, and manly fenfe.
 Then as your book I wander o'er,
 And feaft on the delicious ftore,
 (Like the laborious bufy bee,
 Pleas'd with the fweet variety,)
 With equal wonder and furprife,
 I fee refembling portraits rife.
 Brave archers march in bright array,
 In troops the vulgar line the way :
 Here the droll figures flily sneer,
 Or coxcombs at full length appear :
 There woods and lawns, a rural fcene,
 And fwains 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 againft the fouthern wind,
 And feeks the ftreams thro' unknown ways ;
 No matron in her teeming days,
 E'er felt fuch longings, fuch defires,
 As I to view thofe lofty fpires,
 Thofe domes where fair Edina fhrouds
 Her tow'ring head amid the clouds.

But

But oh! what dangers interpofe!
Vales deep with dirt, and hills with fnows,
Proud winter-floods, with rapid force,
Forbid the pleafing intercourse.
But fure we bards, whose purer clay
Nature has mixt with lefs allay,
Might foon find out an eafier way.
Do not fage matrons mount on high,
And fwitch their broom-fticks thro' the fky;
Ride poft o'er hills, and woods, and feas,
From Thule to the Hesperides *?
And yet the men of Grefham own,
That this and ftranger 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 fky?
Since our poetic brains, you know,
Than theirs muft more intenfely glow.
Did not the Theban fwan take wing,
Sublimely foar, and fweetly fmg?
And do not we, of humbler vein,
Sometimes attempt a loftier ftrain,

Mount

* The Scilly iflands were fo called by the ancients, as Mr. Camden obferves.

Mount sheer out of the reader's sight,
Obscurely lost in clouds and night ?

Then climb your Pegafus 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 should 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 faucy train,
And self-conceit, and stiff-rumprt pride,
That grin at all the world beside ;

Foul

Foul scandal, with a load of lies,
Intrigues, rencounters, prodigies,
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 fail ;
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

Shall be so blest, so blyth, so gay,
Or less regard what dotards say.
My rose shall then your thistle greet,
The union shall be more complete ;
And in a bottle and a friend,
Each national dispute shall end.

AN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

SIR, I had yours, and own my pleasure,
 On the receipt, exceeded measure.
 You write with so much sp'rit 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 tow'rs 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 Matt 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 ;
 Whom fortune in a merry mood
 Has overcharg'd with gentle blood,
 But has deny'd a genius fit
 For action or aspiring wit ;

Such

Such kenna how t' employ their time,
 And think aactivity a crime.
 Ought they to either do or fay,
 Or walk, or write, or read, or pray,
 When money, their factotum's able
 To furnish them a numerous rabble,
 Who will, for daily drink and wages,
 Be chairmen, chaplains, clerks, and pages?
 Could they, like you, employ their hours
 In planting these delightful flowers,
 Which carpet the poetic 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 faults,
 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 tow'rs above
 The mob of thoughtless lords and beaux,
 Who in his ilka action shows
 " True friendship, love, benevolence,
 " Unstudy'd wit, and manly sense."
 Allow here what you 've said yourself,
 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 wardens ! round him take your place,
 And raise him with each manly grace ;
 Make his meridian virtues shine,
 To add fresh lustres to his line :
 And many may the mother see
 Of such a lovely progeny.

Now, Sir, when Boreas nae mair thuds
 Hail, snaw, and fleet, frae blacken'd clouds ;
 While Caledonian hills are green,
 And a' her straths delight the een ;
 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 goddeffs frae her horn
 Pours fish and cattle, claith and corn,
 In blyth abundance ; and yet mair,
 Our men are brave, our ladies fair :

Nor

Nor will North Britain yield for fouth
 Of ilka thing, and fellows couth,
 To ony but her sifter South.

True, rugged roads are curfed dreigh,
 And speats aft roar frae mountains heigh :
 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 cheerfu' 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 correcting spirit,
 And as an agent of the gods,
 Lash them with sharp satyric 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 joy frae heights and dales refounds,
 Rais'd by the holla, horn, and hounds :
 Fatigu'd, yet pleas'd, the chace out run,
 I see the friend, and setting sun,
 Invite you to the temp'rate bicker,
 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 healthful breast,
You see new day stream frae the east ;
Then all the muses round you shine,
Inspiring ev'ry thought divine :
Be long their aid :—your years and blisses,
Your servant Allan Ramsay wishes.

1729.

AN EPISTLE FROM W. SOMERVILLE TO ALLAN RAMSAY,
ON PUBLISHING HIS SECOND VOLUME OF POEMS.

HAIL! Caledonian bard! whose rural strains
Delight the list'ning hills, and cheer the plains;
Already polish'd by some hand divine,
Thy purer ore what furnace can refine?
Careless of censure, like the sun shine forth
In native lustre and intrinsic worth.
To follow nature is by rules to write,
She led the way and taught the Stagyrite:
From her the critic's taste, the poet's fire,
Both drudge in vain till she from heav'n inspire.
By the same guide instructed how to soar,
Allan is now what Homer was before.

Ye chosen youths wha dare like him aspire,
And touch with bolder hand the golden lyre,
Keep nature still in view; on her intent,
Climb by her aid the dang'rous steep ascent

Good manners guides his pen ; learn'd without
pride ;

In dubious points not forward to decide :

If here and there uncommon beauties rife,

From flow'r to flow'r he roves with glad surprize :

In failings no malignant pleasure takes,

Nor rudely triumphs over small mistakes ;

No nauseous praise, no biting taunts offend,

W' expect a cenfor, and we find a friend.

Poets improv'd by his correcting care,

Shall face their foes with more undaunted air,

Strip'd of their rags, shall like Ulyffes shine *,

With more heroic port and grace divine.

No pomp of learning, and no fund of sense,

Can e'er atone for loft benevolence.

May Wickham's fons, who in each art excel,

And rival ancient bards in writing well,

While from their bright examples taught, they fing,

And emulate their flights with bolder wing,

From their own frailties learn the humbler part,

Mildly to judge in gentleness of heart.

Such critics, Ramsay, jealous for our fame,

Will not with malice insolently blame,

But lur'd by praise, the haggard muse reclaim.

Retouch

* Vide Hom. Od. lib. xxiv.

Retouch each line till all is just and neat,
A whole of proper parts, a work almost complete.

So when some beauteous dame, a reigning toast,
The flow'r of Forth, and proud Edina's boast,
Stands at her toilet in her tartan plaid,
And all her richest head-gear trimly clad ;
The curious handmaid, with observant eye,
Corrects the swelling hoop that hangs awry ;
Thro' ev'ry plait her busy fingers rove,
And now she plys below, and then above ;
With pleasing tattle entertains the fair,
Each ribbon smooths, adjusts each rambling hair,
Till the gay nymph in her full lustre shine,
And Homer's Juno was not half so fine *.

* Vide Hom. Il. lib. xiv.

1729.

RAMSAY'S ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

AGAIN, like the return of day,
From Avon's banks the cheering lay
Warms up a muse was well nigh lost
In depths of snow and chilling frost ;
But generous praise the soul inspires,
More than rich wines and blazing fires.

Tho' on the Grampians I were chain'd,
And all the winter on me rain'd ;
Altho' half starv'd, my sp'rit would spring
Up to new life to hear you sing.

I take even criticism kind,
That sparkles from so clear a mind :
Friends ought and may point out a spot,
But enemies make all a blot.
Friends sip the honey from the flow'r ;
All 's verjuice to the waspish sour.

With

With more of nature than of art,
From stated rules I often start,
Rules never studied yet by me ;
My muse is British, bold and free,
And loves at large to frisk and bound
Unmankl'd o'er poetic ground.

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plumb-trees by their side ;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear-tree and the pine ;
Where mixt jonckeels and gowans grow,
And roses 'midst rank clover blow,
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
Its wimplings led by nature's hand ;
Tho' docks and bramble here and there,
May sometimes cheat the gardner's care,
Yet this to me 's a paradise,
Compar'd with prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resign'd,
Till all looks mean, stiff, and confin'd.

May still my notes of rustic turn
Gain more of your respect than scorn ;
I 'll hug my fate, and tell four fools,
I 'm more oblig'd to heav'n than schools.
Heaven Homer taught : the critic draws
Only from him, and such, their laws :

The

The native bards first plunge the deep,
Before the artful dare to leap.
I 've seen myself right many a time
Copy'd in diction, mode, and rhyme.

Now, Sir, again let me express
My wishing thoughts in fond address ;
That for your health, and love you bear
To two of my chief patrons * here,
You 'd, when the lavrocks rouse the day,
When beams and dews make blythsome May,
When blooming fragrance glads our isle,
And hills with purple heather smile,
Drop fancy'd ails, with courage stout,
Ward off the spleen, the stone, and gout.
May ne'er such foes disturb your nights,
Or elbow out your day delights.
Here you will meet the jovial train,
Whose clangors eccho o'er the plain,
While hounds with gowls both loud and clear,
Well tun'd, delight the hunter's ear,
As they on courfers fleet as wind,
Pursue the fox, hart, hare, or hind :
Delightful game ! where friendly ties
Are clofer drawn, and health the prize.

We

* Lord and Lady Somerville.

We long for, and we wish you here,
Where friends are kind, and claret clear :
The lovely hope of Som'ril's race,
Who smiles with a seraphic grace,
And the fair sisters of the boy,
Will have, and add much to your joy.

Give warning to your noble friend ;
Your humble servant shall attend,
A willing Sancho and your slave,
With the best humour that I have,
To meet you on that river's shore,
That Britons now divides no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

TO DONALD M'EWEN, JEWELLER, AT ST. PETERSBURG.

How far frae hame my friend seeks fame!

And yet I canna wyte ye,

T' employ your fire, and still aspire

By virtues that delyte ye.

Shou'd fortune lour, 'tis in your power,

If heaven grant balmy health,

T' enjoy ilk hour a faul unfow'r ;

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 Ruffia's distant shore,

As on the Tay, where usquebae

He us'd to drink before.

But howfoe'er, haste gather gear,

And syne pack up your treasure ;

Then to Auld Reekie come and beek ye,

And clofe your days with pleasure.

TO THE SAME,

ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF A GOLD SEAL, WITH HOMER'S HEAD.

THANKS to my frank ingenious friend :
 Your present 's most genteel and kind,
 Baith rich and shining as your mind :
 And that immortal laurell'd pow,
 Upon the gem fae well design'd
 And execute, sets me on low.

The heavenly fire inflames my breast,
 Whilst I unweari'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 blythest strakes of his short face.

Far less great Homer ever thought
 (When he, harmonious beggar ! fought
 His bread thro' Greece) he should be brought
 Frae Ruffia's shore by captain Hugh *,
 To Pictland plains, fae finely wrought
 On precious stone, and set by you.

* Captain Hugh Eccles, master of a fine merchant-ship, which he lost in the unhappy fire at St. Petersburg.

1728.

TO HIS FRIENDS IN IRELAND,

WHO, ON A REPORT OF HIS DEATH, MADE AND PUBLISHED
SEVERAL ELEGIES, &c.

SIGHING shepherds of Hibernia,
 Thank ye for your kind concern a',
 When a fause report beguiling,
 Prov'd a draw-back on your smiling :
 Dight your een, and cease 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 usquaë, bumpers fair out,
 Supernaculum but spilling,
 The least diamond * drawing, filling ;
 Sowing fonnets on the lasses,
 Hounding fatires at the asses,
 Smiling at the furly critics,
 And the pack-horse of politics ;

Painting

* See the note † on p. 216, vol. i.

Painting meadows, shaws, and mountains,
 Crooking burns, and flowing fountains ;
 Flowing fountains, where ilk gowan
 Grows about the borders glowan,
 Swelling sweetly, and inviting
 Poets' lays, and lovers meeting ;
 Meeting kind to niffer kisses,
 Bargaining for better bliffes.

Hills in dreary dumps now lying,
 And ye zephyrs swiftly flying,
 And ye rivers gently turning,
 And ye Philomelas mourning,
 And ye double fighting echoes,
 Cease your fobbing, tears, and hey-ho's !
 Banish a' your care and grieving,
 Allan 's hale, and well, and living ;
 Early up on mornings shining,
 Ilka fancy warm refining ;
 Giving ilka verse a burnish,
 That man 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.

Pleasng

Pleas'ing Philip's tunefu' tickle,
Philomel, and kind Arbuckle ;
Singers sweet, baith lads and lassies,
Tuning pipes on hill Parnassus,
Allan kindly to you wishes
Lasting life and rowth of bliffes ;
And that he may, when ye surrender
Sauls to heaven, in numbers tender
Give a' your fames a happy heezy,
And gratefully immortalize ye.

AN EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY
TO HIS FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

O FRIEND! to smoke and din confin'd,
Which fouls your claiths and frets your mind,
And makes you rusty look and crabbed,
As if you were bep—'d or scabbed,
Or had been going thro' a dose
Of mercury to save your nose ;
Let me advise you, out of pity,
To leave the chatt'ring, stinking city,
Where pride and emptiness take place
Of plain integrity and grace ;
Where hideous screams wad kill a cat,
Of wha buys this? or wha buys that?
And thro' the day, frae break o' morning,
The buz of bills, protests, and horning ;
Besides the everlasting squabble
Among the great and little rabble,
Wha tear their lungs, and deave your ears,
With all their party hopes and fears ;
While rattling o'er their filly cant,
Learn'd frae the Mercury and Courant,

About

About the aid that comes frae Ruffia,
 And the neutrality of Pruffia ;
 Of France's tyranny and flavery,
 Their faithlefs ficklenefs and knavery ;
 Of Spain, the beft beloved fon
 Of the old whore of Babylon,
 The warden of her whips and faggots,
 And all her fuperftitious maggots ;
 Of all our gambols on the green,
 To aid the bauld Imperial Queen,
 When the Moft Christian shoars to ftrike,
 And fafheous Frederic gars her fike ;
 Of Genoa, and the refiftance
 Of Corfica without affiftance ;
 Of wading var-freging Savona,
 And breaking fiddles at Cremona ;
 What jaws of blood and gore it coft,
 Before a town is won or loft ;
 How much the allied armies have been a'
 Propp'd by the monarch of Sardinia ;
 Of popes, ftatholders, faith's defenders,
 Generals, marfhals, and pretenders ;
 Of treaties, minifters, and kings,
 And of a thoufand other things ;
 Of all which their conceptions dull
 Suits with the thicknefs of the fcull.
 Yet with fuch ftuff ane man be worried,
 That 's thro your city's gauntlet hurried.

But ah! (ye cry) ridotts and dances,
With lasses trig that please your fancies,
For five or six gay hours complete,
In circles of th' asssembly sweet ;
Wha can forsake so fair a field,
Where all to conquering beauty yield ?
No doubt, while in this am'rous fit,
Your next plea 's boxes and the pit ;
Where wit and humour of the age
Flow entertaining from the stage ;
Where, if the drama 's right conducted,
Ane 's baith diverted and instructed.—
Well, I shall grant it 'grees wi' reason ;
These have their charms in proper season,
But must not be indulg'd too much,
Lest they the fasten'd faul bewitch,
And faculties in fetters bind,
That are for greater ends design'd.
Then rouze ye frae these dozing dreams,
And view with me the golden beams
Which Phœbus ilka morning pours
Upon our plains adorn'd with flow'rs ;
With me thro' howms and meadows stray,
Where wimpling waters make their way ;
Here, frae the aiks and elms around,
You 'll hear the fast melodious sound
Of a' the quiristers on high,
Whase notes re-echo thro' the sky,

Better

Better than concerts in your town,
Yet do not cost you half a crown :
Here blackbirds, mavifes, and linnets,
Excel your fiddles, flutes, and spinnets ;
Our jetty rooks e'en far excels
Your strim-strams and your jingling bells,
As do the cloven-footed tribes,
And rustics whistling o'er the glybes.
Here we with little labour gain
Firm health, with all its joyful train ;
Silent repose, the cheerful smile
Which can intruding cares beguile :
Here fragrant flow'rs of tinctures bright,
Regale the smell and please the sight,
And make the springs of life to flow
Through every vein with kindly glow,
Giving the cheek a rosy tint
Excelling all the arts of paint.
If could or rain keep us within,
We 've rooms neat, warm, and free from din ;
Where, in the well-digested pages,
We can converse with by-past ages ;
And oft, to set our dumps adrift,
We smile with Prior, Gay, and Swift ;
Or with great Newton take a flight
Amongst the rolling orbs of light ;
With Milton, Pope, and all the rest
Who smoothly copy nature best :

From those inspir'd, we often find
What brightens and improves the mind,
And carry men a pitch beyond
Those views of which low souls are fond.
This hinders not the jocund smile
With mirth to mix the moral stile ;
In conversation this being right,
As is in painting shade and light.

This is the life poets have sung,
Wish'd for, my friend, by auld and young ;
By all who would heaven's favour share :
Where least ambition, least of care
Disturbs the mind ; where virtuous ease
And temperance never fail to please.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

PENNYCUICK,
May 1748.

AN EPISTLE TO JAMES CLERK, ESQ. OF PENNYCUICK.

BLYTH may he be wha o'er the haugh,
 All free of care, may sing and laugh ;
 Whafe owfen lunges o'er a plain
 Of wide extent, that 's a' his ain.
 No humdrum fears need break his rest,
 Wha 's not with debts and duns opprest ;
 Wha has enough, even tho' it 's little,
 If it can ward frae dangers kittle,
 That chiels, fated to skelp vile dubs thro',
 For living are oblig'd to rub thro',
 To fend by troaking, buying, selling,
 The profit 's aft no worth the telling.
 When aft'er, in ane honest way,
 We 've gained by them that timely pay,
 In comes a customer, looks big,
 Looks generous, and scorns to prig,
 Buys heartily, bids mark it down,
 He 'll clear before he leaves the town ;

Which, tho' they say 't, they ne'er intend it ;
We 're bitten fair, but canna mend it.
A year wheels round, we hing about ;
He 's sleeping, or he 's just gane out :
If catch'd, he glooms like ony devil,
Swears braid, and calls us damn'd uncivil :
Or aft our doited lugs abufes,
With a ratrime of cant excufes ;
And promifes they stoutly ban to,
Whilk they have ne'er a mind to stand to.
As lang 's their credit hads the feet o't,
They hound it round to seek the meat o't,
Till jointly we begin to gaud them,
And Edinburgh grows o'er het to had them :
Then aff they to the country scowp,
And reave us baith of cash and hope.
Syne we, the lovers of fair dealing,
Wha deem ill payment next to stealing,
Rin wood with care how we shall pay
Our bills against the destin'd day ;
For lame excuse the banker scorns,
And terrifies with caps and horns ;
Nae trader stands of trader awe,
But nolens volens gars him draw.

'Tis hard to be laigh poortith's slave,
And like a man of worth behave ;

Wha

Wha creeps beneath a laid of care,
 When interest points he 's gleg and gare,
 And will at naithing stap or stand,
 That reeks him out a helping hand.

But here, dear Sir, do not mistake me,
 As if grace did fae far forfake me,
 As to allege that all poor fellows,
 Unblest with wealth, deserv'd the gallows.
 Na, God forbid that I should spell
 Sae vile a fortune to myfell,
 Tho' born to not ae inch of ground,
 I keep my conscience white and sound ;
 And tho' I ne'er was a rich heaper,
 To make that up I live the cheaper ;
 By this ae knack I 've made a shift
 To drive ambitious care a-drift ;
 And now in years and sense grown auld,
 In ease I like my limbs to fauld.
 Debts I abhor, and plan to be
 Frae shochling trade and danger free,
 That I may, loos'd frae care and strife,
 With calmness view the edge of life ;
 And when a full ripe age shall crave,
 Slide easily into my grave.
 Now seventy years are o'er my head,
 And thirty mae may lay me dead ;

Should

Should dreary care then stunt my muse,
 And gar me aft her jogg refuse?
 Sir, I have fung, and yet may sing,
 Sonnets that o'er the dales may ring,
 And in gash glee couch moral saw,
 Reeve virtue and keep vice in awe;
 Make villainy look black and blue,
 And give distinguish'd worth its due;
 Fix its immortal fame in verse,
 That men till doomsday shall rehearse.

I have it even within my pow'r,
 The very kirk itself to scow'r,
 And that you 'll fay 's a brag right bauld;
 But did not Lindsay this of auld?
 Sir David's fatyres help'd our nation
 To carry on the Reformation,
 And gave the scarlet whore a box
 Mair snell than all the pelts of Knox.

Thus far, Sir, with no mean design,
 To you I've poured out my mind,
 And sketch'd you forth the toil and pain
 Of them that have their bread to gain
 With cares laborious, that you may,
 In your blest sphere be ever gay,

Enjoying

Enjoying life with all that spirit
That your good sense and virtues merit.
Adieu, and ma' ye as happy be
As ever shall be wish'd by me,

Your ever obliged,
humble servant,

PENNYCUICK,
May 9, 1755.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1728.

TO A. R. ON THE POVERTY OF THE POETS.

DEAR Allan, with your leave, allow me
To ask you but one question civil ;
Why thou 'rt a poet pray thee show me,
And not as poor as any devil ?

I own your verses make me gay,
But as right poet still I doubt ye ;
For we hear tell benorth the Tay,
That nothing looks like want about ye.

In answer then, attempt solution,
Why poverty torments your gang ?
And by what fortitude and caution
Thou guards thee from its meagre fang ?

Yours, &c.

W. L.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

THAT mony a thriftless poet 's poor,
 Is what they very well deserve,
 'Cause aft their muse turns common whore,
 And flatters fools that let them starve.

Ne'er minding buifness, they lye,
 Indulging sloth, in garret couches,
 And gape like gorblins to the sky,
 With hungry wames and empty pouches.

Dear billies, tak advice for anes,
 If ye 'd hope honour by the muse,
 Rather to mafons carry ftanes,
 Than for your patrons blockheads chufe :

For there 's in nature's fecret laws
 Of fymphath and antipathy,
 Which is, and will be ftill the caufe,
 Why fools and wits can ne'er agree.

A wee thing ferves a cheerfu' mind
 That is difpos'd to be contented,
 But he nae happinefs can find
 That is with pride and sloth tormented.

Still

Still cautious to prevent a dun,
With caps and horns on bills and bands ;
The sweets of life I quietly cun,
And answer nature's small demands.

Lucky for me, I never fang
Fausè praises to a worthless wight,
And still took pleasure in the thrang
Of them wha in good sence delight.

To such I owe what gave the rise
To ought thou in my verse esteems,
And, Phœbe like, in darker skies,
I but reflect their brighter beams.





FABLES AND TALES.



1722—1730.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME of the following are taken from Messieurs la Fontaine and la Motte, whom I have endeavoured to make speak Scots with as much ease as I can; at the same time aiming at the spirit of these eminent authors, without being too servile a translator. If my manner of expressing a design already invented have any particularity that is agreeable, good judges will allow such imitations to be originals formed upon the idea of another. Others, who drudge at the dull verbatim, are like timorous attendants, who dare not move one pace without their master's leave, and are never from their back but when they are not able to come up with them.

Those amongst them which are my own invention, with respect to the plot as well as the numbers, I leave the reader to find out; or if he think it worth his while to ask me, I shall tell him.

If this Collection prove acceptable, as I hope it will, I know not how far the love I have for this manner of writing may engage me to be divertingly useful. Instruction in such a dress is fitted for every palate, and strongly imprints a good moral upon the mind. When I think on the "Clock and the Dial," I am never upon the blush, although I should sit in company ten minutes without speaking. The thoughts of the "Fox and Rat" has hindered me sometimes from disobliging a person I did not much value. "The Wife
" Lizard" makes me content with low life. "The Judg-

“ ment of Minos ” gives me a disgust at avarice ; and “ Jupiter’s Lottery ” helps to keep me humble, though I own it has e’en enough ado wi’t, &c.

A man who has his mind furnished with such a stock of good sense as may be had from those excellent Fables, which has been approved of by ages, is proof against the insults of all those mistaken notions which so much harass human life : and what is life without serenity of mind ?

How much of a philosopher is this same moral muse like to make of me !—“ But,” says one, “ ay, ay, you’re a canny lad, “ ye want to make the other penny by her.”—Positively I dare not altogether deny this, no more than if I were a clergyman or physician ; and although all of us love to be serviceable to the world, even for the sake of bare naked virtue, yet approbation and encouragement make our diligence still more delightful.



Important truths still let your Fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold :
As veils transparent cover, but not hide ;
Such metaphors appear, when right apply'd.

LD. LANSDOWNE.

AN EPISTLE TO DUNCAN FORBES, LORD ADVOCATE.

SHUT 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 runckled brow :
Thus care I happily beguile,
Hoping a plaudit and a smile
 Frae best of men, like you.

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

How mony, your reverse, unblest,
Whase minds gae wand'ring thro' a mist,
 Proud as the thief in hell,
Pretend, forfooth, they 're gentle-fowk,
'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
 And better chiels the shell !

I 've seen a wean aft vex itfell,
And greet because it was not tall :
 Heez'd on a board, O ! than,
Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
How smirky look'd the little wight,
 And thought itfell 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 are to had nor bide,
 Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a puff,
 What gars thee look fae 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 these the things thou ca's thyfell?
 Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell;
 If thou sayest yes, I 'll shaw
 Thy picture; mean 's 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 strutting nathings are despis'd,
With a' their stinking 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 Scots,
I am its second dad.

* *Monf. la Motte*, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.

FABLE I.

THE TWA BOOKS.

TWA books, near neighbours in a shop,
 The tane a gilded Turkey fop ;
 The tither's face was weather-beaten,
 And cauf-skin jacket fair worm-eaten.
 The corky, proud of his braw fuit,
 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 grey-baird, " Whisht, Sir, 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 Symmer,
 “ Remove me frae this dinsome rhymer ;
 “ If you regard your reputation,
 “ And us of a distinguish'd station,
 “ Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
 “ For with his stour and stink I'm worried.”

Scarce had he fhook his paughty crap,
 When in a customer did pap ;
 He up doufe Stanza lifts, and eyes him,
 Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him :
 “ This book,” said he, “ is good and scarce,
 “ The faul of sence in sweetest verse.”
 But reading title of gilt cleathing,
 Cries, “ Gods ! wha buys this bonny naithing ?
 “ Nought duller e'er was put in print :
 “ Wow ! what a deal of Turkey's tint !”

Now, Sir, 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.

FABLE II.

THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

A E day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
 And put his qualities to trial;
 Spake to him thus: " My neighbour, pray
 " Can't 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 usefefs sumph I stand,
 " But constantly wheel round my hand:
 " Hark, hark! I strike just now the hour,
 " And I am right—ane, twa, three, four."

While thus the Clock was boasting loud,
 The bleezing sun brak thro' a cloud:
 The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,
 Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:

" Ye

“ Ye see,” said he, “ I ’ve dung you fair,
“ ’Tis four hours and three quarters mair.
“ My friend,” he added, “ count again,
“ And learn a wee to be lefs 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.”

FABLE III.

THE RAM AND THE BUCK.

A RAM, the father of a flock,
Wha'd mony winters stood the flock
Of northern winds and driving snaw,
Leading his family in a raw,
Through 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' posses't of rocks the prime,
Crown'd with fresh herbs and rowth of thyme,
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 fae viciously inclin'd.

Upon

Upon a barrowing 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 great and sma',
 Shun'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 ragged kelt on ;
 " 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

- “ 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 drest in native woo’.
“ Boons frae the generous make ane smile ;
“ From miscreants, make receivers vile.”

A

FABLE IV.

THE LOVELY LASS 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 addrest the lovely Lafs.
 " To do ye justice, heavenly fair,
 " Amaist in charms ye may compare
 " With Venus' fell ; but mind amaist,
 " For tho' you 're happily possess't
 " Of ilka grace which claims respect,
 " Yet I see faults you 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 ;
 " Saften that look ; move ay with ease,
 " And you can never fail to please."

Those

Those kind advices she approv'd,
And mair her monitor she lov'd,
Till in came visitants a threave ;
To entertain them she man leave
Her Looking-glass.—They flecthing praise
Her looks, her drefs, and a' she says,
Be 't right or wrang ; she 's hale complete,
And fails in naithing fair or sweet.
Sae much was said, the bonny Lass
Forgat her faithfu' Looking-glass.

Clarinda, this dear beautie 's you,
The mirror is ane good and wise,
Wha, by his counfels just, can shew
How nobles may to greatnes rise.
God blefs the wark !—If you 're opprest
By parasites with fause design,
Then will sic faithfu' mirrors best
These under-plotters countermine.

FABLE V.

JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

ANES 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 advance 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 fald with ease,
 At altars, for a sacrifice :
 Jove a' receiv'd, ky, gaits, and ews,
 Moor-cocks, lambs, dows, or bawbee-rows ;
Nor

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 themfells.
 When fou, and lots put in the wheel,
 Aft were they turn'd to mix them weel ;
 Blind Chance to draw Jove order'd fyne,
 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 feldom prizes of mair worth,
 Sic as dominion, wealth, and state,
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.
 Wisdom at last, the greatest prize,
 Comes up :—aloud clark Hermes cries,
 “ Number ten thousand ; come, let 's see
 “ The person blest.”—Quoth Pallas, “ Me.”
 Then a' the gods for blythness sang,
 Thro' 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's 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 weel,
For ilka ane wha folly drew,
In their conceit a' fages grew :
Sae, thus contented, a' retir'd,
And ilka fool himself admir'd,

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND MINOS.

SHORT syne there was a wretched miser,
With pinching had scrap'd up a treasure ;
Yet frae his hoords he doughtna take
As much wou'd buy a mutton stake,
Or take a glafs to comfort nature,
But scrimply 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,
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
 Gowl'd terrible a triple yell ;
 Which rous'd the snaky sisters three,
 Wha furious on this wight did flee,
 Wha 'd play'd the smuggler on their coast,
 By which Pluto his dues had lost ;
 Then brought him for this trick fae 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 he the plague of Tantal. feel ?
 Or stented be on Ixion's wheel ?

Or

Or stung wi' bauld Prometheus' pain?
Or help Syfiph. 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 man be hurl'd
“ Straight back again into the world :
“ I fentence him to see and hear
“ What use his friends make of his gear.”

FABLE VII.

THE APE AND THE LEOPARD.

THE 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.

But master Monkey, with an air,
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair :

“ Come,

“ 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 naithing mair.—But frae my mind
 “ Ye shall blyth satisfaction find :
 “ Sometimes I ’ll act a chiel that ’s dull,
 “ Look thoughtfu’, grave, and wag my scull ;
 “ Then mimic a light-headed rake,
 “ When on a tow my houghs I shake ;
 “ Sometime, like modern monks, I ’ll seem
 “ To make a speech, and naithing mean.
 “ But come away, ye needna speer
 “ What ye ’re to pay, I ’se 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 !

F A B L E . VIII.

THE ASS AND THE BROCK.

UPON a time a folemn Afs
 Was dand'ring thro' a narrow pafs,
 Where he forgather'd with a Brock,
 Wha him faluted frae a rock ;
 Speer'd how he did ? how markets gade ?
 What 's a' ye'r news ? and how is trade ?
 How does Jock Stot and Lucky Yad,
 Tam Tup, and Bucky, honest lad ?—
 Reply'd the Afs, and made a heel,
 “ E'en a' the better that ye 're 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 bify gathering gear,
 “ Upon a brae they 'll fit and sneer.
 “ If ane shou'd chance to breathe behin',
 “ Or ha'e some slaver at his chin,
 “ Or 'gainst a tree shou'd rub his arse,
 “ That 's subject for a winsome farce.

“ There

“ There draw they me, as void of thinking ;
 “ And you, my dear, famous for stinking ;
 “ And the bauld birfy bair, your frien’,
 “ A glutton, dirty to the een :
 “ By laughing dogs and apes 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 pass upon the crowd.”

The Afs 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 out a deluge of dull phrases ;
 While dogs and apes leugh, and made faces.
 Thus a’ the angry Afs held forth
 Serv’d only to augment their mirth.

FABLE IX.

THE FOX AND THE RAT.

THE lion and the tyger lang maintain'd
 A bloody weir : at last the lion gain'd.
 The royal victor strak the earth with awe,
 And the four-footed world obey'd his law.
 Frae ilka species deputies were sent,
 To pay their homage due, and compliment
 Their sov'reign liege, wha 'd gart the rebels cour
 And own his royal right and princely power.
 After dispute, the moniest 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 reese thy brave atchievements and renown ;
 " Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the
 " crown,
 " Wha art like Jove, whafe thunderbolt can make
 " The heavens be hush, and a' the earth to shake ;
 " Whafe very gloom, if he but angry nods,
 " Commands a peace, and flegs th' inferior gods.
 " Thus thou, great king, hast by thy conqu'ring
 " paw
 " Gi'en earth a shog, and made thy will a law :
 " Thee

“ Thee a’ the animals with fear adore,
 “ And tremble if thou with displeasure roar ;
 “ O’er a’ thou canst us eith thy sceptre fway,
 “ As badrans can with cheeping rottans play.”

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 ordered for a good round fum,
 Which dragon, lord chief treafurer, must pay
 To fly-tongu’d Fleechy on a certain day ;
 Which secretery ape in form wrote down,
 Sign’d, Lion, 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 thro’ a hole into his clofet slips,
 There chews the warrant a’ in little nips.
 Thus what the Fox had for his flatt’ry gotten,
 E’en frae a Lion, was made nought by an offended
 Rottan.

FABLE X.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ANT.

A PENSY Ant, right trig and clean,
 Came ae day whidding o'er the green ;
 Where, to advance her pride, she saw
 A Caterpillar moving slow.
 " Good ev'n t' ye, mistress Ant," said he ;
 " How 's a' at hame ? I 'm blyth to s' ye."
 The faucy Ant view'd him with scorn,
 Nor wad civilities return ;
 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,
 " Whafe silly shape displeas'd her eye,
 " And thus unfinish'd was flung bye.
 " 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'er I please ;
 " Can foot a minuet or a jig,
 " And snoov 't like ony whirly-gig ;

“ Which

“ Which gars my jo aft grip my hand,
 “ Till his heart pittypattys, 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 flight’ring thro’ the air.
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,
 And thinking on his former flight,
 Thus to the Ant himself adress :
 “ Pray, Madam, will ye please to rest ?
 “ And notice what I now advise :
 “ Inferiors ne’er too much despise,
 “ 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.”

FABLE XI.

THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

TWA Cats anes on a cheefe did light,
To which baith had an equal right ;
But disputes, sic as aft arife,
Fell out a sharing of the prize.
“ Fair play,” said ane, “ ye bite o’er thick,
“ Thae teeth of yours gang wonder quick !
“ Let ’s part it, else lang or the moon
“ Be chang’d, the keback 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 cheefe 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 fware to stand by his decision.

Demure

Demure he looks ; the cheefe he pales ;
 He prives, it 's 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 stricteft justice shall have place."

Then lifting up the scales, he fand
 The tane bang up, the other stand :
 Syne out he took the heaviest haff,
 And eat 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 procesf 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, Sir, we 're baith con-
 " tent."—

" Ye fools !" quoth he, " and justice too
 " Man be content as well as you."

Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,
 Till baith the haves were near-hand done.
 Poor Poufies now the daffin saw,
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law ;

And

And bill'd the judge, that he wad please
To give them the remaining cheefe.
To which his worship grave reply'd ;
“ The dues of court man 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 fleep,
“ And thank us ye 're win aff fae cheap.”

FABLE XII.

THE CAMELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were wa'king,
 'Bout the Cameleon fell a ta'king ;
 Sic think it shaws them mettled men,
 To fay I 've seen, and ought to ken.
 Says ane, " It 's 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 his colour 's green,
 " 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'd?"—
 "Truth," fays the tane; "Sir, ye shall
 hear 't:
 "The Cameleon, I fay he 's blue;
 "He threaps, he 's green: now what fay
 "you?"—
 "Ne'er fash ye'rfells about the matter,"
 Says the fagacious arbitrator,
 "He 's black; fae 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!" faid 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 laft breath."—
 "He 's black," the judge maintain'd ay stout;
 And to convince them, whop'd him out:
 But to furprize to ane and a',
 The animal was white as fnaw;
 And thus reprov'd them: "Shallow boys!
 "Away, away, make nae mair noife:
 "Ye're

- “ Ye ’re a’ three wrang, and a’ three right ;
“ But learn to own your nibours’ fight
“ As good as yours : your judgment speak,
“ But never be fae daftly weak,
“ T’ imagine ithers will by force
“ Submit their sentiments to yours ;
“ As things in various lights ye see,
“ They ’ll ilka ane resemble me.”

FABLE XIII.

THE TWA LIZARDS.

BENEATH a tree, ae shining day,
 On a burn bank twa Lizards lay,
 Beeking themfells now in the beams,
 Then drinking of the cauller streams.
 “ Waes me ! ” says ane of them to th’ ither,
 “ How mean and silly live we, brither !
 “ Beneath the moon is ought fae poor,
 “ Regarded less, or mair obscure ?
 “ We breathe indeed, and that ’s just a’ ;
 “ But, forc’d by destiny’s hard law,
 “ On earth like worms to creep and sprawl ;
 “ Curst fate to ane that has a faul !
 “ Forby, gin we may trow report,
 “ In Nilus giant Lizards sport,
 “ Ca’d crocodiles : ah ! had I been
 “ Of sic a size, upon the green
 “ Then might I had my skair o’f fame,
 “ Honour, respect, and a great name ;
 “ And man with gaping jaws have shor’d,
 “ Syne like a pagod been ador’d.”

“ Ah,

“ 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 fun, the earth, and air,
“ The crystal spring, and greenwood shaw,
“ And beildy holes when tempests blaw.
“ Why should we fret, look blae or wan,
“ Tho’ we ’re contemn’d by paughty man ?
“ If fae, 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 fae mean ;
“ I ’d like t’ attract the gazer’s een,
“ And be admir’d. What stately horns
“ The deer’s majestic brow adorns !
“ He claims our wonder and our dread,
“ Where’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 myself 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 chase :
The dogs upon the victim seize,
And beugles found his obsequies.
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 fae 's our cares and dangers too.”

FABLE XIV.

MERCURY IN QUEST OF PEACE.

THE gods coost out, as storry gaes,
 Some being friends, some being faes,
 To men in a besieged city :
 Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity,
 Stood to their point with canker'd strictness,
 And leftna ither in dog's likeness.
 Juno ca'd Venus whore and bawd,
 Venus ca'd Juno scaulding 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 !
 " Man 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 flies directly to the court ;
For sure (thought he) she will be found
On that fair complimenting ground,
Where praises 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 sickerly 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 balance in her hands,
He flew ; no that he thought to find her
Between the accuser and defender ;
But sure he thought to find the wench
Among 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 stack to his ain
Interpretation of the law,
And vex'd themfells with had and draw.

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 gait explain'd a text
 Quite contrair to his neighbour next,
 And teughly toolied day and night
 To gar believers trow them right.

Then fair he sigh'd : “ Where can she be ?—
 “ Well thought—the univ'rsity :
 “ Science is ane, these man agree.”
 There did he bend his strides right clever,
 But is as far mistane as ever ;
 For here contention and ill-nature
 Had runkled ilka learn'd feature :
 Ae party stood for ancient rules,
 Anither ca'd the ancients fools ;
 Here ane wad set his shanks aspar,
 And reese the man that 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 thriftless mates or jinkers ?
 This says 'tis black ; and that, wi' spite,
 Stiffly maintains and threaps 'tis white.

Weary'd

Weary'd at last, quoth he, "Let 's see
"How branches with their stocks agree."
But here he fand still his mistake ;
Some parents cruel were, some weak ;
While bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wish'd their parents in the grave.

"Has Jove then sent me 'mang thir fowk,"
Cry'd Hermes, "here to hunt the gowk ?"
"Well I have made a waly round,
"To seek what is not 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 miss ye still ; but this seems plain,
"To have ye, ane man be alane."

FABLE XV.

THE SPRING AND THE SYKE.

FED by a living Spring, a rill
Flow'd easily a-down a hill ;
A thousand flowers upon its bank
Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank.
Near to its course a Syke did lye,
Whilk was in summer aften dry,
And ne'er recover'd life again,
But after foaking showers of rain ;
Then wad he swell, look big and sprush,
And o'er his margin proudly gush.
Ae day, after great waughts of wet,
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 dash 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."

FABLE XVI.

THE PHOENIX AND THE OWL.

PHOENIX 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, ye man yield to fate;
 He heard the summons with a smile,
 And, unalarm'd, without regret,
 He form'd himself a funeral pile.

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

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

" Believe

- “ 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 yourfell,
 “ Near eeldins with the sun your god,
 “ Nae ferly ’tis to hear you tell
 “ Ye ’re tir’d, and inclin’d 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 tinfel of my hollow tree.”

 “ And what,” return’d th’ Arabian fage,
 “ 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 darknes took delight,
 “ Frae pangs of guilt could’st ne’er be free :
 “ What won thou by thy shunning light ?—
 “ But time flies on, I haste to die.”

“ Ye’r

“ Ye’r fervant, Sir,” reply’d the Owl,
“ I likena in the dark to lowp :
“ The byword ca’s that chiel a fool,
“ That flips a certainty for hope.”

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

Meantime there blew a westlin gale,
Which to the Howlet bore a coal ;
The faint departed on his pile,
But the blasphemer 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.

FABLE XVII.

THE BOY AND THE PIG.

DEEP in a narrow craiged Pig
Lay mony a dainty nut and fig.
A greedy Callan, half a fot,
Shot his wee nive into the pot,
And thought to bring as mony out
As a' his fangs cou'd gang about ;
But the strait neck o't wadna suffer
The hand of this young foolish truffer,
Sae struted, to return again,
Which gae the gowkie nae sma' pain.
He gowls to be fae difappointed,
And drugs till he has 'maist disjointed
His shekelbane.—Anither lad
Stood by, wha some mair judgment had ;
Said, “ Billy, dinna grip at a',
“ And you with ease a part may draw.”
This fame advice to men I 'd lend ;
Ne'er for o'er much at anes contend,
But take the cannyest gate to ease,
And pike out joys by twas and threes.

FABLE XVIII.

THE MAN WITH THE TWA WIVES.

IN ancient tales, there is a story,
Of ane had twa Wives, whig and tory.
The Carlie's head was now attir'd
With hair, in equal mixture lyart.
His Wives (faith ane might well suffice'd)
Alternately was ay ill pleas'd :
They being reverse to ane another
In age and faith, made a curs'd pother
Whilk of the twa shou'd bear the bell,
And make their man maist like themself.
Auld Meg the tory took great care
To weed out ilka fable hair,
Plucking out all that look'd like youth,
Frae crown of head to weeks of mouth ;
Saying, that baith in head and face,
Antiquity was mark of grace.
But Bess the whig, a raving rump,
Took figmaliries, and wald jump,
With sword and pistol by her side,
And cock a-stride a rowing ride

On the hag-ridden fumph, and grapple
 Him hard and fast about the thrapple ;
 And with her furious fingers whirl
 Frae youthfu' black ilk silver curle.
 Thus was he ferv'd between the twa,
 Till no ae hair he had ava.

MORAL.

THE moral of this fable 's eafy,
 But I fall fpeak it out to please ye.
 'Tis an auld faying and a trow,
 " Between twa fools the arse fa's throw."
 Thus Britain's morals are much plucked,
 While by two opposites instructed ;
 Who still contending, have the trick
 The strongeft truths to contradic't ;
 Tho' orthodox, they 'll error make it,
 If party opposite has fpake it.
 Thus are we keytch'd between the twa,
 Like to turn deifts ane and a'.

FABLE XIX.

THE FABLE OF THE CONDEMNED ASS.

A DREADFUL plague, the like was findle seen,
 Cast mony a beast wame upwards on the green :
 By thousands down to Acheron they sank,
 To dander ages on the dowie bank,
 Because they lay unburied on the fward,
 The sick survivors cou'dna give them eard.
 The wowf and tod with fighting spent the day,
 Their sickly stamacks scunner'd at the prey ;
 Fowls droop the wing, the bull neglects his love ;
 Scarce crawl the sheep, and weakly horses move :
 The bauldest brutes that haunt Numidian glens,
 Ly panting out their lives in dreary dens.
 Thick lay the dead, and thick the pain'd and weak,
 The prospect gart the awfu' Lion quake.

He ca's a council.—“ Ah! my friends,” said he,
 “ 'Tis for some horrid faut sae mony die ;
 “ Sae heaven permits.—Then let us a' confes,
 “ With open breast, our crimes baith mair and less,
 “ That

- “ That the revengefu’ gods may be appeas’d,
 “ When the maist guilty wight is sacrific’d.
 “ Fa’t on the feyest : I shall first begin,
 “ And awn whate’er my conscience ca’s a sin.
 “ The sheep and deer I ’ve worried, now, alace !
 “ Crying for vengeance, glowr me i’ the face ;
 “ Forby their herd, poor man ! to croun my
 “ treat,
 “ Limb after limb, with bloody jaws I ate :
 “ Ah, glutton me ! what murders have I done !—
 “ Now say about, confess ilk ane as soon
 “ And frank as I.”—“ Sire,” says the pawky
 “ Tod,
 “ Your tendernefs bespeaks you haf a god !
 “ Worthy to be the monarch of the grove,
 “ Worthy your friends’ and a’ your subjects’ love.
 “ Your scruples are too nice : what ’s harts or
 “ sheep ?
 “ An idiot crowd, which for your board ye keep ;
 “ And where ’s the sin for ane to take his ain ?
 “ Faith ’tis their honour when by you they ’re
 “ flain.
 “ Neist, what ’s their herd ?—a man, our deadly
 “ fae !
 “ Wha o’er us beafts pretends a fancy’d fway ;
 “ And ne’er makes banes o’t, when ’tis in his
 “ power,
 “ With guns and bows our nation to devour.”

The Lion signs his sentence, “hang and draw :”
Sae poor lang lugs man pay the kane for a’.

Hence we may ken, how power has eith the
knack

To whiten red, and gar the blew seem black :
They ’ll start at winlestraes, yet never crook,
When Interest bids, to loup out o’er a stowk.

FABLE XX.

THE GODS OF EGYPT.

LANGSYNE in Egypt beafts were gods ;
 Sae mony, that the men turn'd beafts ;
 Vermin and brutes but hufe or hald,
 Had offerings, temples, and their priests.

Ae day a Rattan, white as milk,
 At a cat's fhine was facrific'd,
 And pompous on the altar bled :
 The victim much god Badrans pleas'd,

The neift day was god Rattan's tour ;
 And that he might propitious fmile,
 A Cat is to his temple brought,
 Priests finging round him a' the while

Odes, anthems, hymns, in verfe and profe,
 With instruments of folemn found,
 Praying the lang-tail'd deity
 To blefs their faulds and furrow'd ground.

“ O ! plague

- “ O! plague us not with cats,” they cry’d,
“ For this we cut ane’s throat to thee.”—
“ A bonny god indeed !” quoth Pufs ;
“ Can ye believe fae great a lie ?
“ What am I then that eat your god ?
“ And yesterday to me ye bow’d ;
“ This day I ’m to that vermin offer’d :
“ God save us ! ye ’re a senseless crowd.”

The close reflection gart them glowr,
And shook their thoughts haf out of joint ;
But rather than be fash’d with thought,
They gart the ax decide the point.

Thus we ’re Egyptians ane and a’ ;
Our passions gods, that gar us fwither ;
Which, just as the occasion serves,
We sacrifice to ane anither.

FABLE XXI.

THE SPECTACLES.

AE day when Jove, the high director,
Was merry o'er a bowl of nectar,
Resolv'd a present to bestow
On the inhabitants below.
Momus, wha likes his joke and wine,
Was sent frae heaven with the propine.
Fast thro' the æther fields he whirl'd
His rapid car, and reach'd the world :
Conven'd mankind, and tald them Jove
Had sent a token of his love ;
Considering that they were short-sighted,
That faut shou'd presently be righted.
Syne loos'd his wallet frae the pillions,
And tofs'd out spectacles by millions.
There were enow, and ilk ane chose
His pair, and cock'd them on his nose ;
And thankfully their knees they bended
To heaven, that thus their sight had mended.
Streight Momus hameward took his flight,
Laughing fou' loud, as well he might.

For

For ye man ken, 'tis but o'er true,
The glasses were some red, some blue,
Some black, some white, some brown, some
 green,
Which made the same thing different seem.
Now all was wrong, and all was right,
For ilk believ'd his aided fight,
And did the joys of truth partake,
In the absurdest gross mistake.

FABLE XXII.

THE FOX TURNED PREACHER.

A LEARNED Fox grown stiff with eild,
Unable now in open field,
By speed of foot and clever stends,
To feize and worry lambs and hens ;
But Lowry never wants a shift
To help him out at a dead lift.
He cleath'd himsell in reverend drefs,
And turn'd a preacher, naething less !
Held forth wi' birr 'gainst wier unjust,
'Gainst theft and gormandizing lust.
Clear was his voice, his tone was sweet,
In zeal and mien he seem'd complete ;
Sae grave and humble was his air,
His character thin'd wide and fair.
'Tis said the Lion had a mind
To hear him ; but Mefs Fox declin'd
That honour : reasons on his side
Said that might snare him into pride :

But

But sheep and powtry, geese and ducks,
 Came to his meeting-hole in flocks ;
 Of being his prey they had nae fear,
 His text the contrary made clear.

“ Curst be that animal voracious,”
 Cry’d he, “ fae cruel and ungracious,
 “ That chuses flesh to be his food,
 “ And takes delight in waughting blood !—
 “ What, live by murder !—horrid deed !
 “ While we have trees, and ilka mead,
 “ Finely enrich’d with herbs and fruits,
 “ To serve and please the nicest brutes.
 “ We shou’d respect, dearly belov’d,
 “ Whate’er by breath of life is mov’d.
 “ First, ’tis unjust ; and, secondly,
 “ ’Tis cruel, and a cruelty
 “ By which we are expos’d (O sad !)
 “ To eat perhaps our lucky dad :
 “ For ken, my friend, the faul ne’er dies,
 “ But frae the failing body flies ;
 “ Leaves it to rot, and seeks anither ;
 “ Thus young Miss Goose may be my mither ;
 “ The bloody wowf, seeking his prey,
 “ His father in a sheep may slay ;
 “ And I, in worrying lambs or cocks,
 “ Might choak my grandfire Doctor Fox.
 “ Ah ! heaven protect me frae sic crimes !
 “ I ’d rather die a thousand times.”

Thus

Thus our bob-tail'd Pythagoras preach'd,
And with loud cant his lungs out-ftretch'd,
His fermon founded o'er the dale,
While thus he moraliz'd with zeal.
His glafs spun out, he ceast, admir'd
By all who joyfully retir'd.

But after a' the lave was gane,
Some geefe, twa chickens, and a hen,
Thought fit to stay a little space,
To tawk about some kittle cafe.
The doctör hem'd, and in he drew them,
Then quiet and decently he flew them ;
On whom he fed the good auld way.
Those who wan aff, thrice happy they.

FABLE XXIII.

THE BEE AND THE FLY.

BEFORE her hive, a paughty Bee
Observ'd a humble midding flie,
And proudly speer'd, what brought her there,
And with what front she durst repair
Amang the regents of the air.

“ It fets ye well,” the Flie reply'd,

“ To quarrel with sic faucy pride !

“ They 're daft indeed has ought to do

“ With thrawin contentious fowk like you.”—

“ Why, scoundrel, you !” return'd the Bee,

“ What nation is fae wife as we ?

“ Best laws and policy is ours,

“ And our repast the fragrant flow'rs :

“ No fordid nasty trade we drive,

“ But with sweet honey fill the hive ;

“ Honey maist gratefu' to the taste,

“ On which the gods themfells may feast.

“ Out of my sight, vile wretch ! whose tongue

“ Is daily flacking throw the dung ;

“ Vile

- “ Vile spirits, filthily content
“ To feed on stinking excrement !”
The Fly replied in sober way,
“ Faith we man live as well ’s we may :
“ Glad poverty was ne’er a vice,
“ But sure ill-natur’d passion is.
“ Your honey ’s sweet ; but then how tart
“ And bitter ’s your malicious heart !
“ In making laws you copy heaven,
“ But in your conduct how uneven !
“ To fast at ony time a fae,
“ Ye ’ll never stick ye’rsells to flae,
“ And skaith ye’rsell mair sickerly
“ Than e’er ye can your enemy.
“ At that rate, ane had better have
“ Less talents, if they can behave
“ Discreet, and less their passions’ slave.”

FABLE XXIV.

THE HORSE'S COMPLAINT,

“ AH ! what a wretch'd unlucky corse
“ Am I !” cries a poor hireling horse :
“ Toil'd a' the day quite aff my feet,
“ With little time or ought to eat :
“ By break of day, up frae my bed
“ Of dirt I 'm rais'd to draw the sled,
“ Or cart, as haps to my wanluck,
“ To ca' in coals, or out the muck ;
“ Or drest in saddle, howse, and bridle,
“ To gallop with some gamphrel idle,
“ That for his hiring pint and shilling,
“ Obliges me, tho' maist unwilling,
“ With whip, and spur sunk in my side,
“ O'er heights and hows all day to ride ;
“ While he neglects my hungry wame,
“ Till aft I fa' and make him lame ;
“ Who curses me shou'd ban himsell,
“ He starv'd me, I with faintness fell.

“ How

“ How happy lives our baron’s ape !
“ That ’s good for nought but girn and gape,
“ Or round about the lassies flee,
“ And lift their coats aboon their knee ;
“ To frisk and jump frae stool to stool,
“ Turn up his bum, and play the fool ;
“ Aft rives a mutch, or steals a spoon,
“ And burns the bairns’ hose and shoon :
“ Yet while I ’m starving in the stable,
“ This villain ’s cock’d upon the table,
“ There fed and rees’d by all around him,
“ By foolish chieils, the pox confound them !”

“ My friend,” says a dowse-headed ox,
“ Our knight is e’en like other folks :
“ For ’tis not them who labour maist
“ That commonly are paid the best :
“ Then ne’er cast up what ye deserve,
“ Since better ’tis to please than serve.”

TIT FOR TAT.

BE-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
 Fling aff sic loads whene'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 fighting penitent gade furder,
 And own'd his anes defigning murder ;
 That he had lent ane's guts a skreed,
 Wha had gi'en him a broken head.
 Replies the priest, “ My son, 'tis plain
 “ That 's only tit for tat again.”

But still the finner fighs and fobs,
 And cries, “ Ah! these are venial jobs,
 “ To the black crime that yet behind
 “ Lies 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 man be,
 “ Prepare to hear a tale frae me,
 “ That when 'tis tald, I 'm unko feard,
 “ Ye 'll wish it never had been heard :

“ Ah

- “ Ah me ! your reverence’s sifter,
“ Ten times I carnally have—kist her.”
“ All ’s fair,” returns the reverend brother,
“ I ’ve done the famen with your mother
“ Three times as aft ; and fae for that
“ We ’re on a level, tit for tat.”

THE PARROT.

AN honest man had tint his wife,
And, wearied of a dowy life,
Thought a parroquet bade maist fair,
With tatling to divert his care :
For the good woman fair he griev'd ;
He 'ad needed nane if she had liv'd !

Streight to a bird-man's shop he hies,
Who, flock'd with a' that wing the skies,
And give delight with feathers fair,
Or please with a melodious air ;
Larks, gowdspinks, mavifes, and linties,
Baith hame bred, and frae foreign countries ;
Of parrots he had curious choice,
Carefully bred to make a noise ;
The very warst had learn'd his tale,
To ask a cup of sack or ale ;
Cry westlin herrings, or fresh salmons,
White sand, or Norway nuts like almonds.
Delighted with their various claver,
While wealth made all his wits to waver,

“ He

“ He cast his look beneath the board,
 Where stood ane that spake ne’er a word :
 “ Pray what art thou stands speechless there ?”
 Reply’d the bird, “ I think the mair.”
 The buyer says, “ Thy answer ’s wife,
 “ And thee I ’ll have at any price.
 “ What must you have ?” — “ Five pounds.” —
 “ ’Tis thine
 “ The money, and the bird is mine.”

Now in his room this feather’d fage
 Is hung up in a gilded cage,
 The master’s expectations fully
 Possess’d to hear him talk like Tully :
 But a hale month is past and gane,
 He never hears a rhyme but ane ;
 Still in his lugs he hears it rair,
 “ The less I speak I think the mair.” —
 “ Confound ye for a silly sot,
 “ What a dull idiot have I got !
 “ As dull myself, on short acquaintance,
 “ To judge of ane by a single sentence !”

THE ECLIPSE.

UPON his gilded chariot, led by hours,
 With radiant glories darting thro' the air,
 The Sun, high sprung in his diurnal course,
 Shed down a day serenely sweet and fair.
 The earth mair beautiful and fertile grew ;
 The flow'ry fields in rich array,
 Smil'd lovely on the beamy day,
 Delightful for the eye to view ;
 Ceres, with her golden hair,
 Displaying treasure ilka where,
 While useful plenty made her stalks to bow.

A thousand little suns glanc'd on the wave ;
 Nature appear'd to claim the Sun's respect,
 All did fae blyth and beauteously behave.

" Ah ! " cry'd the Moon, " too much for him
 " ye deck ;
 " My aking een cannot this glory bear ;
 " This sun pretends nane in the sky
 " Can shine but him, then where am I ?
 " Soon

“ Soon I the contrary shall clear :

“ By ae bauld strake,

“ With him I ’ll make

“ My equal empire in the heaven appear.

“ ’Tis I that gives a lustre to the night,

“ Then should not I my proper right display,

“ And now, even now dart down my silver light ?

“ I give enough, this Sun gives too much day.’

The project fram’d, pale Cynthia now to shaw

Her shining power, right daftly run

Directly ’tween the earth and Sun.

Unwise design ! the world then saw

Instead of light, the Moon

Brought darknes in at noon,

And without borrowing, had no light at a’.

Thus many empty and imprudent men,

Wha to their ain infirmities are blind,

Rax yont their reach, and this way let us ken

A jealous, weak, and insufficient mind.

THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE

Now 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 won'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish priest
To mak' 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'er he ken'd 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 man well eas'd.
This ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish.

Befs,

Befs, the good wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit to ferve them baith.

When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
A youth fprung frae a gentler pater,
Bred at Saint Andrew's alma mater,
Ae day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate.
To lye without, pit-mirk, did fhore him,
He cou'dna fee his thumb before him ;
But clack, clack, clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.
To tak' the threed of tale along,
This mill to Halbert did belang ;
Not less this note your notice claims,
The fcholar's name was Master James.

Now, fmiling mufe, the prelude past,
Smoothly relate a tale fhall laft
As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
As lang as wind or water mills.

In enter'd James, Hab faw and ken'd him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
With sic good cheer as he cou'd make,
Baith for his ain and father's fake.

The

The scholar thought himself 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 fet aff the mill, syne we
 " Shall tak' 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 cries, " Wha 's that gi'es 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 rife ;
 " 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,

Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fand he cou'dna mend the matter ;
And since it might na better be,
With resignation took the key ;
Unlockt the barn, clam up the mow,
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' sep'rate 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 fatire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked action o'er,
And James continuing still to glowr ;
Wha saw the wife as fast as able
Spread a clean servite on the table,
And syne, frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
A piping het young roasted hen,
And twa good bottles stout and clear,
Ane of strong ale, and ane of beer.

But,

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 fae soon ?
 " I come," said he, " as manners claims,
 " To crack and wait on Master James,
 " Whilk I shou'd do tho' ne'er fae biffy ;
 " I sent him here, good wife, where is he ?"—
 " Ye sent him here !" quoth Bessy, grum-
 bling ;
 " Ken'd I this James ? a chiel came rumbling,
 " But how was I assur'd, when dark,
 " That he had been nae thievish spark,
 " Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,
 " That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose ?"—
 " And what came of him ? speak nae langer ;"
 Cries 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

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 tawpie !
 " 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-knaves that lift the lading,
 " Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaid-
 " ing ?
 " Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
 " And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's."—
 " Hout I," 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 flee oration,
 His wond'rous skill in conjuration :

Said

Said he, " By this fell art I 'm able
" To whop aff any great man's table
" Whate'er I like to make a meal of,
" Either in part, or yet the hail of ;
" And, if ye please, I 'll shaw my art."
Cries Halbert, " Faith, with all my heart."
Befs fain'd herself, cry'd, " Lord, be here !"
And near-hand fell a-fwoon for fear.
James leugh, and bade her naithing dread ;
Syne to his conjuring went with speed :
And first he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic 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, good wife, 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 sought 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

“ Nae mair about it,” quoth the miller,
 “ The fowl looks well, and we ’ll fa’ till her.”
 “ Sae be ’t,” fays James ;” and, in a doup,
 They snapt her up baith ftoup and roup.

“ Neist, O!” cries 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 mak’ her,
 “ But that I ’m fleed he winna tak’ her.”
 Said James, “ Ye offer very fair ;
 “ The bargain ’s hadden, fae nae mair.”

Then thrice he fhook 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 as nappy liquer
 “ As ever ream’d in horn or bicquer,
 “ 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,
 Whafe 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

Which were o'er langsome at the time
In a short tale to put in rhyme.

Thus while the miller and the youth
Were blythly flocking of their drowth,
Befs fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
The priest inclos'd stood vex'd and sweating.

“ O wow !” said Hab, “ if ane might speer,
“ Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer
“ Sic laits appear to us fae 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 traffic with black deels or fairies ;
“ There ’s mony a spirit that ’s no deel
“ That constantly around us wheel.
“ There was a sage call’d Albumazor,
“ Whafe wit was gleg as ony razor ;
“ 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 fidg'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 by this began to smell
 A rat, but kept her mind to 'rsell :
 She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
 But mean time tipt young James a wink.
 James frae his e'e 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 faul 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 by way of mocking,
 " For nought delytes him inair than knocking."

Hab got a kent, stood by the hallan,
 And straight the wild mischievous callan
 Cries, " Rhadamanthus husky mingo,
 " Monk, horner, hipock, jinko, jingo,
 " Appear in likenefs of a priest ;
 " No like a deel, in shape of beast,
 " With gaping shafts to fleg us a' ;
 " Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."

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 mis'd by the good-man,
Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight ;
Ben flew the miller in a fright ;
“ I trow,” quoth he, “ I laid well on ;
“ But, wow ! he 's like our ain Mefs John.”

THE DAFT BARGAIN.

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—y.
 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,” 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 fleg’d the rest o’t in his gab.
Now what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly seen ; my storry ’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.

IN 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 sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles,
 Sic as a jocktaleg, or sheers,
 Confeckit ginger, plumbs, 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 cookstool,
 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 this ideot mean ?"
 They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
 And never thought upon a trick,
 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 coaft was clear.

But, wow ! the ferly quickly chang'd,
When throw their empty fobs 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 forry
" To hear your melancholy story ;
" But fure where'er your tinsel be,
" Ye canna lay the wyte on me."

THE LURE.

THE sun just o'er the hills was peeping,
The hynds arising, gentry sleeping,
The dogs were barking, cocks were crowing,
Night-drinking fots counting their lawin ;
Clean were the roads, and clear the day,
When forth a falconer took his way,
Nane with him but his she knight-errant,
That acts in air the bloody tyrant ;
While with quick wing, fierce beak, 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 fastly 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 stictet.

So, Sir, as I was gawn to fay,
 This falconer had tane his way
 O'er Calder-moor ; and gawn the mofs up,
 He there forgather'd with a gossip :
 And wha was 't, trow ye, but the de'el
 That had disguis'd himsell fae weel
 In human shape, fae 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 rifted,
 Nor awfome glowr'd ; but cawmly lifted
 His een and voice, and thus began :
 “ Good morning t' ye, honest man ;
 “ Ye 're early out ; how far gae ye
 “ This gate ?—I 'm blyth of company.
 “ What fowl is that, may ane demand,
 “ That stands fae trigly on your hand ?”—
 “ Wow ! man,” quoth Juden, “ where won ye ?
 “ The like was never speer'd at me !

“ Man

- “ 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 no be angry wi’ me ;
 “ The ignorant man ay be speering
 “ Questions, till they come to a clearing.
 “ Then tell me mair : what do ye wi’t ?
 “ 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 a dow’s wing, or chicken’s leg.”—
 “ Trowth,” quoth the de’el, “ that ’s nice, I
 beg
 “ Ye ’ll be fae kind as let me see
 “ How this fame bird of yours can flee.”—
 “ T’ oblige ye, friend, I winna stand.”
 Syne loos’d the falcon frae 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

Syne twirl'd it thrice, with whieu, whieu,
whieu,

And straight upon 't the falcon flew.

“ As I 'm a finner,” cries the de'el,

“ I like this pastime wonder weel ;

“ And since ye 've been fae kindly free

“ To let her at my bidding flee,

“ I 'll entertain ye in my gate.”

Meantime 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 cleek'd up by the spaul,

Whip'd aff his hood, and without mair,

Ga'e him a tofs up in the air :

High flew the son of Saint Loyola,

While startled Juden gave a hola !

Bombaz'd with wonder, still he stood,

The ferly had maist crudled his blood,

To see a monk mount like a facon !

He 'gan to doubt if he was wakin :

Thrice

* 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.”

Thrice did he rub his een to clear,
 And having mafter'd part o's fear,
 " His prefence be about us a' !"
 He cries, " the like I never faw :
 " See, fee ! he like a lavrock tours ;
 " He 'll reach the ftarns in twa 'r three
 " hours !
 " Is 't poffible to bring him back ?"—
 " For that," quoth Nick, " I have a knack :
 " To train my birds I want na Lures,
 " Can manage them as ye do yours :
 " And there 's ane coming hie gate hither,
 " Shall foon bring down the haly brither."

This was a fresh young landart lafs,
 With cheeks like cherries, een like glafs ;
 Few coats ſhe wore, and they were kilted,
 And " John come kifs me now " ſhe lilted,
 As ſhe ſkift o'er the benty knows,
 Gawn to the bught to milk the ews :
 Her in his hand flee Belzie hint up,
 As eith as ye wad do a pint-ftoup,
 Inverted, wav'd her round his head ;
 Whieu, whieu, he whiftled, and with ſpeed,
 Down, quick as ſhooting ftarns, the prieft
 Came foufe upon the lafs's breaſt.

The

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

THE THREE BONNETS :

A TALE.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

1722.

THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, father to Joukum, Bristle, and Bawfy.

JOUKUM, in love with Rosie.

BRISTLE, a man of resolution.

BAWSY, a weaker brother.

BARD, a narrator.

BEEF, porter to Rosie.

GHAIST, the ghost of Duniwhistle.

ROSIE, an heiress.

CANTO I.

BARD.

WHEN men o' mettle thought it nonsense
 To heed that clepping thing ca'd conscience,
 And by free thinking had the knack
 O' jeering ilka word it spak',
 And, as a learned author speaks,
 Employ'd it like a pair o' breeks,
 To hide their lewd and nasty fluices,
 Whilk eith slipt down for baith these uses :
 Then Duniwhistle, worn wi' years,
 And gawn the gate o' his forbears,
 Commanded his three fons to come,
 And wait upon him in his room :
 Bade Briffle steek the door ; an' fyne
 He thus began :—

DUNIWHISTLE.

Dear bairns o' mine,
 I quickly man submit to fate,
 And leave you three a good estate,

Which

Which has been honourably won,
 An' handed down frae fire to son,
 But clag or claim, for ages past :
 Now, that I mayna prove the last,
 Here 's three permission bonnets for ye,
 Which your great gutchers wore before ye ;
 An' if ye 'd hae nae man betray ye,
 Let naething ever wile them frae ye ;
 But keep the bonnets on your heads,
 An' hands frae signing foolish deeds,
 An' ye shall never want sic things,
 Shall gar ye be made o' by kings :
 But if ye ever wi' them part,
 Fu' fair ye 'll for your folly smart :
 Bare-headed then ye 'll look like snools,
 And dwindle down to silly tools.
 Haud up your hands now, swear an' fay,
 As ye shall answer on a day,
 Ye 'll faithfully observe my will,
 An' a' its premises fulfil.

BRISTLE.

My worthy father, I shall strive,
 To keep your name an' fame alive,
 An' never shaw a faul that 's dastard,
 To gar fowk tak' me for a bastard :
 If e'er by me ye 're disobey'd,
 May witches nightly on me ride.

JOUKUM.

JOUKUM.

Whae'er shall dare, by force or guile,
 This bonnet aff my head to wile,
 For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,
 And ken I was begot by you :
 Elfe may I like a gipsy wander,
 Or for my daily bread turn pander.

BAWSY.

May I be jyb'd by great an' sma',
 And kytch'd like ony tennis-ba,
 Be the disgrace o' a' my kin,
 If e'er I wi' my bonnet twin.

BARD.

Now, foon as each had gi'en his aith,
 The auld man yielded up his breath ;
 Was row'd in linen white as snaw,
 And to his fathers borne awa'.
 But scarcely he in mofs was rotten,
 Before his test'ment was forgotten,
 As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,
 How Joukum finder'd wi' his bonnet ;
 And bought frae senseless billy Bawfy,
 His, to propine a giglet lassie ;

While worthy Bristle, not fae donner'd,
Preserves his bonnet, and is honour'd.
Thus Charactacus did behave,
Tho' by the fate o' war a slave ;
His body only, for his mind
No Roman pow'r cou'd break or bind :
Wi' bannet on he bauldly spak' ;
His greatness gart his fetters crack :
The victor did his friendship claim,
And sent him wi' new glories hame.

But leave we Brifs and simile,
And to our tale wi' ardour flee.

Beyond the hills, where lang the billies
Had bred up queys, and kids, and fillies,
And foughten mony a bloody battle
Wi' thieves that came to lift their cattle ;
There liv'd a lass kept rary shows
And fidders ay about her house ;
Wha at her table fed and ranted,
Wi' the stout ale she never wanted :
She was a winsome wench and waly,
And cou'd put on her claes fu' brawly ;
Rumble to ilka market-town,
And drink and fight like a dragoon :
Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd,
To get herfell weil Alexander'd.

Rosie

Rosie had word o' meikle filler,
 Whilk brought a hantle o' wooers till her.
 Amang the rest, young master Jouk
 She conquer'd ae day wi' a look.
 Frae that time forth he ne'er cou'd stay
 At hame to mind his corn or hay,
 But grew a beau, and did adorn
 Himself wi' fifty bows o' corn ;
 Forby what he took on to rig
 Him out wi' linen, shoon, and wig,
 Snuff-boxes, sword-knots, canes, and wafhes,
 And sweeties to bestow on lasses ;
 Cou'd newest aiths genteelly swear,
 And had a course o' flaws perquire :
 He drank, and danc'd, and figh'd to move
 Fair Rosie to accept his love.
 After dumb signs, he thus began,
 And spak' his mind to 'er like a man.

JOUKUM.

O tak' me, Rosie, to your arms,
 And let me revel o'er your charms ;
 If ye fay na, I needna care
 For raips or tethers made o' hair,
 Penknives or pools I winna need ;
 That minute ye fay na, I 'm dead.

O let me lie within your breast,
 And at your dainty teazle feast ;
 Weil do I like your goud to finger,
 And fit to her your ft—— finger.
 While on this fun fide o' the brae
 Belangs to you, my limbs I 'll lay.

ROSIE.

I own, sweet Sir, ye woo me frankly,
 But a' your courtship fars fae rankly
 O' selfish interest, that I 'm flead
 My person least employs your head.

JOUKUM.

What a distinction 's this your making,
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking !
 Wi' little logic I can shew
 That every thing you ha'e is you :
 Besides the beauties o' your person,
 These beds o' flowers you set your a—e on,
 Your claihs, your lands, and lying pelf,
 Are every ane your very self,
 And add fresh lustre to these graces
 Wi' which adorn'd your faul and face is.

ROSIE.

ROSIE.

Ye seem to ha'e a loving flame
 For me, and hate your native hame ;
 That gars me ergh to trust you meikle,
 For fear you shou'd prove false and fickle.

JOUKUM.

In troth my rugged billy Bristle
 About his gentrie mak's sic fistle,
 That if a body contradict him,
 He 's ready wi' a durk to stick him ;
 That wearies me o' hame, I vow,
 And fain would live and die wi' you.

BARD.

Observing Jouk a wee tate tipfy,
 Smirking reply'd the pawky gipfy.

ROSIE.

I wad be very wae to see
 My lover tak' the pet and die ;
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,
 And do what in me lies to please ye ;

But first, ere we conclude the paction,
 You must perform some gallant action,
 To prove the truth o' what you 've said,
 Else, for you, I shall die a maid.

JOUKUM.

My dearest jewel, gi'e 't a name,
 That I may win baith you and fame:
 Shall I gae fight wi' forest bulls?
 Or cleave down troops wi' thicker sculls?
 Or shall I douk the deepest sea,
 And coral pou for beads to thee?
 Penty the pope upon the nose?
 Or p— upon a hundred beaus?

ROSIE.

In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith
 To risk your life, or do you skaith;
 Only employ your canny skill
 To gain and rive your father's will,
 Wi' the consent o' Brifs and Bawfy,
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,
 Soon as the fatal bonnets three
 Are ta'en frae them and gi'en to me.

JOUKUM.

Which to preserve I gied my aith.
But now the cause is life and death :
I must, or wi' the bonnet part,
Or twin wi' you and break my heart :
Sae tho' the aith we took was awfu',
To keep it now appears unlawfu' :
Then, love, I 'll answer thy demands,
And flee to fetch them to your hands.

BARD.

The famous jilt o' Palestine
Thus drew the hoods o'er Sampson's een,
And gart him tell where lay his strength,
O' which she twinn'd him at the length ;
Then gied him up in chains to rave,
And labour like a galley slave :
But, Rosie, mind, when growing hair
His loss of pith 'gan to repair,
He made of thousands an example,
By crushing them beneath their temple.

CANTO II.

BARD.

THE supper fowin-cogs and bannocks
 Stood cooling on the sole o' winnocks,
 And, cracking at the westlin gavels,
 The wives fat beeking o' their navels,
 When Jouk his brither Bristle found,
 Fetching his ev'ning wauk around
 A score o' ploughmen o' his ain,
 Wha blythly whistled on the plain.
 Jouk three times congee'd, Bristle anes,
 Then shook his hand, and thus begins :

BRISTLE.

Wow! brither Jouk, where ha'e ye been?
 I scarce can trow my looking een,
 Ye 're grown fae braw: now weirds defend me!
 Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye.
 And where gat ye that braw blue stringing,
 That 's at your houghs and shuthers hinging?
Ye

Ye look as sprufl as ane that 's wooing ;
I ferly, lad, what ye 've been doing.

JOUKUM.

My very much respected brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd wi' the same blood,
Consult ilk ane anither's good ?
And be it ken'd t' ye, my design
Will profit prove to me and mine.

BRISTLE.

And, brither, troth it much commends
Your virtue, thus to love your friends ;
It makes me blyth, for aft I said,
Ye were a clever mettl'd lad.

JOUKUM.

And fae, I hope, will ever prove,
Gif ye befriend me in my love :
For Rosie, bonny, rich, and gay,
And sweet as flow'rs in June or May,
Her gear I 'll get, her sweets I 'll rifle,
Gif ye 'll but yield me up a trifle ;
Promise to do 't, and ye'fe be free
Wi' ony thing pertains to me.

BRISTLE.

BRISTLE.

I lang to anfwer your demand,
And never shall for trifles stand.

JOUKUM.

Then she desires, as a propine,
These bonnets, Bawfy's, your's, and mine ;
And well I wat that 's nae great matter,
Gif I fae easly can get her.

BRISTLE.

Ha, ha ! ye Judas, are ye there ?
The d— then nor she ne'er get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye spoke o' ?
Wha think ye, Sir, ye mak' a mock o' ?
Ye filly mansworn, scant o' grace !
Swith let me never see your face.
Seek my auld bonnet aff my head !
Faith that 's a bonny ane indeed !
Require a thing I 'll part wi' never !
She 's get as soon a lap o' my liver :
Vile whore and jade ! the woody hang her.

BARD.

Thus said, he said nae mair for anger,
 But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far
 Frae treading Jouk amang the glar.
 While Jouk, wi' language glibe as oolie,
 Right pawkily kept aff a toolie.
 Weil masked wi' a wedder's skin,
 Although he was a tod within,
 He hum'd and ha'd, and wi' a cant,
 Held forth as he had been a faint,
 And quoted texts to prove we 'd better
 Part wi' a sma' thing for a greater.

JOUKUM.

Ah! brither, may the furies rack me
 Gif I mean ill ! but ye mistak' me :
 But gin your bonnet 's sic a jewel,
 Pray gi'e 't or keep 't, Sir, as you will ;
 Since your auld-fashion'd fancy rather
 Inclines till 't than a hat and feather :
 But I 'll go try my brither Bawfy,
 Poor man, he 's nae fae daft and sawcy,
 Wi' empty pride to crook his mou',
 And hinder his ain gude, like you.
 Gif he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
 We 'll mak' the bargain up without ye ;

Syne

Syne your braw bonnet and your noddle
Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

BARD.

At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,
He swore on Rose to be reveng'd ;
For he began now to be flied,
She 'd wile the honours frae his head ;
Syne wi' a stern and canker'd look,
He thus reprov'd his brither Jouk.

BRISTLE.

Thou vile disgrace o' our forbairs !
Wha lang wi' valiant dint o' weirs,
Maintain'd their right 'gainst a' intrusions
O' our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
Dost thou design at last to catch
Us in a ginn wi' this base match,
And for the hauding up thy pride,
Upo' thy brithers' riggins ride ?
I'll see you hang'd, and her thegither,
As high as Haman, in a tether,
Ere I wi' my ain bonnet quat,
For ony borrow'd beaver hat,
Whilk I, as Rosie taks the fykes,
Man wear or no just as she likes.

Then

Then let me hear nae mair about her,
For if ye dare again to mutter
Sic vile propofals in my hearing,
Ye needna trust to my forbearing ;
For soon my beard will tak' a low,
And I shall crack your crazy pow.

BARD.

This faid, brave Bristle faid nae mair,
But cock'd his bonnet wi' an air,
Wheel'd round wi' gloomy brows and muddy,
And left his brither in a study.

CANTO III.

BARD.

Now Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
Upon his neighering courfers' backs,
To gar them tak' th' Olympian brae,
Wi' a cart lade o' bleezing day ;
The country hind ceases to snore,
Bangs frae his bed, unlocks the dore,
His bladder tooms, and gi'es a rift,
Then tentily surveys the lift ;
And weary o' his wife and flaes,
To their embrace prefers his claes.
Scarce had the lark forfook her nest,
Whan Jouk, wha had got little rest,
For thinking o' his plot and lassie,
Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfie.
Awa fast o'er the bent he gade,
And fand him dozing on his bed,
His blankets creishy, foul his fark,
His curtains trim'd wi' spider's wark ;

Soot-

Soot-draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
 His floor was a' tobacco spittles :
 Yet on the antlers o' a deer
 Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,
 Wi' coat o' iron and target trusty,
 Inch thick o' dirt, and unco rusty :
 Enough appear'd to shaw his billy,
 That he was lazy, poor, and filly,
 And wadna mak' so great a bustle
 About his bonnet as did Bristle.
 Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
 Cried three times laigh, and three times louder :
 At langrun Bawfy raik'd his een,
 And cries, " What 's that ? what d' ye mean ?"
 Then looking up, he sees his brither.

BAWSY.

Good morrow, Jouk, what brings you hither?
 You 're early up, as I 'm a finner
 I feenly rife before my dinner.
 Weil, what 's ye'r news, and how gaes a' ?
 Ye 've been an unco time awa'.

JOUKUM.

Bawfy, I 'm blyth to see you weil,
 For me, thank God, I keep my heal :

Get

Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,
 I ha'e a secret to impart,
 O' which when I gi'e you an inkling,
 It will fet baith your lugs a tinkling.

BARD.

Straight Bawfy rifes, quickly drestes,
 While haste his youky mind exprestes :
 Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
 Thus did flee-gabbet Jouk begin.

JOUKUM.

My worthy brither, weil I wate
 O'er feckless is your wee estate
 For sic a meikle faul as yours,
 That to things greater higher tow'rs ;
 But ye lie loitering here at hame,
 Neglectfu' baith o' wealth and fame,
 Tho', as I said, ye ha'e a mind
 That is for higher things design'd.

BAWSY.

That 's very true, thanks to the skies,
 But how to get them, there it lies.

JOUKUM.

JOUKUM.

I 'll tell ye, Baws, I 've laid a plot,
 That only wants your casting vote,
 And if you 'll gi'e 't, your bread is baken ;
 But first accept o' this love-taiken :
 Here tak' this gowd, and never want
 Enough to gar you drink and rant ;
 And this is but an arle-penny
 To what I afterward design ye ;
 And in return, I 'm fure that I
 Shall naething seek that ye 'll deny.

BAWSY.

And trouth now, Jouk, and neither will I,
 Or after never ca' me billy ;
 If I refuse, wae light upo' me.
 This gowd, O wow ! 'tis wonder bonny.

JOUKUM.

Ay, that it is ; 'tis e'en the a'
 That gars the plough o' living draw :
 'Tis gowd gars fogers fight the fiercer ;
 Without it preaching wad be scarcer ;

'Tis gowd that maks some great men witty ;
 And puggy lassies fair and pretty ;
 Without it ladies nice wad dwindle
 Down to a wife that snooves a spindle.—
 But to the point, and wave digression :
 I mak' a free and plain confession,
 That I 'm in love ; and, as I said,
 Demand frae you a little aid
 To gain a bride, that eithly can
 Mak' me fu' blest, and you a man :
 Gi'e me your bonnet to present
 My mistrefs wi', and your consent
 To rive the daft auld-fashion'd deed
 That bids ye wear it on your head.

BAWSY.

O gosh ! O gosh ! then, Jouk, ha'e at her ;
 If that be a', 'tis nae great matter.

JOUKUM.

These granted, she demands nae mair,
 To let us in her riches skair ;
 Nor shall our hirds, as heretofore,
 Rin aff wi' ane anither's store,
 Nor ding out ane anither's harns,
 When they forgather 'mang the kairns ;

But

But freely may drive up and down,
 And fell in ilka market-town
 Belongs to her, which soon ye 'll see,
 If ye be wife, belang to me :
 And when that happy day shall come,
 My honest Bawfy, there 's my thumb,
 That while I breathe I 'll ne'er beguile ye,
 Ye'fe baith get gowd, and be a bailly.

BAWSY.

Faith, Jouk, I see but little skaith
 In breaking o' a fensefeles aith,
 That is imposed by doited dads,
 To please their whims, on thoughtfeles lads.
 My bonnet ! welcome to my bonnet,
 And meikle good may ye mak' on it.
 Our father's will, I'fe mak' nae din,
 Tho' Rosie should apply 't behin'.
 But fay, does billy Bristle ken
 This your design to mak' us men ?

JOUKUM.

Ay, that he does ; but the stiff afs
 Bears a hard hatred at the las,

And rattles out a hantla stories
 O' blood, and dirt, and ancient glories ;
 Meaning foul feuds that us'd to be
 Between ours and her family :
 Bans like a blockhead that he 'll ne'er
 Twin wi' his bonnet for a' her gear ;
 But you and I conjoin'd can ding him,
 And, by a vote, to reason bring him :
 If we stand clofs, 'tis unco eith
 To rive the test'ment spite o's teeth,
 And gar him ply, for a' his clavers,
 To lift his bonnet to our beavers.

BAWSY.

Then let the doof delight in drudging ;
 What cause ha'e we to tent his grudging,
 Tho' Rosie's flocks feed on his fells,
 If you and I be weil ourfells ?

BARD.

Thus Jouk and Bawfy were agreed,
 And Brifs man yield, it was decreed.—
 Thus far I 've fung, in Highland strains,
 O' Jouk's amours, and pawky pains,
 To gain his ends wi' ilka brither,
 Sae opposite to ane anither ;

O' Bristle's

O' Bristle's hardy resolutions,
And hatred to the Rosicrucians ;
O' Bawfy put in slav'ry neck-fast,
Selling his bonnet for a breakfast.
What follows on 't, o' gain or skaith,
I'fe tell when we ha'e ta'en our breath.

CANTO IV.

BARD.

Now soon as e'er the will was torn,
Jouk, wi' twa bonnets, on the morn,
Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,
The prize at Rosie's feet to lay ;
Wha, sleely, when he did appear,
About his success 'gan to speer.

JOUKUM.

Here, bonny lass, your humble slave
Presents you wi' the things you crave,
The riven will and bonnets twa,
Which maks the third worth nought ava :
Our pow'r gi'en up, now I demand
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

BARD.

BARD.

Rose smil'd to see the lad outwitted,
 And bonnets to the flames committed.
 Immediately an awfu' sound,
 As ane wad thought, raise frae the ground ;
 And syne appear'd a stalwart ghaist,
 Whase stern and angry looks amais't
 Unhool'd their fauls :—shaking, they saw
 Him frae the fire the bonnets draw :
 Then came to Jouk, and wi' twa rugs
 Increas'd the length o' baith his lugs ;
 And said—

GHAIST.

Be a' thy days an afs,
 An hackney to this cunning las ;
 But, for these bonnets, I 'll preserve them
 For bairns unborn that will deserve them.

BARD.

Wi' that he vanish'd frae their een,
 And left poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean :
 He shakes, while Rosie rants and capers,
 And ca's the vision nought but vapours ;

Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
 Till he believes 't to be a dream :
 Syne to her clofet leads the way,
 To soup him up wi' usquebæ.

ROSIE.

Now, bonny lad, ye may be free
 To handle ought pertains to me ;
 And ere the fun, tho' he be dry,
 Has driven down the westlin fky,
 To drink his wamefu' o' the sea,
 There's be but ane o' you and me.
 In marriage ye fall ha'e my hand ;
 But I man ha'e the sole command
 In Fairyland to faw and plant,
 And to fend there for ought I want.

BARD.

Ay, ay, cries Jouk, a' in a fire,
 And stiffening into strong desire.

JOUKUM.

Come, haste thee, let us sign and seal ;
 And let my billies gang to the d—.

BARD.

BARD.

Here it wad mak' o'er lang a tale,
To tell how meikle cakes and ale,
And beef, and broe, and gryce, and geese,
And pies a' rinning o'er wi' creesh,
Was serv'd upon the wedding-table,
To mak' the lads and lasses able
To do, ye ken, what we think shame
(Tho' ilk ane does 't) to gi'e 't a name.
But true it is they foon were buckled,
And foon she made poor Jouk a cuckold,
And play'd her bawdy sports before him,
Wi' chiels that car'd na tippence for him ;
Beside a Rosicrucian trick
She had o' dealing wi' Auld Nick ;
And whene'er Jouk began to grumble,
Auld Nick in the nieft room wad rumble.
She drank, and fought, and spent her gear
Wi' dice, and felling o' the mear.
Thus living like a Belzie's get,
She ran herself fae deep in debt,
By borrowing money at a' hands,
That yearly income o' her lands
Scarce paid the interest o' her bands.
Jouk, ay ca'd wife behind the hand,
The daffin o' his doings fand :

O'er

O'er late he now began to see
 The ruin o' his family :
 But past relief lar'd in a midding,
 He 's now oblig'd to do her bidding.
 Awa wi' strict command he 's sent
 To Fairyland to lift the rent,
 And wi' him mony a caterpillar,
 To rug frae Brifs and Bawfy filler ;
 For her braid table man be serv'd,
 Tho' Fairy fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.
 Jouk thus surrounded wi' his guards,
 Now plunders hay-stacks, barns, and yards ;
 They drive the nowt frae Bristle's fauld,
 While he can nought but ban and scald.

BRISTLE.

Vile slave to a huffy ill-begotten,
 By mony dads, wi' claps haf rotten, !
 Were 't no for honour o' my mither,
 I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

JOUKUM.

Dear brither, why this rude reflection ?
 Learn to be gratefu' for protection ;
 The Peterenians, bloody beasts !
 That gar fowk lick the dowps o' priests,

Else

Elfe on a brander, like a haddock,
 Be broolied, sprowling like a paddock :
 These monst'ers, lang ere now, had come
 Wi' faggots, taz, and tuck o' drum,
 And twin'd you o' your wealth and lives,
 Syne, without speering, kifs'd your wives,
 Had not the Rosicrucians stood
 The bulwarks o' your rights and blood ;
 And yet, forsooth, ye girn and grumble,
 And, wi' a gab unthankfu', mumble
 (Out mony a black unworthy curse,
 When Rosie bids ye draw your purse ;
 When she 's fae gen'roufly content
 With not aboon thirty per cent.

BRISTLE.

Damn you and her ! tho' now I 'm blae,
 I 'm hopefu' yet to see the day,
 I 'll gar ye baith repent that e'er
 Ye reav'd by force awa my gear,
 Without or thanks, or making price,
 Or ever speering my advice.

JOUKUM.

Peace, gowk ! we naithing do at a'
 But by the letter o' the law :

Then

'Then nae mair wi' your din torment us,
Gowling like ane non compos mentis,
Else Rosie iffue may a writ,
To tie you up baith hand and fit,
And dungeon ye but meat or drink,
Till ye be starv'd and die in stink. .

BARD.

Thus Jouk and Bristle, when they met,
Wi' sic braw language ither tret.
Just fury glows in Bristle's veins,
And tho' his bonnet he retains,
Yet on his crest he mayna cock it,
But in a coffer clofs man lock it.
Bareheaded thus he e'en knocks under,
And lets them drive awa the plunder.
Sae have I feen, beside a tow'r,
The king of brutes oblig'd to cour,
And on his royal paunches thole
A dwarf to prog him wi' a pole ;
While he wad shaw his fangs, and rage
Wi' bootless wrangling in his cage.—
Now follows that we tak' a peep
O' Bawfy, looking like a sheep,
By Bristle hated and despised,
By Jouk and Rosie little priz'd.

Soon

Soon as the horſe had heard his brither
 Joukum and Roſe were prick'd thegither,
 Awa he ſcours o'er hight and how,
 Fu' ſidgin fain whate'er he dow,
 Counting what things he now did miſter,
 That wad be gi'en him by his ſiſter.
 Like ſhallow bards, wha think they flee,
 Becauſe they live fax ſtories high,
 To ſome poor lifeleſs lucubration
 Prefixes fleeching dedication,
 And blythly dream they 'll be reſtor'd
 To alehouſe credit by my Lord.
 Thus Bawſy's mind in plenty row'd,
 While he thought on his promis'd gowd
 And baillyſhip, which he wi' fines
 Wad mak' like the Weſt India mines ;
 Arrives, wi' future greatneſs dizzy,
 Ca's, where 's Meſs Jouk ?

BEEF.

Meſs Jouk is biſy.

BAWSY.

My Lady Roſe, is ſhe at leiſure ?

BEEF.

BEEF.

No, Sir, my Lady 's at her pleasure.

BAWSY.

I wait for her or him, go fhew.

BEEF.

And pray you, master, wha are you ?

BAWSY.

Upo' my faul this porter 's faucy !
 Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawfy,
 Their brither wha made up the marriage.

BEEF.

And fae I thought by your daft carriage.
 Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,
 Swith hame and feast upon a spelding,
 For there 's nae room beneath this roof
 To entertain a simple coof,
 The like o' you, that nane can trust,
 Wha to your ain ha'e been unjust.

BARD.

BARD.

This said, he daddled to the yate,
And left poor Bawfy in a fret,
Wha loudly gowl'd, and made a din,
That was o'erheard by a' within.
Quoth Rose to Jouk, Come, let 's away,
And see wha's yon mak's a' this fray.
Awa' they went, and saw the creature
Sair runkling ilka filly feature
O' his dull phiz, wi' girns and glooms,
Stamping and biting at his thumbs.
They tented him a little while,
Then came full on him wi' a smile,
Which soon gart him forget the torture
Was rais'd within him by the porter.
Sae will a fucking weanie yell,
But shake a rattle, or a bell,
It hauds its tongue ; let that alane,
It to its yamering fa's again ;
Lilt up a fang, and straight it 's seen
To laugh wi' tears into its een.
Thus eithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,
Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliz'd
Wi' promises right wide extended,
They ne'er perform'd, nor e'er intended :
But now and then, when they did need him,
A supper and a pint they gie'd him ;

That

That done, they ha'e nae mair to say,
And scarcely ken him the niest day.
Poor fallow ! now this mony a year,
Wi' some faint hope, and rowth o' fear,
He has been wrestling wi' his fate,
A drudge to Joukum and his mate.
While Bristle faves his manly look,
Regardless baith o' Rose and Jouk,
Maintains right quietly 'yond the cairns,
His honour, conscience, wife, and bairns,
Jouk and his rumblegarie wife
Drive on a drunken gaming life,
'Cause, sober, they can get nae rest,
For Nick and Duniwhistle's ghaist,
Wha in the garrets aften tooly,
And shore them wi' a bloody gully.

Thus I ha'e fung, in hamelt rhyme,
A sang that scorns the teeth o' time ;
Yet modestly I hide my name,
Admiring virtue mair than fame.
But tent ye wha despise instruction,
And gi'es my wark a wrang construction,
Frae 'hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,
I 'll shoot a satire through your belly :
But wha wi' havins jees his bonnet,
And says, Thanks t' ye for your sonnet,
He shanna want the praises due
To generosity.—Adieu.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE Prince of all the fethert kind,
 That with fpred wings outflees the wind,
 And tours far out of human ficht,
 To view the fchynand orb of licht :
 This ryall bird, tho' braif and great,
 And armit ftrang for ftern debait,
 Nae tyrant is, but condescends
 Aftymes to treit inferiour friends.

Ane day, at his command did flock
 To his hie palace on a rock,
 The courtiers of ilk various fyze
 That fwiftly fwim in chriftal fkyis.
 Thither the valiant Terfals doup,
 And heir rapacious Corbies croup,
 With greidy Gleds, and flie Gormahs,
 And dinfome Pyis, and clatterin Daws ;
 Proud Pecoaks, and a hundred mae,
 Bruscht up thair pens that folemn day,
 Bowd firft fubmiffive to my lord,
 Then tuke thair places at his borde.

Mein tyme, quhyle feisting on a fawn,
 And drinking blude frae lamies drawn,
 A tunefull Robin trig and zung
 Hard by upon a bour-tree fung.
 He fang the Eagle's ryall lyne,
 His persing ee and richt divyne
 To sway out owre the fetherit thrang,
 Quha dreid his martial bill and fang :
 His flicht sublime, and eild renewit,
 His mynd with clemencie endewit ;
 In faster notes he fang his luv ;
 Mair hie, his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythness hard
 The chaunting lital filvan bard,
 Calit up a buzart, quha was than
 His favourite and chamberlane.
 " Swith to my treasury," quod he,
 " And to zon canty Robin gie
 " As meikle of our currant geir
 " As may mentain him throw the zeir ;
 " We can weil spair 't, and it 's his due."
 He bad, and furth the Judas flew
 Straight to the bench quhair Robin fung,
 And with a wickit lieand tung
 Said, " Ah ! ze sing fae dull and ruch,
 " Ze haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch ;
 " His

“ His majestie hes a nyse eir,
“ And nae mair of zour stuff can beir ;
“ Poke up your pypes, be nae mair fene
“ At court ; I warn ze as a frein.”

He spak, quhyle Robinis fwelling breift,
And drouping wings, his greif exprest ;
The teirs ran happing doun his cheik,
Grit grew his hairt, he coud nocht speik,
No for the tinfell of rewaird,
But that his notis met nae regaird.
Straicht to the schaw he spred his wing,
Resolvit again nae mair to fing,
Quhair princelie bountie is supprest
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,
Quha cannot beir, because they want it,
That ocht fuld be to merit grantit.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS BOOK IN IMITATION OF HORACE.

DEAR, vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
And scowp around the warld thy fill :
Wow ! ye 're newfangle to be seen,
In gilded Turkey clad, and clean.
Daft, giddy thing ! to dare thy fate,
And spang o'er dykes that scar the blate :
But mind, when anes ye 're to the bent,
Altho' in vain, ye may repent.
Alake ! I 'm fleed thou aften meet
A gang that will thee fourly treat,
And ca' thee dull for a' thy pains,
When damps distrefs their drowzie brains.
I dinna doubt, whilst thou art new,
Thou 'lt favour find frae not a few ;
But when thou 'rt ruffled and forfairn,
Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn,
Then, then by age ye may grow wise,
And ken things common gi'e na price.

I'd

I 'd fret, wae 's me ! to see thee lye
 Beneath the bottom of a pye ;
 Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
 Up snuff, or sweeties, in a shap.

Awa, sic fears ! gae spread my fame,
 And fix me an immortal name ;
 Ages to come shall thee revive,
 And gar thee with new honours live.
 The future critics, I foresee,
 Shall have their notes on notes on thee ;
 The wits unborn shall beauties find
 That never enter'd in my mind.

Now when thou tells how I was bred
 But hough enough * to a mean trade,
 To balance that, pray let them ken
 My faul to higher pitch cou'd sten :
 And when ye shaw I 'm scarce of gear,
 Gar a' my virtues shine mair clear :
 Tell, I the best and fairest please ;
 A little man that lo'es my ease,
 And never thole these passions lang
 That rudely mint to do me wrang :

Gin

* Very indifferently.

Gin ony want to ken my age,
See anno Dom. * on title page ;
'This year, when springs, by care and skill,
The spacious leaden conduits † fill,
And first flow'd up the Castle-hill ;
When South-Sea projects cease to thrive,
And only North-Sea seems alive,
Tell them your author 's thirty-five.

* The first edition of his poems was published in 1721.

† The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of four inches and a half diameter within, and six tenths of an inch in thicknes ; all cast in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr. Harding of London.



A
G L O S S A R Y ;
OR,
AN EXPLANATION
OF THE
S C O T I S H W O R D S,
Which are used in the POEMS of ALLAN RAMSAY;
And which are rarely found in modern English Writings:
CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

A

G L O S S A R Y,

ᄆc. ᄆc. ᄆc.

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

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

SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.
<i>A'</i>	All	<i>Sma</i>	Small
<i>Ba</i>	Ball	<i>Sia</i>	Stall
<i>Ca</i>	Call	<i>Wa</i>	Wall
<i>Fa</i>	Fall	<i>Fou, or fu</i>	Full
<i>Ga</i>	Gall	<i>Pou, or pu</i>	Pull
<i>Ha</i>	Hall	<i>Woo, or oo</i>	Wool

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

<i>Bawm</i>	Balm	<i>Bow</i>	Boli
<i>Buk</i>	Baulk	<i>Bowt</i>	Bolt
<i>Buk</i>	Bulk	<i>Caff</i>	Calf
<i>Cow</i>	Coll, or Clip	<i>Howms</i>	Holms
<i>Faut</i>	Fault	<i>Maut</i>	Malt
<i>Faufe</i>	Faliè	<i>Pow</i>	Poll
<i>Fork</i>	Folk	<i>Row</i>	Roll

Fawn

SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.
<i>Fawn</i>	Fallen	<i>Scawd</i>	Scald
<i>Gawd</i>	Gold	<i>Stown</i>	Stolen
<i>Haff</i>	Half	<i>Wawk</i>	Walk
<i>Haw</i>	Hole, or Hollow		

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

<i>Auld</i>	Old	<i>Hald, or had</i>	Hold
<i>Bauld</i>	Bold	<i>Sald</i>	Sold
<i>Cauld</i>	Cold	<i>Tald</i>	Told
<i>Fauld</i>	Fold	<i>Wad</i>	Would

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

<i>Ae, or aue</i>	One	<i>Bain</i>	Bone
<i>Acten</i>	Oaten	<i>Bair</i>	Boar
<i>Aff</i>	Off	<i>Baith</i>	Both
<i>Aften</i>	Often	<i>Blaw</i>	Blow
<i>Aik</i>	Oak	<i>Braid</i>	Broad
<i>Aiuh</i>	Oath	<i>Claiuh</i>	Cloth
<i>Ain, or awn</i>	Own	<i>Craw</i>	Crow
<i>Alane</i>	Alone	<i>Drap</i>	Drop
<i>Amairt</i>	Almost	<i>Fae</i>	Foe
<i>Amang</i>	Among	<i>Frae</i>	Fro, or from
<i>Airs</i>	Oars	<i>Gae</i>	Go
<i>Aits</i>	Oats	<i>Gaits</i>	Goats
<i>Apen</i>	Open	<i>Grane</i>	Groan
<i>Awner</i>	Owner	<i>Haly</i>	Holy
<i>Hale</i>	Whole	<i>Saft</i>	Soft
<i>Halefome</i>	Wholesome	<i>Saip</i>	Soap
<i>Hame</i>	Home	<i>Sair</i>	Sore
<i>Hait, or het</i>	Hot	<i>Sang</i>	Song
<i>Laith</i>	Loath	<i>Slaw</i>	Slow
<i>Laid</i>	Load	<i>Snaw</i>	Snow
<i>Lain, or len</i>	Loan	<i>Strake</i>	Stroak
<i>Larg</i>	Long	<i>Staw</i>	Stole
<i>Mac</i>	More	<i>Stane</i>	Stone
<i>Mairt</i>	Most	<i>Saul</i>	Soul
<i>Mair</i>	More	<i>Tae</i>	Toe
<i>Mane</i>	Moan	<i>Taiken</i>	Token
<i>Na</i>	No	<i>Tangs</i>	Tongs

SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.	SCOTISH.	ENGLISH.
<i>Nane</i>	None	<i>Tap</i>	Top
<i>Naithing</i>	Nothing	<i>Thrang</i>	Throng
<i>Pape</i>	Pope	<i>Wae</i>	Woe
<i>Rae</i>	Roe	<i>Wame</i>	Womb
<i>Raip</i>	Rope	<i>Wan</i>	Won
<i>Raw</i>	Row	<i>War</i>	Worfe
		<i>Wark</i>	Work
		<i>Warld</i>	World
		<i>Wha</i>	Who

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

<i>Anither</i>	Another	<i>Ither</i>	Other
<i>Bill</i>	Bull	<i>Mither</i>	Mother
<i>Birn</i>	Burn	<i>Nits</i>	Nuts
<i>Brither</i>	Brother	<i>Nife</i>	Nose
<i>Fit</i>	Foot	<i>Pit</i>	Put
<i>Fither</i>	Fother	<i>Rin</i>	Run
<i>Hinny</i>	Honey	<i>Sin</i>	Sun

A

ABEET, albeit, although
Ablins, perhaps
Aboon, above
Aeten, oaten
Aik, oak
Aikerbread, the breadth of an acre
Air, long since. *It*, early. *Air up*,
 soon up in the morning
Ambric, cupboard
Anew, enow
Annual-rent, yearly interest of money
Apen, open
Arles, earnest of a bargain
Ase, ashes
Ase-midding, dunghill of ashes
Astcer, stirring
Atains, or *Atanes*, at once, at the
 same time
Attour, out-over
Auld-farren, knowing, shrewd
Auld Reeky, a cant name for Edin-
 burgh; old and smoky
Aurglebargin, or *Eagglebargin*, to
 contend and wrangle
Ausome, frightful, terrible
Aynd, the breath

B

Ba', ball
Back-sey, a firloin
Badrans, a cat
Baid, staid, abode

BEI

Bairns, children
Balen, whalebone
To ban, to curie
Bang, is sometimes an action of
 haste. We say, "he, or it, came
 " with a bang." A *bang* also
 means a great number: "of cus-
 " tomers he had a bang"
Bangler, a blustering roaring person
Bannocks, a sort of unleavened bread,
 thicker than cakes, and round
Barken'd, when mire, blood, &c.
 hardens upon a thing like bark
Barlikkssd, a fit of drunken angry
 passion
Barrow-trams, the slaves of a hand-
 barrow
Batts, colick
Bauch, sorry, indifferent
Baul, or *bauld*, bold
Barwee, halfpenny
Barck, a rafter, joist: likewise, the
 space between corn fields
Barwfy, bawfand-fac'd, is a cow, or
 horse, with a white face
Bedeem, immediately, in haste
Beft, beaten
Begoud, began
Begrutten, all in tears
Beik, to bask
Beild, or *beil*, a shelter
Bein, or *been*, wealthy, comfortable.
 A *been* house, a warm well-fur-
 nished one

Beit,

BLA

Beit, or *beet*, to help, repair
Bells, bubbles
Beltan, the 3d of May, or Rood-day
Belzie, Belzebub
Bended, drunk hard
Benn, the inner room of a house
Bennison, blessing
Benfell, or *benfall*, force
Bent, the open field
Benty, overgrown with coarse grafs
Beuk, baked
Bicker, a wooden dish
Bickering, fighting, running quickly.
 School-boys battling with stones
Bigg, build. *Bigget*, built. *Biggings*,
 buildings
Biggonet, a linen cap or coif
Billy, brother
Bink, a bench to fit on, either by the
 door, or near the fire
Byre, or *byar*, a cow-house
Birks, birch-trees
Birle, to carouse. When common
 people join their halfpennies for
 purchasing liquor, they call it
 “*birling* a bawbee”
Birn, a burnt mark
Birns, the stalks of burnt heath
Birr, force, flying swiftly with a
 noise
Bisy, busy
Bittle, or *beetle*, a wooden mallet for
 beating hemp, or a fuller’s club
Black-a-vic’d, of a black complexion
Blac, black and blue, the colour of
 the skin when bruised
Blasum, beguile
Blate, bashful
Blatter, a rattling noise
Blawart, a blue flower that grows
 among corn

BRA

Bleech, to blanch or whiten
Bleer, to make the eye water
Bleeze, blaze
Blether, foolish discourse. *Bletherer*,
 A babbler. Stammering is called
blethering.
Blin, cease. “Never *blin*,” never
 have done
Blinkan, the flame rising and falling,
 as of a lamp when the oil is ex-
 hausted
Boak, or *bake*, retch
Boal, a little press or cupboard in
 the wall
To Boast, to threaten or scold at
Bodin, or *bodden*, provided or fur-
 nished
Bodle, one-sixth of a penny English
Bodword, an ominous message. *Bod-*
words are now used to express
 ill-natured messages
Boglebo, hobgoblin or spectre
Bonny, beautiful
Bonnywalys, toys, gew-gaws
Bofs, empty
Bouk, bulk
Bourd, jest or dally
Boufer, a rafter
Bouze, to drink
Bout, bolt
Brochen, water-gruel of oat-meal
Brae, the side of a hill, a steep bank
Braid, broad
Braird, the first sprouting of corns
Brander, a gridiron
Brands, calves of the legs
Brang, brought
Brankan, prancing, a capering
Branks, wherewith the rustics bridle
 their horses
Branny, brandy

Brattle,

BYW

Brattle, noise, as of horse feet
Brats, rags, aprons of coarse linen
Braw, brave; fine in apparel
Brecken, fearn
Brent-brow, smooth high forehead
Brigs, bridges
Brifs, to prefs
Brock, a badger
Broe, broth
Browden, fond
Browster, brewer. *Browst*, a brewing
Bruliment, or *Brulziement*, a broil
Bucky, the large sea-snail: a term of reproach, when we express a cross-natured fellow by "thrawn bucky"
Buff, nonsense: as, "he blather'd "buff"
Bught, the little fold where the ewes are inclosed at milking-time
Buller, to bubble: the motion of water at a spring-head, or noise of a rising tide
Bumbazed, confused; made to stare and look like an idiot
Bumbee, an humble bee
Bumler, a bungler
To Bummil, to bungle
Bung, completely fuddled, as it were to the bung
Bunkers, a bench, or sort of long low chests that serve for seats
Eurd-alane, solitary bird
Burn, a brook
Busk, to deck, dress
Eustine, fustian, cloth
But, often used for *without*; as, "but feed or favour"
Eykes, or *bikes*, nests or hives of bees
Bygane, bypast
Byword, a proverb

C

Cadge, carry. *Cadger* is a country carrier, &c.
Caff, a calf; chaff
Callan, boy
Camsbough, or *Campsho*, stern, grim, of a distorted countenance
Cangle, to wrangle
Canker'd, angry, passionately snarling
Canna, cannot
Cant, to tell merry old tales
Cantraips, incantations
Canty, cheerful and merry
Capernvited, whimsical, ill-natured
Car, sledge
Carena, care not
Carle, a word for an old man
Carlina, an old woman. *Girc-carline*, a giant's wife
Carts, Cards
Cathel, cawdle, an hot-pot made of ale, sugar, and eggs
Cauldrife, spiritless; wanting cheerfulness in address
Cauler, cool or fresh
Cawk, chalk
Cawfy, causeway, street
Chafis, chops
Chaping, an ale measure or stoup, somewhat less than an English quart
A-Char, or *a-jar*, aside. When any thing is beat a little out of its position, or a door or window a little opened, we say, "they are *a-char*, "or *a-jar*"
Charlewain, Charleswain; the constellation called the plow, or urfa major
Chancy, fortunate, good-natured
Chanler, a candlestick
Chanter-chafis, lantern-jaw'd

Ckat,

COG

Chat, a cant name for the gallows
Chiel, or *chield*, a general term like fellow; used sometimes with respect, as, "he's a very good *chiel*;" and contemptuously, "that *chiel*"
Chirm, chirp and sing like a bird
Chitter, chatter
Chorking, the noise made by the feet when the shoes are full of water
Chucky, a hen
Clan, tribe, family
Clank, a sharp blow or stroke that makes a noise
Clashes, chat
Clatter, to chatter
Clought, took hold
Claver, to speak nonsense
Claw, scratch
Cleek, to catch as with a hook
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
Clink, coin, money
Clinty, hard, stony
Clock, a beetle
Cloited, the fall of any soft, moist thing
Clofs, a court or square; and frequently a lane or alley
Clour, the little lump that rises on the head, occasioned by a blow or fall
Clute, or *cloot*, hoof of cows or sheep
Cockernony, the gathering of a woman's hair, when it is wrapt or snooded up with a band or snood
Cockstool, a pillory
Cod, a pillow
Coft, bought
Cog, a pretty large wooden dish the country people put their pottage in

CUR

Cogle, when a thing moves backwards and forwards inclining to fall
Coly, a shepherd's dog
Coodie, a small wooden vessel used by some for a chamber-pot
Coof, a stupid fellow
Coor, to cover, and recover
Cooser, a stoned horse
Coost, did cast. *Coosten*, thrown
Corby, a raven
Cosie, warm and comfortable
Cotter, a cottager
Couthy, affable
Cowp, to turn over; also, a fall
Cowp, to change or barter
Cowp, a company of people; as, "merry, senseless, corky *cowp*"
Crack, to chat
Craig, a rock; the neck
Craw, crow
Creel, basket
Creepy, a low stool
Criph, grease
Croil, a crooked dwarf
Croon, or *crune*, to murmur, or hum over a song; the lowing of bulls
Crouse, bold, pert, overbearing
Crove, a cottage
Crummy, a cow's name
Cryn, to shrink or become less by drying
Cudeigh, a bribe, present
Culzie, to intice or flatter
Can, to taste, learn, know
Canzie, or *conie*, coin
Curn, a small parcel
Curfsche, a kerchief; a linen dress worn by our Highland women

Cutled,

DIG

Cutled, used kind and gaining methods for obtaining love and friendship
Cutty, short

D

Dab, a proficient
Dad, to beat one thing against another: "he fell with a *dad*:"—"he *dadded* his head against the wall," &c.
Daft, foolish; and sometimes, wanton
Daffin, folly, waggery
Daintiths, delicacies, dainties
Dainty, is used as an epithet of a fine man or woman
Dander, to wander to or fro, or faunter
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
Deel, the devil
Deel-be-likit, the devil-a-bit
Dees, dairy-maids
Deray, merriment, jollity, solemnity, tumult, disorder, noise
Dern, secret, hidden, lonely
Deval, to descend, fall, hurry
Dewgs, rags or shapings of cloth
Didle, to act or move like a dwarf
Dight, decked, made ready; also, to clean

DOW

To Ding, to drive down, to beat, to overcome
Dink, prim
Dinna, do not
Dirle, a smarting pain quickly over
Dit, to stop or close up a hole
Divot, thin turf
Dock, the backside
Docken, a dock, the herb
Doilt, confused and silly
Doited, dozed or crazy, as in old age
Doll, a large piece; dole or share
Dunk, moist
Donfe, affectedly neat; sometimes, dull and dreary; clean, when applied to any little person
Doofart, a dull, heavy-headed fellow
Dool, or *drule*, the goal which gamblers strive to gain first, as at football
Dool, pain, grief
Dorts, a proud pet
Darty, proud; not to be spoken to; conceited; appearing as disobliged
Defend, cold, impotent
Dought, could, availed
Doughty, strong, valiant, able
Douks, dives under water
Dour, *dour*, hard, severe, fierce
Douse, solid, grave, prudent
Dow, to will, to incline, to thrive
Dow, dove
Dow'd, (liquor) that is dead, or has lost the spirits; or withered (plant)
Dowff, mournful, wanting vivacity
Dowie, sickly, melancholy, sad, doleful
Downa, *dow not*, i. e. though one has the power, he wants the heart to do it

Dowp,

EIT

FAN

Dowp, the arse, the small remains of a candle, the bottom of an egg-shell: "better half egg as toom "*dowp*"

Drant, to speak slow, after a fighting manner

Dree, to suffer, endure

Dreery, wearisome, frightful

Dreigh, slow, keeping at distance: hence, an ill payer of his debts we call *dreigh*: tedious

Dribs, drops

Dring, the noise of a kettle before it boils

Drizel, a little water in a rivulet, scarce appearing to run

Droning, sitting lazily, or moving heavily; speaking with groans

Drouked, drenched, all wet

Dubs, mire

Duds, rags. *Duddy*, ragged

Dung, driven down, overcome

Dunt, stroke or blow

Dunty, a doxy

Durk, a poniard or dagger

Dusht, driven down

Dwine, to pine away

Dyules, trembles, shakes

Dyvoor, a bankrupt

E

To Eag, to egg, to incite, stir up

Eard, earth, the ground

Edge of a hill, is the side or top

Een, eyes

Eild, age

Eildeens, of the same age

Eith, easy. *Either*, easier

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Elbuck, elbow

Elf-foot, bewitched, shot by fairies

Ell-wand, the ell measure

Elritch, wild, hideous, uninhabited except by imaginary ghosts

Elson, a shoemaker's awl

Endlang, along

Ergb, scrupulous, when one makes faint attempts to do a thing, without a steady resolution

Estbler, *Afbler*, hewn stone

Ether, an adder

Ethercap, or *Ettercap*, a venomous spiteful creature

Etle, to aim, design

Even'd, compared

Evite, to shun

Eydent, diligent, laborious

F

Fa, a trap, such as is used for catching rats or mice

Facing-tools, drinking-pots

Fadge, a spongy sort of bread in shape of a roll

Fae, foe

Fail, thick turf, such as are used for building dykes for folds, inclosures, &c.

Fairfaw, when we wish well to one, that a good or fair fate may befall him

Fait, neat, in good order

Fand, found

Fang, the talons of a fowl. *To*

Fang, to grip, or hold fast

Fash,

FLE

Fesh, to vex or trouble. *Fasheous*, troublesome
Faugh, a colour between white and red. *Faugh riggs*, fallow ground
Faught, a broil
Fause, false
Fawn, fallen
Feck, a part, quantity; as, maist *feck*, the greatest number; nae *feck*, very few
Feckfow, able, active
Fekklefs, feeble, little and weak
Feed, or *fead*, feud, hatred, quarrel
Feil, many, several
Fen, shift. *Fending*, living by industry. Make a *fen*, fall upon methods
Ferlie, wonder
Ferzier, the last or forerun year
File, to defile or dirty
Firefought, a flash of lightning
Fistle, to stir, a stir
Fit, the foot
Fitsted, the print of the foot
Fizzing, whizzing
Fleffing, moving up and down; raising wind by motion, as birds with their wings
Flags, flashes, as of wind and fire
Flane, an arrow
Flang, flung
Flaughter, to pare turf from the ground
Flaw, lie or fib
Flectch, to coax or flatter
Fleg, fright
Flet, the preterite of *flyte*, did chide
Fleegeries, gewgaws
Flewet, a smart blow
Fley, or *flie*, to affright. *Fleyt*, afraid or terrified

FUR

Flinders, splinters
Flit, to remove
Flite, or *flyte*, to scold or chide.
Flet, did scold
Flashes, floods
Fog, mofs
Fon, fond
Foordays, the morning far advanced, fair day-light
Forby, besides
Forebears, forefathers, ancestors
Forfairn, abused, bespattered
Forfoughten, weary, faint and out of breath with fighting
Forgainst, opposite to
Forgether, to meet, encounter
Forleet, to forsake or forget
Forestem, the forehead
Fou, drunk
Fouth, abundance, plenty
Fow-weel, full well
Fozy, spungy, soft
Fraijé, to make a noise. We use to say, "one makes a *fraijé*," when they boast, wonder, and talk more of a matter than it is worthy of, or will bear
Fray, bustle, fighting
Freik, a fool, light impertinent fellow
Fremit, strange, not a-kin
Fristed, truted
Frusb, brittle, like bread baken with butter
Fuff, to blow. *Fuffon*, blowing
Furder, prosper
Furthy, forward
Furish, brought
Fyk, to be restless, uneasy
Furlet, four pecks

G

Gab, the mouth. *To Gab*, to prate
Gabbing, prating pertly. *To gab* again, when servants give saucy returns when reprimanded
Gabby, one of a ready and easy expression; the same with *auld gabbet*
Gadge, to dictate impertinently, talk idly with a stupid gravity
To Gae, to go
Gafaw, hearty loud laughter. *To gawf*, to laugh
Gaist, or *ghaist*, a ghost
Gait, a goat
Gams, gums
Gantrees, a stand for ale-barrels
Gar, to cause, make, or force
Gare, greedy, rapacious, earnest to have a thing
Gash, solid, sagacious. One with a long out chin, we call *gash-gabbet*, or *gash-beard*
Gate, way
Gaunt, yawn
Gaw, to take the pet, to be galled
Gawd, or *gad*, a bar of iron, a ploughman's rod
Gawky, an idle, staring, idiotical person
Gawn, going
Gaws, galls
Gawfy, jolly, buxom
To geck, to mock, to toss the head with disdain
Geed, or *gade*, went
Genty, handsome, genteel
Get, a brat, a child, by way of contempt or derision
Gielanger, an ill debtor
Gif, if

GOV

Gift, a wicked imp, a term of reproach
Gillygacus, or *gillygacus*, a staring gaping fool, a gormandizer
Gilpy, a roguish boy
Gimmer, a young sheep-ewe
Gin, if
Gind, 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, the reflection of the sun thrown from a mirror; an idle good-for-nothing fellow. *Glaiked*, foolish, wanton, light. *To give the glaiks*, to beguile one by giving him his labour for his pains
Glaifter, to bawl or bark
Glamour, a fascinating spell in order to deceive the eyes
Glar, mire, ouzy mud
Glee, to squint. *Gleed*, or *gleid*, squint-eyed
Gleg, sharp, quick, active
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains
Gloom, to scowl or frown
Glowming, or *gloming*, the twilight or evening gloom
Glowr, to stare
Glunch, to hang the brow and grumble
Goon, a wooden dish for meat
Goolie, a large knife
Gorlings, or *gorblings*, young unfledged birds
Goffie, gossip
Gowans, daizies
Gove, to look with a roving eye

GYT

Gowf, or *golf*, besides the known game, a racket or foudn blow on the chops, we call " a *gowf* on " the *haffet* "
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
Goufly, ghastly, large, waste, desolate, and frightful
Graith, furniture, harness, armour
To Grane, to groan
Grany, grandmother, any old woman
Grape, a trident fork; also, to grope
Gree, prize, victory
To Gree, to agree
Green, or *grien*, to long for
Greet, to weep. *Grat*, wept
Grieve, an overseer
Gross, gross, coarse
Grotts, milled oats
Grouf, to lie flat on the belly
Grouncke, or *Glanfo*, to murmur, grudge
Gruten, wept
Gryse, a pig
Gully, a large knife. A *kail-gully*, a knife for cutting cabbages
Gumption, good sense
Garly, rough, bitter, cold (weather)
Gusty, favoury
Gutcher, goodfire, grandfather
Gyfened, when the wood of any vessel is shrunk with dryness
Gytlings, young children

H

Had, hold
Haffet, the cheek, side of the head
Hagabag, coarse table-linen
Haggise, a kind of pudding made of the lungs and liver of a sheep, and boiled in the big bag
Hags, hacks, peat-pits, or breaks in mossy ground; portions of copse-wood regularly cut
Hain, to save, manage narrowly
Hait, or *het*, hot
Hale, whole
Halefome, wholesome
Hallen, a fence of turf, twigs, or stone, built at the side of a cottage door, to screen from the wind
Hame, home
Hamed, domestic
Hamefy, friendly, frank, open, kind
To Hanker, to doubt or waver
Hanty, convenient, handsome
Harle, drag
Harns, brains. *Harn-pan*, the scull
Harship, hairship, mischance
Haso, a sloven
Haveren, or *havrel*, an insignificant chattering, a half-witted fellow
Haugh, valleys, or low grounds on the sides of rivers
Havins, good breeding
Haviour, behaviour
To hause, to hug
Hauslock, the wool that grows on the sheep's neck
Hawky, a cow; a white-faced cow
Haws, or *haufs*, the throat or gullet
Heal, or *heel*, health, or whole
Heartfome, blyth and happy
Hecht, to promise, promised

Heepy,

HOW

Heepy, a person hypochondriac
Hereyefreen, the night before yef-
 ternight
Heez, to lift up a heavy thing a
 little. A *heezy* is a good lift
Hefiit, accustomed to live in a place
Heght, promised; also, named
Hempy, a tricky wag, such for
 whom the hemp grows
Hereit, or *herried*, ruined in estate:
 when a bird's nest is robbed, it is
 said to be *herried*
Hesf, a hasp, a clasp or hook, bar
 or bolt: also, in yarn, a certain
 number of cuts
Hether-bells, the heath-blossom
Hengb, a rock or steep hill; also, a
 coal-pit
Hiddils, or *Hidlings*, lurking, hid-
 ing-places. To do a thing in
hidlings, i. e. privately
To Hing, to hang
Hips, the buttocks
Hirple, to move slowly and lamely
Hirfle, to move as with a rustling
 noise
Hirfle, or *birdfale*, a flock of cattle
Ho, a single stocking
Hobblefrew, confused racket, noise
Hodden-grey, coarse grey cloth
Hog, a sheep of two years old
Hool, husk. *Hooled*, inclosed
Hooly, flow
Hoft, or *whoft*, to cough
Hou, or *hu*, a cap or roof-tree
How, low ground, a hollow
How! ho!
Howdered, hidden
Howdy, a midwife
Howff, a haunt, or accustomed ren-
 dezvous

JYB

Howk, to dig
Howms, *holms*, plains on river-sides
Howt! fy!
Howtowdy, a young hen
Hurdies, the buttocks
Hurkle, to crouch or bow together
 like a cat, hedge-hog, or hare
Hyt, mad

I & J

Jack, a jacket
Jag, to prick as with a pin
Jaw, a wave or gush of water
Jawp, the dashing of water
Jacshogles, icicles
Jee, to incline on one side. To
jee back and fore, is to move like
 a balk up and down, to this and
 the other side
Jelly, pretty
Jig, to crack, to make a noise like
 a cart-wheel
Jimp, slender
Jip, gypsie
Ilk, each. *Ilka*, every
Ingan, onion
Ingine, genius
Ingle, fire
Jo, sweetheart
Jocktaleg, a clasp-knife
Jouk, a low bow
Irie, fearful, terrified, as if afraid
 of some ghost or apparition:
 also, melancholy
I'se, I shall; as, *I'll*, for I will
Isles, embers
Junt, a large joint or piece of meat
Jute, four or dead liquor
Jybe, to mock. *Gibe*, a taunt

K

Kaber, a rafter
Kale, or *kail*, colewort; and some-
 times, broth
Kaeky, to dung
Kain, a part of a farm-rent paid in
 fowls
Kame, comb
Kanny, or *canny*, fortunate. also,
 wary, one who manages his af-
 fairs discreetly; cautious
Kebuck, a cheefe
Keckle, to cackle like a hen, to
 laugh, to be noisy
Kedgy, or *eadgie*, jovial
Keck, to peep
Keel, or *keil*, black or red chalk
Kelt, cloth with a freeze, commonly
 made of native black wool
Kemp, to strive who shall perform
 most of the same work in the
 same time
Ken, to know; used in England as
 a noun: a thing within *ken*, i. e.
 within view
Kent, a long staff, such as shepherds
 use for leaping over ditches
Kepp, to catch a thing that moves
 towards one
Kiest, did cast. Vide *coost*
Kilted, tucked up
Kimmer, or *cunmer*, a female gossip
Kirn, a churn; to churn
Kirtle, an upper petticoat
Kitchen, fauces or liquids eat with
 solid food: "hunger is good
 "kitchen"
Kittie, a frolicsome wench
Kittle, difficult, mysterious, knotty
 (writings)
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
Knacky, witty, facetious

LAR

Kneit, to beat or strike sharply
Knoosed, buffeted and bruised
Knoost, or *knuijt*, a large lump
Know, a hillock
Knublock, a knob
Kow, goblin, or any person one
 stands in awe to disoblige, and
 fears
Ky, kine or cows
Kyth, to appear: "he 'il kyth in
 "his ain colours."
Kyte, the belly

L

Ladren, a rogue, rascal, thief
Laggert, bespattered, covered with
 clay
Laigh, low
Lairh, loth
Laits, manners
Lak, or *lack*, undervalue, contemn;
 as, "he that lacks my mare, will
 "buy my mare"
Landart, the country, or belonging
 to it; rustic
Lane, alone
Lang, long
Langour, languishing, melancholy.
 To hold one out of *langour*, i. e.
 divert him
Lang-nebit, long-nosed
Lang-syne, long ago: sometimes
 used as a substantive noun, auld
lang-syne, old times by-past
Lankale, coleworts uncut
Lap, leaped
Lappered, cruddled or clotted
Lare, bog

Larc,

LIN

- Lare*, a place for laying, or that has been lain in
Latter-meet, victuals brought from the master's to the servants' table
Lave, the rest or remainder
Lawin, a tavern reckoning
Lawland, low country
Lavrock, the lark
Lawty, or *lawtith*, justice, fidelity, honesty
Leal, true, upright, honest, faithful to trust, loyal: "a *leal* heart " never lied"
Leam, flame
Lear, learning; to learn
Lee, untilled ground; also an open grassy plain
Leet, a chosen number, from which one or more is to be elected
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug or handle
Leman, a kept mistress
Lends, buttocks, loins
Leugh, laughed
Lew-warm, lukewarm
Libbet, gelded
Lick, to whip or beat: a wag or cheat we call a great *lick*
Lied, ye lied, ye tell a lie
Lift, the sky or firmament
Liggs, lies
Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument of music; 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, shoemakers' thread
Linkan, walking speedily

MAI

- Lintwhite*, a linnet
Lire, breasts: also, the most muscular parts: sometimes, the air or complexion of the face
Link, a wrinkle or fold
Lisk, the groin
Lith, a joint
Loar, or *Loaning*, a passage for the cattle to go to pasture, left untilled; a little common, where the maids often assembled to milk the ewes
Loch, a lake
Loe, to love
Loof, the hollow of the hand
Looms, tools, instruments in general, vessels
Loot, did let
Low, flame. *Lowan*, flaming
Lown, calm: keep *lown*, be secret
Loun, rogue, whore, villain
Lounder, a sound blow
Lout, to bow down, making courtesy; to stoop
Luck, to enclose, shut up, fasten: hence, *lucken* handed, close fitted; *lucken* gowans, booths, &c.
Lucky, grandmother, or goody
Lug, ear, handle of a pot or vessel
Luggie, a dish of wood with a handle
Lum, the chimney
Lurdane, a blockhead
Lwoe, rather
Lyart, hoary or grey-haired

M

- Magil*, to mangle
Maiden, an engine used for beheading
Maik, or *make*, to match, equal
Maiklefs, matchless
Mailen, a farm

MOO

Makly, seemly, well-proportioned
Makfaa, 'tis no matter
Malifon, 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 (brewing). *Masking-loom*, mash-vat
Mavis, a thrush
Maun, must. *Mauna*, must not, may not
Mawt, malt
Meikle, much, big, great, large
Meith, limit, mark, sign
Mends, satisfaction, revenge, retaliation: to make a *mends*, to make a grateful return
Mense, discretion, sobriety, good breeding. *Mensfon*, mannerly
Menzie, a company of men, army, assembly, one's followers
Messen, a little dog, lap-dog
Midding, a dunghill
Midges, gnats, little flies
Mim, affectedly modest
Mint, aim, endeavour
Mirk, dark
Miscaw, to give names
Misken, to neglect or not take notice of one; also, let alone
Misshibus, malicious, rough
Mislers, necessities, wants
Mither, mother
Mony, many
Moos, the earth of the grave

NUC

Mou, mouth
Moup, to eat, generally used of children, or of old people, who have but few teeth, and make their lips move fast, though they eat but slow
Mow, a pile or bing, as of fuel, hay, sheaves of corn, &c.
Murgeon'd, made a mock of
Muckle, see *meikle*
Murgullied, mismanaged, abused
Mutch, a coil
Mutchkin, an English pint

N

Nacky, or *knacky*, clever, active in small affairs
Necfe, nose
Nevel, a sound blow with the *nive*, or fist
Newfangle, fond of a new thing
Nick, to bite or cheat. *Nicked*, cheated. Also a cant word to drink heartily; as, "he *nicks* "fine"
Niest, next
Niffer, to exchange or barter
Niffnafan, 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

Oc, a grandchild
O'er, or *owre*, too much; as, "a' *o'ers*
 "is vice"
O'ercome, surplus
Ony, any
Or, sometimes used for *ere*, or be-
 fore. *Or* day, i. e. before day-
 break
Ora, any thing over what is needful
Orp, to weep with a convulsive
 pant
Oughtlens, in the least, any thing
Owk, week
Owrlay, a cravat
Owfen, oxen
Owther, either
Oxter, the armpit

P

Paddock, a frog. *Paddock-ride*, the
 spawn of frogs
Paiks, chastisement. *To paik*, to
 beat or belabour one soundly
Pang, to squeeze, press, or pack one
 thing into another
Papery, popery
Pasement, livery-lace
Pat, did put
Faughty, proud, haughty
Parvly, witty or sly in word or ac-
 tion, without any harm or bad
 designs
Peer, a quay or wharf
Pects, turf for fire
Pegh, to pant
Penfy, finical, foppish, conceited
Perquire, by heart
Pett, a favourite, a fondling. *To*
pettle, to dandle, feed, cherish,

PRI

flatter. Hence, to take the *pett*,
 is to be peevish or sullen, as com-
 monly *petts* are when in the least
 disobliged
Pibroghs, such Highland tunes as
 are played on bag-pipes before the
 warriors when they go 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.
Pirny, (cloth or a web) of unequal
 threads or colours, striped
Pit, to put
Pith, strength, might, force
Plack, two bodles, or the third of a
 penny English
Plevishig, household furniture
Pople, or *paple*, the bubbling, pur-
 ling, or boiling up of water
Poorith, poverty
Pou, pull
Pause, to push
Pouch, a pocket
Pow, the poll, the head
Powny, a little horse or galloway;
 also a turkey
Pratck, practice, art, stratagem.
 Priving *pratck*, trying ridiculous
 experiments
Prets, tricks, rogueries. We say,
 "he played me a *pret*," i. e. cheat-
 ed: "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,

PUT

Prin, a pin
Prive, to prove or taste
Propine, gift or present
Prym, or *prime*, to fill or stuff
Pøke, to pluck
Pulliespees, pulleys
Putt a stane, throw a big stone

Q

Quaff, or *queff*, or *quegh*, a flat wooden drinking-cup formed of staves
Quat, to quit
Quey, a young cow

R

Rackless, careless: one who does things without regarding whether they be good or bad, we call him *rackless* handed
Rac, a roc
Raffan, merry, roving, hearty
Raird, a loud sound
Rair, roar
Rak, or *rook*, a mist or fog
Rampage, to speak and act furiously
Rape, a rope
Rashes, rushes
Rave, did rive or tear
Raught, reached
Rax, to stretch. *Raxed*, stretched
Rax, andirons
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 am *redd*," I am apprehensive

RYP

Rede, counsel, advice; as, "I wad "na *rede* you to do that"
Reek, reach; also, smoke
Reese, or *ruse*, to commend, extol
Reest, to rust, or dry in the smoke
Rest, bereft, robbed, forced, or carried away
Reif, rapine, robbery
Reik, or *rink*, a course or race
Rever, a robber or pirate
Rewth, pity
Rice, or *rife*, bulrushes, bramble branches, or twigs of trees
Rierd, a roar
Rife, or *ryfe*, plenty
Rift, to belch
Rigging, the back or rig-back, the top or ridge of a house
Rigs of corn, ridges
Ripples, a weakness in the back and reins
Rock, a distaff
Rovee, to rivet
Rottan, a rat
Roundel, a witty, and often satiric kind of rhyme
Rowan, rolling
Rowt, to roar, especially the lowing of bulls and cows
Rowth, plenty
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corns
Rude, the red taint of the complexion
Ruefu', doleful
Rug, to pull, take away by force
Rumple, the rump
Rungs, small boughs of trees lopped off
Runkle, a wrinkle; to ruffle
Rype, to search

S

Saebens, seeing it is, since
Saiklefs, guiltless, free
Sained, blessed
Sair, or *fare*, fore
Sairy, forlorn and pitiable
Sall, shall : like *foud* for should
Sand-blind, purblind, short-sighted
Sape, or *faip*, soap
Sar, favour or smell
Sark, a shirt
Saugh, a willow or fallow-tree
Saul, foul
Saw, an old saying, or proverbial
 expression
Sawt, salt
Scad, scald
Scar, the bare places on the sides of
 hills washed down with rains
Scart, to scratch
Scauld, scold
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, straitened, little
Scroggs, shrubs, thorns, briars.
Scroggy, thorny
Scuds, ale ; a late name given it by
 the benders, or drinkers
Sculdudry, lewdness
Scummer, to loath
Sell, self
Seuch, furrow, ditch
Sey, to try
Shau pitiful, silly, poor
Sharn, cow's dung
Shaw, a wood or forest

SKI

To Shaw, to shew
Shawl, shallow
Shawps, empty husks
Sheen, shining
Shellycoat, a goblin
Shiel, a shepherd's cot
Shill, shrill, having a sharp sound
Shirc, clear, thin. We call thin
 cloth, or clear liquor, *shirc* ; also
 a clever wag, a *shirc* lick
Shog, to wake, shake, or jog back-
 wards and forwards
Shool, shovel
Shoon, shoes
Shore, to threaten
Shotle, a drawer
Sib, a-kin
Sic, such
Sicker, firm, secure
Sike, a rill or rivulet, commonly
 dry in summer
Siller, silver
Sindle, or *finle*, seldom
Sinsyne, since that time : lang *sin-
 syne*, long ago
Skail, to spill, to disperse : hence
 we say, " the kirk is *scailing*,"
 for the congregation is separat-
 ing
Skair, share
Skaith, hurt, damage, loss
Skeigh, skittish
Skelf, shelf
Skelp, to run ; used when one runs
 barefoot : also, a small splinter of
 wood : likewise, to flog the but-
 tocks
Skiff, to move smoothly away
Skink, a kind of strong broth made
 of cows' hams or knuckles ; also,
 to fill drink in a cup

Skirl,

SNO

Skirl, to shriek or cry with a shrill voice
Sklate, slate. *Skillic* is the fine blue slate
Skawrie, ragged, nasty, idle
Skreed, a rent, a hearty drinking bout
To Skreigh, to shriek
Skybald, a tatterdemalion
Skyt, to fly out hastily
Slade, or *Slaid*, did slide, moved, or made a thing move easily
Slap, or *slak*, a gap, or narrow pass between two hills; also, a breach in a wall
Slee, fly
Slerg, to bedawb or plaister
Slid, smooth, cunning, slippery; as, "he's a *slid* loun." *Slidry*, slippery
Slippery, sleepy
Slerk, a mire, ditch, or slough; to wade through a mire
Slate, a bar or bolt for a door
Sleugh, husk or coat
Smaik, a silly, little, pitiful fellow; the same with *smatchet*
Smirky, smiling
Smittle, infectious or catching
Smoor, to smother
Srack, nimble, ready, clever
Sned, to cut
Sneg, to cut; as, "*sneg'd* off at the web end"
Snell, sharp, smarting, bitter, firm
Snib, to snub, check, or reprove, to correct
Snifter, to snuff or breathe through the nose a little stopt
Snishing, or *sneishing*, snuff
Snod, metaphorically used for neat, handsome, tight

SPE

Snood, the band for tying up a woman's hair
Snool, to dispirit by chiding, hard labour, and the like; also, a pitiful grovelling slave
Snoove, to whirl round
Snotter, snout
Snurl, to ruffle or wrinkle
Sonfy, happy, fortunate, lucky; sometimes used for large and lusty
Sore, ferrel, reddish coloured
Sorn, to sponge, or hang on others for maintenance
Sesf, the noise that a thing makes when it falls to the ground
Soud, should
Sough, the sound of wind amongst trees, or of one sleeping
Souming, swimming
Soup, a sup
Souter, a shoemaker
Sowens, flummery, or oatmeal soured amongst water for some time, then boiled to a consistency, and eaten with milk or butter
Sowf, to conn over a tune on an instrument
Spae, to foretel or divine. *Spaemen*, prophets, augurs
Spain, to wean from the breast
Spait, a torrent, flood, or inundation
Spang, a jump; to leap or jump
Spaul, shoulder, arm
Speel, to climb
Speer, to ask, inquire
Spelder, to split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder
Spence, the place of the house where provisions are kept

Spill,

STO

Spill, to spoil, abuse
Spolie, or *spulzie*, spoil, booty, plunder
Spraings, stripes of different colours
Spring, a tune on a musical instrument
Sprush, spruce
Spruttled, speckled, spotted
Spung, the fob
Spunk, tinder
Stalwart, strong and valiant
Stane, stone
Stang, did sting, to 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*"
Staw, stole
Stay, steep; as, "set a stout heart to a *stay* brace"
Steck, to shut, close
Stegh, to cram
Stend, or *sten*, to move with a hasty long pace
Stent, to stretch or extend, to limit or stint
Sting, a pole, a cudgel
Stirk, a steer or bullock
Stock-and-horn, a shepherd's pipe, made by inserting a reed pierced like a flute into a cow's horn; the mouth-piece is like that of a hautboy
Stoit, or *stot*, to rebound or reflect
Stoken, to flake the thirst
Stoor, rough, hoarse
Stou, to cut or crop. A *stou*, a large cut or piece
Stound, a smarting pain or stitch

SWI

Stoup, a pot of tin of a certain measure. Milk *stoup*, a wooden milk-pail
Stour, dust agitated by winds, men, or horse feet. To *stour*, to run quickly
Stowth, stealth
Straitis, probably a kind of narrow kersey cloth, called *straits*. See Bailey and Miece
Strand, a gutter
Strapan, clever, tall, handsome
Streck, to stretch
Striddle, to stride, applied commonly to one that is little
Strinkle, to sprinkle or strew
Stroot, or *strute*, stuffed full, drunk
Strunt, a pet: "to take the *strunt*," to be petted or out of humour
Studdy, an anvil, or smith's stithy
Sturdy, giddy headed; also strong
Sture, or *stoor*, stiff, strong, hoarse
Sturz, trouble, disturbance, vexation
Stym, a blink, or a little fight of a thing
Suddle, to fully or defile
Sumph, blockhead
Sunkan, splenetic
Sunkots, something
Swak, to throw, cast with force
Swankies, clever young fellows
Swarf, to swoon away
Swash, swollen with drink
Swatch, a pattern
Swats, small ale
Swecht, burden, weight, force
Sweer, lazy, slow, loth
Sweeties, confections
Swelt, suffocated, choaked to death
Switb, begone quickly

Swither,

THA

Swither, to be doubtful whether to
do this or that
Sybon, a small onion
Syke, a rill which is sometimes dry
Syne, afterwards, then

T

Tack, a leaf
Tackel, an arrow
Taid, a toad
Taken, token
Tane, taken &c.
Tane and tither, the one and t'other
Tangle, sea-weed
Tangs, the tongs
Tap, a head. Such a quantity of
lint as spinsters put upon the di-
staff is called a *lint-tap*
Tape, to use any thing sparingly
Tappit-ben, the Scots quart-sloop
Tarrow, to refuse what we love,
from a cross humour
Tartan, cross-striped stuff of various
colours, checkered: the High-
land plaids
Tass, a little dram-cup
Tate, a small lock of hair, or any
little quantity of wool, cotton,
&c.
Tawpy, a foolish wench
Taz, a whip or scourge
Ted, to scatter, spread
Tee, a little earth on which those
who play at the gowf set their
balls before they strike them off
Teen, or *tynd*, anger, rage, sorrow
Teet, to peep out
Tensome, the number of ten
Tent, attention. *Tenty*, cautious
Thack, thatch

TOS

Thae, those
Tharmes, small tripes, catgut
Theck, to thatch
Thievelefs, sleevelefs, wanting pro-
priety
Thig, to beg or borrow
Thir, these
Thole, to endure, suffer
Thow, thaw
Thowlefs, unactive, silly, lazy, heavy
Thrawart, froward, cross, crabbed
Thrawin, stern and cross-grained
Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed
Threep, or *threap*, to aver, allege,
urge and affirm boldly
Thrimal, or *thrummil*, to press or
squeeze through with difficulty
Thud, a blast, blow, storm, or the
violent sound of these, "cry'd
"heh 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
Till, to. *Till't*, to it
Tine, to lose. *Tint*, lost
Tinsel, loss
Tip, or *tippony*, ale sold for two-
pence the Scots pint
Tippanizing, drinking twopenny
ale
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.: also, to empty
Tosh, tight, neat
Tosie, warm, pleasant, half fud-
dled

UUN

To the fore, in being, alive, unconsumed
Toufe, or *Toufle*, to rumple, tease
Tout, the found of a horn or trumpet
Tow, a rope
Towmond, a year or twelvemonth
Tree, a cask of liquor, a nine-gallon tree
Trewes, hose and breeches all of a piece
Trig, neat, handsome
Troke, exchange
True, to trow, trust, believe
Truf, steal
Truncher, trencher, platter
Tryft, appointment
Turs, turfs, trufs
Twin, to part with, or separate from
Twitch, touch
Twinters, sheep of two years old
Tydie, plump, fat, lucky
Tynd. Vide *Teen*
Tyft, to entice, stir up, allure

U & V

Ugg, to detest, hate, nauseate
Ug some, hateful, nauseous
Virle, a ferrule
Viffy, to view with care
Umwhile, or *umquible*, the late or deceased; some time ago; of old
Uneith, not easy
Ungeard, naked, not clad, unharnessed
Unko, or *unco*, uncouth, strange
Unlofom, unlovely
Unfonfy, unlucky, ugly
Vougy, elevated, proud
Uundocht, or *wandought*, a silly weak person

WHO

Wad, or *wed*, pledge, wager, pawn; also, would
Wae, sorrowful
Waefu', woeful
Waff, wandering by itself
Wak, moist, wet
Wale, to pick and chufe
Walop, to move swiftly with much agitation
Wally, chosen, beautiful, large
Wame, womb, the belly
Wandought, want of dought, impotent
Wanrace, wickedness, want of grace
Wanter, a man who wants a wife
War, worse
Warld, world
Warlock, wizard
Wat, or *wit*, to know
Waught, a large draught
Wean, or *wee anc*, a child
Wee, little
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed
Weer, to stop or oppose
Weir, war
Weird, fate or destiny
Weit, rain
Werfb, insipid, wallowish, wanting salt
Whauk, whip, beat, flog
Whid, to fly quickly
Whilk, which
Whilly, to cheat. *Whillywha*, a cheat
Whindging, whining
Whins, furze
Whisht, hush, hold your peace
Whisk, to pull out hastily
Whittle, a knife
Whop, whip
Whomilt, turned upside down
Wight,

WYL

Wight, stout, clever, active; also, a man or person
Willie-wands, willow-wands
Wiltu, wilt thou
Wimpling, a turning backward and forward, winding like the meanders of a river
Win, or *won*, to reside, dwell
Winna, will not
Winnocks, windows
Winfom, gaining, desirable, agreeable, complete, large
Wirrykow, a scarecrow or hobgoblin
Wisent, parched, dried, withered
Wistle, or *whistle*, to exchange money
Witherskins, motion against the sun
Woo, or *w*, wool
Wood, mad
Woody, the gallows: for a withy was formerly used as a rope for hanging criminals
Wordy, worthy
Wow, wonderful, strange
Wreaths of snow, when heaps of it are blown together by the wind
Wrush, washed
Wyliccoat, a jacket

YUL

Wyfing, inclining. *To wyfe*, to guide, to lead. *Wyfing-a-jee*, guiding in a bending course
Wyfon, the gullet
Wyte, to blame, blame

Y

Yamph, to bark, or make a noise like little dogs
Yap, hungry, having a longing desire for any thing ready
Ycaltau, 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
Yetti, gate
Yestreen, yesternight
Youdith, youthfulness
Youl, to yell
Yowden, wearied
Yowky, itchy
Youff, a swinging blow. *To youff*, to bark
Yuke, the itch
Yule, Christmas

THE END.



